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the fact that the *W. b. b.* population is not a monophyletic group, but rather a complex of several distinct taxa (see below).

There is a need to develop a more detailed understanding of the evolutionary relationships among the *W. b. b.* taxa, and to determine the extent to which the taxa are ecologically distinct. This is a topic that has not been addressed in detail in the literature, and it is the aim of this paper to provide a comprehensive review of the current state of knowledge on the subject.

The first part of the paper will provide a brief overview of the history of research on the *W. b. b.* taxa, and will then discuss the current state of knowledge on the subject. This will be followed by a discussion of the methods used in the study, and the results of the analysis.

The results of the analysis will be presented in two parts. The first part will discuss the results of the phylogenetic analysis, and the second part will discuss the results of the ecological analysis. The final part of the paper will provide a summary of the findings, and will discuss the implications of the results for future research.

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NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THIS is the theme of a great argument. It has been the offence of the church in the eyes of the popish party, and it is resorted to as the means of crushing the church, by their allies in parliament, and by the ministers, who are dependant upon popish support for the position which they so iniquitously usurp, and which they so injuriously occupy; and who naturally enough "hate the light," and do not wish "to come unto the light, lest their deeds should be reproved."

The simple question at issue at present is, whether it is right or wise to associate the Roman Catholic priesthood, in this country, with the clergy of the established church, in the work of national education; and, in the next place, supposing it to be desirable, whether it is practicable so to do.

For the purpose of resolving the first question aright, we should take into account the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy, previously to any stir respecting national education. Did they evince any enlightened anxiety respecting the moral or intellectual culture of the Irish population? Were they vigilant and active, according to their means and opportunities, in directing education aright, or, at least, in preventing it from being a means of perverting and debauching the minds of the people? Because, if this was the case—if these men really did evince an honest and enlightened desire that their flocks should benefit by the growing improvement of the times, and that they should become daily more and more sensible of their duty as citizens and as subjects, there may be some grounds for concluding that the business of education may, in part at least, be safely entrusted to their hands, and that the established clergy must experience from them a faithful and effective cooperation.

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But, if the contrary be true—if the Roman Catholic priesthood were well content to let the peasantry remain in darkness, as long as no means were taken to let in upon them a little light—if a system of instruction were suffered to prevail under the immediate cognizance of that body, by which the minds and morals of those subjected to its influence must have been woefully perverted—if every effort, on the part of benevolent Protestants to introduce a better system, were systematically and virulently opposed—and if, when direct opposition could not accomplish the end which they had in view, namely, the obstruction of moral and intellectual light, they changed their mode of attack, and sought to get possession of the instrumentality by which that important object was to be effected, or, at least, such a control over it as must restrict its operation, or damage its efficiency—we do think that, if these propositions can be proved to be true, there may be very great doubts respecting either the wisdom or the policy of associating, with the established clergy, as co-partners in the business of education, individuals whose whole previous conduct has been so calculated to excite distrust, and whose object would seem to be, to perpetuate national ignorance, and to cherish national prejudice, rather than to instruct the minds, to humanize the characters, or to dissipate the delusions of their people.

The reference of the secretary for Ireland to the act of Henry VIII., in the late discussion, or rather explanation, of the newly intended tithe bill, is worthy of some degree of attention. Lord Morpeth argued, from that act, that the clergy were under an obligation to maintain parochial schools at *their own expense*, which obligation

had been imperfectly complied with; and that he was, therefore, justified in proposing to tax them to the amount of ten per cent, for the purpose of increasing the funds for national education. His lordship's perusal of the statute must have been a hasty one, and he must have been totally forgetful of its object, when he made it the foundation of such a proposal as that contained in his speech; and we could but repeat the admirable reasoning of the *Standard*, if we entered upon any detailed exposure of the fallacies upon which his proposition was built. Suffice it to say, that the act of Henry VIII. is that which most fully recognizes the clergy as the guardians and superintendents of national education; that it confers upon them a lucrative monopoly in that particular, from which they might have derived great emoluments; that the object of the act was, to promote amongst the Irish the knowledge of the English language, and the discontinuance of the savage attire and customs by which the people were barbarized; that it contemplated not the lowest, but the middle and the upper classes of society; and that its great aim was, to consolidate the union of the countries, by producing an identity in language and in character between the people of England and the people of Ireland. Such was the act of Henry, which is now to be tortured into an instrument for wresting national education out of the hands of the clergy, and grinding down that persecuted body of men by a system of partial and oppressive taxation! Truly Lord Morpeth has taught us, that there may be something a great deal worse than that species of malapert ignorance, which would turn history into an old almanack!

And here we feel it a bounden duty to mark, with our most emphatical commendation, the services rendered on this occasion, to the cause of sound policy and true religion, by that most able print, the *Standard*. Doctor Giffard did not leave a shred of the glozing statement put forward by the Irish secretary, that he did not sunder into tatters. Ireland may well feel proud of one who is, we are bold to say, take him all in all, the most gifted and accomplished journalist in Europe. For learning, solid, extensive, and profound; for a reach of thought at once perspicuous and comprehensive; for a power of reasoning, keen and vigorous, detecting, with instinctive sagacity,

the fallacies of his opponent, and fortifying his own positions with a logic that few could gainsay or withstand; for all these, in combination with moral qualities of the highest order, which render every faculty he possesses subservient to the noblest ends, and under the control of an intellect, which, from daily use, can summon into instant exercise, upon any given subject, all its vast and various resources, the editor of the *Standard* has no rival. But those who best know the man lose sight of his transcendent talents, in their admiration of his sterling integrity. He is the most uncompromising and highly principled of the advocates of the Protestant cause, and may be said, in his own person, to have sustained that cause, when a spurious liberalism was vitiating the pages of the ablest of the other Conservative journals, and causing them to lose sight of what should be their polar star in this eventful contest. But he has lived to see the day when his labours are not unavailing. There are few who now dispute the soundness of those views which he, from the first, promulgated, respecting the grasping and unprincipled character of popery, especially as it exists in Ireland. Every enquiry into the conduct of the popish party has only served to confirm and authenticate the substance of his oft-repeated representations, until doubters and scoffers can no longer plume themselves upon their superior wisdom, and are compelled to acknowledge that they were in error in putting such implicit confidence in popish oaths; and the most honest emancipationists hesitate not to affirm, that, in assenting to the measure of twenty-nine, they were acting under the grossest delusion. Yes! Dr. Giffard may now see something like a useful result from his labours. He no longer stands alone, as the advocate of Protestant principles. Other able journalists have taken their stand upon the same side; and the consequence is, that a reaction has taken place in favour of the good old cause, which must, if it only proceed as prosperously as it has commenced, speedily ensure its triumph. We know well that what we now write will be distasteful to the distinguished individual to whom we have taken the liberty so particularly to allude; for he is as modest as he is powerful. But we have deemed it a duty to specify, by something more than general acknowledg-

ments, the vast obligations which the religious and the loyal, in every part of the empire, owe to the man who has championed their cause with such undaunted intrepidity, such inflexible perseverance, such tempered zeal, and such matchless ability, in the very worst of times, and to mark with particular emphasis the large debt of gratitude which is due to him from the Protestants of Ireland. We cannot but recognize a protecting Providence in the very fact, that such a man, at such a time, should occupy the very post which he now occupies; and we do trust that the time is not distant when the importance of his services will be so far appreciated by others, as that he may be called to take a higher station, in shaping and regulating the destinies of the empire.

If Lord Morpeth was inclined to act sincerely in the spirit of the act of Henry VIII. to which he referred, the Irish clergy could desire nothing better. It would place them precisely where they ought to be, and where they would be, but for the indifference of latitudinarians, jealousy of sectaries, and the rancorous hostility of papists. It would, in fact, reverse the position in which he would have them placed. The object of the act was, to raise this country, morally and intellectually, to the level of England, in order that an identity of English manners might prepare the people for English institutions. The object of that system of national education which his lordship patronizes, and which he would tax the clergy to support, is, virtually, to take the education of the people out of their hands, and to put it into the hands of those who will assuredly not take any considerable pains to root out and to extirpate the prejudices and the antipathies which, as long as they exist, must render British dominion insecure, and retard the progress of national improvement.

To our minds nothing can be more preposterous, than, in devising a system of national education, to consult, in the first instance, the prejudices of the people. It is for the purpose of correcting those very prejudices that such a system is, or, at least, ought to be designed; assuredly it never should be so shaped as to countenance or confirm them. An enlightened government should see in what consisted the moral and intellectual wants of the people, and for these it should

effectually provide, no matter how strenuously its enlightened provisions for that purpose might be disrelished by bigotry, or resisted by faction. An uncompromising perseverance in its own righteous policy, must, in the end, be successful. The statesman who is truly worthy of the name, would no more make the peculiar predilections of the people his regulators, in matters that concerned their moral improvement, than he would make the peculiar interests of individuals his guide in the construction of roads, or in the erection of tanks, which might be necessary for the national convenience. He would consider, first, the best mode in which such works could be effected; and then he would bend all his energies to accomplish them in a manner that should render them most conducive to the end which he had in view. We will suppose the case of a faction resolved to thwart him in his project, and we can even suppose them refusing to make use of the advantages that are thus gratuitously provided for them. If this proceed from ignorance, they are to be pitied, and better things are to be hoped for, when time shall have allayed prejudice, and experience increased knowledge. The enlightened statesman will wait quietly for this. If it should proceed from faction, and if it be only a cloak by which the cloven foot of treason is disguised, those who can view it in that light, if they be just and wise, will not, assuredly, lend it any countenance, but will rather consider the very opposition which they experience a test of the excellence of their system. In the mean time, they need not be over solicitous. If they are only steady to their purpose, time alone will prove an infallible corrector of such discontents as they experience. They have cast their bread upon the waters, and they will find it after many days. When the factious see that nothing is to be gained by their opposition, they will not be likely to persevere in it, to their own detriment. Every day will diminish their hostility to a system against which no reasonable objection can be pleaded, and of which every day is exhibiting the advantages. We may suppose indeed that the malcontents will adopt a system of their own, and that evils may then threaten society, against which it would be difficult to guard. But the very same may be feared if they should be suffered to make the system to which they

have objected *their own*, by a tame compliance with their demands on the part of those by whom it was devised ; with this difference, that, in the latter case, there would be nothing to resist the evils that might threaten, and that those by whose connivance or compliance they were permitted, must share their responsibility, with those by whose activity they were promoted, or by whose contrivance they were designed.

As the act of Henry the Eighth has been referred to, it may be as well to lay before the reader the opinion of the late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Magee, upon that subject, as given before the education commissioners by whom he was examined in 1825 :—

“My view of the duty of the clergy, as growing out of the act of 28th Henry Eighth, is, that there is no obligation imposed on the incumbent of a parish to keep a free school. The law, as it appears to me, has become obsolete, or rather is virtually repealed, respecting certain duties enjoined to the clergyman, such as telling the beads in English, &c. because these duties themselves have passed away. But the duty of keeping, or causing to be kept, an English school, I conceive to be still in force under the statute. The mistake that has prevailed on this head seems to be, that the clergy are bound by this act, and the oath prescribed by it, to keep a free school, whereas the act expressly describes the school to be kept, not as a free school, but on the contrary, as one in which a stipend is to be paid by the scholars resorting to it, conditioning only that the stipend shall be such as is usually paid by scholars in English schools in that district of the country ; at the same time, I conceive that the clergy are to the utmost of their power bound to keep, or see that there be kept, an English school for the instruction of the poor, although they are not bound to see that it shall be a free school. The true intention of the law I consider to be conveyed and enforced in the act of the 7th of William Third, intitled ‘An Act to restrain Foreign Education.’ In this act it is declared that the clergy shall, in their respective parishes or districts, keep English schools, or cause them to be kept, according to the true intent and spirit of the act of Henry the Eighth ; and this, I conceive, sets aside all those minor considerations growing out of the change of times, and brings the matter to the fair honest equity of the case, that the clergy were intended to be the guardians of the education of the country, and to promote it in every

fair and practicable way. I have always felt it as such, and considered that the oath imposed on the clergy at institution bore broadly upon this, without entering into the minutiae of the legal considerations, which admit of, and have led to, a great deal of special pleading ; but which, when gone into, even with a liberal interpretation, seem decidedly to preclude the idea that the clergy are bound to keep free schools.”

To this opinion the Commissioners assent, clearly exonerating the clergy from any pecuniary obligation, under the provisions of the act, and as clearly recognising the duty, or, as we would call it, the privilege of superintending the national education. This duty *they* would limit to the superintendence of the education of their own flocks ;—thereby giving a sectarian character to the Established Church, and merely prescribing to the clergy a duty to be shared with all other dissenters. But this was not to fulfil, or carry out, but to pervert, or obstruct, the spirit of that enlightened enactment. Henry’s act, as we before observed, was designed to aid in that grand process of imperial assimilation, upon which he was resolved, and without which it would be impossible to legislate upon enlightened principles for the people of Ireland. It was intended to bear directly against the barbarous customs, and the barbarous prejudices, by which they were degraded and brutalized, and which, he clearly saw, must be utterly extirpated, before any progress could be made in civilization. For this purpose the clergy were called upon to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of their power ; and in order that their labours should not be counteracted by any influence from any other quarter, a sort of monopoly is conferred upon them in the business of education, and penalties are enacted against any unlicensed individuals who might presume, contrary to the tenor of the statute, to intrude into their province, by assuming the character of instructors. Such was the drift of the act of Henry the Eighth—an act passed shortly after Henry had incurred the charge of heresy, by assuming to himself the title of head of the church. Such was the character in which the national clergy were recognised, and such the privileges by which they were fortified. Such, also, was the jealousy with which all interlopers were regarded, in whom a similar confidence might not be placed. And yet the commissioners

in 1825 deemed that they were acting in the spirit of this statute, when they discharged the clergy from their obligation of being superintendents over the education of the people at large, and merely required of them, in common with popish and dissenting teachers, to preside over the education of those of their own communion. We believe that an instance of perversion more egregious could not easily be found. Henry so allocated education to the clergy, as to preclude all others from engaging in it without their consent. The commissioners so *limit* the clergy to the education of *their own* flocks, as to preclude them from any participation in the moral guidance of the congregations of papists or dissenters! We do not, at present, enter into the wisdom or the policy of this. Let it be esteemed wise—let it be esteemed politic—but, assuredly, it receives no countenance from a statute, which, when it conferred an important privilege upon the established clergy, did not so much as contemplate the existence of a recusant or a dissenter.

Well, the commissioners, it will be conceded, *have* special-pleaded the letter of the statute against its spirit, and sought to overthrow the privileges, and to lower the character, while they seemed to be merely relieving the consciences of the clergy. This, no doubt, was very wrong. But times have greatly changed since the days of Henry the Eighth; and, although it cannot be based upon this statute, the project which they patronised may still be expedient. *We* cannot *now* refuse to contemplate the existence both of recusants and dissenters. On the contrary, we must recognise them as a formidable body of men, whose wants and wishes must be taken into account, in any project for the instruction of those over whom they possess any spiritual influence. This is a concession imperiously required by the spirit of the age, which will not endure any limits to toleration; and the plan of united instruction, as far as children can go together, and separated instruction, in those things wherein they differ, to be given to each class respectively, by its own spiritual advisers, is, perhaps, the only one that could reconcile the conflicting pretensions of the several parties who take an interest in the question, and without whose co-operation it is vain to expect that any system of national education can be so carried on, as to confer any ex-

tensive benefits upon the people. This is, at least, a fair and an honest mode of putting the case, and one entitled to a candid and respectful examination. It does not pretend to carry an ancient statute into effect, after a fashion that must ensure its abrogation.

Times, we are told, are changed. They are, undoubtedly; and in nothing more than in the facility with which all classes of persons may now avail themselves of the advantages of elementary education. This has increased in a ratio much beyond the increase of the population. Almost any one may now obtain a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at far less expense, either of time or money, than would formerly have been indispensable for that purpose; and the motives for acquiring such knowledge, both in the advantages which it affords, and in the disgrace of being without it, must ensure the acquisition of it, in all those cases, where the obstacles to its attainment can, with any ordinary diligence, be overcome. Therefore, we would say, a spring tide has set in in favour of intellectual improvement; and, as far as the acquisition of elementary knowledge is concerned, there can be very little fear that, in the present state of things, the generality of individuals will not acquire it for themselves. So far, it will be allowed, a spontaneous impulse has been given to civilization. No additional stimulus can be necessary, to prompt the mass of the community to avail themselves of the means within their reach to acquire those accomplishments, by which they may be raised in the scale of rational beings, beyond the example of others, and the prospects which may thus be opened to their ambition. And the duty of the wise government will consist rather in directing and controlling, than in extending or multiplying, the facilities which are so abundantly furnished for the improvement of the national mind. The Nile has, as it were, overflowed, and the object of the skilful husbandman is, not to cause the overflow to increase, but to avail himself of the fertilizing effects, while he obviates the ravages of the inundation.

And it was while the natural facilities for the education of the lower orders were thus accumulating, that the zeal of various powerful bodies of religionists was exerted in the cause, and led to such a multiplication of the means and opportunities of acquiring

elementary and scriptural knowledge, that if, before, there was a famine in these respects, there might now be said to be a surfeit in Ireland. The charter schools were early in the field, and although they were badly conducted, and negligently superintended, they must be allowed to have accomplished something for the moral and intellectual improvement of the people. Had their abuses been corrected, they would have been exceedingly valuable; but, as proselytism was their avowed object, the infidel spirit which lurks under the masque of liberalism, would not endure them; and defects which might have been easily supplied, and mismanagement which could have been readily corrected, were made the pretexts for their destruction.

The Association for Discountenancing Vice, (to the operation of which we, in a former number, called the attention of our readers,) was also most serviceable in diffusing useful knowledge, and sound religious principles; and has proved a most valuable auxiliary to the Established Church, in the promotion of that scriptural piety which is the end and the aim of its institution. Even the commissioners of twenty-five bear ample testimony to the excellence of its schools, which, enemies as they almost all were to the Established Church, furnishes a convincing proof that there was nothing very objectionable in its arrangements. They affect to consider the very peculiar manner in which it is under the superintendence of the established clergy a ground for believing that it could not be very acceptable to the people at large; but they do not dwell upon the fact, that its schools contained, at the time they made their report, nearly equal numbers of Protestants and Roman Catholics, and that no complaint was ever made of any attempt, on the part of their masters or governors, to tamper with the religious opinions of the children of another communion. The commissioners, however, had a theory to support, or an object to carry, to which matter of fact, in this particular, was rather strongly opposed; and like wise and honest men, they took for granted the impossibility of doing the very thing that *was actually done*, and recommended the withdrawal of their grant from the Association, because of its exclusively Protestant character, at the very time when there was evidence before their eyes, that there was no-

thing either in its principles, or its management, or its arrangements, which prevented Roman Catholic children from availing themselves of the many advantages which it held forth to them, or which caused even a murmur on the part of their parents or pastors, as though these advantages were but lures to seduce them from their faith. There were from eight to ten thousand children receiving education in the schools of the Association, at the time the commissioners made their report. Of these, one half, at least, were Roman Catholics; and nothing, we are fully persuaded, but want of means prevented this enlightened educational system from being co-extensive with the wants of the population.

Then came the London Hibernian Society. This society originated in the zeal and piety of some benevolent individuals in London, in the year 1806, who were touched by the moral and spiritual destitution of the peasantry in Ireland, and who resolved to attempt, "by the ministry of the gospel, by the dispersion of the holy Scripture, and religious tracts, by the formation and support of schools, and by every other lawful and prudent measures, calculated to promote pure religion, morality, and loyalty," to bring a benighted people out of darkness, and into the marvellous light of the gospel. This society was wonderfully successful, by means of its scriptural readers and schools, in drawing the attention of the people to the important subjects which it was their object to hold before them; but, as proselytism was its scarcely disguised object, it excited the animosity of the Roman Catholic clergy, and may be said to have caused the beginning of that opposition on their part, which has been unhappily but too successful. We are not ourselves approvers of the loose and latitudinarian manner in which religious knowledge is sought to be conveyed, by the zealous and estimable persons by whom this society is patronised. It is far too vague and indefinite to constitute, in our minds, a saving faith, or to lay a secure foundation for adequate religious guidance. Its utility consists rather in shaking the confidence which the superstitious Irish place in a bad system, than in leading them into a good one; but in this way no doubt, it has its use, and may be, subordinately, instrumental in promoting the great work of national amelioration. But it is important to re-

mark, that the spirit of opposition began with the spirit of compromise; and that, while the Association for Discouraging Vice, which had been in operation for nearly twenty years, and whose avowed principle was, the promotion of scriptural knowledge and piety, according to the doctrine and discipline of the Established Church, was regarded even by Roman Catholics with esteem and favour, the London Hibernian Society, which made an ostentatious disclaimer of any intention to interfere with the religious tenets of those under their care, and from whose schools all catechisms, and books of controversy were most rigidly excluded, had no sooner entered upon their labours, than the cry of proselytism was raised against them; and they found, that, so far from winning the regards, they had to contend against the prejudices and the bigotry of the people. It would almost seem as if they were suspected, in proportion to their anxiety, to avoid all causes of suspicion;—while the more open, straightforward, and ingenuous, conduct of the other society, whose object it was “to do good unto all men, but especially unto them that were of the household of faith,” secured to them a degree of confidence and love, which has to the present day, notwithstanding all the causes that have been in operation to diminish or to pervert it, enabled them to extend the blessings of their institution far beyond the limits of their own communion.

Next followed the Kildare-place Institution. It was established in 1811, and was intended to do, upon a large scale, what the London Society had been attempting upon a small one. There can be no doubt whatever of the zeal, the benevolence or the piety of its founders. As the cooperation of all sects was earnestly solicited, and as the leading directors of this society consisted of individuals who might be considered as representing the various religious bodies into which the community was divided, so it was hoped that its operations might go on unchecked by any adverse influence, and that all might work together for good.

This society first held its meetings in School-street, an obscure and inconvenient situation in the Liberties of Dublin, “but to which they had been attracted by the circumstance of a

large school having been there most successfully established ever since 1786, and which had been conducted to the satisfaction of all concerned, precisely upon the principle which the new society proposed for their own guidance.* But they had not been long in operation, when the fourteenth report of the Education Commissioners of 1812, made its appearance, in which the commissioners, amongst whom we find the names of the Primate, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Provost, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishop of Killala, state, that they had applied their efforts to the framing of a system, which, whilst it should afford the opportunities of education to every description of the lower classes of the people, might, at the same time, by keeping clear of all interference with the particular religious tenets of any, induce the whole to receive its benefits as one undivided body, under one and the same system, and in the same establishments.” In order to produce this desirable result, the commissioners proposed, that, in any system to be devised for that purpose, “all interference with the particular religious tenets of those who were to receive instruction, should, in the first instance, be unequivocally disclaimed, and effectually guarded against.

“We conceive this,” they add, “to be of essential importance in any new establishments for the education of the lower classes in Ireland; and we venture to express our unanimous opinion, that no such plan, however wisely and unexceptionably contrived in other respects, can be carried into effectual execution in this country, unless it be explicitly avowed, and clearly understood, as its leading principle, that no attempt shall be made to influence or disturb the peculiar religious tenets of any sect or description of Christians.”

This report was under the consideration of the government, who were, no doubt, anxious to carry its recommendations into effect, when their attention was attracted by the Kildare-place Society, whose principles and whose practice approached so nearly to those recommended by the commissioners, that it was resolved, instead of appointing a new board, to try the experiment which had been proposed, by making a grant to a society already in

* First Report of the Commissioners of Education Enquiry, page 39. June 3d, 1825.

existence. And this was the origin of the first grant to the Kildare-place institution. They were, by the aid of government, enabled to change their situation, and to augment their establishment, and, in the short period of ten years, their influence was felt through the length and breadth of Ireland.

It is not our object, and, to our readers, it cannot be necessary, to describe the system, or to detail the operations of this society; but there is one service which it has well performed, and for which the public cannot be sufficiently grateful. Previously to its establishment, the country parts of Ireland were inundated by a description of publications, peculiarly calculated to vitiate and deprave the people. Of some of these we have the following catalogue, which has been given by the commissioners of 1825, as having fallen under their own notice during their tour of personal inspection, and after much had been already done by the labours of the society to banish them from circulation:—

“The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom—the Seven Wonders of the World—the Irish Rogues and Rapparees—the Life of Captain Freney the Robber—the History of Captain Grant, a Gentleman Highwayman—the Life of Redmond O’Hanlon the robber—the Garden of Love—the Feast of Love—the Economy of Beauty—the school of Delights—Nocturnal Revels—the Chevalier de Faublas—the Monk—the Life of Lady Lucy—the Life of Moll Flanders—Fanny Meadows—Donna Rosina—Rousseau’s Eloisa—the Pleasant Art of Money Catching—the Devil and Doctor Faustus—the Feats of Astrologers—Tristram Shandy—the Arabian Nights—Pastorini’s Prophecies—Guy, Earl of Warwick—Parismos and Parismenus—Hero and Leander—the History of Philander Flashaway—and the History of Reynard the Fox.”

To remedy this great and crying evil, the Kildare-place Society resolved upon the publication of a series of useful and entertaining works, by which these pestilent productions might be gradually supplanted;—and, in the course of about seven years, very nearly a million volumes were put into circulation, consisting of voyages and travels in every region of the world; arts and sciences of every description, connected with manufactures, mechanics, trade, agricul-

ture; poetry and history; rural economy and interesting narratives—almost every species of moral instruction,—views of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, illustrated in every department of natural history—historical selections from the Old Testament, and collections from the Psalms and Proverbs. These were so adapted to the purchasers for whom they were intended, and sent forth upon such terms, as to ensure their immediate and extensive sale; and the commissioners tell us—

“That no objection was ever raised to any one of these works, except in a single instance. The objection was of a very trifling nature, and was immediately remedied by the suppression of the passage complained of, in a subsequent edition of the work.”

For all this, the Kildare-place Society may claim unquestionable praise. To them, undoubtedly, it is owing, that the intellectual atmosphere of the Irish peasantry has been purified of the poisonous influences with which it was surcharged; and that it is no longer necessary for them to imbibe any knowledge which they may possess, through a medium which also conveys to them profligacy, or disaffection, or treason. Much was also done, by this body, to improve the race of schoolmasters; and more would have been done, but for the fatal spirit of compromise, upon which the Society was founded. Composed, as it was, of churchmen and sectaries of every denomination, it was a point of honour with some, and a point of conscience with others, that nothing should be done, having in view to promote a knowledge of any particular mode of Christian worship. The Bible, and that without note or comment, was to be the alone manual of religious instruction; and the portions to be selected for perusal were left to the discretion of the master, whether he were a churchman, a dissenter, or a Roman Catholic; and it is but too likely, that, according to the bias of his religious opinions, by partial and arbitrary selections, the Scriptures were garbled or perverted. It is also very conceivable that good may have been done in this way; for we do not find it easy to conceive any free access of the Word of God, which must not be attended with benefit to those who are privileged to read and to understand it.

But this was the rock of offence, upon which the society split and foundered. The delicate and sensitive Romish clergy, who could so long put up with "Moll Flanders," whose patient endurance of "the Irish Rogues and Rapparees," was so exemplary, and whose gravity was not disturbed by the adventures of "Philander Flashaway," nor their modesty scandalized by the history of "the Chevalier de Faublas," arose in holy horror, and loudly exclaimed against the evils which threatened society from the free perusal of the Word of God! By that they were shocked—by that they were scandalized—by that their patience was provoked beyond all endurance; and they resolved, in their rage and their indignation, that countenance from them, the obnoxious system should have none, until the society abandoned its principle of enjoining the perusal of the Holy Scriptures!

Really it requires more of temper than we can well command, to treat this subject with the calmness that is necessary for its complete elucidation. The Romish priesthood, the patronizers, either by permission or connivance, of the tissue of ribaldry, of obscenity, and of treason, which has been set forth by the education commissioners, in the catalogue of books which they found, even at the period of their appointment, still in use in many of the Irish schools, deferentially consulted by a Protestant government, respecting a system of national education! And their objection patiently submitted to, when they consign to an index expurgatorius, the Word of God! After this, the owl may read lectures on optics—and the deaf adder publish a dissertation upon music!

The domain of Irish education was a commonage, upon which any interloper might prowl, and which produced nothing but weeds or poisons, until, by Protestant husbandry, it began to be turned to good account, and food for the use of man, began to gladden its before unprofitable surface. Then, when the golden grain begins to wave in the furrows, and when the labours of the pains-taking cultivators are about to be rewarded with an abundant harvest, those who had indolently witnessed its sterility, without an effort, or even a wish to render it productive, instantly put in their claim to the possession of it, and are resolved that it must be abandoned to them, or revert to its original desolation. Well, this

is not at all extraordinary. Thus it is that those who are moved by the mean passions of envy and jealousy, may always be expected to speak and to act. But what is, indeed, extraordinary, is this,—that those in whose power it is to confirm these reclaimed lands in the hands of the reclaimers, or wrest them from them, for the gratification, but not the benefit, of those by whom they never would have been reclaimed, shall so abuse their authority, as to adopt the latter alternative, and forbid, under a threat of their high displeasure, the introduction of any species of husbandry which is not stamped with the approbation of those who would seem to have a natural, or, rather, an unnatural antipathy, to every species of civilization! *This* is what is, indeed, extraordinary!

Education, as long as it was mischievous, might, for aught the Romish priesthood cared, proceed to any extent, in the depravation of the morals of the people. These might remain in perfect ignorance, without any effort, on the part of their spiritual guides, to enlighten their understandings by useful knowledge. They might slumber amid the miasmata of pestilential moral and political principles, without any effort to avert the fatal contagion. But, no sooner has the atmosphere been depurated, and a genial salubrity introduced into what were, before, the regions of death, than alarm, either feigned or real, is expressed by their pious guide, lest the new measure for their benefit should hurt the morals of the people! Truly, these men *might* learn a lesson of modesty from "Moll Flanders!"

But the commissioners of 1812 had expressed a strong opinion as to the expediency of what was called united education, and the necessity of avoiding every thing which could, by possibility, give umbrage to religionists of any denomination, whose children might resort for instruction to the intended schools. The Kildare-place system had been adopted for the purpose of trying the experiment which they recommended; and, no more popular or more plausible ground of objection could be taken by the Roman Catholics, than that the principles of their religion forbade the unauthorised or indiscriminate reading of the Bible. It was, accordingly, re-echoed from the hustings, from the platform, from the pulpit; and taken up by the popish press, with a zeal, the very extra-

gance of which, in that particular case, might argue no lack of discretion. It is often judicious to assume a vehemence, the very excess of which may suggest some excuse for complaints that would otherwise be deemed most unreasonable. Men are apt to say, in such cases, there must be *something* in this, although we cannot exactly see it. They prefer accusing themselves of want of discernment, to affirming that others have lost their reason. And so it was in the case before us. There were many quiet, liberal Protestants, who really were led to believe that the Roman Catholics were very grievously dealt with, in not being suffered to exclude the Bible from the Kildare-street schools. The topic was one which told for them at popular elections; and when the government, unhappily, fell into the hands of the Whigs, it is no wonder that the Kildare-place society was made a sacrifice to the minataur of popish agitation.

In a former number we have freely stated our opinion, that, by the compromise of religious principle which they countenanced, they brought that visitation upon themselves. Others would have been much less sensitive in taking offence, had they been less solicitous in assuring them that they had no intention to offend them. But, standing, as *they* did, upon the principle, that no religious peculiarity was to be trenched upon, nothing was easier than to affirm, that something which they *did* insist upon, was a religious peculiarity; so that Roman Catholics must either be insulted by being told that they did not understand their own religion; or, have their consciences wounded, or their interests sacrificed, by being required to act against it. It was, take it all in all, as pretty a grievance as they could meet with in a summer day.

The commissioners of 1825 well observe, that, in the circulation of useful books, in the system of rewards, in the training of masters and mistresses, and in drawing the public mind powerfully to the subject of education, this society has been eminently useful; but that "the three points which distinguish them from all others, as being fundamental and indispensable, are those in which their failure to a certain extent, cannot be denied."

"The compliance with these three fundamental rules, is," the commissioners add, "we are convinced, in many cases, merely nominal; the use of the scriptures is frequently a matter of form; catechisms are taught as freely in many of their schools as in any others, merely by the fiction of treating the appointed times, as not being schoolhours; and the selections of masters and mistresses, though nominally uninfluenced by religious considerations, are truly and practically confined to Roman Catholics, when the patrons are the Roman Catholic clergy, and to Protestants, when the schools are in connexion with the Association for Discouragement Vice, or the patrons are clergymen of the Established Church."

Nor is the following less just, or less deserving of attentive consideration—

"It appears to us," say the commissioners, "that the objection which may, with greatest propriety, be urged against the society, is the very opposite to that, which, during their course, they seem most to have apprehended. They feared that they should be considered as going too far upon the subject of religion; in our opinion, they do not go far enough.—While they have abstained, as a matter of necessity, from giving particular instruction in religion, they have rested upon a compromise, the terms of which they have never been able perfectly to realize, and which, even if realized, no person is of opinion, would have been completely satisfactory."

Such is, undoubtedly, the truth. Any such compromise, no matter how perfectly carried into effect, would have involved a sacrifice of religious principle, for which there could be no compensation. The Association for Discouragement Vice, by avoiding it, and by taking the high ground upon which they stood, avoided also, the inconveniences and the embarrassments by which the good work of the Kildare-place Society was so constantly marred and obstructed, until, at length, the prejudice against them rose to such a height, that those who had, upon principle, compromised religion itself, were themselves most unceremoniously compromised by an unprincipled* administration.

But our object, at present, is, to point out the vast facilities for education which were possessed by the Irish, at

* We do not here use the word "unprincipled" in any other sense than as indicating a government without any *certain* principle but that of *expediency*.

the very time when such a stir was made about it by the government, as if the mere multiplication of elementary schools were "the one thing needful." In addition to the societies above enumerated, there was the society for managing the Lord Lieutenant's school fund—there was the Sunday-school society—there was the Baptist society for promoting the gospel—the society for promoting the education of the Irish through the medium of their own language—by all of whom the work of education was largely carried on; inso-much that few countries were better supplied with the means of mere elementary instruction. As far as reading, writing, and arithmetic went, a knowledge of these might be said, by the provisions which were already made by spontaneous Protestant benevolence, to have been secured to all who really desired it;—and the only desideratum seemed to be, that such a control should be exercised over, and such a direction given to, the powerful spirit that had been excited, as might render its operation at the same time beneficial to individuals, and safe to the institutions of the country.

And here we cannot but lament that the wise and good men who assisted in framing the fourteenth report of the education commissioners of 1812, did not see the matter in this light, but were rather caught by the plausible liberalism which was beginning to be epidemic about that period. The government was then strong. Great Britain occupied a proud and an exalted station amongst the nations of the world. The great events which were occurring in foreign countries, were well calculated to draw off public attention from the small though important transactions at home. The Roman Catholics, as a community, were tranquil and respectful. Their priesthood stood wholly aloof from politics, and rather discountenanced than aided the agitators, in the violence with which some of them occasionally prosecuted emancipation. The church was wholly unassailed in its property, and the very utmost that seemed to be desired by those who complained of tithes as a grievance, was, some regulation by which the farmer might be protected from the exactions of the tithe proctor, and by which the payment itself might be rendered less burdensome and more equal. Indeed, it was supposed by many most virtuous and most enlightened men, that emancipation would have com-

pleted all that remained to be completed of the tranquillity of Ireland. Such were the circumstances of the times, and such was the state of the public mind, when the commissioners made their fourteenth report, and we are more grieved than surprised that they should have committed an oversight, which, had *they* the lights which *we* possess from subsequent experience, would have been prevented. It was the error of philanthropists, whose benevolence knew no bounds, and whose charity "hoped for all things." But they used the spur when they should have used the rein; and although, doubtless, they never intended it, their recommendation has furnished occasion to detrude the established church from its proper place, by refusing to its clergy their proper pre-eminence in the business of national education.

Had they looked more narrowly into the real state of the case, or been gifted with a foresight, which might have enabled them to discern probable, and not distant future consequences, they would rather have directed their attention to *improve the quality* than to *increase the quantity* of education, as it is desirable that it should exist in Ireland. And, for this purpose, all that would have been necessary was, some judicious system of encouragement by which it might be carried on, until it passed the limits of mere elementary learning, and landed the more promising pupils upon the terra firma of sound principle, by which they would be fortified against the agitator's influence, an exposure to which must be so fatal.

It is our opinion that had a wise system of this kind been instituted, good incalculable would have been the result. What is at present a powerful destructive element, would have been rendered conservative of all that is valuable in our constitution. The mass of the people *do* not, and *will* not, and *cannot* think for themselves. They gladly depute this office to others, whose opinions and feelings they adopt and act upon, with a promptitude as though they were automata, and a zeal and an interest as though such feelings and such opinions were their own. And the individuals by whom they are thus influenced, are less frequently mischievous, than mistaken. They are men who possess some talent, and have got a little learning, but not sufficient. They know just enough to make them pragmatical, but not enough to make them wise. They have drank

the little draught which "intoxicates," but have not taken the deep draught which would have "sobered them again."

Now, to take this class of men just out of that state, would be to do them real good, and to confer an important benefit upon society. And that might have been easily done, by a system of rules and regulations to which we have adverted, by which an advanced scale of study might be prescribed, which must, at all events, afford useful occupation to the thinking faculties of the proficient, and serve to prevent them from injuring others, even if it did not enable them to improve themselves. It is our belief, that, by judicious management, the raw materials, which at present make the tools of the demagogue, might thus be converted into implements by which his influence would be overthrown.

This would be the proper province of a wise government, sincerely anxious for the well-being of the people. Their object should be, not so much to increase the amount, as to *supply the complement*, of that education which may now be had, even by the humblest classes, with so little trouble, and which, according as it is well or ill directed, must be the source of great good or of great evil. The public mind, in the present state of things, will not, and cannot remain stationary. If it do not advance in the direction of peace and good order, it will proceed in the direction of confusion and discord; and the elements of destruction may be fatally multiplied, before the people in general are aware of their danger. Now this, in order to be obviated, must be anticipated. Sciolism must be supplanted by sound instruction. The superficial information which is only or chiefly calculated to excite the vanity, or stimulate the imagination, must be superseded by that solid learning, which may steady and rectify the judgment, and purify and enlarge the mind. Until they have reached a certain point in the progress of education, the people are tossed, as it were, upon the waves of a troublous ocean, where there are storms by which they may be wrecked, rocks upon which they may founder, and whirlpools into which they may be absorbed, without a possibility of being rescued from immediate destruction; *when they have once passed that point, they reach, as it were, a trade wind*, by which they will be carried on their way rejoicing. It should, therefore, be

the object of government, not so much to be aiding in pushing them from shore, in the first instance, as to be instrumental in enabling them to steer clear of the dangers by which they are beset, and to bring their voyage to a prosperous termination. No power on the part of government could prevent them from embarking on this voyage; and no power *but* that of an enlightened government could enable them to undertake it with profit or with safety.

And this, as we before stated, might be effectually accomplished, by giving a *superior* education to *superior* minds. There is no one who has ever practicably interested himself in the instruction of the humbler classes, who does not know, that in a class of twenty boys, there is some one, or perhaps two boys, by whom the minds of the rest will be moulded and directed. He feels his superiority, and they tacitly acknowledge it, and are willing to submit to his influence, even when they are not animated by his example. Now a school is an epitome of the world; and what takes place in the one on a small scale, is the very same which takes place in the other, on a large one. If the boy to whom we have alluded, be, when he is a man, but *half* instructed, those over whom he exerts an influence are likely to be misled; and one-half instructed he will be, if his measure be taken according to the intellectual stature of those who, compared with him, are mental pigmies. In such a case, it is scarcely possible that he can be any thing but an agent of evil. Let the recruiting sergeant of misrule only beat up for followers in his neighbourhood, and he is sure to be seen following the drum. It is impossible that he should not possess aspirations beyond his condition; and it is almost equally impossible that such aspirations should be properly directed. But let the same boy be placed under a course of instruction by which his faculties may be developed and improved; under which his information may mature into knowledge, and his knowledge ripen into wisdom; let this process be conducted under the affectionate superintendence of those by whom he will feel it an honour to be noticed, and it is very likely that he will become the attached friend to social order, and "grow in wisdom as in stature, and in favour with God and man." His influence will then be all employed in the right way. He will

be able to point out to those who may look up to him for guidance, the rocks and the quick-sands upon which they must be wrecked, if the counsel of the unprincipled demagogue were to be adopted. Sedition would lose her best drill sergeants; and a sound conservative policy would gain an accession of invaluable adherents, by whose aid, humanly speaking, the wicked devices of the adversary would be counteracted, and all things would be made "to work together for good." Is not this *an end* which a wise and righteous government should hold in view? and is not the mode of accomplishing it which we have pointed out, at once, cheap, and simple, and efficacious?

If we could once impress upon our governors, with respect to national education, that their duty consists, simply, in supplying its deficiencies and correcting its defects, almost every thing else might be safely left to the voluntary exertions of individuals, or of bodies of men, who have engaged in the cause from motives of Christian benevolence. They would, abundantly, supply, all that was necessary in the way of elementary, if the government only took care to furnish what might be wanting in the way of *complete* and *thorough* education. But, in this respect, even our Universities do not do their duty. We hold, that these seminaries for the education of the upper classes, ought to have the course of study so regulated, as that no one could arrive at the honors of a degree, who was not to a certain extent imbued with the philosophy of legislation; at least, upon the important subjects which, in our day, so intimately concern the well-being of society, and so frequently challenge the attention of the statesman. Were this the case, our public men would not so often be disqualified, by gross ignorance, from tampering with matters of such high concern, or, only tampering with them to the serious, and in some instances, irreparable detriment of the public weal. What gross ignorance prevails, for instance, respecting the nature, the grounds, the claims, the privileges, and the duties of an established church? By how many is it regarded as a mere circumstance of state, only not to be got rid of, because other more valuable interests may be involved in its destruction? By how many is it viewed with aversion and contempt, as being in itself so unreasonable and so odious, that they cannot too earnestly endea-

vor to accomplish its extinction? By how many is it passively endured, from habit; or coldly approved from some low calculation of its merely political advantages? We are very sure that the case does not differ now very widely from what it was in the days of unhappy Charles. Lord Faulkland, we think it was, who observed, when he saw the enemies of the Church impatient and unremitting and clamorous in their hostility, while its friends were timid and backward and negligent in their defence of it, that "those who hated the clergy, hated them worse than the devil, while those who loved them did not love them so well as their dinner." The very same would be the case with any similar contest at the present day. Dissent, and irreligion, and infidelity, and sedition, and republicanism, and ignorance, and the love of change, and that spirit which prompts men to speak evil of dignities, would contend, with fearful odds, against those by whom our national establishment would be defended. The former would be united by a spirit by which their differences would be merged in one combined effort for the accomplishment of their common object. The latter, even if they were not distracted by division, by which their co-operation would be marred, would yet be so weak from want of *thorough* knowledge and *grounded* principle, as to render their opposition unavailing. God grant that we may not be called upon to fight the battle, until we can fight it to more advantage!

And yet, the late discussion on the Church Rates Bill, gives one a hope, that our venerable Church has a hold in the affections of the people. In the House, indeed, its friends were outnumbered; but, by a very small majority—a majority so small that it was felt as a defeat; while, out of doors, such a feeling was exhibited, as renders it very probable that many who then arrayed themselves on the side of ministers, may not, in the event of a new election, find their way back to parliament again. We, therefore, cherish a hope, that the Church of England will outlive the present storm, as even treacherous pilotage has not been able as yet, to wreck it, under circumstances which would seem almost to ensure its destruction. And if only our Universities did their duty in making its excellencies *known* to the upper classes, as they are *felt* by the middle and the humbler classes, it would not long be without those who might "meet its

enemies in the gate," by whom their "knavish tricks" would be promptly exposed, and their malicious devices effectually counteracted.

It is not by penal laws, or by exclusive privileges, that we would seek to fortify our Church. A thorough acquaintance with its character and principles, on the part of those to whom the destinies of the nation are entrusted, is all that would be necessary for its preservation. We will here express no opinion respecting the admission of dissenters to degrees in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Constituted, indeed, as these venerable institutions are, it might more properly be called the admission of *dissent*, as an element of collegiate government. But if the course of education to which *all* students, without exception, should necessarily submit, and in which they were required to make a suitable proficiency, was such as to embrace an acquaintance with the doctrine and the discipline of our Church, its correspondence with ecclesiastical antiquity, and its substantial conformity with the judgment of the apostles themselves, as we may collect it from the holy Scriptures, we are very well persuaded, that if a knowledge of our creeds and formularies, for the promotion of piety, our rules and regulations for the maintenance of discipline, and our laws and ordinances for the perpetuation, in its integrity, of the faith once delivered to the saints, were uncompromisingly insisted on, and efficaciously communicated, more would be done by it to dissipate dissent, than dissenters could accomplish to overthrow the establishment, by any abuse of collegiate advantages.

And, if such a regulation were enforced, what grievance could be pretended? Dissenters might still, if they pleased, dissent. All that would be required is this. *that they should dissent upon knowledge, and not from ignorance.* Would that, indeed, be a great hardship? Surely, if their dissent is well founded, they have nothing to fear from the most thorough and searching examination. And if it be ill founded, they cannot desire that it should be maintained. It cannot, surely, be a ground of serious complaint, that they are required at most to *know* that from which they profess to dissent. Indeed

it would be very difficult to say, how they *could* dissent from that which they *do not know*. And, if the grievance be that they are permitted to dissent *from their own dissent*, when a profounder acquaintance with the subject has convinced them that they were in error; *that* is a grievance which it is in their own power either to endure or to remedy, according as they are heedful of, or inattentive to, the dictates of conscience.

It is our belief that nothing but a candid and thorough examination of the subject would be necessary to convince all competent minds of the necessity for a church establishment; and, this truth being once admitted, the Church-of-England Christian has no reason to fear that the system to which he has attached himself will suffer by a comparison with any other. It is the privilege of that system that it is open to the improvement of the age, and that our rulers are free to recommend and to introduce such changes, the integrity of the faith being guarded, as may conduce to the more complete accomplishment of the end for which it was established. Of course, changes will not be made merely from a changeful spirit. The heady and the intemperate, the fantastical and the extravagant, will not be encouraged to denude or to disfigure it, although the grave and the learned may not be forbidden to suggest such modifications as, without departing from its spirit, or compromising its principles, may increase its utility and extend its borders. But of this we are well persuaded, that the wisest men will ever be the slowest to tamper with the ordinances or to encourage any innovation upon the practice of an institution, which is not more remarkable for its correspondence with ecclesiastical antiquity, than for its accommodation to full-grown human nature.

"*To attain the temperate medium between superstition and enthusiasm—to provide for all religious wants, without ministering to any fanatical extravagance—to secure the alliance between what is rational and what is spiritual, that sound doctrine may be subservient to calm and exalted piety, and religion be fixed upon a sustained and unprecipitous elevation—these seem to be the great desiderata in any system of national Christianity which

* The writer of this paper makes the above citation from an article in the *British Critic* of January, 1827, written by himself. He has seen no occasion to alter, and much occasion to rest satisfied with the view which he then put forward on the subject of national education.

aims at so embodying scriptural truths in its devotional observances, as that they may become deeply and extensively and permanently influential upon the hearts and minds of those to whom they are conveyed; and it is to the profoundest thinkers we would most confidently appeal for the truth of this position, that a system of liturgical piety is scarcely conceivable, in which these advantages could be more fully attained, than they are, at present, by the forms of sound words which constitute the services of our establishment. In almost every other system, either the affections are sacrificed to the cold unenlightened abstract reason, or the reason is sacrificed to passion and enthusiasm; or the incubus of superstition broods in gloomy predominance over the moral and intellectual nature of its votary. But, in the services of the established church, cordial piety is so made to conspire with wholesome doctrine, that the most exalted devotion and the most sublime philosophy may be truly said 'to meet and kiss each other.' It is no small tribute to its unrivalled excellence, that, in many cases, those sects which at their outset were readiest to disparage them, have, when the fever of fanaticism had subsided, returned to them as from husks which might fill but could not satisfy, practically acknowledging that they contained wholesome spiritual food, and that, in departing from them, they were but hewing out unto themselves cisterns which held no water."

Now, what is our object in thus enlarging upon these things? Simply this; to show that the clergy of such an institute as our establishment, are just the very body that ought to be entrusted with the superintendence of national education; and that, even if it were not provided, by express enactment, that, as the guardians of public morals, they should be clothed with that responsibility, there would be a moral fitness in selecting them for such a purpose, that could not be pleaded, in the same degree, on the part of any other class of professing Christians. If our ministers only do their duty, the distinction between dissent and establishment, as they both exist in the British empire, will be so clear, that those who run may read it; and it would lay the foundation of that preference to which the one is entitled above the other, in such a work as the conduct of national education, upon grounds so convincing, that no one could fail to see their force, and by

no one could their reasonableness be resisted.

"Systems of dissent may be tolerated as long as they do not interfere with the ends of good government, and when they clearly arise out of a pure religious sincerity, which manifests itself by the sacrifices and privations which are necessary for their support and adoption. But no further encouragement should be given to them. The legislature should act upon the principle, that these eccentric movements in the religious world have all a tendency to rectify themselves; and, satisfied with having adopted and established that which is best, and which alone is calculated to subsist in permanent connection with our national institutions, he should patiently await the mellowing influence of time in allaying the bitterness of hostility, and rest satisfied that long after the disappearance of those meteors, which, to the inexperienced, portended its overthrow, its mild and steady effulgence will still beam from on high, and be 'as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' In truth, the one depends upon its intrinsic excellency, its deeply seated accommodation to the nature of man, and its subervency to the purpose of educating, in the highest degree, his moral powers and capacities. The others arise out of individual character, and derive their principal support from the prevalence of some erroneous notion or fantastical prejudice, which happens to be epidemic for a season. '*Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.*' And every degree of encouragement, beyond the limits of a liberal toleration, which the '*opinionum commenta*' in religious matters, receive, has a tendency only to confirm and render fixed, an evil that would otherwise have been but temporary. In other words, it has a tendency to convert an acute into a chronic disease. If we leave dissenting congregations to themselves, they will naturally expire, and those who belonged to them will again become connected with the establishment. In whatever degree we give them encouragement, we furnish them with both the motive and the means for continuing in existence long after the causes to which they have owed their origin have ceased to be influential."

Such, as it appears to us, is the philosophy of the question, as between sectaries of all denominations and the established church; and we must again express our regret, that the great institutions for the education of our gentry,

have not taken sufficient pains to imbue the minds of those entrusted to their care, with right notions upon this important subject. Had they done so, it would not be the only subject upon which a degree of ignorance has been exhibited, of which we are at a loss to say whether it is more dangerous or disgraceful. The causes of this great defect in college education, lie, we might almost say, upon the surface. They consist in the great ascendancy which the physical and mathematical, have obtained above the moral sciences, in the estimation of the heads of our universities. To be a great mathematician or astronomer, is now a surer passport to the highest station in the profession of a divine, than almost any eminence which he could attain, either for practical excellence as a clergyman, or professional learning as a theologian. But no attainments in theology would serve to put him in the professor's chair, either of geology, botany, or natural philosophy. Why? Because the latter are duly cherished, and the former is most unwisely neglected; and this is the reason why those who are to be our future legislators, are suffered to enter the senate house, with minds that may be said to be, by what has been done for them, only "swept and garnished," for the entrance and possession of every crude notion and fantastical prejudice, upon moral subjects, by which their fancies may be caught, and which may actuate them in the support of measures by which the church and the monarchy may be endangered.

And the real question at present is, into what hands is education to be entrusted? Sectarians naturally desire to have it conducted in such a way as may best answer *their* ends; Roman Catholics, as it best may answer *their* ends; and the clergy of the established church, as it may best harmonise with the ends of *its* institution, which are the moral and political well being of society, and the best interests, temporal and eternal, of intellectual and cultivated man. In Ireland, we believe, the community may, in this respect, be divided into Protestants and Roman Catholics; and the practical question really is—whether education is to be, to all intents and purposes, taken out of the hands of the one, and put into the hands of the other; whether the policy which dictated the enactment of Henry the Eighth is or is not, to be directly reversed, and the power of a

British government is, or is not, to be employed in the maintenance of a system which can only serve to cherish national antipathies and to perpetuate Romish superstition. This is, in reality, the simple question which our legislators have to decide; and, as far as the constitution of the present board may be approved of, they must, in our judgment, be considered as having decided it against that view of the subject which alone is politic, and which alone is enlightened.

Napoleon, whose moral and political intuitions were sometimes as extraordinary as his military genius was transcendent, has strongly expressed his opinion, that no system of education is worthy of being called national, or of receiving the patronage of the state, which is not so conducted as to generate a love for the national institutions. Assuredly none would be by him deemed wise, the necessary effect of which was to cherish a prejudice against them. It may, obviously, be so conducted as to propagate infidelity or become an ally to treason. There never was a greater error than that which supposes that education, as such, *implies* moralization. It may imply the very contrary. We are far from admitting, that, before the establishment of the various institutions to which we have already alluded, there was no such thing as education in Ireland. Elementary instruction was, even then, very extensively conveyed, by means of what were called the "hedgeschools," but in such a way as almost always to cause a depravation of morals on the part of those by whom it was received, which rarely suffered them to become good citizens or good subjects. And so it must be in all cases where proper precautions are not taken, that the moral shall bear a certain relation to the intellectual light, and where due correctives are not supplied, to obviate the pernicious effects which might arise from a surfeit of the unripe fruits of the tree of knowledge.

"Education is, to the lower orders, very like the boon which *Æolus* conferred upon *Ulysses*, viz.: a bag containing the elements of storms. As long as it remained in the safe keeping of its wise and discreet master, it enabled him to proceed in his course rejoicing; but, when he fell asleep, and the sailors in their folly, untied the silver bands that bound it, it disclosed, from its pregnant womb, tempests and hurricanes which well nigh buried them in the deep. Even so it will

be with the education of the lower orders of the Irish, if it be not safely managed and properly superintended. It is not so much the *expansive* power by which they might dilate their energies that is wanting, as the controlling and regulating power by which these energies might be compressed and directed. At present they are exposed to the influence of excessive and preternatural excitation. Every thing is done to stimulate, and but little to steady them. The *stranger*, to use a homely phrase, has been suffered to *get into their heads*; and, if the overruling providence of God do not, in some extraordinary way, interfere to prevent it, everything seems quietly preparing for a moral earthquake, by which society will be shaken to its centre, but which is, perhaps, the only thing that could disturb the complacency of modern education-mongers, or scatter their hallucination.*

Nor is it the wisdom to foresee these consequences, that is altogether wanting, so much as the honesty to take proper precautions against them. The education question, which was mooted by Protestants from motives of benevolence, has been taken up by papists and liberals for purposes of faction, and is now resorted to, by an unprincipled government, more with a view to the support which they may receive from others, by whom their existence as a ministry may be prolonged, than with any serious reference to those more enlarged and more important considerations that are so closely connected with it.

Therefore it is, that the Irish Protestants are likely to witness a practical reversal of the judgment of Solomon. The child of their tears and love, for whom they would have so anxiously provided, according to the measure of their ability, is to be wrested from them, and entrusted to the safe keeping of the fiendly impostor, who, if she does not manifest her jealous hatred in depriving it of life, it will only be because that hatred may be more completely gratified by the lingering misery of a more protracted vengeance. She will take very good care, that education, which was intended to be a blessing, shall prove a curse; and, that the in-

strumentality which was provided, by Protestant benevolence, for the purpose of increasing knowledge and diffusing moral and religious light, shall, when it may not be made subservient to the promotion of popery, at least be instrumental in the propagation of sedition.

We have adverted to the good done by the Kildare-place Society in banishing from circulation the pestilent publications, which, before the existence of that body, were so abundant in Ireland. They also did good service, in supplanting, to a certain degree, the race of schoolmasters who, at that time, wielded the ferule in the "hedge schools," and contributed not a little to the disorders of the country, both by precept and example.† *Now, it is our conviction, that the system of the Education Board has a tendency to cause a re-absorption into the Irish body politic of the poisonous or peccant humours which have been thus expelled.* The priests, it will not be denied, will, in the great majority of cases, have the patronage of the schools, and they will employ that patronage so as to promote their own creatures. Instances of this gross abuse of power, on their parts, have already been authenticated before the public, and we wait with some impatience for the publication of the evidence taken before the parliamentary committees at present sitting, for a detail of facts connected with the subject, by which the thorough-going partizans of the board, have been confounded, and its friends, who are entitled to the character of candid and moderate, compelled to acknowledge that the experiment has been unsuccessful. But, if we are right in affirming that its tendency has been, and must be, to reintroduce into profitable employment in the business of Irish school teaching, "the pestilent fellows and the movers of sedition," which the Kildare-place Society and the Association for Discourteous Vice receive credit, from the parliamentary commissioners, for causing to disappear from the land,—the experiment will not only *not* have succeeded, but will have realised, to a deplorable extent, *the very evil which it was intended to remedy*, and for the

* British Critic, page 14, January, 1827.

† If our reader wishes to have a correct notion of the system of "hedge schools," we cannot do better than refer him to Carleton's incomparable story of "The Abduction of Mat Kavanagh," as, at once, the richest and raciest specimen of Irish humour which we know, and the most faithful depiction of that singular peculiarity in the statistics of the Irish people.

removal of which it was specifically provided.

The master, the assistant, and the expectants of the national school, would constitute a kind of staff of the local agitators, which would go a great way to supply the want of Irish municipal corporations. They would constitute the nucleus of every movement, by which the objects of the arch-demagogue were to be effected. No more admirable machinery could be devised, for the collection of the O'Connell rent, or the effectual promotion of any of the designs of a reckless and turbulent democracy. Nor would it be the least of the advantages which would endear them to the heart of the daring innovator, that the rising generation would then be brought up under influences by which they would be rendered the ready tools of the ambitious and the designing, and that, had as were the lessons which they were taught, there was every probability that they would improve upon their instructors.

Now, is this a state of things which is to be desired? Would a wise government multiply the influences by which superstition and sedition may be promoted in Ireland? Is it thus that such a country is to be reclaimed, and brought under the beneficent influence of British legislation? Is it thus that we can expect to see the demoniac who could not be bound, no not with chains, so far dispossessed of the evil spirit which had taken possession of him, as to be sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind? Alas! if it was only folly that professed to entertain expectations such as these, we could pity it, but it is our persuasion that there are no individuals less under the influence of such delusions, than those by whom, for party

purposes, they are made the groundwork of legislation for Ireland!

No, we cannot conceive how our Whig-radical rulers can be ignorant of the necessary consequences of the present system. It literally hands over the rising generation of the humbler classes to the tutelage of the myrmidons of O'Connell and the priests. The old race of hedge schoolmasters will now be at a premium. If the police bill has given the demagogue the constabulary, the education project, if persevered in, will give him the pedagogues of Ireland. All things will then work his sovereign will and pleasure. British influence will wither under the fatal ascendancy of anti-Anglican predilections; and the severance of feeling and of principle which will have taken place between the people of the two countries, will only precede, by a very little, the severance of the countries themselves; an event which, to one, must, for centuries at least, be productive of misery unspeakable, while to the other, it could not fail to be the harbinger of innumerable evils.

And, for all this, our rulers will be responsible, who, having such an instrument as the Established Church,* have thought fit to entrust education into hands by which it must be mismanaged or misdirected. For, our Church is either eminently calculated to be useful in presiding over a good system of national instruction, "or it is not fit to be a church established. And, let it never be forgotten, it is in the hands of the government. They may make it what they please. In their hands it may become either the greatest blessing that could be conferred, or the greatest curse that could be inflicted on the community. If they take care of it, it will assuredly take care of them. It

* While these pages were passing through the press, we read, with inexpressible delight, the speech of Dr. Croly, at the great conservative meeting in London. The following is a noble expression of sentiment, respecting the character and the claims of the Church of England:—

"Sir—I shall never listen to a man calling the church a profession—it is a principle. It is not a state contrivance for the support of a peculiar class. It is a great institute of Divine wisdom and mercy, for the formation of a people to the noblest stature of virtue, knowledge, and freedom. I believe, in the presence of the Searcher of hearts, that, in defending the established religion of England, every man is defending the holiness of his own freidae, the safety of his own being, and the liberty of his own conscience. Sir, the very principle of Popery is domination. If it gets its foot upon your cabinet, it is only that it may next set its foot upon your constitution. If it over-top your constitution, it is only that it may over-top your church. Its heel once set upon your church, it would have under it the whole Protestantism of Christendom. It would have surmounted the only obstacle that interposes its view of universal sovereignty. With England popish, it would stand upon that height from which it would have before it all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them. Would it, or would it not, exult in the temptation! But the catastrophe has not yet come. What! with the dagger at our throats, are we to disbelieve in its point, because we do not feel it actually in our throats? What! with the mine actually and boastfully laid in our presence, and the match already weaving in the hand, are we to doubt until it explodes? When the great orator and patriot of Greece was thus vexed by fools and neutrals, he exclaimed—'What can be newer than that a barbarian of Macedon should domineer over Greece?' What, says the Protestantism of England, can be more astonishing and ominous, than that a popish faction should domineer over a British legislature? What more astonishing and ominous, than that the church in Ireland should be, as it is, degraded into an almshouse; and that even that almshouse, but for the generous interposition of your country, would be turned into a dungeon!"

is the palladium, upon the safe keeping of which depends the security of the constitution ; and if they would enjoy the full measure of that political utility to which it may be made subservient, let them keep it in a state of perfect fitness for the discharge of its higher spiritual functions. Whenever the latter are subordinated to the former, and appointments made merely or chiefly with political views, governments are not only chargeable with a species of guilt very well calculated to provoke God's anger, but, even humanly speaking, with a species of folly very like that of him who killed the hen that used to lay for him the golden eggs. No temporary advantage which can be gained by such an act, can be a compensation for the permanent injury of which it must be productive, both to the church and the country. It would be like breaking up for fuel the machinery of a coal mine. The obvious interest of government, therefore, thus conspiring with the security and the well-being of the church, it is but reasonable to suppose that it will be reverently and affectionately cherished, and well and wisely administered. And, this being the case, there remains no reason for doubting either its willingness to undertake or its fitness to execute such a general superintendence over an approved system of national education, as would answer every desirable end.*

The above was written before the emancipation act and the reform bill so essentially altered the character of the British constitution ; but we see no reason to alter any thing contained in it, as far as the character of the established clergy is concerned. They, in Ireland, have been subjected to a persecution, more protracted and more trying than any that has occurred since the earliest ages of the Church ; and we believe, that, in the judgment of all men, their faith, their patience, and their constancy, amid their tribulations, have been such as to extort the admiration of even their enemies. They come forward, therefore, with claims, enhanced and magnified by their christian endurance of the evils which have been their lot, to assume that office of which they should never have been divested, and at a time when their labors are more than ever necessary for discharging its duties with advantage to the country.

Let it be remembered, that by the changes to which we have above al-

luded, the lower classes have been enfranchised with political power, far beyond the extent that would have been contemplated, even a very short time since, by even the most sanguine reformers. Of the wisdom or policy of these concessions we at present pronounce nothing. Suffice it to say, they have been made, and it should be a leading object with a wise government, to render them productive of good, rather than productive of evil. That the people in general require to be raised in the scale of intellectual beings, before they are fitted to use beneficially, either for themselves or others, that virtual sovereignty to which they have now attained, is plain, from the acknowledgments of their warmest partizans, whose constant object it has been to augment their political importance. Mr. Roebuck thus expressed himself, in 1833, when speaking upon the subject of national education :

" The people at present," he said, " were far too ignorant to render themselves happy, even though they should possess supreme power to-morrow."

And the plan which he proposed was one by which they should be disciplined and indoctrinated in the working and the mystery of democratic institutions. Of course, he makes no account of religion. That is a humbug, with which, as a statesman, he would have nothing to do ; and his plan is so far inconsistent, that the blind were required to lead the blind ; those for whose training it was intended, were to have entrusted to their entire management, the control and the regulation of the system, *according to which they should be trained*. But this is an inconsistency that would not have greatly interfered with the object which he had most at heart. This system, if established, would have led to the overthrow of our monarchical institutions. And it is valuable, as furnishing an undoubted proof of the importance, in the eyes of demagogues, of national education, both as a means of fitting the people for the discharge of their duties, and of promoting their happiness and civilization.

" It should be remembered," he said, " that no system of police or punishment, and no system for the regulation of the poor, would be complete, without embracing education as a part of the means to be employed."

* British Critic, pages 13 and 14, January, 1827.

"In support of the first assertion, the honorable member quoted the Jurist on the punishment of Death, and Livingston. He then proceeded to the second object. In the first place he begged to remark, that this idea was not only not a new one, but that, at this moment, the most enlightened nations of the earth had taken upon themselves that task. Within a few days they had seen a law passed to that end, by the government of France. In Prussia and in Saxony a more complete system of public instruction was now in operation, than had ever yet had place in any nation in the world. The French government, desirous of framing a law on this all-important subject, and not being too proud to learn from the experience of others, sent one of its most renowned philosophers to make enquiry upon the subject. It sent him, too, into a state, to which the people of France were peculiarly hostile, namely, Prussia; thus shewing, that idle prejudice could not divert them from the path which wisdom pointed out. He might also mention, that, in America the magnificent provisions to this same great object, surpassed all that the world had seen before. The single state of New York had dedicated to the advancement of knowledge a prospective revenue that must shortly surpass the whole revenue of the state, and more than equal the enormous sums which we lavish upon our government. He would endeavour to rest the question upon its individual merits. No one would dispute that it was the duty of the government not merely to punish all infractions of security, whether as regarded person or property, but also to prevent, as far as possible, all such infractions. If then, they sought no higher ground, as a mere matter of policy, the education of the people ought to be considered part of the duty of the government. If, however, they did seek higher ground, the argument became stronger. In order to maintain the peace of society, the government took upon itself the business of administering justice for the better regulation of the mercantile transactions of its subjects; it took upon itself the regulation of the money of the country, for the furtherance of intercourse; it superintended the roads of the country, and in a hundred other ways shewed that it did take an active part in the actual promotion of the well-being of the community. It made laws also for the regulation of public morality—thus actually making the business of training the public mind one of its attributes. Inasmuch then, as their training was among the chief means of regulating public morality, he might say, without fear of refutation, that the busi-

ness of education ought to be deemed one of its chief concerns."

This is, surely, a valuable acknowledgment; and, although made by an empiric in politics, well worthy of claiming the attention of the most enlightened. Mr. Roebuck would use education as a means for the accomplishment of ends which we deem most pernicious. For this purpose he would divest it, altogether, of a religious character, and subject it to the guidance and governance of those, whose political opinions are similar to his own. But, herein is a plain admission of the vastness of its importance, which should not be lost upon those, to whom the moral and religious well-being of society are, or at least ought to be, primary objects. Well may we say to our conservative leaders, "*fas est, et ab hoste doceri.*" If they endeavoured to employ this great engine for good, with only half the zeal exhibited by those who are endeavouring to make it an instrument of evil, our worst fears for the future would be removed. They are convinced, that religion must be the foundation of morality; that without it, neither personal happiness nor social security can be attained. And yet they are slow to act upon this more enlightened conviction, and become the patronizers of a system which must combine moral with social and political advantages.

It was during the debate above referred to, that Mr. O'Connell made that statement respecting the educational system of France, by which his democratic friends were so much scandalized.

"His honourable friend," he said, "referred to the system of education pursued by the French; but he believed that he did so in a misapprehension as to the principles which influence that system. *The real object of the liberals in France was to unchristianize France.* Though professing those liberal principles, that government was one of the most intolerant; for, a man professing atheism, or a deist, would find countenance from it;—but, God help the man who professed the principles of Christianity! The schools of France had been established, to counteract the desire of the people as to education; and to prevent the children from being educated in Christianity!"

This was language not calculated to conciliate the good will of the atheists and the deists, if such there were in the House of Commons. It certainly provoked, in no small degree,

the wrath of Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Hume, who found it convenient to deny that education, as conducted in France, had any such object as that which had been pointed out, just as Mr. Baines, on a late occasion, found it convenient to deny that the separation of Church and State was any object with the dissenters. But, better and more unprejudiced judges were of opinion, that Mr. O'Connell on that occasion, for once, told truth; and, still further, that education could scarcely suffer more from its subserviency to the purposes of the liberals in France, than it would suffer if it were made subservient to the purposes of the papists and radicals in Ireland.

What, therefore, should an enlightened christian government do, upon this most important subject? Their first duty, as we conceive, consists, in seeing that every thing is done, to render education safe; and their next, to render it conducive to the well-being of the social system. We say the *first* duty of the legislator consists in endeavouring to render education *safe*, because government are, in this respect, like a vessel in a gale of wind; there may be danger from spreading too much canvass; while there are mutineers on board who are of opinion, that too much cannot be spread, and that the vessel is only impeded in her course by the pilotage to which she is subjected. To these, the Humes, the Roebucks, the Grotes, and others, the statesman should give place, no, not for a moment. They are the sailors on board the vessel of Ulysses, by whose rashness the safety of the crew was endangered. Woe to England! woe to humanity, if they should ever catch her governors asleep, so as to be able to carry into effect their insane republican and anti-christian predilections! But, having taken care that a *bad* system is *not* adopted, it should be the object of government to adopt and to cherish a good one. It is, surely, a false shame, or a false liberality, which would prevent them from giving decided countenance to every thing which tends to imbue the population with a love for their national institutions; those institutions which have made old England what she is, and which, if perpetuated, will ensure her greatness and stability. If the adversary would make it his first object to aim an insidious blow at these institutions, it should, surely, be the object of a virtuous and enlightened government, to do all that can be done,

to cherish and to preserve them; and to prove that *they* are, at least, as scrupulous in applying the national resources in furtherance of the national interests, as those against whom they have to contend are daring and unscrupulous in perverting them from their proper object.

But what we are chiefly apprehensive of is, not that right views will be rejected by those by whom it is desirable that they should be adopted and carried into effect, but, that they may be rendered nugatory by a system of compromise, which may present itself to the minds of our public men, as the only course at the same time practicable and expedient. And here, we beg to be distinctly understood, as affirming, without qualification, that, in any system of public instruction to be adopted by the government, all who choose to avail themselves of it, should be privileged to participate. We would make no exclusion, or insist upon no regulation, by which individuals of any religious denomination could be injured, or at which they could reasonably take offence. If they were members of the Established Church, we would take care that they should be instructed in the national creed; if they were Roman Catholics or Dissenters, we would take care that there should be no undue interference with them upon the subject of religion. The established clergy may claim for themselves credit, when they make a declaration to that effect; because it is one that has been verified, to the letter, in those schools which have been peculiarly and exclusively under their superintendence. But, this much having been done, out of a christian consideration for tender consciences, we would claim to have it admitted, *that the State also has a conscience*; that it does not merely contemplate the temporal well-being of those entrusted to its care, but their eternal well-being also; and that those to whose scruples it has conceded so much, should not be the first to raise a cry against it, when, in this respect it endeavoured to do its bounden duty.

That the system at present in operation in Ireland, under the superintendence of the National Board, is subservient to the purposes of popery, we boldly aver;—and, when the evidence that has been taken before the parliamentary committee shall have been made public, no one can deny it, who values his reputation for veracity. Then, we believe we may venture to

say, that the statements of the Bishop of Exeter, in introducing his motion for the committee, have not only been borne out, but even carried beyond his representations. If we are rightly informed, a leading Whig member of the committee has already declared, that the experiment has completely failed, as a system of united instruction. Now, that was the great object which was sought to be attained by its projectors. Had there not been a confident persuasion in the mind of Lord Stanley, that such an object was attainable by the instrumentality which he set in operation, the new system would have received no countenance from him. He is an individual whom we greatly respect, and whom we have always felt gratification when we were able to praise; albeit, our praise must be to him a matter of no importance. But we have never shrunk from the task of stating our opinion frankly, when we conceived him to be in error;—and in error, we need not say we conceive him to have been, when he suspended, or superseded, or neutralized the functions of the national clergy, in the matter of national education.

For this, we can, nevertheless, make allowance. The Kildare-place system was one of compromise, and its abandonment might seem to purchase national peace. The fourteenth report of the education commissioners of 1812, amongst whom the heads of the church were to be numbered, recommended a system from which all religious peculiarities should be excluded. They wrote with the glare of a false liberality in their eyes, and without that acquaintance with the working of the Romish system in this country, for which, it is probable, we ourselves are indebted to the measure of emancipation. The system which had been so successfully pursued by the "Association for Discouraging Vice," was not distinctly brought under his view. And it is, under these circumstances, more to be lamented than wondered at, that, with the lights of which alone he could avail himself, he was led to form a judgment upon this important subject, which experience now proves to have been mistaken. How far Lord Stanley may or may not acquiesce in our conclusions, we know not. No errors in judgment respecting important measures, with which he may be chargeable, ever prevented us from regarding him as an enlightened friend of the established church; and should the evidence be-

fore the committee be such as to satisfy him that the system which he instituted is not, as it at present exists, calculated to accomplish the object which he had in view, we are persuaded that neither pride nor temper will prevent him from stating publicly that it should no longer be persevered in.

Most of our readers do not require to be told, that, when the Roman Catholic prelates petitioned parliament for a grant to enable them to carry on a system of public education, one of the grounds upon which they did so, was, that the grants which had already been made to other bodies, were employed to promote a system, according to which it was indispensable that the Bible, without note or comment, should be read in the schools, and that "the Roman Catholics have ever considered the reading of the sacred Scriptures by children, as an inadequate means of imparting to them religious instruction, as an usage whereby the Word of God is made liable to irreverence, youth exposed to misunderstand its meaning, and thereby not unfrequently to receive, in early life, impressions which may afterwards prove injurious to their own best interests, as well as to those of the society which they are destined to form." After this, the reader will be better able to appreciate the meek endurance of these apostolical men in bearing so patiently with the abominations of "Moll Flanders." But, that is not the point to which we address ourselves at present. Such was the statement of the prelates. Such was, upon that subject, the substance of the evidence of Dr. Murray, delivered upon oath before the House of Lords. They could not sanction in public schools the reading of the holy Scriptures. Well, how were we astonished to find, after this, that the publication of a new version of the New Testament was undertaken, under Dr. Murray's auspices, by the National Board! Here, surely, there is some contradiction. Either the most reverend doctor was mistaken in his evidence, or his present acquiescence is insincere; unless we suppose the evidence given with a view to prevent Protestants from getting the control of the education fund; and the acquiescence adopted with a view to secure such control in the hands of those who are either the dupes or the instruments of the papists.

It is, however, in justification of the most reverend doctor, to be observed, that the version of the New Testa-

ment of which he *has* approved, has been made after a fashion which does as much as can be done to neutralize its advantages. Those who have read that admirable little morceau, "the Memorial of Thady Brady, &c." will be at no loss to know what we mean. The new version is blotched over by notes and comments, of which it may be truly said, that they "darken counsel by words without knowledge," and the necessary effect of which upon the youthful mind, the cunning Romish prelate knows well must be, that while nothing is elucidated by them, every thing will be rendered uncertain. If the Bible were a means to guide them "out of error, and into the marvellous light of the Gospel," then its use could not be too strongly condemned. But, when it is presented to them in a shape which also insinuates its insufficiency as an authority, and its unfitness as a guide, it is only a practical mode of recommending the infallible Church to the admiration and the confidence of its readers, and does more to discredit the pretensions of those who make the Bible their rule of faith, than their adversaries well know could be done by any direct or legitimate argumentation. Is it any wonder that such a system should be a favourite with Romanists? Is it any wonder that it should be held in suspicion by all other denominations of Christians?

The Protestant members of the Board have excused their acquiescence in the objectionable notes and comments to which we have alluded, upon the ground, that the doubts which they suggest, must, at one period or another, be presented to the minds of the readers; and that it is better for them to anticipate the infidel, than suffer him to choose his own time, which might not be so convenient for refutation. This we hold to be most mischievously unphilosophical, and to proceed from a most deplorable ignorance of the nature of man. No advantage that could be proposed from such a practice, could compensate for impairing the simplicity and the godly sincerity, with which the youthful mind should be taught and encouraged to receive and to reverence the holy Scriptures. It is scarcely extravagant to compare such a course of proceeding to a practice of infusing poison into children's food, in order, by habit, to inure them to it, so that if they chanced to receive it in any larger portions in after life, its deadly effects might be counteracted! What

would a wise and prudent parent do? He would first feed the mind of his child with the sincere milk of the Word, and suffer him, as his understanding developed itself, to meet the objections and the difficulties which might present themselves, as he was able to bear them. His first care would be, that the faith of his child should be strong and undoubting in the oracles of God; and he would feel confident that a strength would be thence derived which would enable him, to baffle the arch enemy, and "having withstood all, to stand." Difficulties there are and doubts there must be, in creatures clothed with human infirmity, and upon a subject which transcends the human understanding. They are even as incidental to our mental, as measles, or hooping-cough, or small-pox may be said to be to our corporeal constitution. But a parent who really was concerned for the spiritual well-being of his child, would no more seek to grapple with these formidable enemies to his faith, by anticipating them in the manner proposed, than he would seek to defeat the malignity of the infantile distempers, by accumulating them upon the tender subject, at a period of life when he must, in all probability, sink under their united operation. No. In this arch manoeuvre, Dr. Murray has completely out-generalled his compeers. His has been, if possible, more than "the wisdom of the serpent," and theirs has been, if possible, more than "the simplicity of the dove."

But we have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude, leaving, we may truly say, the subject completely unexhausted. When the report of the committee shall have appeared, we may again feel it our duty to solicit the attention of our readers. Meanwhile, let it be the endeavour of every sincere lover of the Established Church, to eschew that baneful spirit of compromise, which seems, we are sorry to write it, to have laid hold of some amongst her members. Let them be well assured, that it is by an unyielding and inflexible adherence to their principles, *that* they can alone be successful. By that even their enemies will learn to respect them; without it, their best friends will fall away, and it may be too late when they learn, that the concessions by which they had hoped to purchase peace, have been only fruitful in augmenting discord, until it eventuated in the loss of every thing that was valuable to them as men and as Christians.

The Twenty-Fourth of February.

A TRAGEDY, IN ONE ACT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS WERNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.

"Lead us not into temptation."—*Luke ix. 4.*

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decisively can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute—
We ne'er can well adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute—
We know not what's *resisted*.

BURNS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALTER KRUTH, a Swiss Landmann.

KATHERINE, his wife.

KURT, their son, in disguise and unknown.

The scene is laid in Schwarrbach House, a lonely inn on the summit of the Ghemmi Alps, in Switzerland, between Kanderstag and Leuk.

SCENE I.—*An inner and an outer room in Walter's house, divided by a partition wall, against which a scythe and a large knife are seen hanging. In the back ground a straw bed and an old arm-chair. Time, night. A lamp is burning on a table in the outer room. A small kitchen-clock strikes the hour of eleven.*

KATHERINE, (alone at her spinning-wheel.)

Eleven o'clock, and Walter not come back yet!
He set out hence for Leuk at break of day this morn.
God send him home in safety! What a racket
The wind keeps up without! The demon blows his horn
Of storms as though he'd rend it with each gust,
Or fling it at the Ghemmi's summit, just
As Walter flung the knife! What darkening thought flits o'er
My mind? Ha! yes—'tis even so. Once more
Returns to us the avenging time and tide—
In *February* Walter's father died.
Long years have rolled since then, and still that ghastly sight
Haunts me with preternatural vividness.
But Walter—God!—he may be lying to-night
Crushed underneath some avalanche's tower,
And we in this deplorable distress!
For now we are breadless, fireless, woodless—our
Stone-hearted creditors have all but torn
The last rug from our bed! Have we not cause to mourn?
Awfully is the curse fulfilled—a dread
Commandment is the fourth!*—And then our son who fled
From home and us, while yet a stripling—red
With his young sister's blood—he, too, we have heard, is dead!
O, were his mother so!—the grave is now her wished-for bed.
But let me chase these dismal thoughts. My head
Is full of them. I'll sing. A merry lay, 'tis said,
Is med'cine to the heart that Grief weighs down like lead.

(Sings.)—*O! why is thy sword so red, so red,
Edward, Edward?*

* *Honor thy father and thy mother*; the fifth commandment is reckoned as the fourth in Germany, both by the Lutherans and Roman Catholics.

*Because I have slain my falcon dead,
Therefore my sword is so red, so red.
O, woe is me !**

A hateful song, and ends so foolishly !

(A noise is heard at the window.)

Brr !—what a rustling ! Surely that can be
None other than my husband. Let me see.

(She goes to the window.)

It is an owl ! The storm hath driven him hither.
How he gloats on me with his goggle eyes !
Avaunt, foul thing ! Come who, come will, he cries,
He calls me to the grave—and I am hasting thither.
The owl, men say, hath scent of corpses ere
Death come, and I am half a corpse even now,
I feel so desolate here in my despair ;
This lone, lost house upon the Ghemmi brow
Is such a dreary pile !—for miles around
Nought but wild rocks and glaciers meet the sight.
Now, too, 'tis Winter—we are doubly bound
By the rude spirits of this Alpine height ;
I, at least, am. How shall I baffle care ?
I'll try some other song—some sprightlier air.

*(Sings.)—The boor he is poor ; the boor is a boor ;
Then let him follow his plough ;
In his flat hat and his smock frock
He has clothing enow, I trow, I trow,
I trow he has clothing enow.
With his hat a-cock,
And his belted frock,
He's one of the old, the good old stock.
The boor he is not a noble ;
The boor he is only a boor ;
His life it is loaded with trouble—*

Christ save us ! Was it not this blithe
Song Walter sang when he took down the scythe ?

(A knocking is heard at the door.)

A knocking at the door !—and louder !—this
Must surely be my husband. Ha ! it is.

(She hastens to the door and opens it.)

SCENE II.—*Enter Walter, covered from head to foot with flakes of snow ; in one hand he carries a staff, and in the other a lantern, in which the light is expiring.*

KATHERINE.

(While she brushes away the snow from his clothes.)

Thou heedless loiterer, thou ! A pretty hour to come home at !

WALTER.

I am drenched through shirt and shoon. Quick, light a fire !

KATHERINE.

With what ?

* The original of the old song of which these garbled lines misrepresent the first verse, is Scottish, and may be found in *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i. p. 59. Several versions and perversions of it have appeared in Germany, where it is regarded as a lyrical curiosity. The verse corresponding with the above runs thus :

Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward ?
Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid,
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O ?
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither ;
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

WALTER.

Ah, true!—Our wood is out—but come, ne'er fret for that!
Sing! Shout!

KATHERINE.

Shout?

WALTER.

Ay!—all's over—our life's rudder
Is lost—the Bailie gave me this, while yet in Leuk a claimant
For mercy at his feet I knelt, and begged a month for payment.
(*Gives her a slip of paper.*)

KATHERINE.

He granted it?

WALTER.

Read, woman!

KATHERINE.

Man! thou mak'st me shudder.

(*Reads.*)—WHEREAS Walter Kruth, sometime soldier in the Army of the Confederates, and afterwards keeper of that auberge or inn on the Ghemmi Alps, commonly called and known by the name of Schwarrbach, is justly and fairly indebted unto Johann Jugger of Leuk, in the Canton of Valais, farmer, in the sum of three hundred florins, good and lawful money of the Republic; as by a copy of the bill of exchange passed by the said Walter Kruth to the said Johann Jugger hereunto annexed doth appear: AND WHEREAS the said Walter Kruth, though often requested to make payment of the said sum to the said Johann Jugger, hath hitherto refused and still doth refuse to pay the same or any part thereof: WE therefore authorise and command you, the bailies of our bailiwick, or any three of you, to proceed on the morning of to-morrow, the twenty-fifth of February instant, to the said house called Schwarrbach, so that you be there by eight of the clock, and in default of payment of the said sum of three hundred florins, to enter the said house and distrain the goods and chattels thereof, and also to take possession of the fields and grounds, and other the rights, members and appurtenances, of what nature or kind soever, to the said house belonging, or in anywise appertaining, for satisfaction of the said debt and such costs as may have been incurred in the recovering of the same: AND, inasmuch as it hath been notified to us that the proceeds of the sale of said house and lands will not be sufficient to cover the said debt and costs, WE further command you, or any three of you, to take into custody the person of the said Walter Kruth, before the hour of nine of the clock on the morning of the said day, and him, the said Walter Kruth, forthwith to lodge in the House of Correction at Leuk, to the end that by manual labour he may satisfy such portion of the said debt of three hundred florins, and the costs attendant thereupon, as shall remain unpaid after the said sale of the house and premises aforesaid. For all which this writ shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. And herein fail not at your peril.

To &c. &c.

Given at our Manor-court of Leuk, this
24th day of February, 1804.

WILHELM GOTTFRIED SPERLING,

Deputy Magistrate and Sub-sheriff of Leuk,
in the Canton of Valais.

O, God! didst thou not go to Jugger, and beseech
Him to allow thee time?

WALTER.

Did I not go? The leech!

Did I leave aught unsaid that might induce him

To grant the paltry respite I desired?

No block of stone is harder than his bosom!

"Away!" he cried; "I have nought to grant; I am tired

Of beggars.—Ere to-morrow's sun be risen

Pay me my cash, or else march into prison!"

KATHERINE.

Didst thou go round to our kinsfolk—to our aunts and cousins?

WALTER.

Bah, wife! they slammed their house-doors in my face by dozens.

KATHERINE.

Yet these are blood-relations !

WALTER.

And a faithful sample
Of such—the last to help one, and the first to trample !

KATHERINE.

The ingrates !—in our better days they feasted at our table.

WALTER.

Pooh ! eaten bread is soon forgotten.

KATHERINE.

Then thou wert not able
To bring aught with thee ?

WALTER.

Nought, excepting this,
(*Laying half a loaf on the table.*)

Given me by poor Lame Klaus, who knows what hunger is.
To-night 'twill keep us both from starving.

KATHERINE.

And

To-morrow ?

WALTER.

When the serjeants come I have one
Resource :—let slaves bear on their fronts the brand
Of infamy, and trail existence on,
Begirt with scorn and ignominy—I
Know how to balk Dishonor—and to die !

KATHERINE.

O, misery ! Hast thou tried all means, then ?

WALTER.

All !

And all in vain—the once Accurst remains
Accurst for ever !

KATHERINE.

Thy fierce eyes appal
My soul ! Yet, hear me. On the Kander Plains
Dwells Hubert Meckler—he is rich—is old—
He owns innumerable herds—has cheese
Enough to plaster the whole Alps, and gold
Like chaff !—he lives alone, in sottish ease
And sordid luxury—the brutish wight
Is also generally drunk at night,
And sleeps with doors unbarred. Thou might'st, unknown
To mortal, glide into the chamber where
His well-crammed coffers lie, and—Nay, forbear
Those frowns ! thou surely couldst repay the loan
When God should bless us.

WALTER.

Us, the Accursèd ?

KATHERINE.

This

Were not a robbery. Canst thou see the Abyss
Of Ruin yawn below thy feet, nor feel
A wish to escape it ? Would I have thee *steal* ?
No ! thou need'st merely *borrow*—merely *take*.
Thy liberty, life, honor are at stake ;
And now to rescue all, by borrowing from thy neighbour
A handful of his golden rubbish—what
We could restore in time by dint of labour,
Can that be criminal ? O, surely not !

WALTER.

Degraded woman, hide thy head, ashamed !
I—an old soldier of the Helvetic Brotherhood—
I, who have sat beside the men that framed

Those laws which I defended with my blood—
 I, who have read the Chronicles—who know
 Of Winkelried and Tell, and share the zeal
 Which led our lowliest peasants centuries ago
 To expend their lives and labors for the Commonweal—
 I, to whom thirty years back was given by
 Berne Council a certificate that I
 Had single-handed borne a standard from the foe—
 I steal!—Wife, wife, thou art indeed sunk low!

KATHERINE.

For God's sake be but calm!—be but less wild!

WALTER.

Thy father was a preacher. Can *his* child
 Counsel to theft?

KATHERINE.

Thine anguish kills me! Would
 To Heaven I could but save thee with my bosom's blood!

WALTER.

Look to thyself!—For me, my course is plain—
 No Kruth was ever yet the inmate of a gaol;
 And shall I be the first to cast a stain
 Upon my fathers' honor? Never! Quail
 Not, therefore, when I tell thee my determination:
 To-morrow, when the hirelings come to take
 Me hence to the stone den of my incarceration,
 I go unmurmuring along with them
 To where the Lemmer Glacier fronts the Dauben Lake,
 And then—let Heaven absolve me or condemn,
 For this most pardonable of self-slaughters—
 As there's a Power above, I plunge into the waters!

KATHERINE.

Great God!

WALTER.

'Tis better perish thus,
 Hard though a death like this may be,
 Than live to loathe my life, and see
 My fair name stigmatised as infamous!

KATHERINE.

Oh, live, and I will beg for thee!—I'll roam
 With thee through all the distant cantons round!
 For thee, for thy sake I'll renounce my home,
 Where such cold, glacier-hearted men are found!
 Where these bleak winds are never heard to blow
 Man may be merciful. Oh, let us go!
 We'll leave this cursèd mansion to itself—
 Nought in't belongs to us—thou knowest we owe
 All, to the last, least cup upon the shelf—
 We'll beg our bread from strangers—they are human!

WALTER.

Beg? Strangers? Hast thou lost thy senses, woman?
 What! wouldst thou have me be thy murderer?—as
 I should be, doubtless, if I dragged thee hence
 In this remorseless Winter, when the dense
 And overwhelming avalanche's mass
 Sweeps down in thunder upon all beneath,
 And, like my father's curse, re-threatens thee with death.
 My father's curse! thou wonnest that for me—
 I have shared it eight-and-twenty years with thee—
 'Tis time I were forgiven, and thou wert free!
 Wert thou but disencumbered of mine aid,
 Thou might'st earn better bread, and lead a happier life—
 Earn better bread, I say—for never must the wife
 Of Walter Kruth make beggary her trade!

KATHERINE.

And thou, then?

WALTER.

I will dare to go before
My God, exonerated from the curse.

KATHERINE.

And laden with a weightier and a worse—
The guilt of self-destruction, and the sore
Disgrace thou heapest on thy fathers' fame—
While I, thy dear-bought burden, live but to deplore
My lot, until the grave shall shroud my shame!

WALTER.

Is self-destruction, then, dishonor?

KATHERINE.

Flee

The dark temptation, Satan's deadly snare!
The blood of the Redeemer flowed for thee.
Take up thy Bible. We will join in prayer
And penitential tears. Drear though our prospects be,
God's goodness still forbids us to despair.

WALTER.

It is a desperate step. I own I am half dismayed.

KATHERINE.

Prayer is thy best resource—pray fervently!

WALTER.

In eight-and-twenty years I have not prayed—
Not since my father died. Pray thou for me!

KATHERINE.

Get me the Bible, then. Oh God! the agony
Of my torn heart!

WALTER.

I'll reach it down to thee.

(He takes down the Bible from a shelf. A loose leaf falls out of it.)

What's that?

KATHERINE.

A leaf has fallen out.

WALTER, (picking it up.)

Ay, and

There's somewhat written on it. Let us see.
Just hold the light a moment in thy hand.

(Reads.)

*On the 24th of February, 1776,
At the hour of Twelve at night,
Died
My father, Conrad Koruth,
Aged 74.*



With a large cross below the record. (Wildly.) Is the
Cross large enough to hide the curse, think'st thou?

KATHERINE.

O woe! Death's ice-cold hand seems on me now!

WALTER.

What day o' the month is this?

KATHERINE.

Alas! dismiss the

Thought from thy mind!

WALTER.

Shew me the Sheriff's writ.

KATHERINE, (*giving it to him.*)

Oh! kneel and pray to him who can remit
All sins!

WALTER, (*Reading.*)

Leuk, 24th of February. This

Day is the anniversary of his
Death! All is clear to me.

KATHERINE.

Alas! it is.

WALTER.

Thou knowest not what I allude to. Mark me now!
To-day I came from Leuk. As twilight fell I clomb that brow
Of the Alpine heights, which wheels and winds and twines
Along, slippery and steep, in snake-shaped, zig-zag lines.
Thou knowest I am a man unfearing human wrath,
Unfearing aught save shame. I had gone this path
A thousand times before, by night, by day;
Yet now—I wist not how it happed—the way
Seemed still extending, never-ending, and the gaunt
Rock-wall stretched out, out, out, through limitless wastes of distance!
What wonder if all this should somewhat damp and daunt
My spirit? It appeared as though my entire existence
Were grown one tortuous labyrinth of rocks, pools, and chasms,
An Alpine Pass of agony and convulsive spasms,
From which I sought an outlet evermore in vain!
'Twas as a feverish dream, wherein thou mountest
Interminable steps on steps with pain,
And panic, and sickheartedness, and countest
More and still more and more beyond, yet liest
Moveless the while. That passed. I reached the highest
Point of the Alps. The spectral depths below
Lay gloomy as my conscience! Thence I took
The westward path. Here, casting a chance look
Moonward, through clouds plethoric with stacked snow,
The Lemmer Glacier suddenly rose out
Before me in relief against the skies,
With its vast hoary head and glassy eyes—
The image of my father when—about
To gasp his life's last breath from that old chair, (*pointing to the arm-chair*)—he
Sank backwards paralysed and blue! *The twenty-fourth of February*
Flashed on my soul. I felt that strong thought shake
Me, brain and body. Wife! I felt it take
Me by the throat, as with Death's giant pains,
Or as the headsman's axe. Flames bubbled in my veins.
I rushed in frenzy o'er the frozen Dauben Lake—
When lo!—my light was flickering down—there flew
Full up against my lantern, one of those huge daws
That nestle by the lake-side. With his claws
He clung to it, croaking, as I heard my father do,
While yet a struggler between Death and Life,
And whetted, rubbed, and rasped his yellow beak—
So like the haft of that accursed knife—(*pointing towards the knife that hangs*
against the wall)—

Against the lantern's bars. I may have been o'erweak,
But, wife! I trembled like an infant. Hear, nor start.
The sound was as the sharpening of a scythe!

KATHERINE.

Hold! hold! Thou slayest me! Thou mak'st me writhe
In torment!

WALTER (*wildly.*)

Then through all the caverns of my heart
Rang and resounded the enormous cry
Of *Murderer!*—and the pullet that had made
A murderer of our son, came fluttering by
Blackly before my fancy!

KATHERINE.

Kneel, and pray for aid!

WALTER.

No! no! Heaven's gates are barred against me for my crime.
Despair has filled this dwelling since the time,
The night, the incancellable night that father
Exhausted on't the vial of his curse. .

(A knocking is heard at the door.)

KATHERINE.

Somebody knocks!

WALTER.

It is his ghost!

KATHERINE.

Say, rather,

Some wanderer who has haply lost his way.

WALTER.

Were he the devil himself, he scarce can make us worse
Than we are now. Admit him, come what may!

(Katherine opens the door.)

SCENE III.—Enter Kurt, in a foreign travelling garb, somewhat fantastically put on; a hunter's wallet is slung across his shoulders; by his side hangs a short sword; a huge money-bag, from which protrude the butt-ends of a brace of pistols, is attached to a girdle that encircles his waist; in one hand he carries a lantern; in the other a long and crooked Alpine staff, shod with iron.

KURT (on the threshold.)

God save all here!

WALTER.

Come in.

KURT.

Perhaps I might—

(Aside.) How irrepressible is my delight!
I scarcely can forbear to clasp them in my arms.

WALTER.

Might *what*, friend?

KURT.

Beg a lodging for the night.

WALTER.

Why, if a truss of straw have any charms
For your tired limbs, you are welcome to it freely.

KURT.

Thanks! A snug room and cheerful chat are really
Rich luxuries to the weary wanderer.

WALTER.

Chat

Is a cheap article; you shan't want that;
And a small room is ready to receive you;
But as to food and fire—these, I believe, you
Must do without, for wood we have none, nor more
Than this half-loaf to keep the Wolf of Famine from the door.

KURT (aside.)

How my heart bleeds to find them suffering so!
Gladly would I reveal myself—but no!

I dare not till I sound them—I must first

Learn if they still abhor the wretched boy they cursed.

KATHERINE, (in an under tone to Walter.)

He seems a good youth.

WALTER, (in the same tone.)

Seems?—humph!

KATHERINE (to Kurt.)

You may thank your God

You escaped the avalanches, and your lantern blown
Out. Did you climb the Alps thus lightless and alone?

KURT.

The snow gave light enough—besides, I have often trod,
In my camp-cloak, these heights. I know my Fatherland.

WALTER.

A Swiss Confederate—so?—then welcome, brother!
(*He extends his hand to Kurt, but again suddenly draws it back.*)

KURT.

Your hand—oh! let me kiss that dearest hand!

WALTER.

Beware! forbear! There is a withering blight
On it! If you be yet uncursed, shun it beyond another!

KURT, (*aside.*)

I am tongue-tied by his wild words of despair!

WALTER.

Come, you are weary. Stretch yourself down there,
And we will freeze and hunger through the night!

KURT.

I don't see why we should—I've in my knapsack what will stand t' ye;
Roast-meats and baked, a flask of cherry-brandy,
And two old bottles of Sicilian wine.

(*Taking, as he speaks, a variety of provisions out of his wallet, and placing them on the table.*)

WALTER, (*looking alternately at Kurt and the provisions.*)

You seem a jolly fellow in your line.

KURT.

Each for himself, and God for all. I eat
And drink the best I can. Come, Gammar Kitty, take a seat.
(*They seat themselves at the table.*)

KATHERINE.

How is't you know my name?

KURT.

Tut! where is't one won't meet

Kitties in scores?

WALTER (*aside.*)

An odd fish this, I guess!

KURT, (*aside.*)

How shall I e'er be able to repress
The tumult of my feelings? What a dense
Load lies upon my heart! (*Aloud to Walter.*) Come, worthy master mine—
Your health!

WALTER.

Folk say it is an ugly sign
When the host banquets at his guest's expense.

KATHERINE.

The gentleman is good. Oh! could thy heart drink peace
In with each drop of this delicious wine!

WALTER.

Well, here's to a happy death! (*Drinks.*)

KURT.

And may revengeful feeling cease
'Mong kindred henceforth! Place your hands in mine.

(*He takes Walter's hands between his own.*)

May none curse more!

KATHERINE.

May none curse more!

WALTER (*slowly.*)

Curse.....more!

KATHERINE.

This glorious beverage! how it can restore
The drooping soul, and where Grief raves, can lull it!

KURT.

You don't eat. Here are sausages, roast-meat,
Some good black puddings and a dainty pullet.

KATHERINE.

That last's a dish of which I dare not eat.

Nor I.

KURT.

Why not ?

KATHERINE.

No matter. Come, fall to !

KURT.

WALTER.

I'd rather, if 'twere all the same to you,
Stick to the wine—it warms my heart.

KURT, (to Katherine.)

Good mother,

Oblige me with a knife. I dropped my own upon the way.

WALTER.

Take down our knife.

(Katherine takes down the large knife from the wall, and reaches it to Kurt, who takes it from her hand slowly and hesitatingly.)

KURT.

That ! Have you got no other ?

KATHERINE.

No other.

KURT, (aside.)

There it stays, and evermore will stay,
The blood-gout ! Would I had died within my mother's womb !

WALTER.

What are you looking at ?

KURT.

The blood !

WALTER.

The blood ? From whom,

Pray, did you learn that that was blood ?

KURT.

Alas !

I know the hue too well !

WALTER.

Come, brother, fill your glass—
Bygones are bygones to the end. To think
Too much upon the Past betrays the ass.

KURT.

I am glad to hear you tell me that. I drink
To your son's health, if—if—you have a son. (Drinks.)

KATHERINE.

Oh !

KURT.

Mother !

WALTER.

Truce to your groans ; his day is done ;
'Tis long since he departed to his goal.
May we soon reach our own !

KATHERINE.

But not the one we merit.

KURT.

Then here's to a happy death, which brings peace to the accursèd spirit !

WALTER.

I'll pledge you there ! (Drinks.) You seem a devilish droll
Chap, with your hunting-pouch and robber-pistols—quite
Like a Wild Yager ! Pray, why came you here by night ?

KURT.

I walked from Kanderstag today, and cannot borrow
More than a few short hours for sleep, for I must be in Leuk tomorrow.

WALTER. (giving his hand to Kurt.)

Then we'll set out together, countryman !

KURT.

Odso !

Your hand is cold as Death !

WALTER.

And do you fear Death?

KURT.

No!

Where hot shot showered like hail I have faced him o'er and o'er.
I have been a soldier.

WALTER.

Good! Here's to the brave Swiss Corps!

(Drinks.)

Tell me some stirring story of your soldier-life.
I, too, must gird my loins tomorrow for the strife!

KURT. *(hesitatingly.)*

You—had a son—

WALTER.

Forbear!

KURT.

Who left you at

A juvenile age.

WALTER.

Come, come; no more of that!

KURT.

Perhaps, then, *you* had better first begin
Your tale. The fact is that I know this inn
Much longer than you think. In all Leuk town
There was none like it ere its name went down.

WALTER.

Damn it! who told you that?

KURT.

Now all seems wretchedness;

You speak, in chilling tones, of hunger and distress.

WALTER.

What's that to you? Drink! Here's to Freedom's war. *(Drinks.)*

KURT.

How is't you seem to have lost yourself so far?

WALTER.

Well—since you know so much, hear more. You are
Or were a soldier, comrade,—and so must
Be aware how a man will sink when once the abyss
Yawns a yard under him.

(Kurt betrays great restlessness in his motions, and changes his position repeatedly.)

But how is this?

You seem yourself a half-curst kind of dust—
Shifting your bob so, every now and then,
And wriggling this and that way like a hen
On a hot griddle!

KATHERINE *(to Kurt.)*

Pardon him; I think

His brain is somewhat addled by the drink.

WALTER.

I am grey before my time,
But still as green in soul as ere I passed my prime!
A soldier in the wars,
I have had mine own fair share of honorable scars,
And on the battle-plain
Have cloven many a morion, many a scull in twain.
The Council Berne at large
Certified these my services in my discharge.
My father, Conrad Kruth—
God give us grace!—he was a passionate man from youth—
Then kept this inn, you mind;
But psha! 'tis nonsense talking—pitch the topic to the wind!

KURT.

This glass to your father's soul!

WALTER.

No, no, friend!

KATHERINE,

O! despair not

Of reconciliation!—Drink!

WALTER.

I cannot, wife!—I dare not!

Each poison-drop were as an arrow
 Cancering my blood and bones and marrow.
 Young man! I loved my father well—
 I have stood my desperate ground, defiance in my heart and face,
 While the red battle blazed like Hell,
 But when the curse—the curse, you know,—thrills through me as a spell
 I shiver!

KURT.

Well—we'll change the theme.

WALTER.

Not so!—yourself shall judge my case.

I'll treat you to a sketch of facts, precisely as they were and are.

When I left the ranks of War,
 Fixed in mind no more to roam,
 Father chose to take me home,
 As his cares and guests were many.
 I, a carl of thirty, stout,
 Bold and warm of blood as any,
 Thought 'twas time to seek me out
 One whose heart my heart might treasure,
 As its mate in pain and pleasure.
 Numbers came, but in my sight
 None the peer of Katherine here;
 She was fair, could read and write,
 And we loved with love sincere.
 In the Canton Berne her father
 Died a priest.* Of all they gather
 Such good folk bequeath us only
 Books and children when they leave us.
 Could I, say, desert the lonely
 Girl, mein Herr? The sin were grievous!
 I had gone for good or ill
 Now too far: the knot was tied.

KATHERINE.

Ah! but 'gainst his father's will—
 Oft I've thought on that and sighed.

WALTER.

Ay—our marriage was without his
 Knowledge. When he found it out his
 Wrath boiled o'er, for he was not
 Tame of temperament, but hot
 As his own hot brandy-barrels.
 Kate and I long bore his quarrels,
 Till one night, just twenty-eight
 Years ago today—the date
Twenty-fourth of February,
 I had been to Leuk that day,
 And came home halfcocked and gay,
 Mischievous perhaps, and merry.
 Twelve, the midnight hour, had tolled—
 Yellow shone the moon as gold
 All athwart the mottled gloom,
 As I entered this my room.
 Kate was sitting yonder, knitting.
 Father then resumed his old
 Trick of railing, nothing loth,
 I was wicked. For a while

* Ein Pfarrer, a Protestant Rector.

Patiently I took each vile
 Epithet he showered on both,
 Till at last he called Kate a bastard—a parson's bastard !
 Then, then my religion and reason and patience were mastered—
 Mein Herr !—who asperses your wife
 Touches your honor, your more than life !
 'Twas a javelin in my flesh. The blood all madly began
 To sing and seethe and revel
 In rills of flame through my veins. I clenched my fist at the man.
 Kate wept. She—I—I—Damn the devil !
 I know that what I did was evil—
 But—but to stand and hear a coarse tongue stigmatise
 Your wife, while she, beloved as helpless, flies
 Into your arms for help—What ails you, friend ? Your eyes
 Drop tears.

KURT.

Oh ! Man should guard his bosom well
 'Gainst thoughts whose birthplace is the gulf of Hell.

WALTER.

You are a wise young man !
 For me I always wanted worldly craft.
 That night my rage outran
 My reason :—father belled away—I laughed.
 This made him wild—he raved—he swore—
 I, boiling at my bosom's core,
Still laughed as if in quiet scorn—I eyed
 Him grinningly, and, taking down my scythe—
 That yonder—I began to chant a blithe
 Old air—*The grass is growing—must whet my scythe for mowing ;
 Daddy may bluster, clapperclaw and chide ;
 I'll set his oaths to music—hiss, hiss, hiss !*
 And while I sharpened the scythe I trolled some lay like this—

*The boor he is poor ; the boor is a boor—
 Then let him go follow his plough ;
 In a flat hat and a smock frock
 He has clothing enough, I trow.*

Then father began to foam like the breakers upon a leeshore,
 To yell, to dance like a madman, to stamp, to storm, to roar—
 "Thou strumpet !" he cried to the weeping girl—
 Mein Herr ! I felt the chamber whirl—
 I—flesh and blood couldn't stand it longer—
 The devil, the Prince of Devils, is stronger
 Than I—I hurled my knife—ay, that in your hand—the knife
 I had used in whetting the scythe—I was drunk !—I hurled it full
 At his face—my father's face !—it might have laid open his skull—
 But—glory to God !—it missed him—missed him ! Didn't it, wife ?

KATHERINE.

It did.

WALTER.

He fell back in his chair, and his visage grew lilac and blue
 And stony.—"Accursed," he exclaimed, still foaming—"Accursed be you,
 And accursed be your wife and your offspring !" Kate then was three months
 gone
 In her first and perilous pregnancy. Well—he hadn't yet done.
 He sat up stiff in his chair. His eyes were glazed in their last eclipse,
 And the curdled froth sat stagnant upon his collapsed lips.
 "Accursed," he half-croaked, half-howled, "Accursed be you and your brood !
 On you and on them through life be the guilt of your father's blood !
 May you yet be the murderer's murderer, as you are mine this night !"
 He said no more. He dropped back. A fresh paralytic shaft had shot
 Like lightning through his veins. All Hell's roaring surges of fire
 Billowed up in my breast and brain. He died upon the spot.

KATHERINE (*to Kurt.*)

What ails you? You grow pale.

KURT.

O, nothing; I am quite
Well. 'Tis perhaps the wine. Drink, neighbour!—in a higher
World Mercy has annulled that curse!

KATHERINE.

There, Walter!—hearest thou?

WALTER (*to Kurt.*)

A man learns much from such as you—somehow
I, too, occasionally think the same.
Father's own youth was not exempt from blame.
He told us once in's winecups that he had
Dragged *his own* father—who, it seems, was mad
As he himself—by the grey locks about
The room and dashed him on the floor. Now I
But flung a knife at *mine*. He died, no doubt,
But he was old—'twas time for him to die.
I did not kill him—did I? People say
That if you kill your father the same hand
With which you killed him grows up from the clay
Above his grave. Now I have often scanned
The spot all round, and yet saw nothing save
Green grass, which grows, you know, on every grave

KURT.

Of course—of course. You haven't told me, though,
How the sad change in your affairs took place.

WALTER.

'Twas rather strange—but from that night of woe
And frenzy I had neither luck nor grace.
We set out, Kate and I, resolved on helping one another,
But still it seemed as if at each hand's turn
A devil stepped between us. She became a mother
In three months more, for which we had cause to mourn.
Her first child bore the accursèd mark of Cain—
A blood-red scythe was printed on his arm.
The image had been floating in her brain
During her pregnancy. But of the harm
And ill and misery wrought us by that boy
I had best say nothing now. I pardon him.

KURT (*eagerly.*)

You do?

WALTER.

Yes. God be praised, he is dead; and that's one source of joy.
Well—in five years we had a daughter too.
The girl was like an angel.

(*Kurt immediately rises from his chair.*)

WALTER.

What d'ye want?

KURT.

Nothing. It is a way I have. I can't
Rest for a minute in one spot.

(*He walks to and fro.*)

WALTER.

So like our Kurt! The devil
Drove him for ever up and down. In most
Respects the lad was sharp above the level
Of boys in general—but seemed tempest-tossed
By a dark spirit within. Was that the curse?

KURT.

How should I know? You are getting worse and worse.

WALTER.

Enough. One day—the fatal day
Of *February twenty-four*,

The children were engaged at play
Together near the door.
The damned knife lay on the floor.
The boy was seven years old, the girl but two—
Kate had just killed a pullet—eh, Kate?

KATHERINE.

Oh, 'tis true!

I never think on that without a chilly trembling ;
It vexed me by its *cluck, cluck, cluck*,—the note
Struck my distempered fancy as resembling
Old Kruth's croak when the rattles took his throat.

WALTER.

The boy had seen my wife
Sticking the pullet. "Come," he said—and took
His sister's arm—"we'll play at Kitchen: I will be the cook
And you the pullet. Stand!" I saw him seize the knife.
I bounded forward. All too late. The child
Lay weltering in her blood—her throat one gaping gash.
You weep! You are good. I wept not—I was wild!

KURT.

And thereupon you—cursed him?

WALTER.

It was rash—

But he was but a child and therefore could not be
Amenable to justice then; and as
I did not wish him to escape scot-free
I cursed him!

KURT.

But your better judgment has
Revoked the curse?

WALTER.

Long since. The grave, you know,
Must bound all mortal maledictions.

KURT (*aside*.)

Oh,

Father! (*Aloud*) But if he were alive, and should
Return repentant to his parents, would
You not receive him and embrace him?

WALTER.

No!

I NEVER could behold him!

KURT (*aside*.)

Woe! O, Woe!

(*Aloud*) And what became of him?

KATHERINE.

His father in his first
Frenzy had nearly murdered him. To guard against the worst
I sent him to an uncle resident at Thun—
A learned man—who wrote me thus: "Your son
Is talented and spirited and quick
To learn—but there's a something adverse in his star.
He chases but the Phantomy and Far—
Is hurried and perturbed—half lunatic
And quite intractable—and when I have gone
So far as to admonish him, though in a quiet way.
He weeps and tells me that the scythe upon
His arm prevents his resting night or day."
So my good uncle wrote. To him the history
Of this mark—as to all—remained a mystery.

KURT.

You wept much when your son absconded?

KATHERINE.

Oh!

WALTER. (*in a low tone to Katherine.*)

Katherine, beware! This Yager seems to know

All that has happened. Is he a magician?
I fear I have been much freer than I ought.

KATHERINE.

But how d'ye know he absconded?

KURT.

Why,—I—thought—
I guessed he might have tired of his condition.

WALTER.

Guessed?

KATHERINE.

He grew up, we heard, a froward lad:
He had run away from school—my uncle had
Bound him apprentice to an artist, but
He had run away from him, too, o'er and o'er;
So uncle, finding he could do no more
And thinking he could do no less, too, shut
Him up within the Work-house.* Here he didn't tarry,
However, long, before he escaped—and 'twas, as we were told,
Precisely on the fatal day, the *twenty-fourth of February*,
He being barely then fourteen years old,
That he enlisted as a soldier in
The hosts of Revolutionary France.
This we discovered afterwards by chance,
A letter having reached my uncle which
Mentioned the fact.

KURT.

And neither kith nor kin
Have heard about him since?

KATHERINE.

Who—save a few odd rich—
Were left survivors of the Revolution?

WALTER. (to Kurt.)

You are the devil's pick-thought! I begin
To think you are hoaxing us. What is't you mean
By pumping people so? Death and confusion!
I tell you he is dead.

KURT.

But how you have been
Reduced to this sad state of destitution
You have *not* told me.

WALTER.

Friend! your every look and query
And your odd pacings to and fro are very
Peculiar! I'm not fond of spinning yarns.
Distempers killed my cattle—fire consumed my barns—
And avalanches crushed my fields. No toil
Availed me. As you came from Kanderstag
You marked a barren tract of blasted soil
Lying half-buried underneath snow-crag
And Alpine-granite. Twelve years back it was
The terrible invader swept in thunder
Down from the Rinderhorn, o'erwhelming as
It rolled man, beast, crops, meadows, vineyards. Under
Those mighty frozen masses which you passed
Lay once luxuriant orchards and rich pasture-ground.
All were left desolate for miles around.
And now the unhappy failure of our last
Year's harvest—this has been the finishing stroke.
We are now in debt—in wretchedness—the yoke
Of beggary presses on us. One by one
Loured our disasters, and withal 'twas very

* House of Correction, or Penitentiary.

Remarkable that each came always on
The ominous *twenty-fourth of February*.

KURT. (*reseating himself.*)

Can I do nought to ameliorate your lot?

WALTER.

Why, between you and me, then, if you have got
Any loose cash to lend—

KURT.

Loose cash to lend?

Ay! that I have—enough!—and gladly would
Do more than lend it you. But patience!—God is good.
Bear with your ills to-night—to-morrow He will end
Them all!

WALTER.

To-morrow? God will, eh? Or p'rhaps you mean the devil?

KATHERINE.

O, self-tormentor!

WALTER.

Friend! you are many cuts above my level.

You seem a something 'twixt a conjuror and a priest—
Gentry with whom, d'ye know, I don't much care to chaffer.*

KURT.

Ah, Father Walter!

WALTER.

That's my name.—Well, well—your wine's the thing, at least, (*Drinks.*)
But why d'ye chamber crags by night?

KURT.

Ah, Gaffer!

My life's page, like your own, is overdarked and sad.

WALTER.

Hail fellow, then, well met! You are just *my* man, egad!

KURT.

I, also, like the son you spoke of, had
Once the misfortune to commit—a murder!

WALTER.

Oho! How happened that?

KURT.

Enquire no further.

The history would but make my scarred wounds bleed
Afresh. Enough, that for the fatal deed
I was compelled to fly from home. It happed in
The town of Berne that a compatriot took
A fancy to me, purely from my look,
And hired me as his valet. He was Captain
In the Swiss Guards, those heroes whom the *Sans*
Culottes of Paris tore from limb to limb.
Difficult was it, doubtlessly, for him
To leave his country—but poor Louis' wrongs
Spake trumpetmouthed—he had no resource
Besides. He went. I also went, of course.

WALTER.

Wild work in Paris then?

KURT.

Fancy you see by some concussion

The whole tremendous range of the Alpine Glaciers
Wrenched from their beds—fancy you see them rush on,
Gigantical and crashing, through the embrasures
Of the cleft mountains, down the valcs—while gronpes
Below, beholding the Destroyers advance,
Sing, clap their hands, laugh, reel about, and dance,
The savage portion uttering yells and whoops

* This tragedy, it may be not amiss to observe, was written before the author became a Roman Catholic priest.

Of welcome—fancy this, and then you gaze
On a dim sketch of Paris in those monstrous days.

WALTER.

You saw our comrades murdered?—saw them as they fell
Butchered within the Tuileries?

KURT.

I saw

The sweltering night descend, moonless and dun as Hell,
As though revolted Nature willed to draw
A pall of blackness over that infernal
Harvest of carnage. But let *me*—accursed myself—refrain
From picturing scenes enough to bring the eternal
Wrath of Heaven's God on France.

WALTER.

Yet pray explain——

KURT.

When we thus saw them perish—saw them piked and shot,
Far from their own loved hearths and ancient land,
In contest for a king whose lieges they were not,
A king to whom Affection's, Honor's band
But knitted them—a king who, near the spot
That saw him sceptred, suffered at the hand
Of his own children death——

WALTER.

Ay, ay,—such things

Have come to pass, through Satan's help, where parents were *not* kings.

KURT.

My master then, whom I was fortunate
Enough to save through a portico, perceiving
He could no longer tamely tolerate
The rabble's ruffianism, resolved on leaving
The country. Suffering and our common land
Cemented us. How far o'er Earth and Ocean
We roamed, I recked not—even to Death's dark strand
Would I have followed him with fond devotion.
We sailed for St. Domingo, his (my master's)
Exchequer furnishing the charges, and
After the usual maritime disasters
Landed, not caring much for sea or land.

WALTER.

You've been to the New World? You're a great traveller, then!

KATHERINE.

Ah! there you found the blest and happy men!

KURT.

Yes, among those untainted *here*, and *there*;

(*Pointing to his heart and his head.*)

The rest were like the folk we meet elsewhere.
My patron here became a planter. Daily
He seemed to like me better. Time passed gaily,
And Europe was forgotten. Now and then
He joked and chatted with me. Best of men!
He had still perhaps been living but for me.
A curse is like a pestilence—'tis catching.
I fell ill of the Yellow Fever. He
Nursed me, until, exhausted by his watching,
He imbibed the poison. He expired at last.

WALTER.

Did he turn yellow?

KURT.

Yes.

WALTER.

A man at whom I cast

A knife grew blue. 'Tis evident that Death is
Himself a dyer now-a-days.

KURT.

Alas !

Why was not I too doomed to fall beneath his
 (Death's) shaft ? Red Murder, like a wall of brass,
 Had severed me from Mankind long before.—
 Why was I spared to—But of this no more.
 I was now rich—my master had bequeathed
 All his plantations, goods and gold to me—
 Yet was I poor—as poor a wretch as breathed !
 Alas ! when Conscience burns in vain would we
 By all Earth's wealth and luxuries try to win us
 One half-hour's respite from the Hell within us !

WALTER (to Katherine.)

Ha ! hear'st thou that ! Now must I not—

(Katherine goes into the inner room to prepare the bed for Kurt.)

KURT.

But Angel Hope for ever hovers

O'er even the dreariest dwelling of Despair ;
 And as the hen outspreads her wings and covers
 Her clutch when wheels the vulture in the air,
 So Mercy lifts her shield o'er Man, and the sharp shafts of Vengeance
 Whirr ever towards, but strike him not, from Hell's unresting engines.
 And Hope and Mercy whispered me that in my native clime
 I should not pray to Heaven in vain to assail me of my crime.
 The waterfalls, the woods, the mountains rang
 With the one note all day and night—" Come home !"
 The Glaciers, as if conscious of each pang
 I suffered, cried—" We melt—Come home ! Come home !"
 The little Alpine bells tinklingly sang—
 " Rest for the wanderer and a happy home !"
 Methought the very planets as they rolled
 Bade me exchange the New World for the Old.
 So, home I have come at last, laden with gold,
 After an absence of near twenty years,
 To glad my parents' hearts. My biggest money-bag
 Rests with my mule to night at Kanderstag—
 To-morrow all will reach me. Then will I with tears
 Cast myself on my father's—on my mother's breast ;
 Then shall the wanderer find the promised rest,
 And the once Curst will prove the trebly Blest.

(Katherine again enters.)

WALTER, (rising up.)

Where do your parents live ?

KURT.

They live—about—three miles

From this.

WALTER.

Indeed ? Three miles from this ? that's queer !
 I thought we had nought for nine miles round, but piles
 Of naked rocks. No matter—one thing's clear—
 You're a sharp lad ; you have conned your parts of speech ;
 Have mixed in life, and have your tale to tell ;
 Have heard the Glaciers sing and planets preach,
 And know which way the cat jumps pretty well.

KATHERINE, (to Kurt.)

Did you hear any thing about our son
 In Paris ?

KURT.

Your son Kurt ?

WALTER, (aside.)

He knows his name !*

* Werner appears to forget that Walter had already mentioned the name of his son.—V. P.

KATHERINE.

Yes. We had news that he was killed in one
Of those fierce popular outbursts.

KURT, (*aside.*)

I must frame

A tale to try them. (*Aloud.*) 'Twas too true. I saw him vainly strive
Against the butchers. I beheld him fall—
His blood gushed out upon my clothes.

KATHERINE.

O! were he but alive,

How freely would I now forgive him all!

KURT, (*stretching out his arms, as though he would embrace his mother.*)

Oh!

WALTER.

Drop those clap-trap tricks. We are not to be
Played on like children. Go to bed. Good night!
Your room is ready yonder, as you see.

KATHERINE.

You'll find I have made your little straw-bed right.

KURT.

Will you awaken me by eight o'clock?

WALTER.

If I should not, the Sheriff's men will. They'll
Be here betimes to hale me off to gaol.

KURT.

Just God!

WALTER.

Does that, then, give you such a shock?

KURT.

When will they come?

WALTER.

At eight, or thereabouts.

KURT.

Then call me up at seven.

WALTER.

At any hour

You please. You seem to fight shy of the scouts
Of Justice. Were you ever in their power?

KURT, (*aside.*)

Oh, my fond heart! how long have I repressed
Thy struggling throbs!

WALTER.

Come—go to bed—'tis time.

KURT.

Good night!

WALTER.

Good night!

KURT.

All—all—both curse and crime—

Will soon be cancelled!

KATHERINE.

Take a good night's rest.

(*She puts a light in the lantern, and gives it to him.*)

WALTER.

And cross yourself against the Evil One.

(*Kurt retires.*)

KATHERINE.

He is gone.

WALTER.

Kate, take these flasks and plates away;
Our last, our hangman's midnight meal* is done—
To-morrow ends our agonies for aye.

(*He seats himself in the arm-chair.*)

* *Henkersmahl*, the phrase in the original, means the supper which in some parts of Germany is given to a condemned criminal the night before his execution, and at which he is privileged to eat and drink *ad libitum*.

KATHERINE, (*as she hangs the large knife against the wall.*)

Well, that's a strange young man, I can't but say.

KURT, (*in soliloquy in his room.*)

Here, where I first beheld the light, where first mine infant words were spoken,
Here, in the house, below the roof, with her, the cherished one, who gave
Me this unblest and vagrant life—here let my pilgrim's staff be broken—
And here, too, let the vengeful curse be buried in Forgiveness' grave!

(*Katherine applies her ear and eye alternately to an aperture in the partition.*)

WALTER.

Listening? For shame, Kate! Listeners never hear
Good of themselves.

KATHERINE.

He unbinds his girdle. Dear!

But that bag round his waist is really vast!

WALTER.

His head don't ache, I trow, from whom our guest untied it last.

KATHERINE.

What meanest thou?

WALTER.

Don't mind me. Go to bed.

KURT, (*in soliloquy.*)

In this small stilly room, times without number,
The Alpine horn has lulled me into slumber.
O! that my golden dreams had never fled!

KATHERINE.

He is speaking to himself, about his gold!

WALTER.

Wilt thou

Not go to bed?

KATHERINE.

Be calm—I am going now.

Art not thou coming too?

WALTER.

Not yet.

KATHERINE.

He spoke so much about our son!

WALTER, (*passionately.*)

"Our son," "our son," for ever. Thunderbolts! have done,
Or I'll run off this night!

KATHERINE.

O, Walter—God of Heaven!

If this should be *himself*—he whom for years
We have fancied dead. Oh, long, long since he was forgiven
By me—do thou forgive a mother's tears!

WALTER.

Now, by my troth, wife, this is past endurance!
Thou mockest, bravest me! I say he is dead.
Didst thou not long ago receive assurance,
That of the brave Swiss corps in which he enlisted,
Not one survived? That on that bloody night
Whereof our lodger lied, all, *all*, to a man,
Were mercilessly massacred? And can,
Or will, think'st thou, the tomb forego its right?
Shall our long-buried son forsake his grave?
As well might'st thou expect my father would walk in
Even now—again begin to rage and rave—
And again curse us. No! Death is the penalty of Sin.
The grave's precipitous bridge-path once gone o'er,
The pilgrim's foot recrosses it no more.

KURT, (*in soliloquy.*)

What was't withheld me from at once revealing
Myself? We spoke together, I and they,
So cordially! I could have wept away
My life upon their bosoms then! But still some hell-engendered feeling

O'ermastered me, oppressed my spirit, froze
The fountains of affection as they rose,
And bound me in chains of trembling to the close.

KATHERINE, (*who has seated herself on the straw-bed in the back-ground.*)
Who can he be, our guest?

WALTER.

Whoe'er he be, he is
No better than he should be, trust me.

KATHERINE.

He

Said that his parents lived a league from this.

WALTER.

Humbug—all humbug! Save the owls and we,
None dwell upon these heights.

KATHERINE.

He seems so kind—

So gentle.

WALTER.

Gentle? Pry'thee, wert thou blind?
Didst thou not mark his eye-balls' lurid glow
As he glared on us, pacing to and fro?
I have been a soldier, wife! I know these kind of men—
None braver—fronting Death even in his deadliest den;
But the eye, wife!—the flashing eye—the gaze
That cannot fix—the wandering glance—betrays
The Devil! These be demoniacs—hell-possessed—
For whom Earth, save the grave, harbours no place of rest.

KATHERINE.

He has left his wine there still. Drink yet one cup—thou'lt feel
The better for the draught.

WALTER.

Then here I drink to his weal.

(*Drinks.*)

KATHERINE.

And God assoil his soul, and grant it rest and light!

(*She lies down, and falls asleep.*)

WALTER, (*filling out another glass.*)

Pain would I say Amen! but since the accursed night,
I cannot pray forgiveness. Would to Heaven I might!

KURT, (*in soliloquy.*)

O, God of mercy! quell the gloomy
And ghastly thoughts that shake me here.
Let not my sister's blood pursue me,
Nor let me sink through groundless fear!
Be she mine intercessor, kneeling
Before thy Throne of Grace above,
And let the frozen founts of Feeling
Be melted by the breath of Love!
Yes! thanks, Almighty God, to thee!
My tears even now are flowing free.

WALTER, (*replenishing his cup.*)

'Tis nearly twelve. Ere twelve to-morrow
I shall have shaken off this load of sorrow,
For then—Hark! how the screech-owls rave!
Methinks they scream, "Down, wretch, into thy watery grave!"
And must it be so? Is there nought can save?

KATHERINE, (*groaning in her sleep.*)

Oh!

WALTER.

She is suffering. 'Tis a den of woe,
This old curse-rotted house, where each accursed
Sire curses his recurring son, and no
Feelings but those of pain and gloom are nursed.
The Yager there may sleep—he has his gold—

Well! if he has his gold, I have his wine—

(Drinks.)

I have the Yager's wine—and wine, I opine,
Will keep me out of water; so, I hold,
Will gold;—I'll have his gold!—eh?—how?—avaunt, vile Enemy!
What thrice-damn'd devil bred that thought in me?

KATHERINE, (singing in her sleep.)

O, why is thy sword so red, so red,

Edward, Edward?

WALTER.

Poor creature! she is singing in her sleep.

KATHERINE, (singing.)

Because I have slain my falcon dead.

WALTER.

She seems to breathe uneasily and deep.

Some dream disturbs her. I must rouse her.

(He approaches the bed and

Kate!

KATHERINE, (starting up.)

Wha—what?

WALTER.

What ails thee?

KATHERINE.

Oh! there's such a weight

On my poor heart!

WALTER.

Thou sangest in thy sleep.

KATHERINE.

Sang in my sleep?

WALTER.

Of slaying a falcon dead!

KATHERINE.

Ah, yes! I don't know why that song should keep
Running perpetually in my head.

WALTER.

Is that the song that ends with some such trash
As this—

Because I have slain my father dead,
Therefore my sword is so red, so red,
And on you be the guilt of it, mother.

KATHERINE.

The same.

WALTER.

What maudlin balderdash!

KATHERINE.

Art coming soon to bed? I feel so chill!

WALTER.

By 'nd by.

KATHERINE.

Then I'll get up. I can't lie still.

O God! what weary burdens are our sins!

(She rises weeping from her straw bed.)

WALTER.

Souls, Kate, will gamble, and the devil wins.

KURT, (in prayer.)

Overcome with anguish,

To thee I cry!

Here I pine and languish,

But thou art nigh.

O! beyond this Vale of Dole,

Shew me where Life's waters roll—

Raise the eyes of my sick soul

To thee on high!

WALTER.

That song of the Red Sword is so—so silly!

But, wife! I am burning inly, yet I am chilly—

KATHERINE.

And so am I.

WALTER.

I am taken with a dizziness.

That—robber!—has he drugged us, thinkest thou?

If I supposed so, I'd soon do his business.

I have left some stout trunks headless before now.

I see thee shudder—are thy thoughts upon

The curse?

(His eye wanders wildly around the room, and at length rests upon the clock.)

Ha! How the minute-hand runs on!

I am frozen. Light a fire!

KATHERINE.

Where is the wood?

WALTER.

Take down that hated scythe. This many a year it

Has hung there rusting, doing us no good.

KATHERINE.

I ever tremble when I go too near it.

*(She takes down the scythe, chops the handle in pieces, and kindles a fire.)*KURT *(in soliloquy.)*

I am absolved. Again my breast grows cheery.

"Peace!" like an Alpine bell, tones from above.

Descend, oh, soothing Sleep, and fold a weary

Wanderer of Earth in thine embrace of love!

How oft I have hung my horn on this dear wall!

Here still I see the nail that bore it. All

My early boyhood's treasured recollections

Crowd on my mind. Again my sister's hand

Wreathes garlands for me. Oh, my fatherland!

With thee are twined my holiest affections.

(He hangs his clothes, as he undresses, on a large nail protruding from the partition wall. Shortly afterwards the nail gives way, and the clothes fall on the floor.)

WALTER.

What was't that fell?

KATHERINE.

I know not.

WALTER.

Some strange fear

Creeps through my blood. Reach me the Bible here.

*(Katherine brings him the Bible, and then takes her place again by the fire.)*KURT *(in soliloquy.)*

The nail has given way. No matter: I

Can soon refasten it; at least I'll try.

WALTER *(reading in the Bible.)***Des Vaters Segen baut den Kindern Häuser, aber der Mutter
Fluch reißt sie wieder nieder.***

The father's blessing? No!—not so:—the father

Has curses only, and his curse o'erthrows

The house that through the mother's blessing rose.

That is the eligible reading rather.

*(Kurt, in endeavouring to fix the nail in the wall, displaces the knife hanging on the other side, which falls at Katherine's feet.)*KATHERINE *(starting up.)*

Oh!

WALTER *(regarding her with a wild and absent look.)*

Where? What?

KATHERINE.

'Twas the knife—it fell, I know not how.

WALTER.

Is not our guest a murderer?

* The passage, I believe, is Ecclesiasticus iii. 11.

KATHERINE.

Heavens! what meanest thou?

KURT (in soliloquy.)

Thank God! I have gained the goal at last:

To-morrow morn will see

My mule brought here triumphantly;

And ere the noon be past

I well may hope

My gold will ope

The gates of Peace and Paradise for me.

(He takes the money-bag from the table.)

Come then, beloved gold,

I crossed the ocean by thine aid:

By thee are honest hearts and bold

Exertions late or soon repaid.

I have brought thee from the New World to the Old,

To place thee in my parents' hand.

Let God direct the rest

As unto Him seems best.

(He places the bag under the head of the straw mattress.)

All hail, once more, my fatherland!

(He stretches himself in bed and falls asleep. The light in the lantern gradually expires.)

WALTER.

He called himself a murderer in my recollection—

He is an outlaw therefore—any man

May strip and plunder him that will or can.

The law affords him not the least protection.

KATHERINE.

For God's sake!—

WALTER.

I might slay him, wer't my whim;

No power could punish me for killing him.

KATHERINE.

O, for the love of Christ!

WALTER.

Be not alarmed:

I have no such bloody thoughts: he shan't be harmed;

Only, considering our position,

And knowing well this outlawed stranger

To be a robber, and—perhaps—magician,

At all events a craft that threatens danger

To the Confederacy, I would fain

Go shares with him in what he has.

KATHERINE.

O, man, refrain

From heaping sin on sin!

WALTER.

And plunge into the tide

To-morrow, a crime-laden suicide?

So be it, then!—although to fleece a thief

To save one's life were anything but guilt—

But be it so!—the pain of death is brief.

KATHERINE, (distractedly.)

God!—gracious God!—

WALTER.

Shall I?

KATHERINE.

Do—what—thou—wilt.

WALTER.

Then light me!

KATHERINE.

Death and Hell!

(She takes the lamp and precedes him.)

WALTER.

The midnight falls—it is
Fit hour for darker deeds—and I'll accomplish this,
Even though my father fronted me anew
To blast me with his looks of livid blue.
Thou tremblest, wife?

KATHERINE.

With cold!

WALTER (*seeing the knife at his feet.*)

Ah! there thou art!

Thou'lt come with me!

(*Takes it up.*)

KATHERINE.

Thou—would'st not—shed his blood?

WALTER (*as he enters the inner room.*)

No, foolish woman, no!—no need to start.
But caution in a case like this is good.
There are a thousand uses for a knife;
It is so—sharp an instrument, and—Wife!
I scent a corpse—there is a charnel-smell
Here!—

KATHERINE.

O, come back!

WALTER.

He is sleeping. Where, I wonder,
Can he have put his gold?—Ah! ah! I see it under
The bolster. Come, have at it!

KATHERINE.

Never!

WALTER.

O, 'tis well!

I see thou hast no fancy for the job.
But—'tis a dirty business—thus to rob
A stranger. We'll abandon it.

(*He puts the knife up in his bosom.*)

KATHERINE.

O, some

Angel inspires thee!

WALTER.

Yes—if death must come,
Let us die guiltless. Ha! but are we guiltless, then?
(*The clock strikes twelve. Walter counts the strokes.*)
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten,
Eleven, Twelve. Old man! thou need'st not storm again.

KATHERINE (*endeavouring to draw him towards the door.*)

O, come!

(*Walter opens the door softly, and re-enters the outer-room, but staggers back again
in a moment, aghast and quivering.*)

WALTER (*between his teeth.*)

Brit!

KATHERINE.

God! what ails thee?

WALTER.

I—I—dare not—enter.

KATHERINE.

Why?

WALTER.

He sits there—blue, stiff—the old tormentor—
Didst thou not mark how horribly he eyed me?

KATHERINE (*looking in.*)

Thou dreamest!

WALTER (*drawing Katherine nearer to him.*)

Stay—stay here—stay close beside me.

There!—Pray!—help me to pray!

(*He lifts up his hands in a supplicatory attitude.*)

KATHERINE.

O, could I win thee grace by prayer!

WALTER.

Our father, who.....hast cursed me!—Ha! see there!
 See how the sleeper laughs derisively
 At me! He laughs that I am curst, and he
 Is not!

KATHERINE (*still drawing him towards the door.*)

O, come, lest Satan conquer thee!

WALTER.

Our father.....Hark! I hear his gold—it cries aloud to me,
Come who come will. How it disturbs the lonely
 Midnight! Thou hearest it?

KATHERINE.

I hear the screech-owls only.

WALTER.

No! no! 'tis his gold!—and his gold, his gold will free me for ever,
 Will free me from this hell-vulture that gnaws day and night my liver.
 See his audacious red cheeks!—how they laugh!—while I stand here, and
 shiver.

He, forsooth, shall exult in his gold, the sneaking deceiver!
 He shall be rich and uncurs'd, and a stranger to famine and fever,
 While I, after years of toil and bitter heart-breaking endeavour,
 Find myself driven to the grave for a shelter. Yet am I less clever?
 Am not I also a man, and as stalwart in doublet and beaver?
 Shall he, the poltroon, by night steal forth as a robber and reaver,
 While I am to plunge for a bed in the depths of the rushing river,
 Only because I am poor, and the shafts of Misfortune's quiver
 Have been exhausted on me? Shall I brook such injustice? Never!
 No! I will rescue myself, though the deed should eternally sever
 My soul from its last hope of Heaven! So, sorcerer, stand and deliver!

(*He stoops down and endeavours to detach the bag of gold from its position under
 the mattress. Kurt is disturbed by the effort and awakes.*)

KURT (*half unconsciously.*)

Ha!—robbers!—murderers!—

WALTER.

Murderer in thy teeth!

(*He takes the knife from his bosom, and stabs Kurt twice.*)KURT (*faintly.*)

By—your—hand, then,—my father—I—meet Death!

(*Walter staggers back, horror stricken.*)KATHERINE (*wildly.*)

My son!—my son!—

KURT.

I—am—that—ill-starred—youth.

Read—this—and—see.

(*He half-raises himself up with a last effort, and takes from beneath the pillow a paper
 which he hands to Walter. Walter hurries to the camp.*)

WALTER (*reading*)

The Passport of Kurt Heruth Of Schwarzbach.

(*The paper drops from his hands.*)

O, Accurs'd! what hast thou done?

KATHERINE (*supporting Kurt in her arms.*)

I see the scythe on's arm. My son!—my son!
 Destroy me, too, inhuman murderer, as
 Thou hast destroyed thy child!

KURT (to Walter and Katherine.)

The—father—has

Forgiven—you—both. The—curse—is cancelled. Live!

WALTER (*knocking down before Kurt.*)

And thou—dost thou forgive?

KURT.

I do.

WALTER.

And God—doth He forgive?

KURT (*after a pause.*)

May He!

(*He dies.*)

KATHERINE.

He dies!

WALTER (*rising up.*)

In Heaven's name, then, to appease
God's wrath as best I may, and drain the cup
Of Punishment and Penance to the lees,
To-morrow I surrender myself up
To Justice. When the axe hath done its task,
'Twill be for God to weigh and judge. To His
Eye the bared heart lies naked without mask.
This is indeed a day of days—it is
An awful February twenty-four.
Enough—God's mercy is for evermore.

(*The curtain falls.*)

* *Der Vater*, that is, *Walter's* father. The definite article is frequently used in German poetry instead of the possessive pronoun, especially where the employing of the latter would interfere with the metre. Thus Gellert writes, *Ein kranker Vater rief den Sohn*—a sick father called the son. In the present instance the transference of this idiom into English becomes unavoidable; for as Conrad was not the father of Katherine, to whom, as much as to Walter, Kurt speaks, the pronoun would be inappropriate and absurd.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR,—Having observed the lively interest excited among your readers by the Chapters of College Romance, which have from time to time appeared in your pages, I have been induced to draw up the following narrative of real events, believing that you might consider it worthy to form a supernumerary addition to the series. My style will be so easily distinguished, by its inferiority, from that of the author of those papers, that I shall not, I think, be charged with the intention of intruding as a rival within his proper sphere. But if I enter upon it *this* once, in the character of an humble assistant, I have good hopes that my apology may be found in the interesting nature of those facts which I shall detail,

"Quaque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!"

It rests with you, sir, to determine whether the justifiableness of such an expectation shall be tested by public opinion.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dublin, June 10th, 1857.

M—— K——.

PRIDE AND POVERTY.

AT best it is a sad thing to retrace the annals of the loved and the departed, if, in doing so, we must fall back upon a lot of peculiar bitterness, the task becomes proportionately more painful. "Pride and poverty!" Such I believe, on the whole, to be the most fitting title for my tale; such a com-

bination of terms might head many a clouded—many a fatal story. None but they who have known the galling struggles of the latter, can conceive how vastly, how virulently, they are enhanced and multiplied by the former; and once the gnawing necessities, the humiliating shifts of poverty have

triumphed in the sacrifice of one jot of pride, there remains no longer a calculation whereby we might fathom those depths of reckless desperation, into which their united victim may finally be found to plunge. To the terrible domination of this leagued tyranny, there could be discovered, I think, no better comment, than the following memoirs of an early and valued friend. I shall endeavour to present them with as much interest and connection as possible; although, from the slow degrees by which I gained his confidence, the notes in my journal from which they are to be extracted, display considerable confusion, and often great monotony.

My acquaintance with George L—— commenced in the following manner. Immediately upon my entrance into the University, I had placed myself under the private tuition of Mr. R——, a gentleman well known both for his scientific attainments, and the large number of his pupils. I think it also necessary to mention, that from a sort of hereditary claim which he possessed on me, I felt myself particularly bound to him, when selecting a private lecturer. During my first year, accordingly, I studied under him for every term; but on going to him as usual, with the intention to prepare for the January examination of my second, I was sorry to find that he was on the point of going abroad for three months, as his constant and laborious occupations had seriously affected his health. After expressing my sympathy, I begged of him to recommend me to some other person capable of supplying his place.

"As there are many great names in College," he replied, "I should not have ventured to direct your choice, had you not requested me to do so. But now if you will be contented with the assistance of one, who is comparatively scarcely known, but whom I believe competent to do you every justice, I will name him. It would also be an object to him to have you for a pupil."

I assented instantly; and being provided with a note of introduction, proceeded to L——'s rooms, which I found in the garret-story of the same building in the old brick square in which I myself resided. He was at home, and admitted me; and there was something about him which at once forcibly struck me. I recollected, indeed, to have observed him before, but only at a distance, and in the masquerade of

academic uniform. None, however, could come in contact with L——, and not yield to the impression of that intellectual ascendancy which pervaded his whole appearance. He was rather below the middle size, of a spare habit, but of graceful proportions. His forehead was of the highest and most expansive I have ever seen; and its prominence, perhaps, was too remarkable for beauty, however it might betoken talent. His nose was aquiline; his mouth peculiarly small; and his lips thin and rather compressed. But in his dark hazel eye resided the chief charm of his countenance. In its tranquillity there was a pensiveness which set off the languor of his smile; and its clear and steady lustre was lighted with a maturity of genius, a full-growth of thought, which it was impossible to overlook or misconceive. This probably would have gained him credit for a greater than his real age; and a disposition to change of colour in his naturally coal-black hair, together with evident traces of premature anxiety on his brow, would have aided such an error in the observer. His manner was of that gentle and unobtrusive elegance which bespeaks innate refinement; and although singularly reserved and distant on first acquaintance, yet when you came to win him over to a free and unembarrassed intercourse, there was a quiet attractiveness in his conversation, which engaged your deepest interest. Notwithstanding, however, that composure was the characteristic of his general aspect, still from every feature there was an indescribable irradiation of a proud and lofty spirit, which persuaded you that subdued serenity was rather his habit than his nature; and which told you that he had been, and might be again, the victim of wild and perilous excitement.

This was among the discoveries which reached me in our first interview; and it was no wonder that I grieved to see him situated as I then and afterwards did. His apartments, as I have said, were in the attic story. This in the Brick Square is devoted, I believe exclusively to the accommodation of Sizars, who are admitted gratuitously, with some privileges, to the benefits of the institution. The quarters allotted to L—— were very far from being comfortable. I was shewn into a sitting-room of the usual size, but very low and dark; the ceiling sloped for the most part with the roof of the building; and the windows,

which were small, and admitted a cold draught, were built out perpendicularly from the latter. The floor was scantily carpeted; and it, together with the wainscoting, was in several places decayed, or imperfectly repaired. The paper on the walls was old and soiled, and the painting equally discreditable. A few articles of coarse furniture were scattered around; at one window was a table covered with papers, where the tenant had evidently been at work; and a moderately stocked book-case, in a nook to the right of the fire-place, completed the *tout ensemble* of the apartment. Two miserable little bed-rooms, of a formation similarly inconvenient, with the usual addition of a college pantry, made up the entire suite. In such a scene of discomfort, however, have been nursed the early aspirations of many a successful genius; and from like tenements, within the same walls, have emanated some of the most distinguished names of Irish history, both in distant and modern times.

But to return. On receiving Mr. R——'s note, L—— coloured slightly—then, as if recollecting himself, he expressed his gratitude for the recommendation of so humble an individual; and after a few words as to the arrangement of an hour, to suit mutual convenience, I withdrew with a strange feeling of interest in my new acquaintance. This increased daily as I attended him; although literally, for more than a month, we did not exchange a syllable outside the subject of my studies. On entering his chambers, I never failed to find a chair already placed for me, and the necessary books on his table; and it was sufficiently plain to me, that he courted a quiet retirement from any further investigation of his character, than might be gathered from his method of instruction. The latter was indeed of the most forcible and lucid description. The demonstrations he required from me, or himself used, always went back to an ascertainment of the first principles; and I certainly never met with any person, who could so instantaneously conceive the difficulty which encumbered an argument with his pupil, or so pointedly grapple with, and overthrow the giant phantom, which he had just exposed in the strongest colouring. In plane geometry, which was the principal subject of my ensuing examination, L—— was a distinguished proficient; and at the deductions, which in the hands of most men ap-

peared intricate and elaborate, he nearly in every case arrived with an almost magical facility. The most entangled diagrams were cleared by him of their vexatious complexity, and the steps of his proofs assumed a simplicity which rivalled that of his figures. To Ethics; to Metaphysics; to Theology; to Political Economy; and a wide range of ancient and modern Classics, I soon found that he had applied himself with the same general success. In fact, his resources were many; and they were all within himself; or the circumstances of his position must have proved absolutely insupportable.

About five weeks of the term had elapsed, when an accident occurred, which eventually secured to me his friendship. Our studies were one day interrupted by a message from the Dean, on some college business. He apologized for leaving me, but begged me to await his return. During his absence, I took from his book-case an abstruse work of divinity; and becoming interested in the passage which had presented itself, I did not perceive his entrance till he spoke from behind me. He simply said, that the argument I was then perusing had appeared to him the best ever employed in the question. I made some objections with the eagerness of boyish reasoning, and such as were levelled rather to meet the pride of man, than the unsearchable wisdom of God. L—— listened calmly till I had concluded; and then, with a vivacity which surprised me, he entered upon a discussion of my views, and exposed their futility in language of real and convincing eloquence. I shifted my positions, and he followed me as patiently, and as fatally to my theories as before; and the subject began gradually to extend itself in our conversation. When, however, he was first beginning to reply to me once more, L—— suddenly checked himself, and said with a smile—

“But we are both forgetting ourselves, Mr. K——, and that this is the hour for business. Pray let us return to Euclid, and conclude our learned dispute at a more fitting opportunity.”

I would willingly have given up my dull science for that day; but he insisted with a degree of resolution which seemed quite unaccountable, till he further displayed his feelings of rigid conscientiousness, by detaining me after the hour for leaving him, an equal time to that consumed by his ab-

sence, and the casual discussion which ensued. I then prevailed on him, though with great difficulty, to accept my invitation for the same evening, that we might renew the interesting subject which had engaged us; and when we parted that night, after a long *tele-a-tele*, in which we had strayed far from polemics, into the wide field of general literature, I felt that I had enjoyed a most unusual privilege in his society. There was no pedantry, no affectation about him; yet all was elevated and refined; and I was at a loss whether more to admire his store of solid information, or the simple beauty of the language in which it was conveyed. From this date commenced, I might say, all my knowledge of L——; though it was long before it ripened into anything of confidential intimacy. When such, however, was the case, I gathered from him the general particulars of his birth and situation, which with the additional information I derived from other sources, I am enabled accurately to detail.

L—— was the son of a clergyman in a northern county of Ireland, who was without professional functions, but the master of a school of considerable note. This gentleman was deservedly distinguished, as I have heard on all hands, both for his claims as an accomplished scholar, and for a high and unbending independence and integrity of principle. But to these more sterling traits of his character, were added others of a less amiable nature. Whether they were inherent, or acquired in the exercise of his trying duties, I cannot say; but he was possessed of a capricious and overbearing temper, a rigid sternness of thought, and a selfish inflexibility of purpose, which gave a tone of austerity and defiance even to his kindest actions. Accustomed to self-restraint in every respect, except in the control of his disposition, he made little allowance for the pardonable weaknesses of others; and his manner was assuming without grace; and domineering, but devoid of dignity. Accordingly, he was little calculated to win upon the softer feelings, however he might command the more turbulent; and the success of his petty sway was to be credited rather to the influence of fear than of affection.

Far different, however, was the wife of his first choice. By one of those strange inconsistencies of every day's occurrence in life, he had united himself to a lady of the very gentlest mould

of feminine character; and while she lived, she had done much to soothe the asperities of his rugged nature. She was the daughter of a gentleman, who occupied a high place in society, alike from his birth and fortune; and at whose house Mr. L—— had resided, as a private tutor, during his college career. Their affection for each other had been nurtured by daily intercourse; and whether it was that early struggles had kept down the rougher points, which comparative prosperity had since developed in the schoolmaster, their mutual attachment, both from its intensity, and the painful difficulties which it involved and defied, may be said to have savoured highly of the romantic. It is certain, at any rate, that it served as a powerful stimulus to the honourable exertions of Mr. L——; and when these had at length raised him to his present elevation, the lady bestowed her hand, against the wishes of all her friends, where her heart had long been plighted. The result may be imagined. A total estrangement ensued between the plebeian adventurer, and the aristocratic family with which he was connected, Mr. L——'s temper was daily soured by the cold disdain to which such a difference exposed him; and his wife was obliged to confine her hopes of happiness to the endearments of that union, for which she had surrendered so much, and which soon seemed to promise little of increasing comfort or affection. She was ill suited indeed to the position which she had rashly selected. Accustomed as she was to all the elegancies of life, the straitened circumstances of her husband abridged these to the utmost; and the fondness with which she would have expected him to compensate her for any sacrifice, was but too early exchanged for querulous indignation with her relatives. No repining escaped her; but her health and spirits very visibly declined. In little more than a year after her marriage she gave birth to my poor friend; and only survived long enough to clasp him wildly to her heart, and commit him with a thousand blessings to the tenderest care of his father. Alas! could she have read the page, where the harrowing destiny of that child was written!

Mr. L—— seemed for a while to be affected at the loss he had sustained; but the occasion unfortunately abounded with fresh instances of neglect from the G—— family; and resentment soon occupied the place of a natural

grief. Poor George became almost immediately the object of feelings that nearly bordered on aversion. He appeared like the memorial to his father of all the insults he had received; and these were counted over to his prejudice, rather than the graces of his mother, in his favour. It was no wonder then, when an aunt of Mrs. L——'s who had fondly loved her, proposed to take charge of the infant, that an easy consent was obtained. This lady had not been mixed up in any of the disputes which had existed between the families; and her circumstances were in every respect such, as to satisfy the conscience of Mr. L—— in making an arrangement, which in fact was regarded as a relief from a disagreeable burthen. With his grand-aunt George accordingly resided till he had attained his fourteenth year. She was a widow and advanced in life; and lived in great seclusion in a remote part of the country. But being possessed of unusual attainments, and a highly cultivated understanding, she was fully competent to direct the studies of her young charge; while she supplied him with all the instructions of which her means admitted. Death, however, again interfered to deprive him of a second protectress; and as her jointure died with her, there was no alternative to George but to return to his father. By him he was received with little of the warmth he might have anticipated; and by a stepmother, who had long supplied the place of Mr. L——'s first wife, with marked and insulting coldness. Having many children herself, she regarded the new inmate of her house with uncontrollable jealousy; and a week served to convince him that she was resolved to treat him, at best, but as a licensed intruder. She possessed the utmost ascendancy over the schoolmaster, descending occasionally to the most unworthy expedients, whereby to improve and perpetuate it. This she terribly misused to the discomfort of the ill-starred son, whose previous life had been one of so untroubled serenity, as to leave him singularly unprepared for the trials which now surrounded him. His lot was indeed changed. Petty annoyances succeeded each other with fatal rapidity. His trivial or imaginary errors were visited with extreme severity. The spirit of the boy was roused only to be insulted, or his submission greeted with undisguised contempt and triumph. His sixteenth year accordingly found him a solitary

brooder over the wrongs he daily endured; wholly separated from his father, both in feelings and habits; and even living apart from him, in common with his boarder pupils. Among these he had lately appeared in the character of an assistant-teacher, a post for which his distinguished progress in his studies so far eminently suited him; and though he soon conciliated the affection and esteem of almost the whole community, yet there was enough of vexation in that most trying of all positions which he occupied, to embitter still further the assaults to which his happiness was subjected. "I know not," he once said to me, "whether I was unworthy to be called his son; but I am sure that I lived in his house, as one of his hired servants."

This multiplied system of misfortune, however, possessed a most salutary effect on the character and habits of young L——. He had naturally inherited much of the fiery temper of his father, but it soon gave way beneath the chastening influence of adversity. Formerly proud and passionate, he had now at least subdued the outbreaks of such propensities; and was indeed an eminent example of meek patience, and virtuous resignation to a bitter and unmerited lot. It was the working of these new principles, and not of any less amiable, which had induced him to withdraw himself from the repetition of painful altercations with his father; loaded, as they were, with the utmost discredit to each. And now with an inherent delicacy he studiously avoided all such displays, as might lead observers to attribute his retirement to its true cause. Study, deep and unremitting, was his ostensible object, and he returned to it each day with increasing enthusiasm, the moment he was released from the duties of his laborious station. It was now that he laid the foundations of those valuable stores which afterwards enriched his capacious and gifted mind; and the very recollection, perhaps, of the unhappy circumstances under which he had first courted their consolations, was calculated, at a future period, to endear and enhance them in his estimation.

I have thought it necessary to dwell so long upon the early life of my friend in order that the feelings and conduct, which I shall have soon to attribute to him, may be the more readily understood. But I think it needless to enter into a further detail of his domestic

trials; and indeed I willingly draw the veil over many sad instances of parental cruelty. Suffice it then to say, that at length an occasion arrived of intolerable ignominy. A false accusation was made—a galling insult offered, and in the presence of Mr. L.—’s assembled pupils. It was met by his son with dignified but withering scorn, and that very night he was on his road to Dublin, with but a few pounds in his pocket, the scanty earnings of his wearisome and important services. Fortunately the annual examination for sizarships was to take place in the ensuing week, and he resolved to present himself as a candidate, having long secretly yearned after academic distinction.

Arrived in town, he has told me that the feeling of utter desolation which overcame him, surpassed for the while, in intensity, any misery he had yet experienced. Surrounded by crowds, amongst whom he was a stranger, and finding the few whom he addressed of that interested class with whom he possessed no sympathy; wholly ignorant of the world, saving the elementary knowledge he might have derived from books, or his observation in a school-room, and embarked upon life on his own account, his resources almost as limited as his information, he found himself helpless with the strong, and alone among thousands. What wonder then that he gave way for the while to the harrowing oppression of his emotions, and almost wished himself again under the domination from which he had just escaped. It is not more surprising that his errors were many and important. The first was not slow in occurring.

At the period of which I write, there was one among the junior fellows, and he, I believe, the only one, who reflected little honour on his office. There was no art to which Mr. — would not stoop for the purpose of filling his chambers, the system of the day unreservedly permitting the students to select their tutor; and he was ready to adopt any course, however unworthy, by which he hoped to influence the vote of those who were, or might afterwards become electors of the university. Its constituency then consisted of fellows and scholars only, and the obtaining of a sizarship was regarded as a fair guarantee that a scholarship might eventually fall to the lot of the same individual. The person to whom I have alluded encoun-

tered L—— in the courts on the very morning fixed for his examination. It was the design of a moment to inquire, with apparent concern, the name and circumstances of one who was evidently a candidate; and it is easy to believe that the unsuspecting stranger was soon won upon by the practised intriguer, who affected, at least, an intimate acquaintance with his “revered father, a classfellow of his own;” and multiplied the most condescending questions after the state of his “celebrated school.” In fine, Mr. —’s name was mentioned by L—— to the senior lecturer, as that of the Fellow under whose protection he hoped to place himself; and he had soon the satisfaction of learning that his answering had been considered of the highest order, and that his name was first on the list of the successful candidates.

For some time the *protégé* had no reason to complain of the patron. Obey him servilely in all things (and as yet L—— had no occasion of variance with his wishes), and he seemed unlimitedly kind and even generous; and was ever prompt in his interference in those details of protection which were placed within the reach of his dignity. But thwart him in the slightest particular, and he became treacherous and vexatious in a thousand minor annoyances, and implacable and revengeful in cases of the highest importance. This will not be doubted when I adduce a single proof of his destitution of moral principle, that he had sacrificed his family to his ambition, and his religion for his post. L—— was, however, for a considerable period, unsuspecting of his real character, and, indeed, obliged to his exertions. A few pupils came to him, recommended by the man of power, and he procured, through the same channel, some inferior offices connected with his collegiate rank. But at length the reverse came; an accidental discussion arose with his tutor, on the subject of existing politics, and the latter vented all the rancour of his nature on the Church with which he had connected himself; while my friend replied by an expression of very different sentiments, in that quiet but decided tone, which persuaded even the wily fellow, that his opinions were unalterably adopted. They parted with mutual dissatisfaction, and poor L—— soon felt the consequences. The next term came, and but one of his former pupils returned to him; the others had proved

of that passive or slavish disposition, which would give up even deserving poverty, at the will of an unworthy dignitary. The necessitous struggles now imposed upon L—— added greatly to the other sources of uneasiness with which his situation abounded, and these it is essential to explain.

L——, as I have said, had obtained sizarship with the utmost credit; and for a long time every examination brought with it fresh distinctions. In fact, he was, by far, the first man in his division. But it was his misfortune to find, that amongst his immediate competitors, there were none who seemed to rate with him more nearly in mental refinement than in personal attainments. Delicate to a fault in all his own sensibilities, he was little suited to the society of his less accomplished companions; and perhaps he frequently mistook their unpolished honesty for inherent coarseness of mind. On the other hand, it is natural to suppose that his extreme reserve of manner obtained for him little popularity, and that small pains were taken to conciliate the intercourse of one, to whom an unjustifiable pride was very early attributed. Whilst these and similar causes conspired gradually to leave him an isolated being among the men of his own collegiate rank, it was not likely that he should extend his acquaintance in a circle of higher adventitious pretensions. With a characteristic "*mauvais hauté*," he ever shrunk from courting the bow, as he termed it, of any he could not meet on a footing of equality in all respects, and his plain stuff gown was otherwise a sufficient guarantee that there should be no intrusion on his retirement. Thus he was doomed still but to live in the world of his own vivid fancies; at one time wrapt up in the wonders of the physical creation; at another, carried away into distant scenes and ages, and busy, as it would seem, in the most stirring passages of their history; or absorbed again in the contemplation of some deep mystery of science, some overstrained hypothesis of philosophy, or some hallowed truth of revelation. Much apparent contradiction became soon evident in his character. Keep him within the chosen sphere of his moral existence, of which thought and taste were the elements, and you found by your side a rapt and fanciful enthusiast; withdraw him again to the plain realities of life, and he seemed, at first sight, a cold and listless spectator, till by degrees you discovered that this was

but an assumed cloak for feelings which were even absurdly sensitive. These traits became daily more expanded and defined in his solitude. He rarely spoke to any one except the few pupils who occasionally attended him. At dinner he seated himself as much apart as possible, and having eaten a hasty morsel, was generally the first to withdraw. In the arrangement of this gratuitous meal there was a new trial for his pride. Although the disgraceful system had been abolished, which once placed the meritorious sizar in the rank of an attendant at the table of his superior officers, yet his dining hour was deferred till all others had left the hall. "Yes," said L—— to me once, with unusual bitterness, when I was vainly endeavouring to persuade him that success in life must greatly depend upon the formation of friendships in society; "yes," he cried, "I am not permitted to show my face where the boards of the proud are spread; and you would have me fawn at their feet, to gather the crumbs from their table."

L—— contrived to carry on a necessitous subsistence for two years and a half, on the precarious emoluments of his tuitions. His leisure was principally devoted to study in a public library. The period was now approaching when he might obtain a scholarship, and to this he looked forward with great anxiety. Should he succeed, many of the mortifications which attended on his present situation, would be removed, and five years of office would enable him to live more comfortably and suitably to his tastes; while he might well expect to become a fellow, the object of his highest ambition, at least soon after their expiration.

The scholarship examination was fixed for the beginning of June, and every speculator on the filling up of the vacancies, placed L—— high upon his list. He was considered "a sure man." Among the wilder portion of the community he was backed with odds against the field; for although few had ever seen him, yet his name was well known both for classical and scientific distinctions. The ordeal came, and assurance appeared doubly sure. Every one near the favourite reported his splendid answering. Of the provost and seven senior fellows, who had been his examiners, all but one had complimented him on the manner in which he had acquitted himself. That one certainly was believed to be "a dangerous man;" yet during the week of suspense which ensues be-

fore the declaration, a period of great excitement, all by common consent allotted the first place to my friend. He himself, however, entertained serious apprehensions for the result. Dr. —, the examiner to whom I have alluded, was a poor proficient in classics, though his pretensions in science were of a very high order. He was, besides, fiery in his temper, and capricious in his decisions, which, it was whispered, were often greatly influenced by Mr. —, L——'s tutor; and between the two latter all confidence had long since given way to mutual and undisguised dislike. Horace had been assigned to Dr. — as his portion of the course. In a passage in the Art of Poetry, the sizar adopted a new and elegant construction. It was too refined for the shallow examiner, who inquired, with a sneer, "where he had picked up that?"

"I confess that it is my own, sir," was the somewhat constrained reply.

"Your name, sir?"

"L——."

"Oh! Mr. L——; I have heard of you before; you probably mean to publish, and you will spoil your sale by a premature disclosure of these improvements upon Hurd."

L—— was stung to the quick, and made a hasty and ill-judged retort. The great man left him with a second ominous sneer. His fears, I say, were excited by the recollection of this circumstance, and they proved but too well founded. The declaration, as it is called, took place in due time; and L——'s name was *not* included! Astonishment and incredulity was in every countenance; and inquiries into the nature of the calamity were instantly set on foot. It was found that L—— had obtained seven best marks; Dr. —'s, however, was *disqualifying*!

Meantime the unfortunate student had hurried back to his own apartments and given way to a paroxysm of bitterness. Wounded pride, as usual, lent the chief sting to his misery; but it soon re-acted upon itself, and became the antidote of unmanly grief. He had just regained composure, when a porter summoned him before the provost. The latter, who was a man universally respected and beloved, expressed his sympathy at his failure, and renewed his compliments on his answering to himself. He then inquired "what could have come over him with Dr. —?" L—— told his story faith-

fully, and the provost shook his head and remained for some time silent.

"It is my duty to tell you," he said at length, "that nothing should have tempted you to a disrespectful reply to your superior officer; for the rest, you have been adjudged the first exhibition (a sum given to a few of the best among the unsuccessful candidates), and you will permit me to double it myself. I trust that next year you may be more fortunate."

"Believe me, sir," said L——, colouring, "I am deeply affected by your kindness, but I have unfortunately that within me, which interferes with my acceptance of it. I think I deserved a scholarship, and I will take no less in any shape. As to a second trial—I shall never make it. I could not hope for better preparation than that with which I have now failed. Pray, sir, receive my resignation of the exhibition, however much I may require it, and my warmest and most sincere thanks for your personal intentions in my favour."

The Provost remonstrated, but in vain. Nothing could shake L——'s determination; and the evident pain with which he differed from his generous opponent, alone saved him from the charge of contumacy, in the mind of the latter. The following Saturday he declined the exhibition by a formal memorial to the board; and this may be considered a conclusive instance of the excesses to which his morbid sensibility could carry him.

It was towards the end of this unfortunate year that, as I have before stated, chance threw him in my way. His disappointment, in the mean while, had worked wildly with his nature, which now breathed too visibly of universal disgust and misanthropy. Nor is it very surprising that the complicated trials and afflictions which had hitherto characterised his lot, should eventually issue in this sad result. He now secluded himself more than ever, and study became doubly dear to him; yet even here the effect of his mortification was discernible. Instead of making the subject of his coming examination, as formerly, the prime object of his attention, he threw aside the books marked out for his contest in October, and extended his researches into branches of science which were of immediate less utility. October came, and L—— was absent from his post; and, for the first time one of the highest honours of the year was adjudged to another in his division.

His ambition, in fact, was fast relapsing into apathy, and impressed with a sickly conviction that everything external was valueless, he laboured only to lay up those treasures within, whose importance could fail but with his faculties. Even the two pupils who attended him soon observed the change in his manner, and without sufficient penetration to comprehend, or delicacy to estimate his feelings, and pity their desolating influence, they found an occasion of offence in his apparent coldness, and left him without even that pityance which he might have calculated on receiving for their instruction. I thus soon discovered that I was the only visitor of his solitude ; and as my interest in him increased with every interview, it became my task and my delight to trace the principles of his conduct. I was early convinced that his eccentricity possessed a history of its own ; and I was almost unaccountably happy, when I found him beginning gradually to relax in my favour, a little of his prejudices, and yielding daily to the ardour with which I sought his esteem. The first indications, no doubt, which seemed to promise me his confidence, were his expressions of an unsparing bitterness against human nature, and a somewhat bigoted obstinacy in denying the arguments which I employed to prove a less universal depravity than he asserted. This led him, however, insensibly to allude to his own unhappy experience ; and then, by a little management, I contrived to bring him to a definition of his particular instances. But for a long time I succeeded only in obtaining from him the story of his scholarship, and his capricious resolutions in consequence. The wrongs which he had endured at home, seemed absolutely sacred to him, and were not revealed to me till the period when our intimacy was of the closest kind. I had learned enough, however, to engage me in one object ; I set myself eagerly to the task of re-kindling his lost ambition, and my venturesome and reiterated efforts to work upon his pride, at length produced their effect. Within a month of his examination he re-opened his neglected books, and in due time came off with a success which reflected as much honour upon his brilliant powers, as it afforded me unmixed gratification.

The next term arrived—and Mr. R—— was still unable to return. I was not sorry, it may be believed, to

renew my engagement with L——, and he seemed also to meet me on my own terms. I had now made such progress in his friendship, that he had several times consented to be my guest, if quite alone. Still there was a greater reserve about him than I could have desired ; but an incident occurred which led finally to its disappearance. About three-fourths of the term had expired when I received from him the following note :—

“ DEAR SIR—You will confer on me a great obligation, by settling accounts with me for half our current engagement, if it be perfectly your convenience. It gives me great pain to propose a course so unusual ; but you will believe me, I trust, when I adopt the common formula for such requests, and say that necessity has compelled me to it.—I am your obliged and faithful,

GEORGE L——

: 24, College, March 12.”

My purse was fortunately pretty well stocked at the moment, and I enclosed immediately the full amount of our contract, which was eight guineas. I added an assurance, that, as far as my resources went, I should always feel most happy to have it in my power to assist him. A few minutes afterwards, L—— himself entered. There was a mingled expression of pride and shame in his countenance ; and, after a moment's embarrassment he addressed me.

“ Do not set it down, Mr. K——,” he said, “ to any indifference for your kindness, if I say that I cannot accept of it to its full extent. I asked you for money, because I was—— in an extremity ; but I will not and cannot receive more, at farthest, than I have already earned,” and he laid part on the table.

“ My dear L——,” I replied, “ why will you persevere in the observance of such frigid ceremony with one who would delight to be your friend ? Believe me——”

“ Believe me, sir,” he interrupted hastily, “ there is no profit or happiness in gaining the friendship of the unhappy. If you look for a friend whose confidence will yield you pleasure, seek him among the gay and the fortunate ! For me——” he paused under deep emotion.

“ Nay, L——,” I cried with ardour, “ would you but consent to know me, you would discover that adversity can bind as closely as prosperity. Come,

let us be friends ; be open, be candid with me. You will never have to accuse me of a betrayal of the ties I propose between us ; and if I cannot alleviate your misfortunes, your griefs, at least, may command, and be mitigated by my sympathy."

L—— gazed in my face with a keen but embarrassed glance ; and then assumed a smile of ill-suppressed bitterness.

"Take up that money first," he said, "for I must not leave myself an excuse to believe that my compliance was purchased. Now for one sample of my confidence ; it is the nearest to the occasion. I wrote to you because—— because I had not breakfasted for a fortnight, and my health was suffering !"

"Good God !" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes," he continued, "I have said it, and in saying it I have indeed surprised myself ; but it should convince you, that if I pause here, it is not from any forgetfulness of your kindness, or distrust of your sincerity. For myself, I shall already have to upbraid myself with a broken resolution, which, if retained, would never have permitted me the degradation of thinking that I had descended to work on the compassion of any one——"

"Oh ! dearest L—— !"

"Nay, do not interrupt me. Such is the nature of the only confidence I could bestow, that it must be met by the sneers of the proud, and seem directed but to the pity of such as you represent among mankind. Let us now drop the subject for ever, and pray endeavour, if possible, to forget its introduction."

With increased energy, equalled only by my horror at his situation, I renewed my solicitations that he would continue to confide in me, but they were long hopelessly unsuccessful. It was only, after having apparently given up the point, that by artful illusions I began once more to gain upon him.

"Well, you have told me enough at least," I said, "to let me see the narrowness of your circumstances. Surely if you would communicate even so much to your friends——"

"Friends !" he exclaimed, "ah ! you little know what you say. My natural friends have long since discovered that I was unworthy of them ; and for the rest, you are aware that poverty is the worst of introductions to protection."

"I might reply," I said, "that you

give it no fair trial. But surely there are many ways in which talents like yours might be applied to secure independence."

"No, I fear not," he said, in evident depression ; "pupils I cannot easily obtain, while my tutor is my enemy, and I have no acquaintance with your other men of influence ; even if I had, there are enough to outstrip me in flattery !"

"Nay, you are too severe ; but to take another point into consideration, surely you could make writing a means of emolument. The periodicals, for instance, would grasp at an engagement with a contributor of your abilities."

"No, supposing," he replied, "that you do not overrate the latter, my attempts at composition have always been of too serious a nature to suit ephemeral publications ; and I have neither the effrontery to affect a political excitement, which I do not feel, nor the heart to adopt the mask of gaiety that it may purchase me an insurance from starvation."

"But at least," I replied with a sigh, "your serious productions might find their level in the standard literature of the country."

"And you would have me dishonest enough to close with a publisher, on these five guineas, to bear him through his risque ! Or perhaps I should beg my way to London, that great emporium of adventure, and pick pockets for my subsistence, till I received a reply from some one of that *genus irritabile*."

I saw but too plainly that he was scarcely exaggerating the difficulties of such a project ; and at length proposed that he should prepare for the press a work on "general history," with which I knew him to be engaged, and endeavour to bring it out by subscription.

"What !" he cried, almost passionately ; "is it stamp mendicant on my forehead, and rap at every door like a tax-gatherer ! No, no ; if I cannot dig, at least to beg I am ashamed."

"Ah ! my dearest L——," I said, "you carry your feelings too far. It strikes me as no less than sinful, that you should thus surrender yourself alike to obscurity and despair."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied thoughtfully ; "but although I can, I trust, humble myself to the Creator, I am unable to stoop to the creature, more in abasement than in devotion."

I endeavoured to work still further

upon the religious feelings with which I knew him to be powerfully impressed; but he cut me short.

"Understand me," he said, "there are few who have studied more anxiously these all-important subjects than I; and I must fully yield to you when you point out the variance of my theories and my practice; but this is once for all, the truth. There are moments when I can fancy myself to have tasted of that heavenly draught, whose essence is love, and the peace that passeth understanding; but the flesh wars with the spirit, and pride is my besetting sin. From an early period of its growth, it has been wounded, mortified, and trampled upon; but it has renewed its existence like the Hydra, and I have almost hated my species. Even when I have seemed to overcome the tempter, he has but assailed me in another point; and whispered that as man was such, I should cast my care upon God. This is not the blessed, the contented, the benevolent spirit of Christianity; it is inherent rebellion usurping its name, and showing its every attribute. No, reason with me no more! When I have become a servant of the Highest, then may I adopt the humility which is his chiefest ornament; and if I still fail with my brethren, I may comfort myself that God is on my side. It is matter more of shame than boasting, that I now admire and reverence His infinite perfections, only because they bear a triumphant comparison with my experience of debased mortality."

As he concluded, his eye glistened to the lofty but overstrained sentiments he had uttered, and I remained in admiring silence. At length, after a deep respiration, he continued with a faint smile—

"I see I can little trust myself, after all my boasted resolutions, to confine to my own breast my private feelings and opinions; but at least I must stop here, and if I have transgressed unreasonably on your patience, yet believe me that it is not upon every one I should make so weak an intrusion."

Before I had time to speak he had left the room.

Thus our conversation terminated, but its subject was very frequently renewed from this period, and my attachment for L— grew proportionately. Above all things, as his character opened upon me, I was struck by its extreme simplicity. Although the misanthropical tendency of his opinions

might seem to contradict this statement, yet I found that suspicion was but a vague and acquired principle of his nature, and in fact subservient only to the dictates of his sickly pride. There was no particularity, no defined fear in his prejudices against mankind individually; and had they not been strong enough to seclude him effectually from the world, he would have proved the surest aim of all design and deception. His ignorance of realities was unbounded. He listened almost incredulously to my account of scenes which were daily passing around him; and the *naïveté* of his comments was even affectingly untutored. His struggles must have been the most pitiable. Yet though I knew him to be subject to the most humiliating inconveniences; though his cheeks burnt with shame to let even his wretched attendant observe the straits to which he was reduced; though he was deprived not only of all the luxuries, but of many even of the necessities of life; though his dress was become so mean that he never ventured out by day-light, except to eat the meal that was most galling to him; though his cheek was pale with abstinence, and his form emaciated by destitution, I was quite unable to prevail on him to accept from me the slightest assistance; and even when he was most candid on all other topics, I failed to drive him to a return to the subject of his heart-rending wants. As they increased in frequency, he began also to decline my invitations to breakfast. His vigilant sensibility was ever on the alert, and the moment he gave way to the belief that my wish was to aid his comfort, as well as to enjoy his society, he at once resolved that the former object should be placed without my reach. "I am sure," he once said, "that you do not mean to hurt me; but if I once felt myself the pensioner of your charity, I could then know you no more."

With the Michaelmas term, Mr. R— at length returned; and feeling myself, as I have said, under a sort of natural obligation again to become his pupil, I engaged with him at once for further instruction. I was greatly embarrassed, however, in coming to this decision, on poor L—'s account. On the one hand my motives might have been misconstrued by Mr. R— should I resign his tuition for that of my new friend; on the other, I well knew that the delicacy of the latter would be hurt, and the true cause at-

tributed, should I make my selection in his favour. I resolved accordingly on practising a deception with the impoverished student, whose retirement from all society I thought might admit of its success. I concealed Mr. R—'s return, and went on with L— as usual. My father's liberal allowances left this within my power. But my intentions were early frustrated. My two friends met by accident, and an explanation immediately took place. I shall never forget the expression of L—'s countenance, as he spoke to me that day. "K—," he said, "I have just seen Mr. R—. You have treated me uncandidly; I might almost say unkindly, however unjust the charge. Could you guess how your conduct has pierced, galled, stung me, you would never have adopted it."

Deeply mortified, I attempted to bungle through an explanation, but he stopped me. "Nay," he said, "I know your feelings; and much as I suffer at this moment, I am grateful—most grateful for them. But the matter goes no further. Blind as I am in general, yet I am well aware that my poor assistance, after Mr. R—'s, would be valueless. Our engagement terminates here; and let us never recur to this our first, and I hope our last difference." With these words he retired; and with an oppressive sense of shame and vexation, I determined also to consign the matter to oblivion.

My grief and disappointment at the failure of my plan was however doubled, when I began seriously to reflect on the increased difficulties of his situation. I had but too good reason to believe that he must now be immediately, if he were not already, reduced to the misery of one meal a day; and even that *one* must be soon withdrawn, as his sizarship would expire the following June! I was horror-struck at the contemplation, and renewed my exertions to throw some emolument in his way. At length, to my unspeakable delight, an opportunity presented itself. A friend applied to me to recommend a private tutor, who should daily attend the son of Sir M— T—, a wealthy baronet, residing in Merriam-square. My solicitations in L—'s favour were heard; and I had the satisfaction of mentioning to him his appointment, before he was even aware of the negotiation. His eyes filled with tears as he thanked and blessed me. But after a few moments, doubt and hesitation overtook him. He feared to meet with

hauteur from the aristocratic family; and above all things, insolence from the servants. I assured him I had received the most opposite accounts of the treatment he might expect; and at length, with great trouble gained his general assent. I prevailed on him also to accept an advance of money, which I knew he would need to procure a suitable outfit for his appearance in his new situation. Will it be believed, that when after a short time he received a small remittance from his kind employer, to whom I had communicated a hint that short payments would be an object to L—, the first application of his funds was to the disbursement of his debt; and insisted on it in a way which it was idle to resist, though the surplus remaining amounted but to a few shillings!

It seemed determined, however, that every fairer prospect of my unhappy friend should be blighted. After six months he felt himself compelled to resign the employment I had procured for him; although he was respected and even loved by all at Sir M— T—'s. The circumstances which led to this strange resolution I did not learn, till it was quite vain to recall it.

Enough has been already stated to prove that L— was wholly unacquainted with society; above all things, he might be said never to have met with one of the female sex, who was young, unmarried, and possessed even of common-place attractions. He was therefore unprepared for the peril which he now encountered. Sir M— had an only daughter, whose fascinations might have won even the most practised trifler to the most impassioned homage. Beautiful, high-born, and accomplished, the graces of her character rivalling her personal charms; she was just about to enter on society, of which she is still the ornament, in all the lovely artlessness of gay and unsuspecting maidenhood. But her first triumph was recorded in a breaking heart. L— had been welcomed by all the family with the utmost courtesy, which increased into real partiality, as they gained a further insight into his character. Amongst the rest, this sweet girl, who was the very soul of delicacy, appeared almost the foremost in paying those trivial but winning attentions, which were directed against the morbid reserve which marked the demeanour of their *protégé*. She had been the one to insist upon his accepting an invitation to dinner, after many

previous refusals. She had elicited his acknowledgment of a musical taste, which he had secretly carried to enthusiasm. She had forced him to accompany with his voice her brilliant instrumental execution. She had led him insensibly to engage in those subjects of conversation, in which he afterwards attracted the most flattering attention. The result was as natural as it was fatal. The whole system of L——'s feelings, which had long been compressed and smothered by wrongs and wretchedness, now burst forth into one wild and absorbing passion. The prejudices being once removed which attributed to the world all that was base and interested, his principles veered rapidly to the opposite, and not less dangerous extreme; and his warmest affections concentrated all in her, who had so endearingly dispelled his former and confessed delusions. As he entered the house where she dwelt, his fancy painted her as the presiding genius of the temple, where he had first tasted of the milk of human kindness—his ear tingled to receive her step or her voice—his eye strained to catch her matchless figure. When at business with her brother, he would wander away into the regions of romantic daydreams; and when he heard her "discouraging eloquent music" in a neighbouring apartment, his very spirit was embodied in each harmonious cadence.

With this influence he had struggled long and anxiously; but it will readily be believed, that the more he contemplated the importance of the phantom, the more it grew upon his imagination, and assisted its control. At length he felt that he was not doing his full duty by his pupil, interrupted as were his instructions by reveries which increased in frequency: and agonizing as was the pain it cost him, he resolved soon to withdraw from scenes, which he found both destructive to his peace, and galling to his conscience.—Accident precipitated the event. One morning as he was about leaving the house, Miss T—— met him, and invited him to listen to a new song. Though he literally trembled as she spoke, the temptation was irresistible, and he returned with her to the drawing-room. It was a simple ballad which she sung; and, as he listened in rapt ecstacy, his heart beat responsive to the strain. Suddenly the words assumed a tone which affected him in the nearest degree—they alluded to a

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hopeless love. L—— drank their utterance in breathless emotion till she concluded—then seizing her hand, he imprinted one burning kiss, and almost fled from the apartment. The same evening Sir M—— received his resignation in astonishment; and if Miss T. guessed at the cause, she contented herself with grieving in silence at the unfortunate issue of her kind and gentle intentions. As for L——, though I prevailed on him with great difficulty to confide to me his sad secret, yet it was his fixed determination to have carried it with him to his grave.

I must now hasten to the concluding pages of my story. Some time had passed, and L—— contrived to subsist on a small sum he had laid by from Sir M—— T——'s liberal remuneration of his services. He was now sunk in a continual melancholy; and I feared that disease was working with privation to consign him to an untimely end. I could seldom rouse him so far as to engage him even in the literary conversations in which he once delighted. After I had discovered the last wound which he had endured, I found it even dangerous to advert to the topic; and he soon began to exclude me from his rooms, both that he might conceal his own growing wretchedness, and the increased cheerlessness of their aspect. I had been rapping at his door on one occasion for several minutes in vain; and being convinced that he was within, I at length supplicated him in a loud voice at least to follow me to my chambers. His smothered tones, as if grief were choking him, gave me a promise in reply; and after half an hour he was with me. His eyes were red and swollen, and I could scarcely bear to look on him.

"Dear K——," he said, "I am afraid I must appear most unkind, and ungrateful to you. But I have not been myself for some time—least of all this morning. You wanted me."

"Yes, L——," said I, "I have myself observed the change which is taking place in you, and must now speak openly. All your other afflictions must be greatly enhanced by your poverty. Here are ten pounds, which I can perfectly spare; and accept them, you shall, and must."

He was silent for a moment; and I pressed my point so hard, that I had almost gained the victory. At this instant my servant entered, and laid a bill on the table.

"The grocer's man, sir, is at the door, and would be particularly obliged by the amount, (£13), as he has a large demand to meet to-morrow."

"Very well, Edward," said I, as calmly as possible. "I shall give it to him, if he calls in the morning. I am now engaged. You may go."

When he had retired, L—— instantly spoke.—"It is a just intervention," he said, "for I was about to accept what I might never have restored. And you, K——, are prevented from giving away the property of others."

"Nay, L——, I assure you ;" said I.

"Show me, visibly, that you have enough, even for that man," he interrupted, "and I will take, and be grateful for it."

Alas ! I was unable. In vain I asserted that I had money outside College. In vain I entreated of him. He was resolute, and left me. In fact, I had offered him almost the last of a remittance which I had that morning received ; and I had calculated on the forbearance of the grocer, above all other of my creditors. In the depth of anxiety I sat down and wrote to L——'s father, describing his destitute situation in warm but not exaggerated terms. After a few days I received a characteristic reply. It questioned my right of interference with his parental authority. It expressed a hope, that the distress I had mentioned, as attendant on his unhappy child, might bring him to an early sense of the contumacy he had displayed toward his father ; and concluded by stating, that he had enclosed to him £5, on this occasion ; but that my mediation could never be repeated with success. I was hurt and indignant, and had almost committed myself by a reply ; but I checked myself, and hastened to L——. He admitted me at once ; and his father's letter lay upon the table. He pointed to it in silence. I took it up—it was the following :

"Son George—I have often been disposed to doubt your claim to this title ; but now more than ever. I knew your self-willed obstinacy, and wondered at it ; but I believe that you would rather have starved, than suborn another to say that you were starving. I enclose, however, £5, to reward you for the ingenuity of the contrivance ; and trust your friend is a good son, although I doubt it much, from the fact of his connivance in your rebellion.

Your dishonored father,

JAMES L——.

Was it a man, and a parent who had written such words ! If he were not a monster, what must he have felt after a few short months ! I laid down the loathsome document, and looked at L——.

"You have acted kindly, as usual, K——," he said ; "once more your kindness has proved bitter—bitter to me ! Meddle with me no more. Leave me to my fate. My presentiment whispers that it is not far distant !"

I was too much affected to reply ; and grasping his hand I left him. I felt stunned, sick, and dizzy. His language seemed ominous to me ; and I threw myself on my bed, in busy thought, as to the adoption of some means, by which this high-souled being might yet be saved to himself and the world. Subscription I knew was vain. Even say, I succeeded in raising one, he would have spurned its benefits disdainfully. In my endeavours to procure for him employment, I had always failed ; except on the one occasion, when my interference had been so fatal. I gave way to a sort of superstition on this point. His words rung in my ear : "Once more your kindness has proved bitter—bitter to me !" Still I must make another effort. I went to every friend—every man of influence among my acquaintances. But the term was already advanced, all the reading men were provided for—there was nothing now to be had. I came back chagrined, and weary ; my only hope being, that something might turn up before the five pounds were expended.

They lasted him, I can positively assert, for nearly three months. To what privations must he not have submitted ! Meanwhile the cup of his misery was overflowing. His sizarship had expired. He became paler and more haggard daily. His unfortunate attachment to Miss T—— was now all, and more to him than study had been formerly. It was a thing but to dream upon. It was too fanciful for reason ; too absorbing for reflection ; too sacred for language—such was the enthusiasm of his nature ! He would sometimes visit me ; but seldom. He was the picture of a hopeless and a broken spirit. His heart was bursting with gratitude for my paltry kindness to him ; but he dared not to express it. If he attempted, his eye would fill ; his lip quivered ; and he would leave me. At length the pittance which I had wrung from his fa-

ther was exhausted ; and according to an exacted promise, he told me, and accepted on two occasions a single pound. I could do no more with his pride. His few intervals of calmer thought were devoted to religion. I shall never forget how he said to me, " I can sometimes pray now ! "

My second pound had been given about three weeks, and he had made no new application ; when on one unfortunate morning I endeavoured to amuse his melancholy by the account of a scene which I had witnessed the night before. It had been in a gambling house, which I had gone to see for the first time, with one of my sporting acquaintances. L—— paid little attention at the moment ; but I was vastly surprised by his re-visiting me after commons, and saying he would like to see the place which I had been describing, if possible. I was not sure I had heard aright. He repeated his words, however ; and pleading such curiosity as I had myself felt, he proposed to go *that night*. I expressed my doubts as to our admission ; but thinking any excitement might be of service to him, I agreed to try. Some wine was on my table ; he sat down and drank several glasses, which he had always declined till now. I attributed it, however, to some improvement in his spirits ; which was apparently manifested indeed by a livelier tone in his conversation than he had ever lately adopted. As the night-roll bell was about to cease, we left college. It was a dismal, wintry night ; cold, dark, and stormy. As we had yet about three hours to pass before the gambling house would open, and that I was very apprehensive lest L——'s health should suffer by his unwonted exposure to the weather, I proposed that we should return, and defer the execution of our project. He replied, however, in the negative ; saying, that as he was out now, he would go through it. I therefore brought him to a coffee-room, and ordered a light supper ; and here we remained till an hour after midnight. There was something unusually wild and imaginative about L—— in this our last connected conversation. It turned upon superstitions generally, from my introducing the subject with regard to play. L—— acknowledged to a sense of several, and spoke with a fanciful but impressive seriousness. Still I remember that there was a seeming effort in all he did and said that night.

At length the clock struck one, and we proceeded towards our destination. The rain was now falling in torrents, and the wind beating in our face at every step. As we approached the river, and turned a corner toward one of the quays, poor L——'s strength was almost exhausted ; and he was obliged to lean against a wall for several minutes, in order to recover breath. I was bitterly repenting of our plan ; but it was too late. Immediately afterwards we reached the door of the hell. A man, in the garb of a watchman, was protecting himself from the pitiless storm in the recess of the door. He reconnoitred us at once, and with doubt. I assured him that I had been there the night previous ; and with the aid of a shilling procured his favor. He then made a signal with his stick at the door, which was about half opened in consequence, the chain being drawn aside. Again we were subjected to a scrutiny, but on the recommendation of the sentry, were admitted by an old and somewhat venerable man, whose appearance and grey hairs might have graced a more reputable post. We had a second barred door to pass before we gained the interior. "*Facilis descensus Averni*," would ill apply here, said L——, with a faint smile. We were now entering the hazard room itself.

The scene which presented itself would have been a fine subject for the pencil of an artist. The apartment was of considerable dimensions ; and suspended from the centre of the ceiling was a large gas-lamp, which threw an angry and lurid glare upon the group below. Round a circular table were seated about thirty persons, with bank-notes and piles of counters in various proportions before them. Many others were standing behind these, some as spectators, some engaged in the game. On an elevated chair, with its back immediately to the wall, sat the groom-porter, or superintendent of the play. In his hand was a long wand, with a hooked fixture of iron at the end, by which he distributed the precarious property of the gamblers, after the issue of each throw. He was never silent—he was calling for "a main"—settling a dispute, or announcing the odds. His vigilance was the most surprising thing which I ever witnessed. He seemed to know every thing touching on the game, which had been even whispered in the room. His right was occupied by a dark sinister-looking

man, who acted as cashier. Immediately as we entered, there was a sideboard covered with glasses, jugs of beer, decanters of brandy, and other spirits. The fumes of these, which many were drinking, united with a strong smell of gas in rendering the atmosphere almost insupportable. Poor L— coughed terribly. The sideboard was guarded by a waiter; and at an open drawer sat the proprietor of the whole concern. He was a scowling, hardened, depraved-looking wretch; and was counting his unholy hoards. He wore a black wig and spectacles; but possessed only one eye. With this, however, he seemed to fix an Argus glance on every thing that went on around him. In the back ground was a blazing fire, at which two huge kettles were steaming, prepared along with the spirits to satisfy the thirst of some, and lend the necessary stimulus to others. A side-table also displayed a quantity of cold meat.

The variety of expression exhibited in the countenances of the players was the thing most striking to the observer. There was every shade visible among them, from unfeeling gaiety to undisguised misery; from practised cunning and suppressed excitement, to grasping avarice, and fiendish passion. We stood for some time contemplating the scene in silence; and occasionally I stole a glance at L—, who was wrapt in abstraction, not unmingled with disgust.

After a quarter of an hour I whispered to him, that though I had no intention of joining in the game, yet I would risk a pound to account for our presence. "Nay," said he, as if awakening from a dream; "wait at least for a few moments." His cloak was drawn close around him, and the collar for the most part concealed his features. At this instant, a man so advanced in years, that he might have seemed the father of the Pandemonium, took the dice-box. I heard a person behind me say, "Now we shall have some fun from old D—!"

"I'll set the ring!" exclaimed the aged reprobate. "Gentlemen, I'm at ye all! Come now, down with the tin.—I'm the very fellow will indulge you, great and small!—Do, gentlemen, be persuaded.—Hut, tut! it's not worth while throwing for that trifle.—Sport your dust, I say.—I'll send you home without a word or a shilling to your wives and children," &c. &c.

"The caster sets the ring, gentle-

men," said the groom. "Throw in what you please—he'll cover all.—Who sets the caster?—Five pounds—ten more—two pound ten.—How much is here, sir?—Yes, seventeen pounds.—Another twenty.—Three pounds five, &c."

Several laid money on the table, and L—, as if mechanically, drew his hand from his bosom, and put down four pounds! I was astonished—but the throwing had commenced, and I could say nothing. He looked on with a fixed gaze. In a few minutes it was decided—old D— had lost. "Your's, sir, I believe," said the groom porter, pushing eight pounds to L—.

He snatched it with a bewildered look, and muttering to me in a smothered tone to "come, or the fiend would have him," he seized my arm, and we retired in haste. There was a titter through the accursed room!

When we gained the street, he hurried on at a furious pace; but both maintained silence, he buried in his emotions, and I wrapt up in surprise and apprehension. We had agreed to sleep in a hotel, to which our way led through Dame-street. As we passed through the latter, a man knocking at an opposite door attracted my attention. L— asked me suddenly whether that was not the office of Saunders's News-letter? I replied in the affirmative. "Await me, then, for a moment," he said, and ran hastily across the street, calling to the man who was just entering.

To my great astonishment he went in with him; and in five minutes returned to me. "There," he cried, handing me a paper—"I trust it will somewhat relieve me. All is gone—the instrument of my guilty gains and themselves with it! Had I not done this, I should have been lost for ever! And yet—my poor books! how I shall miss them!"

By the light of a lamp I read a receipt for eight pounds, to be given to the Mendicity Institution! Here was a sacrifice to principle! Driven to desperation by his wants, L— had sold his remaining books for little more than five pounds; and had been unhappily led by me to risk the greater part for the chance of recovering them; and gaining another respite from starvation. And now that the hope had been realised, he voluntarily threw up all; the virtuous man to satisfy his conscience, and the beggar to relieve those scarcely so destitute. Even this

atonement, however, failed to purchase for him any permanent ease; and on several occasions afterwards, he spoke of his conduct with the utmost shame and contrition,

Another month had passed, during which I had seen him occasionally, when I received the following note:

"My dear friend—I have determined on undertaking a long journey—do not be surprised at the resolution, though it may seem hasty. I am unable to explain now; but should I not see you again, you may depend upon my writing to you. I am meantime most affectionately yours,

GEORGE L——."

This had been lying upon my table for some hours before I received it, having spent the morning abroad. I hurried however to L——'s door, but was disappointed at observing the large bolt drawn, and other signs of desertion. His former attendant, whom I sought instantly, corroborated the impression of his departure. He had dismissed her that morning from his service. I concluded that as a '*dernier resort*,' he had set out for his father's; and was forced to satisfy myself with this interpretation of the mystery.

Six days elapsed, and I had got no tidings from him. I wrote to Mr. L—— who answered surlily that he knew nothing about him. A horrible, wild suspicion crossed my mind. The door might be locked from the inside, and—oh! it was maddening—I must be instantly satisfied. On the spur of the moment, I ran over to Mr. R——, and incoherently stating my feelings, begged of him to accompany me, when I burst open the door.—He hesitated; but I would not be denied, nor suffer it to be done by a public order. I procured the necessary implements, and at length we entered the apart-

ment. A packet lay on the floor; there was nothing else visible but the bare walls; and all was still as the tomb! I snatched it up. It was directed to myself. I tore it open like a maniac—and read on the envelope:

"My dearest K——, I promised to write to you, and I do so. I told you I was about to make a long journey—before you see this, it will have been completed! It will be a satisfaction to you to know, that it was undertaken 'in faith, nothing wavering.' Forward the inclosed to my poor father. I never knew till now how I could love and pity him. We shall meet, I trust, in a better world, 'where we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes!' May he shower his chiefest blessings on the only friend of

GEORGE L——."

Having but glanced at this document, which has since elicited many a tear, I had hurried with Mr. R—— into the bed-room; and there was my gentle, my unhappy friend,—dead before us! There was nothing shocking, nothing revolting in the spectacle. His countenance was visibly expressive of hope and triumph. "The rapture of repose was there." He was placed by a bare bedstead, in the attitude of appealing supplication. A single blanket was wrapt round his meagre form, over a dressing-gown and trousers. His hair was white as snow! Before him lay the sacred volume—and a stiffened finger claimed that word of assurance as his own.—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil!"

Enough has been said. A nobler vessel never was stranded! These were painful investigations. This may have been partially disease—but upon the whole it was STARVATION!

THE POOR LAW BILL FOR IRELAND.*

In the publication of the little tract which has suggested the following remarks, Professor Butt has done good service. He does not profess formally to discuss the poor-law project, but he has exposed the shallowness and the absurdity of the intended legislation upon that important subject, in a way

which, if it does not lead to its abandonment, it can only be because *some end* is to be answered which is *not* the public good, and it is an object with ministers, even at the expense of increasing distress and of multiplying crime, to propagate delusion in Ireland.

There is, we will freely confess it, a

* The Poor Law Bill for Ireland Examined; its Provisions and the Report of Mr. Nicholls contrasted with the facts proved by the Poor Inquiry Commissioners, in a Letter to Lord Viscount Morpeth, M.P. By Isaac Butt, LL.D. M.R.I.A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. London: B. Fellowes, 1837.

combination of parties at present arrayed in favour of an Irish poor law, which it would be difficult to resist ; and the circumstances of Ireland, superficially considered, furnish plausible grounds for some such project, by which the rash and the benevolent may be easily deluded. Misery, confessedly, exists to a great extent. It is impossible to look, without compassion, upon a patient, a squalid, and a suffering population, multiplying underprivations that would almost extinguish life, and enduring hardships with a resignation that would almost seem a second nature. This, too, in a country fertile beyond many other countries, and from which provisions are annually exported to an amount more than sufficient to supply all its own wants, if only they could be detained at home for the sustenance of its hardy and industrious people.

Absenteeism, also, is felt as a great evil. A drain, of between two and three millions annually, for the support of men, who have delegated their domestic and social duties to hired retainers, whose duty it is to screw the tenant, while *they* spend the produce of their industry in London, or in Italy, or in Paris, must needs be felt as a cause of exhaustion and a source of discontent, by which, while misery is generated, those dispositions and those habits are produced and fostered, which lead to crime and to insubordination. Nothing would, at first sight, seem more reasonable, than that the individuals who cause this drain should be taxed to an amount that would remedy, in some measure, the evils that are its consequence ; and if nothing more than the justice of such a procedure were to be considered, there would be little reason to stay the hand of righteous and vindictive legislation.

But the evil is one which may be more easily seen than readily remedied. However it may be nourished by circumstances, it has its root in the habits of the people. Until a total change take place in these, no remedy which could be devised by the legislator, could prevent a periodical recurrence of the very wretchedness which we have at present to deplore, and which, no matter what the means which may be taken for the relief of existing distress, will still cause the mass of misery to press against the limits of subsistence.

It is, therefore, our fixed opinion, that no *merely external* measures can ever lead to an improved state of soci-

ety in Ireland. It is not enough to feed the mouths that are hungry, unless we can profitably employ the hands that are idle. A process of that kind, persevered in, would soon convert the whole country into one mighty mendicancy institution, until not only the rents, but the profits of trade and of manufactures were absorbed in a relief fund, that would only be productive of universal indigence. In fact, such a system would feed the disease, rather than cure it ; and the only good that could come of it would be, that having consumed the funds for the encouragement of industry, it would at last "eat up itself."

But, we confine ourselves, at present, to the project of ministers, which we cannot regard as any thing better than a rub to the whale. That something should be done, was, in their apprehension, rendered necessary, by the report of the commissioners appointed to consider the condition of the Irish poor. To use the words of our excellent professor :

"A knowledge of the manner of the preparation of the bill may be useful, as a key to understanding, or at least explaining the character of its provisions. Any one acquainted with Ireland must feel, upon perusing this bill, that it has not grown naturally out of a knowledge of the wants and circumstances of the country, but has been framed to meet a particular exigency in legislation. The truth is, that it has been brought in to meet the desire on the part of the public, that some remedial measure should be applied to the destitution which is known to exist in Ireland. The necessity of meeting this desire determined the cabinet to prepare *some* poor law. On this determination, Mr. Nicholls was sent over to report whether it would be possible to establish the workhouse system in Ireland ; and he has reported, as he might have done without going to Ireland at all, that it is possible ; and he has accordingly prepared a plan for dotting the country with workhouses, and for regulating and managing them. But he has not touched—indeed he could not touch—upon the vital question, whether the establishment of workhouses would be a remedy for the state of things which leaves a large proportion of our fellow-beings without sufficient food ; and makes the condition of the poor of Ireland a disgrace, not only to the British empire, but to humanity. Through the entire bill you may trace the effects of the spirit that indited it. It is a piece of forced legislation ; and in every clause you can discern that it is

enacted, more from the impression that so much of an article called legislation must be produced, than from any *a priori* conviction that a particular provision is in itself expedient.

"I need not point out to your lordship the dangerous consequences of such a mode of legislation; but I may remind you, that such legislation is just what we might have expected from the course that, in this instance, was pursued. Mr. Nicholls was directed to frame a system of poor laws for Ireland; his commission extended in fact no further than to adapt the English administration of poor laws to Ireland. He has executed his commission, and the result has been, that he has produced a plan utterly and miserably inefficient as a measure of relief, and just as foreign to the real character and causes of destitution in Ireland, as it is possible for any measure to be. And this just because the plan was not the result of a patient and calm investigation of the nature and causes of the existing distress, but was produced to meet a demand on the part of the house and the ministry for a plan."

It is melancholy that the interests of a great empire should thus be at the mercy of sciolism and incapacity; and that our rulers should feel it actually incumbent upon them to legislate upon clamorous requisition or crude and hasty views, respecting matters in which the interests of millions are involved, and by which the condition of unborn generations may be determined. "I never," says Swift, "knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes, until I came to Ireland." Nothing can better illustrate the manner in which we are at present treated by the commissioners of poor laws. In England the system has been felt to be a crying evil. It has constituted a burrowing ulcer, by which both the morals and the property of the country have been undermined. We should, perhaps, rather confine ourselves to the abuse of the law, which was, until of late, in operation, and by which what may be called *malingering* pauperism was created, to an extent that was perfectly alarming. Well; an effort is made—it may be a clumsy and a harsh and an imperfect effort, to get rid of this great evil, by rendering the right of the English pauper to parish relief so worthless, that it would only be enforced in cases of extreme and hopeless destitution. And, forthwith, before the experiment has been tried, before

the most sanguine can venture to say that it has been even partially successful, its very adoption in England is assumed as a sufficient proof that it *must* be good for Ireland; a country which, with all its evils, has never yet been afflicted with what all men acknowledge to be the curse of the absurd system of English poor laws; and which this same remedial measure, so earnestly pressed upon our adoption by the sage and benevolent Mr. Nicholls, has a tendency to introduce into the one country, even as it has a tendency to expel them from the other. The saying of Swift, to which we have referred, is therefore, an inadequate representation of the frantic absurdity of the course which has been actually pursued. It would more truly describe the spirit of this enactment, if we said that what was intended as a *shoeinghorn* to the people of England, was made to answer for shoes to the people of Ireland.

The following citation from a little pamphlet* which has been put into our hands, will serve to show the monstrous folly of legislating on this subject for the one country as though it were identical in character and circumstances with the other:

"The English system, as it existed till within these three years, may be briefly thus described. A right was given to every pauper, whatever might be the cause of his poverty, to obtain relief from the parish. The parish authorities were empowered to set him to work if he were able to work; but if they could not find work for him, they were obliged to feed, clothe, and lodge him without working. The all-important distinction between those kinds of distress which cannot or will not be assumed for the purpose of obtaining relief, and those kinds of distress which may be assumed, and which the administration of relief is calculated to increase, namely, those which arise from improvidence and disinclination to labour, was utterly disregarded. A man might present himself to the overseers and assert that he could not get work, or could not earn sufficiently by his work to support himself and family comfortably, and might demand relief from the parish. If the overseers should offer him work and wages for it, he might further say that he had a bad head-ache, a pain in his back, or a weakness in his limbs, or a 'whoreson tingling' at his fingers-ends, which disa-

* "Strictures on the proposed Poor Law for Ireland, as recommended in the Report of George Nicholls, Esq." London, Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly, 1837.

bled him from working, and therefore that he must be provided for by the parish. And thus the most idle, worthless, and profligate were placed on a footing of perfect equality with those who were in distress by the visitation of God—the blind, the lame, the insane, or the bereaved widow and her fatherless children.

“ ‘The English poor law,’ says Mr. Nicholls, page 14, ‘recognizes *destitution alone* as the ground of relief.’

“The effects of a system so utterly reckless might easily have been anticipated. An immense proportion of the labouring poor were seduced by it from their industrious habits to cast themselves upon this ample provision for their maintenance. Nothing could be more commodious than to have power secured to them by law to be fed upon the property or the earnings of their industrious neighbours, instead of being industrious themselves. Even at the present moment, notwithstanding the operation of the poor law amendment act, it appears from the reports of the English commissioners, that one-eleventh of the population of England, the richest country in the world, is pauperised by it. And the result, in point of expenditure, has been, that in one year upwards of £7,000,000 were squandered in this mad attempt to counteract the decrees of Providence, which irrevocably determine that want and misery shall be the consequence of idleness and profligacy.

“But this enormous expenditure formed but a small portion of the evils resulting from this system. All private charity was blasted and withered by it; all those feelings of kindness that arise between those who give freely of their abundance, and those who receive thankfully, were superseded by exactions grudgingly paid, and the clamorous demands, not for relief, but for comfortable subsistence, yielded to as a traveller yields his purse to a highwayman. A man who, in the exercise of compassion for the distressed, opened his heart and his hand liberally, was laughed at as a fool, who was unnecessarily relieving his rich niggardly neighbours from contributing their share to the maintenance of all paupers.* The wretched persons who were seduced from their industry by the deceitful offer of relief were utterly ruined in mind, body, and estate. Families were broken up—fathers became careless about providing for their children, because the parish was bound to provide for them—children refused to contribute to the support of their parents, because they might apply to the parish—nay, daughters were found refusing to attend the sick

beds of their own mothers, unless the parish should remunerate them for their trouble. Husbands traded upon the infamy of their own wives, by claiming parish relief for their illegitimate children. Fathers scrupled not to profit by the prostitution of their daughters, because the parish then became bound to provide for them and their bastards. In short, a thoroughly pauperised district of England presented as frightful an exhibition of moral deformity as the imagination of Crabbe himself could embody in language.

“But we shall be told that all this was indeed true of the old poor law, but that these evils have all been removed by the new poor law bill, and that it is the new system, and not the old one, which it is proposed should be introduced into Ireland. It is necessary, therefore, to attend to the nature of the amendments that have been introduced by the late act of the legislature. These amount simply to this, that the managers of the poor fund are now empowered to offer to all applicants for relief the alternative of going into a workhouse or receiving nothing; and they are not only empowered to do so, but a central board is established, the object of which is to bring the whole kingdom under that regulation. These workhouses are purposely rendered so irksome, that able-bodied persons will rather betake themselves to labour than enter them, or remain in them. They are thus employed as a test of destitution. ‘The governing principle of the workhouse system is this,’ says Mr. Nicholls, page 13, ‘that the support which is afforded at the public charge in the workhouse shall be, on the whole, less desirable than the support to be obtained by independent exertion. The inmates of an English workhouse are as well clothed, and generally better lodged, and better fed, than the agricultural labourer and his family; yet the *irksomeness* of the labour, discipline, and confinement, and the privation of certain enjoyments which the independent labourer possesses, produce such disinclination to enter the workhouse, that experience warrants the fullest assurance, that nothing short of absolute necessity—of that necessity which the law contemplates as the ground of affording relief, will induce the able-bodied labourers to seek refuge therein.’”

Now granting, for argument sake, that this amendment may correct the evils of a bad system in one country—why should it therefore be presumed, and that, *anterior* to all experience of

* See *Evils of the State of Ireland, their causes and their remedy—a Poor Law*, by John Revans, page 144.

its efficacy, to be capable of removing evils which have no connection with any such system in the other? And it is thus that our Whig-radical government propose to do "justice to Ireland!"

We are, ourselves, not persuaded that the poor inquiry commission *has* furnished any such data respecting Irish statistics, as might, in themselves, be a secure foundation for any remedial measures of a permanent nature, which may be intended for the good of the people. But, a vast deal of information it has supplied, which the enlightened politician will find highly useful; nor is this our opinion in the least disturbed because Mr. Nicholls, in his self-sufficiency, has thought fit to set at nought the result of their enquiry. Upon this part of the subject, Professor Butt, in his letter to Lord Morpeth, well observes:

"Now, my lord, it is quite one thing to reject an opinion, and quite another to disregard the statement of a fact. Mr. Nicholls may or may not have been correct in disregarding the inferences which the commissioners themselves drew from the mass of evidence they collected, but certainly he must have reasons which do not appear on the face of his report—reasons, too, of which the most remote hint has not been given—to warrant him in throwing aside altogether the testimony borne by them to the actual state of the country, and framing a plan without the slightest reference to the information they had collected as to the nature, the extent, and the probable causes of destitution.

"Nor does it appear, in rejecting the data furnished to him by the labours of the commissioners, what information he has substituted as the ground-work of his plan. It is quite idle to suppose, that in a hurried circuit through some of the towns of Ireland, he could personally obtain the knowledge of the country which would enable him to supersede the information furnished by the commission. Indeed, upon the most essential point—the extent of distress—he has no more accurate notion than what he derives from a vague analogy between Ireland and some counties in England, which he terms 'among the most highly pauperized;' from which he infers, that 'workhouse accommodation may occasionally be required for 80,000 persons,' being one per cent. on the population; and this vague analogy—an analogy which every inhabitant of Ireland knows to be completely deceptive—is all that he puts in place of the proofs offered by the commissioners, that 'there are out of work and in distress, during thirty weeks in the year,

not less than 585,000 persons, which, with those depending on them, will make a total of 2,385,000 persons requiring support for thirty weeks in the year.'

"Mr. Nicholls's grand and fatal mistake is this—he started on the assumption that he must deal with destitution in Ireland as if it were the accident of individuals, instead of considering it as the essential and general condition of a class. It is this which has led him to propose, as a remedial measure, workhouses where one out of every 100 of the population might occasionally be relieved; instead of suggesting some measure by which we might endeavour to find sufficient food for one-third of the population who have not enough to eat.

"No two objects can be more perfectly distinct, than a provision for those who may occasionally fall into want, through any of those contingencies, to which, even in the most prosperous countries, all classes are liable, and an attempt generally to raise above penury the condition of a great mass of the inhabitants of a country. It is a very different thing whether we have to deal with destitution as the exception, or, unfortunately, are compelled to consider it as the general rule.

"Now, my lord, the evidence collected by the poor inquiry commission, if it prove any thing, proves this, that generally throughout whole districts of Ireland, penury, and almost starvation, are the general condition of those classes who are called, by a mockery of their misery, the labouring classes—which means the classes that are willing to labour, and can get no employment: it proves that the labourer cannot, by the utmost exertion of his industry, procure sufficient to support himself and his family throughout the year; that he can make no attempt to supply them with comforts, since he has not even wherewithal to supply them with a sufficiency of necessities; and that the result of this state of things is a hideous and appalling mass of misery and destitution, amid which human beings, degraded by wretchedness to almost the scale of savage life, barely drag out a precarious existence, in hovels that can scarcely be said to shelter them from the rains and winds of heaven."

Such is truly the nature of the case to be relieved, and nothing more can be necessary to show the rank empiricism of the present political projector. But if any thing further were necessary, it has been admirably done, in two or three sentences, by the writer of "The Strictures." The mode in which the sapient Mr. Nicholls considered the subject was this: first, to inquire whe-

ther the workhouse system *could* be established in Ireland, and if it could, whether it might be relied on as a test of destitution; and secondly, whether means exist, generally or partially, of forming unions and creating such local machinery for their government, as has been established in the English unions, under the poor law amendment act.

"But this," observes the writer of the *Strictures*, "is precisely as if a Sangrado, practised in bleeding and blistering and nothing else, on visiting a patient, instead of endeavouring to ascertain the nature and causes of his disease, that he might prescribe accordingly, should limit his inquiry to these two points—

"I. Whether the patient would submit to bleeding and blistering, no matter what the disease might be; and,

"II. Whether any person could be found to bleed and blister him, when Sangrado himself was absent."

The subject, however, is far too serious even for the enlightened sportiveness by which the nostrum of this state quack is thus exposed. The following indignant and eloquent passage, from the professor's pamphlet, is more in accordance with the feeling which we entertain, and well calculated to suggest grave reflections:—

"But I do not wish now to pursue these considerations. My object has been simply to contrast this paltry bill of Mr. Nicholls with the state of things for which it is offered as a remedy. It does not touch upon the evils of Ireland,—or if it touch upon them, it is only to aggravate them. How much more food will it cause to be in the country? This, perhaps, is the best test of its real utility. If it leaves the entire quantity of food which is allotted to the consumption of the Irish people the same as before, while it takes nothing from the number of the mouths that are to eat of it, it cannot well increase the average share that falls to each. Literally, we ask for bread, and you give us a stone: we want an increase of the quantity of entables in the country, and you build workhouses.

"Why, my Lord, I ask again, has the Report of the Commissioners been held as nought? It is not worth while to ask why Mr. Nicholls has disregarded every opinion they have given; but surely it is worth while to know why all the clear and laboriously collated evidence they have offered is contemptuously and scornfully laid aside. If that evidence be correct, this bill is an unparalleled delusion. The Commission of Inquiry has cost much; it has been a drain upon the national treasury for three years: there is

no one to complain of this application of money, if it were attended with any practical good to the poor of Ireland; but there are very many who would think it a very misplaced outlay, if all we purchase with it is such a bill as this. Perhaps there is but one instance on record of an equally lavish expenditure with an equally silly result—"We threw our gold in the fire," said the children of Israel, "and there came out this calf."

"The relief you offer is a mockery, whether we are to consider its kind or its extent. You take 80,000 out of 2,500,000; you confine them in workhouses, where it is your avowed policy to make their lives as uncomfortable as you can; you adopt all the regulations of your English prison-houses; for you have revived the language of the ancients—like the Romans, we shall want but one word to express a workhouse and a dungeon. Believe me, my Lord, Mr. Nicholls is in error when he tells you that these provisions are suited to the Irish poor. God forbid they were! No; whatever be their faults or their crimes, the Irish are a people of generous susceptibilities and of warm affections. There is no nation under heaven among whom the ties of home are stronger—by whom the sacredness of domestic endearments is more revered. They will not understand the philosophy by which you separate families; they will not be thankful for the relief which is doled out reluctantly and with rigour. They will regard your workhouses as only a specious contrivance for immuring them in prisons without compelling them to go through the formality of a crime.

"I know that it is very unphilosophical and very unfashionable to talk thus of the feelings of the poor. The cold sneer of a heartless philosophy may be directed against the person who believes that sentiments such as these should have their place in the calculations of the politician. But that frigid philosophy has not yet chilled, in its cold shadow, the heart of the Irish peasant; he loves his home although it be a hovel; he has no fireside to love; but even in poverty and destitution, his attachment to those who should smile on his fireside lives with a depth and tenderness that many of those that are at ease might envy. The charities of home still glow in that atmosphere of poverty in which you might imagine they would die; they cheer him even in his hopeless misery; they almost beautify his destitution. Do not call this declamation. Take your opinion of the people, not from the assumptions of Mr. Nicholls—he, or I, or any man, may assume, the more groundlessly, perhaps, the more confi-

dently—but from the evidence your own Commission has taken down from the lips of the peasantry themselves. Believe me, you know nothing of the Irish peasant if you expect him to hail as a boon the system which, while it gives him relief, tells him, in its harshness, that the feelings of natural affection are luxuries in which only the rich can be permitted to indulge."

We have already encroached so largely upon the space which we can at present afford to devote to this subject, that we must omit any formal notice of a work by Mr. Revans, a young gentleman who was employed as secretary to the poor law commissioners, both in England and Ireland, and who deems himself qualified, from his extensive and accurate knowledge thus acquired, to pronounce a more satisfactory judgment upon this important question, than has been arrived at by his masters. This has naturally provoked the indignation of the writer of the "Strictures," who seems to feel a paternal solicitude about the report; and the terms are not measured in which he chastises the presumption of the sub-official, who has, in his opinion, so audaciously put in his reply to the declaration of his superiors. As a calculator, he has been proved to be puzzled and mistaken; but nevertheless his statements satisfy us, that the proceedings of the commissioners were not such as entitled them to come to a conclusion, that should be final and decisive. The following, Mr. Revans tells us, is the way in which the only evidence existing as to the number of vagrants in Ireland was collected.

"The Assistant Commissioners held a court of inquiry, at perhaps every fifteen miles on the road from Dublin to Cork, or from Dublin to Belfast, or between any other two places: at each place the witnesses inform them that 100 vagrants pass through during the week. Supposing the distance between any two places to be 150 miles, the number of places of inquiry will be 10, and multiplied by 100, the number of vagrants at each place will give 1,000 persons always wandering upon the 150 miles of road. But this calculation is erroneous, for the same 100 pass through every town in the same week, and therefore the whole number of vagrants is not 1,000, but 100. If the 2,300,000 is in like manner divided by 10, it will give 230,000, which perhaps may not be a very great exaggeration."

Of this statement, which, coming as

it does, from the secretary of the commissioners, must be supposed to have something like fact to rest upon, the author of the "Strictures" contents himself with the following hypothetic refutation:

"If at 10 places, 15 miles distant, 10 beggars pass through each of the stations every day, Mr. Revans would have us infer that there are but 10 beggars in all, because they all pass through the same stations. He totally forgets that at the very time when 10 are passing through one station, 10 are passing through each of the other stations, and to effect this there must be not 10 but 100 beggars.

Again, the data upon which Mr. Revans proposes to divide the number by 10, and not by 4, or by 12, or 20, or any other number, are his own supposition of 10 stations in 150 miles? Had he, for example, taken the distance of Belfast, which he mentions, instead of Cork, he would have divided the 2,300,000, not by 10, but by 6 or 7. And he might as well have taken a distance containing 2 or 4, or 12, or any other number of stations, and divided accordingly."

Now, it would be very easy to have stated, if such were the truth, that the courts of enquiry *were* so held as to preclude the possibility of the mistake into which Mr. Revans observes the commissioners had fallen. But this is *not* done, and, as we can only infer, because it *could not* be done. Our conclusion therefore is, that, however incompetent Mr. Revans may be as a commentator, he has established a ground of suspicion against the accuracy of the commissioners which the adroitness of their vindicator has not disproved, although he has undoubtedly succeeded in showing, that experience, such as his, without wisdom to digest it, but poorly qualifies him to legislate for Ireland.

Now, should not this teach us the wisdom of a simpler and a more efficacious process, a process, too, implying almost no expense, for ascertaining and relieving the distresses of the poor, and which was suggested in a former number of this publication. It will be found in our review of the Irish tour of Mr. Inglis, (we cannot now stop to ascertain the precise volume or the precise page,) and was simply, as follows:—By the fever act, parish vestries are empowered, at present, to assess for wine and food; it being properly conceived that these may be *preventives* of disease, and prevention being always better than cure. Well, distress exists to a grievous extent;—

and we would simply enlarge the provisions of that act, and the same powers which were conferred upon the vestry in cases of disease, we would confer in cases of destitution. Thus, there would always exist a resource, in the event of any afflicting emergency; and that resource would be in the hands of those by whom it would not be likely to be abused. The vestry appoints a committee by whom cases of distress are looked after and examined. Upon their recommendation relief is either extended or withheld. Their local knowledge must be of great avail in enabling them to discriminate real sufferers from impostors; and the mistake with which their secretary, Mr. Revans, charges the commissioners, could not, by possibility, be committed, of counting the same beggars twice in their transit through different stages of their progress. It would, also, enable them to apportion, accurately, not only the degree, but the kind of relief that might be afforded, and to make it, according to the condition and character of the sufferers, something approaching to a punishment in one case, and something approaching to a reward in another. The drunkard, the idler, the profligate, the nocturnal disturber, should not, surely, be considered in the same light, or put upon the same level, with the worthy and industrious man, whose bread failed him only because of some calamity which could neither be foreseen nor prevented. A parish vestry, consisting of respectable householders, would be able to look into these things; and no small experience of our countrymen in that capacity, has abundantly satisfied us, that a prompt and efficacious system of relief might, in that way, be established, in which local and even personal knowledge would guide and regulate general humanity. But this, we admit, would not augment Whig patronage, by giving rise to a travelling commission, the members of which are largely salaried at the public expense; neither would it answer the ends of those who *have a secret desire to make the very process by which poor laws are sought to be got rid of in England, the means of introducing them into Ireland!* It would simply relieve existing distress, and that, in such a way, as would enable those by whom the relief was given, to distinguish between the rule and the exception:—we do not mean by the exception, that any should be excepted from relief, by whom it was, in reality

required; but only, that the manner of giving it should be such as to mark the sense of the committee as to the nature of the case, and operate, as much as possible, in the way of prevention.

We are told of districts of the country which are periodically visited by famine, and where, upon an average, the peasantry are, for thirty weeks in the year, without employment. Now this can only arise from a distempered state of society, which no sane individual can seriously maintain could ever be remedied by a poor law. A poor law upon the principle of that in England, would nourish rather than correct the evil. If hands exist, at present, in those districts, in greater abundance than they can be employed, under circumstances in which existence can scarcely be maintained, we may be sure that they would not exist the less, if a compulsory provision was made for their gratuitous subsistence; and that, in such a case, they would have a tendency to multiply, until they spread far beyond the limits of that provision, whatever it was, and which, if it would keep pace with them, must be constantly increased, until the funds for the employment of productive industry were completely exhausted. Is this a course of procedure which a wise and benevolent man would recommend, or which ought to be adopted by a provident statesman? We think not. We think that a particular case of that kind requires a particular remedy; and that the object of the legislature, in applying such a remedy, ought to be, rather to bring that part of the country into the condition of those parts where such extraordinary casualties do not and cannot occur, than adopt a process which must have a directly contrary effect, and serve to bring other more prosperous parts of the country into a state of poverty and destitution. But our wise state physicians would reverse all this. They would remedy all our evils, by turning the healthy parts of the country into the same condition as the diseased, instead of converting the diseased into the same condition as the healthy parts of the country.

There is, however, one feature of this subject which has not been touched upon by any of the writers to whom we have referred, and which requires to be attentively considered, by all who would arrive at sound conclusions; and that is, the degree in which the pauperism and the popery of Ireland are connected together in the

relation of cause and effect. We know well how blockheads and levellers will exclaim against the introduction of such a topic. We can admire, also, the good taste with which it has been pretermitted by Professor Butt, who is well convinced of the demoralizing effects of popery, and of the degree in which it contributes to what may be called the *barbarization* of Ireland. He may have apprehended that his admirable appeal to the sympathies of his readers on behalf of the physical distresses of his forlorn countrymen, would have been less effective, had he coupled it with a topic so calculated to agitate and enflame. And he was right. The particular object which he had in view, required not the discussion of a matter which could scarcely, by any dexterity, be treated of, without producing exasperation. And yet it is as certain that the question of an Irish poor law cannot be wisely argued without profoundly considering that question, as it is, that the physical sufferings of the people can only be efficaciously and permanently relieved, by raising them from their state of moral degradation.

Perhaps, upon the surface of the habitable globe, there does not exist a race of men with nobler elements of natural character than the Irish. They are gentle, generous, brave, affectionate, faithful, hospitable, and grateful. And by nothing is the woefully perverting influence of popery more deplorably manifested, than that these noble qualities are often converted into their opposites, by a system which has set itself in baleful opposition to the interests of society and the influence of the gospel. An amiable and excellent woman,* now no more, once observed to the writer of this paper, "Well, I really believe, when the Irish *are* bad, they are the very worst of bad men, *it is so unnatural to them.*" A beautiful truth! arrived at by the sure short cut of instinct, when it might be passed unnoticed upon the broad highway of a proud philosophy! And until our poor people become amenable to the dictates of a better creed, it is our opinion that human regulation can do little towards their real amelioration.

To surround with comforts a human being who has a constant tendency to

lapse into filth and misery, would, really, be little better than decorating a dunghill. The first thing to be done is, to inspire the disposition which may cause comforts to be desired; the second, to enable those who are thus inspired to attain them. Indeed, if the first object were accomplished, almost every thing desirable would be done; because the cases would be very rare in which individuals, having a real desire to better their condition, would be left unprovided. If we were able to subtract from the amount of Irish wretchedness, all that arises from vice, all that arises from idleness, all that arises from an indolent acquiescence in a state of things which, in more civilized England, would not, for one moment, be patiently endured, we are persuaded that the mountain would be so sensibly reduced, that, if it were not diminished to a mole-hill, it would, at least, appear not to be that enormous and unmanageable thing that nothing short of a miracle could remove. And our complaint against most of those who have written on the subject of an Irish poor law, is, that while the latter of the two objects above alluded to, is sedulously sought after, the first is, either ignorantly or contemptuously disregarded. Before we can relieve Irish misery we must remove the causes of Irish misery; and these causes exist not only in the *circumstances* of the people, but in the people themselves. It will be in vain to improve their circumstances, while they themselves continue degraded; but, once remove their degradation, and let their self-respect be increased, and see how rapidly their circumstances will improve, and how little they will require the aid of legislation.

But once, again, we would earnestly impress upon our readers, that nothing, absolutely nothing, has as yet been done, which could serve as a ground-work for any system of poor laws, having for its object the lasting improvement of the people. The report of the commissioners, Mr. Revans discredits, and Mr. Nicholls sets aside; and there exist between these two gentlemen, both of whom agree in their condemnation of the report, opposition, and discrepancies upon important points, which separate them wide as the poles asunder. Take the

* The first wife of Richard Shiel, Esq. M. P., and niece to the late Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

following, which we extract from "the Strictures :"—

"Mr. Nicholls is quite certain that relief provided for 80,000 persons will be amply sufficient, provided it be in workhouses.

"Mr. Revans thinks it will be prudent, at least, to provide relief for 800,000 persons.

"Mr. Nicholls estimates the expense of maintaining each pauper at 1s. per week.

"Mr. Revans estimates the expense at 6d. per week.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes a workhouse for every 400 square miles; the workhouses being thus at the distance of 20 miles from one another.

"Mr. Revans takes pains to prove that 20 miles is too great a distance, and proposes a workhouse for every 100 square miles, being at the distance of 10 miles from one another.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes that each of his workhouses shall contain 800 people.

"Mr. Revans proposes that each of his workhouses shall contain 200.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes that *only* whole families shall be received into the workhouse.

"Mr. Revans proposes that *men* alone be received, and the wives and children be relieved at home.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes that no relief shall be given out of the workhouse.

"Mr. Revans proposes that external relief shall be given, not only to the wives and children of the labourers who

are intern paupers, but to persons 'infirm through age or accident.'

"Mr. Nicholls proposes to leave a discretionary power in his Board of Guardians to receive or reject applicants for admission.

"Mr. Revans proposes that an Act of Parliament shall be made 'that if the master of any asylum shall refuse entrance to any on demanding it, or eject any one who complies with the rules of the house, that he shall be dismissed his situation; and if the provision is local, that every parish shall, for every refusal to admit a claimant into the house, be liable to pay a heavy fine to the King.' This is securing a legal right to the poor for relief with a vengeance."

We now conclude. No one but a rash man would counsel any legislative tampering with the present state of Ireland, merely upon the requisition, and under the direction, of such advisers. Her condition is that of a man, the surface of whose body is covered with unsightly ulcers, more offensive than dangerous, and which nothing more than a wholesome, constitutional regimen is necessary to remove:—most of the state quacks with whom it has been our misfortune to be acquainted, would fain adopt a different plan, by which, indeed, they might succeed in removing the sores from the surface, but only by causing them to concentrate into a cancer. May God protect us from such advisers. Amen. Amen.

GREEK PASTORAL POETRY.

THE last new form which the poetry of Greece assumed, was the pastoral. Other nations, imitating its literature, have produced, at the same period, varied and distinct styles of verse, yet modified of course by the spirit of the age into somewhat of the sisterly similarity Ovid attributes to the nymphs.

—————"facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum."

But, in the Greek may be traced a regular series, where each appearance arose out of the preceding. The following we believe to have been the order of development: Homer, "from whom," says the ancient critic, "as from an ever-springing fountain, rise all the other streams of song"—Hesiod, imbued with much of the Homeric

spirit, and at the same time giving no faint indication of the elegiac verse—

*Elegy, speaking of individual feeling and interests, in the poetry of Tyrteus animating the warrior, or in the sad laments of Simonides, weeping over the tomb—Pindar and the lyricists, a more condensed form of the preceding—the drama, originally but a long ode—and, finally, the pastoral poets.

It may, at first sight, appear strange that a style of verse apparently the most simple and unartificial of all, should be the last discovered. But a moment's reflection will, we think, dissipate surprise. In a highly advanced state of society, men, wearied with the ever-recurring round of frivolous pursuits and amusements, would naturally seek interest and excitement from other

* See an article on Greek Elegy and Epitaph, vol. ix. p. 407.

sources. Their apathy could only be awed and overpowered by intense appeals to the stronger passions of our nature, or soothed and attracted by descriptions of a state of life presenting a marked contrast to their own. Hence poetry turned to contemplate nature, as she might be supposed to exist primitive and unsophisticated, and imbued with the refinement of the age, sought to preserve the fidelity of the picture, without coarseness or unpleasant* minuteness.

To the reader who may be disposed to look on these views as mere speculations, we would suggest that a strong confirmation of them may be found in the past and present state of our poetic literature; during the past age fervid, glowing, and impassioned poetry, was undoubtedly the most popular, while most of our late writers seem disciples in that school, which unites reflection to description, and interprets the language between the heart and nature. It is in this form alone where the power and beauty of rural scenes are heightened by the philosophy, that "finds tongues in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," that pastoral can now exist and please. We cannot leave the subject without adverting to the beautiful models—"Michael," the Female Vagrant, the Brothers, and many of the tales in the "Excursion," which Mr. Wordsworth has furnished of it.

The Greek pastoral poet possessed a source of interest, independent of that which all appeals to man's innate and instinctive love of nature must have, in the beautiful mythology of his country, imparting, as it did to his fictions, almost the sanctity and mystery of religion. Fauns and nymphs, beings of a nature superior to man's, circled the dweller in the country on every side—their voices spake in every rural sound; their forms gleamed from every thicket, and their spells stole over his heart in every scene of beauty or sublimity. Conscious that "millions" of these "spiritual creatures" kept watch and ward around him, he would tread down all evil desires, scorn all low pursuits, and seek, by pure sentiments and deeds, to

become worthy of their society. The mode of life in which he was engaged, was dignified by the remembrance, that these beings whom it was now his duty and his pleasure to adore, were once men engaged in the same pastoral avocations as himself. In the glorious youth of the world, ere care or disease had marred its perfect harmony and beauty, they had passed their happy days in hopes that were not disappointed, love that feared no change, and joy that knew no termination but with life itself; if that could be called termination which was rather the birth of a more blessed existence—the herald to summon to yet nobler offices. Their old homes were still haunted by them—still did they watch over the fortunes, and guide the conduct of their successors in them; for, to this end, says the old mythologic poet, were they appointed.

Διὸς μεγάλου δια βουλας
ισθλῶν, ἐπιχθονίου, φύλακας ὄντας ἀνθρώπων
πῆρ' ἰσχυροῖσι, πάντα φρονιότης ἐπ' αἰῶν.

Nor were these the only celestial spectators of earthly scenes. The mightiest of the gods did not disdain to leave the ever-verdant bowers of Olympus, for the glades of Arcadia, or the steep of Etna. The Thunderer himself had laid aside his terrors to woo an earthly maiden; Diana had visited Endymion amid his sheep, and Venus followed the fair Adonis through the dangers of the chase. Beautiful fables! shadowing forth with no dim and indistinct type, man's quenchless longing after something purer and loftier than earth can give, to fill the heart—links in the golden chain, that, binding together earth and heaven, still amid all his darkness and wanderings kept the old Pagan moored to an eternal world.

The most interesting, to our mind, of the old pastorals, are those founded on the ancient myths—the Hercules, Helen, Castor and Pollux of Theocritus—the runaway Cupid of Moschus, and the Lament for Adonis by Bion. This last is one of the most beautiful relics of antiquity. The legend seems in every age to have been a favourite with poets—it is the subject of one of the most exquisite trifles in the whole range of Greek poetry by Theocritus;

* Quinetiam ritus pastorum, et Pana sonantem
In calamos, Sicula memorat tellure creatus.
Nec sylvis sylvestre canit; per que horrida motus
Rura ferit dulces; musam que inducit in auras.

Manilius.

Ovid has celebrated it, though not with any great success, in his *Metamorphoses*; in modern times it has attracted the genius of Shakspeare, and some beautiful stanzas in the *Faerie**

Queen are devoted to it. We present our readers with an extract from Mr. Chapman's admirable version of Bion's poem.

"Up for a little! kiss me back again
The latest kiss—brief as itself that dies
In being breathed, until I fondly drain
The last breath of thy soul, and greedywise
Drink it into my core. I will devise
To guard it as Adonis—since from me
To Acheron my own Adonis flies,
And to the drear dread king: but I must be
A goddess still, and live, nor can I follow thee.

"And thou, Persephona! my sponse receive
Mightier than I, since to thy chamber drear
All bloom of beauty falls: but I must grieve
Unceasingly. I have a jealous fear
Of thee, and weep for him. My dearest dear!
Art dead indeed? away my love did fly
E'en as a dream. At home my widowed cheer
Keeps the loves idle; with thy latest sigh
My Cestus perished too; thou rash one; why, oh why,

"Did'st hunt? so fair, contend with monsters grim?
Thus Cypris wailed; but dead Adonis lies;
For every gout of blood that fell from him,
She drops a tear; sweet flowers each dew supplies—
Roses his blood, her tears anemones.
Cypris! no longer in the thickets weep;
The couch is furnished! there in loving guise
Upon thy proper bed, that odorous heap,
The lovely body lies—how lovely! as in sleep.

"Come! in those softest vestments now array him,
In which he slept the live-long night with thee;
And in the golden settle gently lay him—
A sad yet lovely sight; and let him be
High heaped with flowers; tho' withered all when he
Surceased. With essences him sprinkle o'er
And ointments; let them perish utterly,
Since he, who was thy sweetest, is no more.
He lies in purple; him the weeping loves deplore.

"Their curls are shorn: one breaks his bow: another
His arrows and the quiver; this unstrings,
And takes Adonis' sandal off: his brother
In golden urn the fountain water brings:
This bathes his thighs. that fans him with his wings.
The loves, "alas for Cypris!" weeping say:
Hymen hath quenched his torches: shreds and flings
The marriage wreath away: and for the lay,
Of love is only heard the doleful "weal away."

We take this opportunity to express our high admiration of Mr.† Chapman's versions of the Greek Pastorals. A diligent student of the old masters of English song, an accomplished scho-

lar, above all himself possessed of "the vision and the faculty divine." He has produced the best version that has been, or, we would say, is ever likely to be presented to the English reader.

* Book iii. canto 1.

† Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Done into English, by M. J. Chapman. London. Fraser. 1836.

While the press sends forth such translations as this, such beautiful sentiment and criticism as Lander's *Pericles* and *Aspasia*, we do not fear, even in this age of persiflage and flippancy, that the classical spirit can ever perish—a spirit very different indeed from the (to use a witty phrase of Arbuthnot's) “miserable haberdashery of points and particles,” which has but too often usurped the name. We may be permitted to mention also two editions of classical authors, by members of our own University, executed in the true spirit—Kennedy's *Homer*, and Stauford's *Plato*. Both the works of men possessed of intimate acquaintance with modern literature, sound scholarship, and, what is of more consequence than either, refined taste. We can conceive nothing more likely to injure the minds of boys, than the wretched compilations made by men destitute of judgment or refinement, from every extravagant commentary, which a German professor—driven by their vicious system of fitting the professors against each other, in quest of novelty—chooses to send forth. Colonel Napier has most truly said, that, though the dullest nation on the face of the earth, the Germans are the most wild and extravagant in their imaginations. This extravagance has vitiated their classical learning with absurd and unfounded theories, their literature with an overstrained effort after originality, and their biblical criticism with scepticism to an awful degree. As the Irish press has lately aroused itself to great activity in this department of literature, we feel our readers will pardon this brief digression, though in truth we do not expect any benefit to flow from advice or censure, so long as works of this nature are undertaken, solely as a bookseller's speculation, in haste for the market, and consequently consisting only of Latin commentaries translated, a few extracts from Dawes and Viger, always under the passages noticed and quoted by those writers, which the student could easily find for himself.—*alia deinceps hujus notæ, quæ sive contineas, nihil tacitam conscientiam jurant : sive proferas non doctior videberis, sed molestior.**

To return from commentators to poets. As a sequel to the former extract, we shall give another, which will show Mr. Chapman's power in a different style. It might be taken for one

of Ben Jonson's best imitations of the Greek Anthologists—

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

“Cypris when she saw Adonis
Cold and dead as any stone is,
All his dark hair out of trim,
And his fair cheek deadly dim,
Thither charged the Loves to lead
The cruel boar that did the deed.
And they, swiftly overflying
All the wood where he was lying,
Soon the hapless creature found,
And with cords securely bound.
One the captive dragged along,
Holding at its end the thong ;
While another with his bow
Struck behind and made him go.
Path of fear they made him tread—
Aphrodite was his dread.

“Him the goddess thus address :
‘Of all beasts thou wickedest !
Thou ! didst thou this white thigh tear ?
Didst thou smite my husband dear ?
Fearfully, then, answered he :
‘Cypris ! I do swear to thee
By thyself and husband dear,
By the very bonds I wear,
By these huntsmen, never I
Meant to tear thy husband's thigh ;
Thinking there a statue stood,
In the fever of my blood,
I was mad a kiss to press
On the naked loveliness ;
But my long tusk pierced the boy :
Punish these, and these destroy,
Tusks that worse than useless prove—
What had they to do with love ?
And if this suffice not, pray,
Cypris ! cut my lips away—
What had they to do with kissing ?”
Cypris, then, her wrath dismissing,
Pitied him that knew no better ;
And she bade them loose his fetter.
The boar from that time of her train,
Went not to the wood again ;
But, approaching to the fire,
Fairly burned out his desire.”

“There is,” says Heyne, “scarcely any kind of verse, about whose nature and origin so much difference of opinion exists, as the pastoral. Nor will any one be surprised at this,” continues this acute writer, “who reflects how widely this department of poetry extends, and how prone its cultivators and critics are to bound and circumscribe it, each according to the measure of his own sentiments and genius !” In truth, there could scarcely ever have been a period, in which there did not exist some form of poetry, which might have

* Seneca. de brev. vit.

been classed under the comprehensive term Pastoral.* In every age and every clime, the human heart must have felt

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale or pliny mountain—

In every age, and under every variety of custom and manners, have loved, and sorrowed, and hoped, and through the medium of verse revealed its aims and sentiments. Nor, as relates to Greece, are we left to mere *a priori* speculations: Homer has introduced shepherds solacing themselves with the Syrinx, in one of the pictures on Achilles' shield, and Paris is generally described as a shepherd and a lover of the muse, when the goddesses visited him on Ida. But the peculiar form of bucolic poetry, such as it existed in the hands of Theocritus, we believe to have taken its rise from the drama.† The transition from the rude comedy and the satyric plays to the pastorals in a dramatic form is gradual and evident. One satyric play only has been preserved—the Cyclops of Euripides. Its chief interest certainly consists in its being the only specimen of a singular and remarkable form of theatrical entertainment. It has been translated with great spirit by Shelley. The translations of this author are, we think, amongst his most valuable works. None of his contemporaries possessed more harmony of versification or greater copiousness and variety of language; to considerable attainments as a scholar, he united a refined perception of beauty and quick apprehension of the meaning of an author. Nor could his unbridled imagination, when employed on the thoughts of another, so easily lead him into those deviations from good taste and judgment, which disfigure his original works.

The following passage bears some resemblance to many in Theocritus, and will show how he was imbued with the spirit of this style of poetry. The satyrs address "the father of the flock" thus—

"Where has he of race divine
Wandered in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine,
For the father of the flocks—
Here the grass is soft and sweet,
And the river-eddies meet
In the trough beside the cave
Bright as in their fountain-wave—
Neither here nor on the dew
Of the lawny uplands feeding,
Oh you come!—a stone at you
Will I throw to mend your breeding.
Get along you horned thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling!"

Nor does the speech of the cyclops, though in a different style, less resemble the genuine bucolic. The dry wit and humour—the shrewdness and terseness of it, might almost be taken for one of the best specimens of the Idylls of Theocritus—

"Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise
man's god,
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunder-bolt;
I know not that his strength is more than
mine.
As to the rest I care not—when he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf, or some wild
beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And when the Thracian wind pours down
the snow,
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,

- * Et Zephyri cava per calamorum sibila primum,
Agrestes docuere cava inflare cicutas.
Inde minutatim dulces didicere querelas,
Tibia quas fundit, digitis pulsata canentum
Avia per nemora ac silvas saltusque reperta,
Per loca pastorum deserta, atque otia dia.

Lucretius, v. 1379.

See the remainder of this beautiful passage; one of the best of a poet, who had more of the mens divini in his conceptions, and came nearer in his diction to the pomp and prodigality of Greek genius, than any other of his nation.

† This opinion has been supported by Voss, Heinsius, and Warton. It is remarkable that comedy arose in Sicily, afterwards the country of Theocritus. *Ecquid si bucolica primitus quasi mimi, interponerentur actibus comædia?* says Warton, and there are many arguments to support this conjecture. The expression *ὑμῶν ὁ αἰὶν* occurs in the now neglected and certainly tiresome romance of Heliodorus.—Perhaps the truth is, that pastoral poetry was so modified and altered by its connection with the theatre, as to have become totally different from its original form.

Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks
and herds,

Which, to what other god but to myself
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well
know

The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care, and as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you—
And that I may not quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts—fierce fire
And you ancestral cauldron, which o'er-
lubbling,
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Step in——*

Whoever may have been the original inventor, to Theocritus must be given the praise of new-modelling and perfecting Greek pastoral poetry. Whether and what improvements Stesichorus, (for according to *Ælian* he also cultivated this field,) *Sicelidas*, *Lycidas* or *Philetas* made, cannot now be known. Their fame does not appear ever to have been great, or whatever brief vitality it did possess, wholly decayed beneath the overshadowing glory of him, who was pre-eminently called "the bucolic poet." After his own time, all compositions of any merit in this style were attributed to him.—"Wild," says the Greek Anthologist; "roved the pastoral muses, but they are now one flock under one shepherd." The period at which Theocritus lived may be gathered from his *Panegyric* on *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, the king of Egypt, under whose auspices was produced the *Septuagint* version of the Old Testament.

None of the succeeding Greek poets ever ventured even to imitate his peculiar style. The Latin literature produced him but one rival, (for we do not dignify with this title *Calphurnius* and *Nemesian*;) the author of the most finished didactic poem the world has ever seen, and of an epic which disputes the supremacy with *Homer*. Into the controversy which the admirers of *Virgil* and *Theocritus* have

maintained respecting their merits, we shall not enter.† Suffice it, that to the latter must be given the praise of being the inventor—of greater originality, strength, and vigour: the former was the greatest master of versification, the most skilled in the proprieties of language, and possessed the most refined taste of any poet that ever lived.

Much of the charm of *Theocritus* lies in the beautiful language in which he wrote. Nothing can in him be low or vulgar, nothing wearisome or uninteresting, for all is rendered graceful and pleasing by the musical dactylic verse, and the inimitable dialect. His pictures of life are relieved by descriptions of scenery, and few of the poets of antiquity seem to have had an eye more quick to appreciate natural beauty. It is, however, in describing rural life, and the habits and manners of a rural population, that he especially succeeds. He has nothing of the unsuitable refinement of modern writers—he has not forgotten that there is one language for the court, and another for the vulgar—a different train of associations and thoughts for the refined and the illiterate. For vividness, life-like reality, and exquisite humour, nothing can excel the Sicilian goasips. By-the-by, we recommend to the wives of the present day, the extract we are about to give; it cannot but edify and delight them exceedingly to find, that as long as the world has been a world, the husbands were always in the wrong:

ADONIAZUSE.

GORG.

Is *Praxinoa* at home?

PRAXINOA.

Dear Gorgo, yes!

How late you are! I wonder, I confess,

That you are come e'en now. Quick, brasen-front

[To *Eumoa*

A chair there—stupid! lay a cushion on't.

GORG.

Thank you, 'tis very well.

PRAXINOA.

Be seated, pray.

GORG.

My untamed soul! what dangers on the way!

I scarce could get alive here; such a crowd!

So many soldiers with their trappings proud!

A weary way it is—you live so far.

* Shelly's Translation.

† Heyne has in rather too depreciating a spirit spoken of *Virgil's Eclogues*, when he says that had he written nothing else, he should not rank him in the first class of poets. Surely the author of the *Pollio*, and the First *Eclogue*, could scarcely have been considered worthy of any lower place.

PRAXINOA.

The man, whose wits with sense are aye at war,
Bought at the world's end but to vex my soul
This dwelling—no! this serpent's lurking hole,
That we might not be neighbours; plague o' my
life,
His only joy is quarrelling and strife.

GORGO.

Talk not of Dinon so before the boy;
See! how he looks at you!

PRAXINOA.

My honey-joy!
My pretty dear! 'tis not papa I mean.

GORGO.

Handsome papa! the urchin, by the Queen,
Knows every word you say.

PRAXINOA.

The other day—
For this in sooth of every thing we say—
The mighty man of inches went and brought me
Salt—which for nitre and ceruse he bought me.

GORGO.

And so my Diocleide—a brother wit,
A money-waster, lately thought it fit
To give seven goodly drachms for *seeces* five—
Mere rottenness, but dog's hair, as I live.
The plucking of old scrips—a work to make.
But come, your cloak and gold-claspt kirtle take,
And let us speed to Ptolemy's rich hall,
To see the fine Adonian festival.
The queen will make the show most grand, I hear.

PRAXINOA.

All things most rich in rich men's halls appear.
To those who have not seen it, one can tell
What one has seen.

GORGO.

'Tis time to go—'tis well
For those who all the year have holidays.

PRAXINOA.

Eunoia! my cloak—you wanton! quickly raise,
And place it near me—cats would softly sleep;
And haste for water—how the jade does creep!
The water first—now, did you ever see?
She brings the cloak first: well, then, give it me,
You wasteful slut, not too much—pour the water!
What! have you wet my kirtle! sorrow's daughter?
Stop, now: I'm washed—gods love me: where's
the key
Of the great chest? be quick, and bring it me.

GORGO.

The gold-claspt and full-skirted gown you wear
Becomes you vastly. May I ask, my dear,
How much in all it cost you from the loom?

PRAXINOA.

Don't mention it: I'm sure I did consume
More than two minas on it; and I held on
The work with heart and soul.

GORGO.

But when done, well done!

PRAXINOA.

Truly—you're right. My parasol and cloak—
Arrange it nicely. Cry until you choke,
I will not take you, child; horse bites, you know—
Boo! Boo! no use to have you lame. Let's go.
Play with the little man, my Phrygian! call
The bound in; lock the street-door of the hall.

Theocritus has not, however, confined his muse to mere bucolic poetry. He often rises to the loftiest strains, and gives indications of great and varied powers. Orfe of his poems is a perfect imitation of the Anacreontic style; much there is in him that reminds us of the simplicity and engaging dialogue of the *Odysey*, and there are some strokes of pathos worthy Euripides. The panegyric on Ptolemy is equal to any thing of the kind in ancient literature; and the same may be said of the *Combat** of Hercules with the Nemean Lion, the Castor and Pollux, and the infant Hercules. It is, however, fair to apprise our readers, that German critics doubt the authenticity of many of these—as far as we have been able to judge, on very weak grounds. Warton, whose opinion is worth that of all the other commentators, has rejected one—the panegyric on Ptolemy. For our part, we confess our unwillingness to listen to this modern sceptical criticism, and find ourselves often ready to cry out with the madman in Horace—

Pol me occidistis amici

Non servastis. . . Cui sic extorta voluptas
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

We regret that we have only room to present our readers with one specimen of the more exalted style of Theocritus: an extract from the hymeneal song supposed to be sung at the nuptials of Helen.

"As rising morn, oh, venerable night!
Shows from thy bosom dark her face of light!
As the clear spring, when winter's gloom is gone,
So mid our throng the golden Helen shone,
As of a field or garden ornament,
The lofty cypress shoots up eminent;

* This is the poem which Dawes, in the true spirit of the word-weighing and canon-making commentators, pronounces the work of "some paltry fellow, alike ignorant of the Greek tongue, and Greek prosody." When he and such men venture to speak on subjects like these, they forget

The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, and they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Burman, Kuster, Wasse, shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

As of the chariot the Thessalian steed,
 So rosy Helen of the Spartan breed
 Is ornament and grace. Like Helen none
 Draws the fine thread around the spindle spun,
 And in the ready basket piles so much;
 None interlaces with so quick a touch
 The woof and warp: for other never came
 A web so perfect from the brooding frame.
 Like Helen none the cithern knows to ring,
 Of Artemis or tall Athens sing,
 Like Helen, in whose liquid shining eyes
 Desire, the light of love, dissolving lies.
 O fair and lovely girl! a matron now—
 Where meadow-flowers in dewy brightness grow,
 We'll bide with early dawn, and fondly pull
 Sweet to twine garlands for our beautiful;
 Remembering Helen with our fond regrets,
 As for the absent ewe her suckling frets.
 Of lotuses we'll hang thee many a wreath
 Upon the shady plane, and drop beneath
 Oil from the silver pyx; and on the bark,
 In Doric, shall be graved for all to mark,
 'To me pay honour—I am Helen's tree,
 Hail, bride! high-wedded bridegroom, hail to thee!'

Our limits will allow us but briefly to allude to the works of Bion and Moschus, who are generally classed (though it would be difficult to say for what reason) with Theocritus. We have already given an extract from Bion's *Adonis*. Moschus is the author of a poem in the same style, and equally beautiful, on the death of Bion himself. Perhaps none of the relics of antiquity have been oftener imitated than these poems. Twice have they been equalled—by the *Lycidas* of Milton, and the *Adonais* of Shelly. Objections have been made to the fanciful style, and unnatural conceits with which they abound. The reader may find these objections summed up with all the vigour and force which distinguish Dr. Johnson's writings in his review of Milton's *Lycidas*. In defence of the ancient poets, it may be observed, that these conceits and fancies were to them hallowed by their mythology, and whether they themselves believed them or not, assuredly they were perfectly justified in making use of superstitions so suited to the subjects on which they wrote. The modern, imitating their predecessors, and speaking of those who, like themselves, had loved to wander amid the beautiful world of ancient literature, naturally were led into a train of thought, suggested by the remembrance of their friends. But there is no need of dwelling long on a reply to assertions, which the pleasure every man of feeling must receive from the perusal of these beautiful works, sufficiently confutes. We give our readers a version of our own, of some passages of the *Lament* for Bion.

Mourn ye young woods, in sorrow wave each leaf,
 Breath every gale, but softest tones of woe;
 Hush your wild mirth, ye waters, and let grief
 In saddest murmurs teach your waves to flow.
 Mourn every floweret—mourn with drooping head
 The sweetest minstrel of the woodland dead.

Begin the song—begin Sicilian muse!
 And thou lorn nightingale prolong the lay;
 And let the mournful streams of Arethuse
 Bear the sad tidings with them on their way.
 The beautiful is vanished—genius gone—
 While dull, cold hearts are suffered to live on.

Mourn every bird—ye swans of Strymon mourn!
 Chant the sad strain ye sing before ye die,
 Or teach it unto us, that we forlorn
 May find some solace in our misery.
 Oh! teach it us, mere language were but weak,
 All the deep feelings of our grief to speak.

Mute echo mourns along the lonely mountain,
 For she can hear sweet Bion's voice no more;
 No more beside the marge of rippling fountain,
 Each cherished accent fondly linger o'er.
 For ever mute—in vain would we aspire
 To win her listening ear to our harsh lyre.

The Sylvan Gods, the Loves and Graces weep,
 Deserted now each once loved copse and dale.
 Oh, never more round Etna's bowery steep
 Float their fair forms upon the evening gale.
 To hear his notes they left their native sky—
 With him they trod our earth, with him they fly.

Very faintly, indeed, we feel, can these imperfect stanzas image to the English reader the original. Faintly, can any, even the best version, convey the charm which, in the masterpieces of Greek literature, fascinates the scholar. So much of it lies in the matchless language and the power over it which unwearied labour and study gave the great writers.

Alas for the goatsheeps, and the gossips, and the satyrs! The muse of pastoral poetry is fled—we fear, for ever. The hearts of the men of this generation are made of sterner stuff; other forms than the poet's visions are around their way; other sounds than the pipings of love-lorn swains are in their ears—the gathering for the fierce political conflict—the war-cries of the leaders, on each side marshalling their followers for the decisive struggle.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of wailing heard, and loud lament,
 From haunted spring and dale,
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent.
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 Mourn.

PROGRESS OF NATURAL HISTORY IN IRELAND.

It has often been made a subject of complaint that but little has been done to advance our knowledge of the natural history of Ireland; and, although we must confess that the complaint was, till very lately, a just one, we do not think that it is fair to make it a matter of accusation. As science can flourish only during periods of tranquillity we need not be ashamed to admit that since this indispensable condition did not exist in Ireland till very long after the social institutions of the adjoining country had made considerable progress, so the cultivation of the sciences commenced much earlier in England than in Ireland. Besides the long unsettled state of the country, other causes have operated in retarding the advancement of physical science among us. It is only where arts and manufactures flourish that the value of mechanical and chemical investigations become apparent, on account of their utility in improving those processes which occupy a share of the thoughts and interests of a large portion of the community; and hence a knowledge of the laws of matter will always be more generally diffused in a manufacturing than in an agricultural country; in the same manner an extensive commerce always creates a taste for natural history, the multitude of new and interesting objects which are daily imported stimulate curiosity; people in easy circumstances become collectors, and some of them naturalists. No sooner had the Dutch obtained their independence, the reward of so much perseverance and suffering, than their extensive traffic brought to Europe crowds of previously unknown objects. Museums were formed; a long succession of able men, by their writings and discoveries, contributed to raise the scientific reputation of their country, and to give a powerful impulse to the progress of natural history. At a later period the same results followed in England, while Ireland, from her very limited commerce, was necessarily much slower in entering the field. Even with all our admitted and regretted deficiency, we do not know of any who are entitled to be severe in their censures. How easy would it be for a Frenchman or a German to maintain that, in the natural history of animals, and in study of their structure,

they are in advance of England, and who would venture to refute the assertion?

In the present paper we shall endeavour to prove that natural history has not been neglected in Ireland, to the extent that has been generally supposed, and that a considerable fund of useful information may be obtained from the writings of our older observers, and also, that some noble attempts were formerly made for the cultivation of science.

The earliest publication devoted to the natural history of Ireland is that of Boate, which made its appearance in 1652, under the title of *Ireland's Natural History*. The history of this work is rather curious, as the individual whose name is prefixed to the book can only be considered as the editor, and not the author. The two brothers, Arnold and Gerrard Boate, were natives of Holland, and, after finishing their studies at Leyden, they removed to England. During the protectorate Gerrard was appointed physician to the state for Ireland, in 1649, but died a few months after his arrival in the country. The materials for the work were collected by his brother, Dr. Arnold Boate, who had spent eight years in Ireland, during which he had visited many parts of the country, and made numerous observations. He afterwards quitted Dublin, intending to visit Paris, and, on his way to that city, he spent some time with his brother Gerrard, who then resided in London. The latter, who had purchased some forfeited property in Ireland, was anxious to obtain as complete a knowledge of the country as possible, and the information which he procured from his brother, Arnold, was thrown into some form and published under its present title. This work has been re-published several times, and contains much useful information, which, however, rather relates to physical geography than to natural history, properly so called. It was, however, the intention of the author to have followed up this work by three others on the plants and animals of the country, and the manners of the people, and it is greatly to be regretted that this intention was never executed, for much might have been expected from one who was so good and accu-

rate an observer. The work of Boate in its present state, may, therefore, be considered as being merely an introduction to his intended publications, which, if they had been completed, would have exhibited a complete view of all that was then known respecting the natural history of Ireland. In this introductory work, entitled *Ireland's Natural History*, he gives a short but perspicuous account of the harbours, rivers, lakes and mountains, and enters into some details concerning the forests which then existed in the country. His account of the iron smelting, as then carried on in Ireland, is peculiarly interesting, as it refers to a branch of industry long since extinct, and which certainly can never be again carried on by the same means, as wood was the only fuel employed in the reduction of the ore. He also remarks the want of coal in Ireland, and states that the only mine of this precious mineral then known, was one which had been discovered in the county of Carlow, only a few years before the publication of his work. He states gold was occasionally found in the streams, and that about sixty grains of this metal had been collected in the Miola river in Tyrone. In all this there is nothing improbable, as small quantities of gold are sometimes found in such situations, and we know that a much greater quantity has been found in the county of Wicklow in modern times.

The next cultivator of natural history, in Ireland, who demands notice, was the Rev. Mr. Heaton, but unfortunately very little information can now be obtained respecting him. From such incidental information as could be procured it appears that Mr. Heaton was well acquainted with the vegetable productions of the country, and is, therefore, justly entitled to the honor of being considered as the first of our native botanists. Mr. Heaton appears to have explored the botany of Ireland a short time before the commencement of the civil wars of 1641, which perhaps interrupted his labours. Unfortunately this correct observer did not communicate his discoveries to the public by the publication of any botanical treatise, but his name occurs in the works of two eminent English naturalists of the time, (How and Merret) as the discoverer of some of the most interesting of our native plants. Mr. Heaton left behind him a valuable manuscript, containing

the Irish names of the indigenous plants, and Threlkeld most honourably avows that he obtained all his information on this subject from Heaton's papers. It is to be regretted that this curious subject has been so completely neglected by succeeding naturalists, as it ought to be peculiarly interesting to Irish botanists. When we are informed that the names of the letters of the Irish alphabet are taken from the appellations of trees, and that the names of a great number of places are derived from objects of the vegetable kingdom, the subject surely deserves a little more attention than it has hitherto experienced. Several manuscripts on the history of plants, in the Irish language, are said to be still extant, and were one well acquainted with the language to associate with a botanist in the examination of such works, some curious information would, no doubt, be obtained.

No further attempts to advance the study of natural history appear to have been made in Ireland till after the restoration of Charles the Second, when some degree of order was again established. About this period a body of numerous and able observers existed in the country, who contributed a great amount of valuable matter respecting its natural productions. The tendency towards the cultivation of the physical sciences, which so decidedly manifested itself in Ireland was the consequence of that impulse which the inductive philosophy had created in England, which Ireland partook of in common with every country in Europe. The new philosophy, as it was then called, which attended to facts, and neglected all verbal disputes, had produced astonishing results. The formation of the Royal Society, and the discoveries of Newton and Locke, in the worlds of mind and matter, soon rendered a taste for scientific pursuits more general than it had been at any preceding period. We accordingly find, that so early as the year 1683, Mr. Molyneux, aided by his scientific friends, attempted to establish a philosophical institution in Dublin, upon the model of the Royal Society of London. Sir W. Petty was chosen to be their first president, and the young society received the countenance and support of all that was distinguished in the literature and science in the country. The society met once a week to hear papers read, and to discuss scientific questions. This promising

society only subsisted for five years, and expired in consequence of the troubles attending the expulsion of James the Second. Fortunately, the more valuable of the papers which were read before this society, have been preserved in the Philosophical Transactions of London, to which they were transmitted for publication.

The most active and zealous members of this short-lived society, were the two brothers, Molyneux, of whose labours we shall now give some account. William Molyneux, the elder brother, was born in Dublin, in 1656, and was educated at Trinity College; from it he removed to London, where he studied law for some time. In 1678 he returned to Dublin, and, being in affluent circumstances, he relinquished the study of law, for the purpose of applying himself to mathematical and physical investigations. In 1683 he founded the short-lived Royal Society of Dublin. In the following year he visited the continent, and, as he did not return till the year 1686, he could contribute but little to the prosperity of his new society. In 1688 the Royal Society of Dublin was broken up, and in the following year he withdrew for safety to England. While in England he published a treatise on dioptrics, and, in preparing it for the press, he had the benefit of the advice of Halley and Flamsteed. A present which he made to Mr. Locke of a copy of this treatise, obtained for him the friendship of this excellent person, and led to an interchange of letters and affection which continued as long as Molyneux lived. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held by his illustrious friend, several improvements which he suggested were introduced into the second edition of the treatise on the human understanding. On the restoration of tranquillity in Ireland he returned to Dublin, and was elected member of parliament for the city, and was afterwards member for Trinity College. In 1698, although in a very infirm state of health, he visited England, for the purpose of meeting his friend, Mr. Locke, whom he had not yet seen; this pleasure, however, was dearly purchased, for it occasioned a fit of his old disorder, the stone, under which he expired.

We have been thus particular in our notice of the elder Molyneux, not so much on account of his contributions to our knowledge of the natural history of Ireland, as from his efforts in

establishing a scientific society, and in stimulating others to enter on the path of original investigation. Indeed it is probable that his absence on his continental tour prevented him from contributing that amount of information which we might otherwise have anticipated from his eminent and acknowledged talents. The only communication which he produced was one respecting the supposed petrifying properties of the waters of Lough Neagh, which, strangely enough, he appears disposed to believe. This subject forms the earliest question respecting the natural history of Ireland of which we have any authentic record. The power of the waters of Lough Neagh, of converting wood into stone, had been recorded by Nennius, an author of the ninth century, and has been subsequently alluded to by almost every author who has treated concerning the physical geography of Ireland. But in an age of ignorance, the love of the marvellous exaggerates every thing, and it was soon maintained that any wood which was left in the lake became changed into stone in the course of seven years. As an additional embellishment of the fable, it was advanced that, if a stake was fixed into the shores of the lake, that portion which remained in the ground became transmuted into iron, that which was surrounded by water, was changed into stone, while that which remained above the water, continued to retain the characters of wood. So famous had this petrifying reputation of Lough Neagh become, that it is recorded, without any indications of scepticism, by several of the older continental writers on mineralogy. It is needless to add that a writer of Molyneux's caution and philosophy, at once rejected such absurd and idle fictions, and that he always states his opinions with becoming candor. It will be seen, in a subsequent part of this paper, that Lough Neagh no more possesses the property of changing wood into stone, than it does of forming the pebbles and fossil shells which are found on its shores.

The communications of Sir Thomas Molyneux were much more numerous and important than those of his brother. This excellent observer was born at Dublin in the year 1660, and was educated for the medical profession; and after taking his degree in medicine, he established himself as a physician in his native town. Dr. Molyneux em-

ployed such leisure as his professional duties afforded, in describing the more remarkable natural phenomena of his country, and in substituting precise and scientific information, for the vague traditions with which the public had been hitherto satisfied.

One of the most important of Dr. Molyneux's publications, was the description of the remains of the fossil elephant, which had been discovered near Belturbet, in the county of Cavan. These remains were found by a Mr. Neville; and although that gentleman gave a sufficiently accurate account of the circumstances under which they were found, still he was quite uncertain with respect to their nature, and hesitated whether he should consider them as the remains of elephants or of a gigantic race of antediluvian men. In his remarks upon this discovery, Dr. Molyneux easily set at rest all doubts with respect to the nature of the animal, by proving that the bones were those of an elephant. In addition to the value of these facts, as forming a most important contribution to the natural history of Ireland, we cannot but notice how well Dr. Molyneux has accomplished his task, and that he displays a knowledge both of authors and of comparative anatomy, which few of his age could excel, while he reasons with the caution of a philosopher. It is remarkable that since the time of Molyneux, only one other discovery of this nature has been made in Ireland. Smith in his natural history of Waterford, figures and describes the rib of an elephant, which he discovered in that county. This variety of the remains of the fossil elephant in Ireland is very remarkable, as such relics are far from being uncommon in other countries.

Another paper by Dr. Molyneux was on a subject of still greater interest, as it contained the first description of the fossil elk of Ireland. This communication, like that concerning the fossil elephant, displays a great extent of knowledge, and occasions feelings of regret that this writer did not undertake some more extensive work, embracing the entire natural history of the country. The fossil elk, although it has been found both in England and on the Continent, occurs in far greater abundance in Ireland than in any other country, and may therefore be with propriety considered as the head quarters of the species. That an animal of such remarkable

dimensions, and whose remains are so common, should have escaped all notice till the time of Molyneux, is surprising; but when we reflect that these gigantic horns are usually found under bogs and marle, it was not to be expected that they should attract attention till the progress of agriculture, and the destruction of the forests had rendered necessary the excavation of the bogs, for the purposes of procuring supplies of manure and fuel. If, in his paper, Dr. Molyneux has endeavoured to identify the fossil elk of Ireland with the modern elk of North America, he has an ample apology for the mistake, in the absence, at the time he wrote, of all accurate accounts of the American animal. It is to the credit of Dr. Molyneux that he distinguishes the Irish elk from the elk at present inhabiting the north of Europe; and now when we know that the elk of the north of Europe is identical with that of America, we may conclude that if any unexaggerated account of the American animal had then existed, he would have escaped the mistake into which he unavoidably fell.

The next communication by Dr. Molyneux was concerning the Giant's Causeway. His first memoir was accompanied by a very defective engraving; but in the year 1698, he communicated much more copious details respecting this wonderful production. What proves the zeal with which science was then cultivated at Dublin, may be inferred from the fact that, an artist, of the name of Sandys, was sent down at the expense of Molyneux and his friends, to prepare an accurate drawing of the Causeway. In this paper he identifies the Giant's Causeway with the columnar basalts which occur in other countries; and more than this could not have been accomplished in the then infant state of geological science.

The botany of Ireland also attracted a portion of Dr. Molyneux's attention. He notices the occurrence of the *Arbutus Unedo*, or strawberry tree, which is found in no other part of the British dominions, and states that it was so abundant as to be the chief fuel used in smelting the lead ore in the county of Kerry. To Molyneux the honor is due of being the original discoverer of the *Sarrefraga Umbrosa*, or London Pride, which grows abundantly in the mountains of Kerry. This plant had been cultivated in gardens

long before the time of Molyneux; but till his discovery no one had found it in a truly wild state.

We have now given an outline of the more important of Dr. Molyneux's papers relating to the natural history of Ireland. He was the author of several others of smaller importance, as well as of a memoir on the antiquities of Ireland—a subject we have no inclination to discuss.

The next contributor to the natural history of Ireland, was Dr. Threlkeld, an observer of far inferior merit to any of the preceding ones, but deserving of notice as being the first who attempted any thing like a complete catalogue of the native plants. Threlkeld was a native of Cumberland, and was born in 1676. He appears to have studied at Glasgow about the year 1688, and he afterwards settled as a dissenting minister in his native county. In a few years his increasing family and narrow income, compelled him to add the practice of medicine to his clerical duties. In the year 1702, he took his degree as doctor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently removed with his family to Dublin, where he still combined the characters of a physician and divine. Threlkeld died in 1728, and was universally regretted, on account of his sincere piety, and great moral worth.

Threlkeld was much attached to the study of botany, and he informs us that it was his custom to make excursions in the vicinity of Dublin during the summer months.

"I used," says he, "to perambulate in company of ingenious men, both of the clergy and laity, and to have ocular demonstration of the plants themselves in their native soil, where nature regaled our senses with her glory, and garnishes which makes some resemblance of the paradisaical state. From twelve years' observations, I collected specimens for an Hortus Siccus, and set down the places where they grew; besides, I made enquiries of ingenious men, and now I have reduced our plants into the model you here see."

Threlkeld's work on Irish plants is exceedingly imperfect, as it does not contain the descriptions of more than six hundred species of plants—a very small number even in the then state of botanical science. A still graver objection to his work, is the total absence of all method, and, consequently, of all

generalization. The plants are arranged in alphabetical order, and the old nomenclature of Bauhin is observed, instead of the improved system of Ray, to which he expresses an unaccountable aversion. He gives the Irish names of the plants, which he obtained from Mr. Heaton's manuscript, and gives copious information respecting their real or supposed uses; and the whole is interspersed with many amusing but shrewd observations, expressed in the quaint style of the age. A few quotations may amuse the reader, and convey some idea of the nature of the work, which contains an abundance of religious and political reflections—the tendency of which is to prove that the author was a thorough Protestant, and a foe to all superstitious observances, but withal a man of sagacity and learning.

The following quotation is amusing, but will require some explanation:—

"*Muscus innatus cranio humano*, or the moss growing on a dead man's skull—frequent in Ireland, where the poor people, who are naturally hospitable, being misled by restless companions, run into war, foolishly thinking to throw off the blessing of the English government. I took some from the Custom-house Quay, imported in large butts from Aghrim."

"The unguentum armorium, or weapon salve, is compounded of this; the vanity of which is plain, from one instance of a charlatan recited by Luther. This juggler offered to impart this infallible art to Albert, Duke of Saxony. 'Well,' quoth the Duke, 'that I may be sure of it, I will make the trial first upon thee.' So he drew his sword and hacked the fellow, insomuch that neither by the Schemhamphorash, nor by the hanging of the Kamen, (which is a parchment wherein the sacred names are written,) could he be cured. One experiment overthrew all the vanity of the pretender to that uncommunicable attribute of the Deity. I mean perfect infallibility."

It may surprise our countrymen to learn, that the moss growing on the skulls of such of them as had suffered a violent death, was greatly in request, as an article of the *materiæ medica*. The absurd and foolish belief in the sympathetic medicine was formerly prevalent, not merely among the vulgar, but among learned physicians; and the moss growing from the skull of a man who had suffered a violent death, had its place in most of the pharmacopæias of Europe. From this moss an

ointment was prepared, which was believed to be an infallible wound salve. The wound was dressed with this ointment, as was the instrument which had caused it, and the cure was left to nature. Preposterous as this folly may appear, we are convinced that indirectly it was the means of saving many a life. The faculty, who, in those days, cured wounds according to art, but not according to reason, were in the habit of filling the wounded part with irritating dressings; and a weak patient would often perish from the tedious suppuration which ensued. By the sympathetic method, the edges of the wound were brought into contact, and the cure was often effected in a few days.

Under the head of Tansy we find our author declaiming in good protestant strains against the vanity of fasting, and enforcing the authority of the divine by that of the physician, he warns us that many have irrecoverably ruined their health by this same folly of fasting.

"From the tender leaves (of the tansy) or their juice with eggs, are made cakes called a tansy, at the paschal season; but whether it is so advantageous to the stomach as to drive away all the blasts of wind contracted by the idle conceit of eating fish and pulse for forty days at lent, as some say, is what I much doubt of; for I have seen several victims to superstition who have broken a hale constitution by that presumptuous fasting, that neither tansy nor steel could ever repair it. Gospel liberty being subverted by the impious tyranny of corrupt man; for superstition is prejudicial to the souls and bodies of men, Matth. xii. 7. Inquire into the meaning of that text: 'that God will have mercy rather than sacrifice,' and these tyrannical superstitions will never ensnare the prudent."

His observations on the potato are both amusing and interesting, as proving, that before 1726, it was a common article of food in Ireland. We give the following example of genuine honest English prejudice:

"The potato was first brought out of Virginia into England by Thomas Harriot, an English officer, under Sir Richard Granville, anno domino 1586; from thence it was carried into other countries. This I aver to be true, in opposition to those who bear the world in hand, that we had this plant from the Spaniards and not from the English."

So earnest is our author on this subject, that to maintain a different opinion is, he thinks, little short of treason against the state.

"Those who would give to the Spaniards the honor of entrenching this useful root called the potato, give me leave to call designing parricides, who stirred up the misled zeal of the people of this kingdom to cast off the English government, which is the greatest mercy they ever enjoyed, to ascribe the honor of the English industry to the effeminate Spaniards, cannot be passed over without a remark, which I hope will offend nobody."

Notwithstanding the decision with which this opinion is expressed, and even at the risk of being accused of want of patriotism, we shall endeavour to prove, that the honor of introducing the potato can scarcely belong to the English. In the first place, we have no evidence that it was first imported from North America, because it does not appear that it is a native of that part of the new Continent, or that it was cultivated there by the natives. The native country of the potato is not North America; but in the southern parts of South America, and shortly after the conquest of Peru, Gomara mentions the potato under the name of papas, as being a common article of food to the inhabitants of Quito, and in the Southern parts of Peru. Molina informs us that the potato is found wild in Chili, and that it has been cultivated by the natives from remote times. This statement of Molina has been confirmed, by the recent discovery of wild potatoes in Chili, specimens of which have been forwarded to the Horticultural Society of London.

If we have no evidence whatever that the potato was cultivated by the natives of North America till Europeans arrived among them, we have also facts which prove beyond all doubt, that it was introduced into Europe, not by Sir Walter Raleigh, but by the Spaniards. Clusius, a celebrated professor of Botany at Leyden, in a work which he published in 1586, informs us that the potato was so extensively cultivated in Italy, as to be used not only as food for man, but for cattle. Sir Walter Raleigh returned from Virginia in 1585, only a year before the publication of the work of Clusius, too short a time surely to allow the potato to come into common use in Italy, if it had been first brought into Europe only in the preceding year. We think these observations will serve to refute the hypothesis of Threlkeld, and they can scarcely be considered inappropriate in a discussion concerning the natural history of Ireland.

TO A STUDIOUS CHILD—A MAY NOON.

Ergo iterum versus ?
 Numne poetarum (merito dicēs) ut amantum
 Derisum ridere deum perjuria censes?
Cowley.

I.

TO A STUDIOUS CHILD.

And hast thou left the blessed breath of Spring,
 The thousand flowers that round her footsteps rise,
 The fragrance scattered from her dewy wing,
 Wild river, dancing leaf, and cloudless skies,
 Wooing with matchless beauty thy young eyes ?
 Hast thou left all, with unaverted look,
 To pore for ever on some sad old book ?

Up, dearest child, and seek the sunny vale,
 Up, and enjoy this calm and blessed hour,
 Breathe the pure freshness of the mountain gale,
 Hear the bee humming round each opening flower,
 And wild brook babbling through the leafy bower ;
 Up, and send forth thine heart, uncaged and free,
 As any warbler on the old thorn tree.

Ay, thou should'st wander with the summer breeze,
 By crag, and glen, and mist-encircled hill.
 And let the dim depths of the forest trees,
 The music speaking in the gushing rill,
 All the sweet peace such scenes are breathing, fill
 Thine heart with feelings—neither care, nor fret,
 Nor heartless men, can teach thee to forget.

Ah ! may it ne'er be thine, sweet boy, to know
 The bitter truth the wisest spoke of old—
 Increase of knowledge but increaseth woe.*
 Ne'er may'st thou live to feel the heart grow cold,
 And hard frost mantle, in unbroken fold,
 Its once fresh fountain—kill the hopes that grew
 Like spring-flowers every where, when life was new.

Yes ! when across me comes the chilling thought,
 Of all that must be given the race to gain :
 The jaded spirit, mind by toil o'erwrought,
 And desperate struggle against fortune's chain :
 Feelings made finer, but to feel more pain,
 And hope more dazzling, but with surer doom,
 To lead to a sad life, or early tomb.

And with all this thy happy look compare,
 Those soft blue eyes that scarce have known a tear,
 That open brow, un wrinkled by a care,
 Heart lightly bounding without check or fear,
 Making each day of joy an age appear.
 I feel no learning, manhood, fame, atone
 For the young spirit's blessed freshness flown.

* He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.—*Eccles.* ii. 18.

And yet to read God's glorious works—explore
 The hidden wonders of this world of ours ;
 To purer air, and calmer regions soar,
 And hold communion with immortal powers ;
 To live not merely in the passing hours,
 Or in the present scene—but with all time
 Contemporary—dwelling in every clime.

To summon men to nobler hopes and cares,
 Than earth-bound spirits grovelling can attain,
 Teach the proud heritage to which they're heirs,
 Making all knowledge but a golden chain
 To draw fallen beings up to God again.
 And thus bequeath a name to shine and guide
 For ever o'er the wave of Time's dark tide.

'Tis worth long years of agony and fear,
 The lonely vigil and the shattered frame :
 Not cold neglect, the worldling's heartless sneer
 Or envious tongue still eager to defame,
 Can quench the ardour of this glorious flame.
 Angels themselves are gazing from yon skies,
 On aim so noble with approving eyes.

But knowledge is not wisdom—if thy mind
 Forget who gave it grace the prize to win,
 And for what end it was by him designed,
 If thou degrade the precious spirit within,
 To the base service of the world and sin,
 Content to barter thine immortal powers
 For the vain plaudits of a few short hours.

If learning teach thee not humility,
 Conscious whate'er thou know'st, how much unknown.
 And with the phantom of a shade thou try
 To fill the immortal soul, which God alone
 Can satisfy—far better hadst thou gone
 Through life, the lowliest being that e'er trod
 In happy ignorance his kindred sod.

Walk humbly with thy Maker—ever look
 From earth and earth's vain dreams, with steadfast gaze,
 Fixed on the eternal world. His blessed book
 Take with thee through the perils of life's maze,
 Guide to thy feet—a lamp unto thy ways.
 So shalt thou find, no meteor wildly driven,
 The light that leads thee on, but "light" indeed "from heaven."

II.

A MAY-NOON.

Salve fugacis gloria sæculi
 Salve secundâ digna dies notâ,
 Salve vetustæ vitæ imago,
 Et specimen venientis ævi.

Buchanan.

A Sabbath quietness is spread
 Through air, o'er earth—without a wave
 Gushes the lake, scarce audibly,
 Into yon rocky cave.

A few light clouds stand fixed and calm
Like islands, 'mid the circling skies :
Serene and bare the mountain peaks
Into the blue air rise.

There is not wind enough to stir
One whisper through the leafy brake,
There is not wind enough to rouse
One ripple on the lake.

How softly o'er yon grassy steep,
The white flocks wander to and fro :
The deer amid the tangled copse,
Are couching soft and low.

One beauteous fawn alone is up,
Gazing around with eye serene :
Unmoved, as though she feared to break
The quiet of the scene.

Nature into her very frame
Hath felt sweet influences steal :
Field—sparkling stream—nay barren rock,
A sense of joy reveal.

Silent her children—silent all !
They too have felt the blessed calm
That in the soft light gently sheds
On the glad world its balm ;

Save that the spirit of the glen
At intervals shouts through the air.
Cuckoo, the vaulted heaven repeats
Cuckoo, the mountain bare.

Oh blessed hour ! oh blessed scene !
Breathes from the tranquil ground a spell
All vain desires and fitful dreams,
And passionate thoughts to quell.

A spell, that not of this dull earth
Comes with the holiest feeling fraught :
Feeling too subtle and too pure
To take the form of thought.

What though no words give utterance
To the deep transport thrilling there :
More eloquent than language could
Its silence breathes forth prayer.

Oh blessed scene ! oh blessed hour !
Father, this heart to thee hath flown :
Grant that such feelings may abide,
And keep it all thine own.

J. T. B.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAPTERS XXIV. AND XXV.

WHICH of our readers is not familiar with the name of Edward Lascelles?—which of them does not feel his heart glow at the very mention of scenes from his life? Many a page even of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has been made livelier by his light and playful descriptions. Many an hour has passed swiftly away, as the reader skimmed over his cheery narrative; none of us have forgotten the vivacity of his pleasant page. We have followed him from the day when he put on the princess's brown wig, and was whipped for calling Queen Charlotte an ugly old woman, through all his varied wanderings; we remember him at St. Helena, and we have not, like himself, forgotten the fair Sophia. We love the good Captain Morley, and hate, most cordially do we hate, the monster heartlessness of Settler; but we need not recount over again scenes which are surely still familiar to our readers.

But at last the scenes have drawn to a close, and our page is no more enlivened by the pleasant tales of sea and land which were stored among the recollections of the sailor. We cannot complain that it is so, though much do we regret it. Long and well has Edward Lascelles done his duty by us and our readers, and if he quits us now he leaves with our editorial blessing, and we know he is good-hearted enough to prize it. The little book that first saw the light with us; that has been trained under our care—our child—our first-born—is gone forth upon a world where many evil books abound, and our blessing will be hallowed and prized, like a parent's blessing to the son that leaves the home of happiness and innocence, and goes to buffet his way through a cold and a heartless world.

Gentle reader, of course you understand us. The scenes that have been scattered lightly and pleasantly through our pages, have now been collected in a book, and we, as in duty bound, desire to bestow upon that book an editorial benediction. And, in good truth, of many that have from time to time enriched our pages by tales connected in series, Edward Lascelles best deserves our benediction. His steadiness and constancy in supplying us with his recollections, might put many of our contributors to the blush. Regularly, as each revolving moon brought round the stated day, so regularly came the packet, neatly sealed, and roundly written, from our sailor friend. No excuses, no disappointment to the readers that were looking anxiously for his next chapter; but, sure as they looked for it, the next chapter came. Many a one whom we have admitted to the high honour of contributing to our pages, had better profit by his example, or our editorial wrath may be made to do a deed that the negligent may long repent. Why has Harry Lorrequer permitted Louis Philippe to interfere with his first duty and allegiance to us, his lawful sovereign? We have directed an indictment to be prepared against the said Harry Lorrequer, and we have communicated our high displeasure to Louis Philippe for his attempt to seduce our liege from his prior fealty. Then there is Edward Stevenson O'Brien, whom, we half suspect of being little better than a melancholy madman, who dreams old tales of his college days—strange mixture of truth and fiction—and believes his dreams all real; why this gentleman has put us to more annoyance than ever we fancied we could submit to with any tolerable patience. At best his chapters were "like angels visits." But what has he done lately but stopped short in the very middle of a story, which we conscientiously believe he never intended to finish—why or wherefore is best known to himself—while heaps of letters daily invade the quiet of our repose, demanding to have from us the reason of his delay, as if we were bound to answer for the doings of every mad or flighty person with whom we may have dealings, and all that we can learn of him is, that he is wandering over the mountains of Kerry, and, for aught we know, perhaps domiciled with Daniel O'Connell at Derrynane. Then there is William Carleton—we will have done; but we give our solemn caution to one and all of these gentlemen, to beware how they, but a little more trifle with us and with the impatience of the public; and woe to the man, among our lieges, who suffers Louis Philippe, or Daniel

O'Connell, or any other bishop, priest or potentate, to withdraw him one instant from his fealty to ourselves.

Edward Lascelles, the best—the most regular of our contributors, has collected his chapters and printed them in a book; and we can only give him our best blessing—he does not need our commendation. He has, however, wound up in two chapters, of which he has cheated us, and, as we are in no mood of submitting to a fraud, even from him, we will give them to our readers, and so complete the scenes in the pages of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Our readers will see in the concluding chapter, a hope held out that Edward Lascelles has not yet laid down his pen, and at no distant day we trust to present in our pages all that he has “to tell of the glowing islands of the West, the nabobs and bashas of the East, the bleak Canada, the golden Dorado, and the sunny Peru.”

Meanwhile, we bid him, we trust a short farewell, and, as in duty bound, we offer to our readers the chapters in which he takes his farewell of them.

CHAP. XXIV.

A PIC-NIC AT MALTA.

“Steer to that shore!” they sail. “Do this!” ’tis done.

“Now form and follow me!” the spoil is won!

The Corsair.

As the time fixed for our departure from Naples was now near at hand, I drove out to take leave of my kind French friends at the Villa ———. Our party there on this occasion was but a dull one; indeed, for my own part, I will frankly admit, that farewell visits generally find me, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, “most exceedingly indifferent company.”

At an early hour in the evening my caleche was announced, and I rose reluctantly to take my leave.

“Adieu!” said the old gentleman, shaking me cordially by the hand; “Adieu! et le bon Dieu vous garde!”

“Farewell!” said Rodolphe; “and do not forget the stag-hound pup you promised me. Remember, too, that he must answer to the name of *Lascelles*.”

“Farewell!” said Annette; “we shall expect the long letter you promised us, speedily.”

“Farewell!” said Annette; “and be sure you let us hear from you the moment you get married. Take care, too, to tell us whether the lady be a *blonde* or a *brunette*.”

I promised to attend faithfully to their several injunctions, returned warmly their kind adieus, and expressed, as I best could, my sense of all the attentions I had received at their hands.

“It is rare,” said I, “to meet with so much kindness from total strangers.”

“It is rarer still,” said Annette, her long silken eyelash drooping over her

dark eye; “it is rarer still to meet with a stranger, who, if he *has* received kindness, has also the good feeling to acknowledge it!”

The whole party accompanied me to the door; and as I looked back before the turn of the avenue hid them from my sight, I caught the last glimpse of hands and handkerchiefs still waving me adieu.

Early next morning we sailed for Malta. We had a prosperous and speedy passage; and it was not long till the steep of the “honey-distilling island” hove in sight. Without the occurrence of anything worthy of notice, we soon found ourselves once more in our old quarters, beneath the Fort of St. Angelo.

The meeting with our former Malta acquaintances was cordial on both sides; and the officers of the ——— regiment gave a grand entertainment in honour of our arrival. A large party dined in the mess-room; and, in the evening, we adjourned to the house of a gentleman in La Valetta, where a splendid ball and supper awaited us.

In a word, good-fellowship and good-humour were the order of the day; and, our time passed delightfully in the mutual interchange of all those little civilities, and kindnesses, and marks of attention, which form, after all, the main staple of social intercourse. Our only rivalry was, who should contribute most to the harmony and kindly feeling which universally prevailed.

Dining, one evening, with a gentleman in La Valetta, I expressed a wish to make a short excursion into the interior of the island, in order to visit a few of its most remarkable curiosities.

"In other words," said my host, "I suppose you mean, in the most modest manner possible, to ask myself and some others of our friends to escort you on such a trip. Well! for my own part I have no objections; and I think a day may be spent very pleasantly in the manner you propose. But we can do nothing in the matter without the concurrence of the ladies. What say you, Harriet?" he continued, addressing himself to his eldest daughter, a remarkably elegant young woman of about eighteen; "what say you? Mr. Lascelles proposes a pic-nic; will you honour him with your presence on the occasion? Come, Rosa; what say you?"

"I shall have much pleasure," replied the lively Harriet, her eyes sparkling with delight at the prospect of what promised to be so agreeable an excursion. "I shall certainly have much pleasure in making one of your party, papa; and I have no doubt I shall be able to prevail upon some of my friends to join me."

"And I," said Rosa, "if Mr. Lascelles will invite me, shall also be happy to add one to your number."

A party was made up on the spot; our route determined; and a day fixed.

With merry hearts, and fully bent upon enjoyment, the different individuals who were to compose the *cortège* assembled at an early hour on the morning of the preconcerted day, at the house of our kind entertainer. A caleche, with a couple of servants, and a plentiful supply of materials, suitable for an *al fresco* collation, had previously been dispatched; with directions to await our arrival at an appointed spot on the shore, to the northward side of the island.

After an excellent *déjeûné*, which was partaken of amid such deafening peals of laughter, as evinced the exuberant spirits we all were in, we started on horseback; a party of nine, including four ladies. At the request of one of my shipmates, who was a great collector of natural curiosities, I had slung a rifle over my shoulder, in the hope of being able to bring him home some "specimens" for his cabinet.

Away we went, at a brisk hand-canter, along the somewhat indifferent road

that leads to *casal Itard*; too much occupied with each other's society to bestow any great attention on the beauties or deformities of the surrounding scenery. The day was remarkably bright and fine; and the air was certainly the most balmy I ever breathed; being perfectly laden with the delicious aroma of the numerous odoriferous plants with which Malta teems in all directions.

As we kept on at a rapid pace, *casal Itard* was soon left in the rear; and it was not long till we stood beneath the venerable walls of the City Notable.

Here we baited our panting steeds, and proceeded, as in duty bound, to examine the antiquities and curiosities of which this ancient place exhibits so many. The Cathedral, and the *Banca dei Giurati*, were duly visited and commented on. We descended, too, to the Catacombs, the wonders of which have been the subject of so many minute descriptions; wandering through their labyrinth of corridors, which present on either side sepulchral niches for the dead of all ages, from the infant to the grown man, and which are of such extraordinary extent as to procure for the place the name of the Subterranean City. Had I been alone, I doubt not I might have found food for serious meditation while traversing the haunted halls of this vast Habitation of the Dead; where moulder the bones of so many generations, and where the dust of the haughty Greek, the brave Roman, and the wily Phœnician, mingle together in one common heap. As it was, however, the lively Harriet hung upon my arm; and I was too much occupied with the living to trouble myself much about the dead.

A visit to the Grotto of St. Paul completed our tour in search of the antique; and when we returned to the city we found our horses quite fresh, and ready for another start.

After a pleasant ride of about a couple of miles farther, we arrived at the *Emptalhep Gardens*, where we found one of the servants in attendance to take charge of the horses; there not being even a bridle-road from thence to the coast beneath, where our refreshments awaited us. The walk, however, was by no means a very arduous one. A hill or two to surmount, a steep ravine to clamber down, and we found ourselves within hail of the dazzling white cloth on which our careful attendant had spread our repast.

The place he had fixed upon for this

purpose was well selected. It was a small, but beautifully verdant spot, of rich enamelled turf, extending in front close down to the sea-beach, but inclosed on every other side by high hills and abrupt precipices. A small lively stream of crystal water brawled over its shingly bed at our feet; and the dark low-browed rocks which bound the coast in ever direction hung beetling over the ocean.

Here, then, we were a merry party, assembled in a little green and sheltered nook of the iron-bound coast of Malta; rocks and hills on every side; a bright Mediterranean sky above, and the bright Mediterranean ocean, smooth and mirrory before us. Everything, save the gentle rippling of the water and the sound of our own voices, which were reverberated among the surrounding rocks, was still and motionless.

One vessel only was within sight.—She was a large-sized galley, having her canvass cut in a very peculiar fashion; and it was evident, from the skilful manner in which she managed to catch every breath of air that was stirring, that she had at least one good seaman on board. She was going gently along under French colours, within about a mile from the coast; so near, indeed, that we would have concluded she meant to put into Goza, had she not been shaping her course more out to sea, as if she were steering for Palermo, or some one of the other Sicilian ports.

"I should like to know who *that* is," said Neville to me; "and if our own craft had been within hail, I think she would have asked her the question."

"From her colours," said a gentleman of the party, "I take her to be a French galley engaged in merchandise. Vessels of her description are frequently seen in those seas, trafficking along the coasts of Greece and Sicily."

"She *may* be so," replied Neville; "but does not the cut of her canvass, Lascelles, appear somewhat of the strangest?"

"I am little acquainted with the rig of galleys hereabouts," I replied; "but I certainly think she has something about her appearance altogether rather rakish."

"I thought it odd at first," rejoined Neville, "that she should be upon the tack she is, so close in shore. But I observe she is now bearing up, and she

may be some merchant craft after all."

She accordingly did bear up, and seemed to make for the port of Melecca. On this new tack, she was in a few minutes hid from our view behind the intervening rocks.

We now set earnestly to work with our luncheon; and the cheer provided for us was so excellent, and our appetites so sharp, that we made sad havoc among the cold fowls, pasties, and other eatables. A few glasses of champagne, washed down by some genuine La Fitte, added, if possible, to the exuberance of our spirits. The jest, the tale, the song went round; and the rocks on either side resounded, from time to time, to the loud peals of our laughter.

"Come, Harriet," said her father; "I know you did not forget to pack up your lute with the other *provisions*; and as most of our sides must be aching with this extravagant mirth, pray do what you can to make sensible men of us, and sing us that pretty air we admired so much last night."

The lively girl took the lute at her father's request, and sung us a native Maltese air, so plaintively touching, as to put an end for the moment to our excessive merriment.

"Nay, madam," said Neville; "you have really cast a spell over us. Pray do us the kindness to sing something that will recall the spirits you have so unceremoniously dispelled—something lively let it be, in mercy!"

"I know few merry songs," replied Harriet; "but if you will listen to one of the sea, your own adopted element, it is very much at your service."

She again took the lute; and, striking a bold and spirit-stirring symphony, she commenced the following French ballad. The words, a copy of which I afterwards requested her to give me, on account of the singular coincidence which the reader will remark in the sequel, I shall here subjoin. She had recently received them, she said, as a great favour from Paris; the author* not having at the time made them public.

The following chorus, in which most of us joined, was sung immediately after the symphony, and at the end of each verse—

*Dans la galère capitane,
Nous étions quatre-vingts rameurs.*

* Victor Hugo, I believe.

CHANSON DES PIRATES.

On signale un couvent à terre ;
 Nous jetons l'ancre près du bord :
 A nos yeux s'offre, tout d'abord,
 Une fille du monastère.
 Près des flots, sourde à leurs rumeurs,
 Elle dormait sous un platane—

*Dans la galère capitaine,
 Nous étions quatre-vingts rameurs.*

"Très belle fille, il faut vous taire ;
 Il faut nous suivre—il fait bon vent,
 Ce n'est que changer de couvent ;
 Le Harem vaut le monastère.
 Sa Hauteesse aime les primours ;
 Nous vous ferons Mahométane"—

*Dans la galère capitaine,
 Nous étions quatre-vingts rameurs.*

Elle veut fuir vers sa chapelle.
 "Osez-vous bien, fils de Satan !"
 "Nous osons !" dit le capitain.
 Elle pleure, supplie, appelle ;
 Malgré sa plainte et ses clameurs,
 On l'emporte dans la tartane—

*Dans la galère capitaine,
 Nous étions quatre-vingts rameurs.*

Plus belle encore dans sa tristesse,
 Ses yeux étaient deux talismans ;
 Elle valait mille tomans
 On la vendit à sa Hauteesse,
 Elle eut beau dire : *Je me meurs !*
 De nonne, elle devint Sultane—

*Dans la galère capitaine,
 Nous étions quatre-vingts rameurs.*

On the last repetition of the chorus, which was sung to a wild romantic air, having become accustomed to the strain, every one present joined ; and the notes reverberated far and near, from the echo of the overhanging rocks. Thanks having been returned to the fair songstress in a bumper of La Fittre, a momentary, but deeply silent pause, ensued.

"Did you hear nothing?" said Harriet's father; holding up his hand as if to direct our attention to some sound that had alarmed him.

"Nothing?" I replied, "but the scream of some sea-fowl, which I hope are directing their flight over the top of the rock. I have a single ball in my rifle," I continued, handling the gun; "and if you will allow me to rest it on your shoulder, Neville, I shall try if I can't bring one of them down for our friend's ornithological cabinet."

"Father!" said Harriet, tossing her lute upon the ground, and placing her delicate hands upon her father's arm, while her lovely countenance expressed considerable anxiety—"Father! you seem alarmed; what did you hear?"

"Nothing, love!" replied her father. "It may have been, as Mr. Lascelles says, a sea-fowl's scream; but it struck me as resembling a note I once heard under very different circumstances."

Another pause ensued; and I remained upon my knees on the grass, with the barrel of my rifle resting on Neville's shoulder; expecting presently to see a flock of sea-fowl take their flight over the top of the rock.

"There it was again!" cried Harriet's father; starting to his feet, and breaking in his haste a bottle of champagne, part of which Neville was in the act of transferring to his glass. "There it was again! I cannot be mistaken!" and, as he spoke, a shrill prolonged whistle echoed among the surrounding rocks.

We looked anxiously round on every side; for the echo multiplied and reverberated the sound in such a manner that we could not tell from what particular spot it originally came. Nothing was visible, nothing stirred; and the echo died gradually away. Again, however, it was repeated, louder and shriller than before; and scarcely had the echo caught the sound, when four men started into view at the top of a neighbouring rock, and stood out high upon its summit. Here they took up their position, motionless as statues; each bending upon one knee, and holding to his shoulder a carabine, which he directed right down upon our party.—At the same instant, three others appeared round the foot of the precipice, and strode up deliberately towards us; drawn rapiers in their hands, and pistols at their belts.

There was little time to examine the general appearance of these men; but the coarse brown jacket without sleeves, displaying their naked brawny arms, and the short trousers extending no lower than the knee, the rest of the leg being left completely bare, were peculiarities which caught my eye in an instant. Round his waist, each wore a broad belt in which his pistols were stuck. The large undressed moustache, the uncut beard, and the general expression of ferocity in their countenances, could not be mistaken; THEY WERE PIRATES!

The effect which their sudden appearance produced upon our little party was quite electrical. From our recumbent or sitting position on the grass, we had all started to our feet; and a piercing shriek from the ladies reverberated among the rocks, as, com-

pletely overwhelmed with fear, they threw themselves upon their male companions for protection. Harriet clung round her father's neck; and the timid Rosa, unmindful of decorum, leant upon me for support; her long auburn hair, which, in the trepidation of the moment, had become loosened from the zone that bound it, hanging in dishevelled ringlets down her neck and shoulders. The broken fragments of our merry meal, empty dishes and overturned bottles, lay scattered at our feet. On the rock above, the four pirates still remained, fixed in the position they had at first assumed; their carabines pointed at our little group.

The variety of attitudes into which the suddenness of the event had thrown us; the frowning rocks around; the green plot on which we stood; the picturesque costumes of our unwelcome visitants, altogether formed a scene which might have reminded the spectator of some of the master-sketches of Salvator Rosa.

But this was no time for admiring the picturesque. In one hand I grasped my rifle, and with the other I supported the fainting Rosa, whom I endeavoured to restore to calmness, by whispering in her ear such topics of reassurance as chance suggested. The three robbers were speedily at our side.

"Signori," said one of them, in a garbled mixture of bad French and worse Italian, spoken with the accent of neither; "*Signori!—assoggetevi!—seguiteci!* Gentlemen, you must yield and follow us!"

"Never!" cried the father of the fainting Harriet; pressing his child the closer to his bosom as he spoke. "Never, miscreant! You take us not alive!"

"Resistance is vain!" was the pirate's cool reply. "*We are seven*; I have but to make a signal to my comrades above, and *your* number will be reduced to *one*!"

"No!" replied the other; "cowardly craven as you are, you dare not take this advantage."

"Provoke me not, Signor! Remember *I have but to raise my hand!*"

"Wretch! is not your object gain? Name our ransom; it shall be paid to you. Harriet, love," he continued, as he kissed his daughter's ashy cheek; "Harriet, you tremble!"

"Ransom! replied the pirate, with a sneer; "and who is to guarantee the payment? Four hundred scudi for

yourself, signor—five for the lady on your arm—the rest you may have overhead for three!"

"Leave us, then; I pledge my honour the money shall be paid."

"Ay, signor! but I must have some better security than your honour, untarnished though it may be. I suppose you would have us moor our galley under the Fort of St. Angelo, and wait upon your honour to receive the money in La Valetta. Or, would you send the guard-ship round to Tripoli to pay it to us there! No, signor! our best security is your own person, and the merchants at Cairo. Come, signor, *Shall I raise my hand?*"

During this brief dialogue, I had been bending over the fainting Rosa, who clung closer and closer to me, at every word the pirate uttered; nor had I once turned my face towards the haughty speaker. At his last threat, however, I turned hastily round, and presented my rifle at his breast.

"You seem the leader of these men, sir," I said. "Now, mark me. If you dare to make the slightest signal, I instantly drive a bullet through your heart!"

As I uttered these words, I kept my eye fixed firmly on that of the pirate; my finger pressing the trigger of the gun. His face became, alternately, deadly pale, and burning red. He gazed upon me for a moment after I had done speaking; then, turning round to the men who accompanied him—

"*Andante di dietro!*" he said. "Fall back; I wish to speak to this gentleman!"

The men did as he commanded them, and retired towards the beach. When they were gone, he again turned round to me, and addressed me in English, and with an accent truly vernacular.

"You need not fear, sir. Will you retire with me a few paces? I have something to say to you."

I cast a look at Neville, which seemed to say, "*Shall I go?*"

"Yes!" said Neville; "leave your gun with me, and should the fellow attempt to play you false, I shoot him dead on the instant!"

The pirate smiled at this threat, but made no observation.

Meanwhile, poor Rosa clung more closely to me than before; and as I placed her gently on Neville's arm for support, she looked up in my face, her

eyes filled with tears, and her countenance pale as death.

"O Mr. Lascelles!" she said, in accents scarcely articulate; O Mr. Lascelles, do not go!"

"I shall return presently," I replied. "Fear not, Rosa; no harm shall befall you."

The poor girl shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

The pirate in the meantime had retired about twenty paces to the foot of the neighbouring rock; and there I speedily joined him.

"Well, sir," was my first observation; "what have you to say?"

"Something, sir, that you will gladly listen to. Look at me! you have seen my face before!"

"No!" I replied; "your features are entirely strange to me."

"Consider them more attentively; you ought to recollect them!"

"You must be mistaken," I said. "I see you now for the first time!"

"It is you who are mistaken;" replied the pirate. "This is not the first time that I have exchanged both words and blows with Mr. Lascelles!"

"Mr. Lascelles!" I repeated.

"Ay!" said the pirate. "Look at me again; you see I am not slow at recognising you."

Surprised to find myself so unexpectedly recognised, I scanned the fellow's person narrowly to see if I could bring him to my recollection.

He was a tall, powerful-looking man; with a countenance deeply bronzed, and a large cicatrized wound running diagonally across his forehead. The lower part of his face was completely covered with his black uncut beard and shaggy moustache; and his long tangled hair hung out in thick clusters, from beneath the little red skull cap which he wore. His brawny arms were bare from the shoulder, and his limbs naked from the knee downwards.

"Yes!" he said, seeing that my recollection was completely at fault; "I see you have forgotten me. And no wonder; five years of a life like mine will work strange changes!"

"There is something in the tone of your voice," I replied, "which seems to awaken recollection."

"Ay!" he said; "like enough—like enough! The last time we met, you heard my voice, but did not see my person. Don't you recollect the last words I ever spoke to you? Mr. Lascelles, it was on board the *Hesperus*—

at night—the words were these—*A File!*"

"The captain of the mizzen-top!" I exclaimed, as the whole circumstance flashed at once upon my memory—"Thomas Stubbs!"

"The same," he replied; "now, mark me! You saved my life on one occasion at the risk of your own; I have now an opportunity of cancelling the debt I owe you. I shall presently call off my bull-dogs, and you and your party are free to depart!"

"Name our ransom," I said; "it shall be duly paid."

"Never," he replied. "Your ransom from my hands was paid long since!"

"But your men; will they not dispute your right to do this?"

"They dare not. Besides, I have a thousand scudi on board my galley; it shall be divided among them as your ransom. They shall be no losers."

"Name a place where I can remit the amount," I replied.

"Away! away!" cried Stubbs, as he drew a small boatswain's whistle from his bosom, and sounded upon it three distinct notes.

The men on the rock, who had all the time kept motionless at their posts, disappeared instantly at the signal. Again the whistle sounded, when the other two men upon the beach sheathed their rapiers, and walked silently away.

"Mr. Lascelles," said Stubbs; "farewell. This was an unexpected meeting; and I am glad to have been able to show you that ingratitude at least is not one of my many faults. Farewell, we shall never meet again!"

The poor fellow grasped my hand while the ferocious expression of his countenance softened down almost to a look of mildness; and having shaken it cordially, without waiting for a reply, he followed his comrades.

"You've managed the affair cleverly, Lascelles," said Neville when I rejoined the party. "How the d—! did you get so easily rid of the miscreant?"

"Mr. Neville," I said, "we have nothing to fear. We are now at liberty to depart; and I beg it as a favour that you will not question me farther on the subject."

The servant now gathered up the fragments of our meal; and we forthwith proceeded to Eimthalhep, where we found our horses ready. Towards evening, we once more entered La Valetta; though in a very different

mood from that in which we had left it in the morning.

Poor Stubbs! he was wrong in his prediction; we *did* meet again. Not many weeks afterwards, I encountered him in the streets of Gibraltar; but so changed that I could scarcely recognise him. He was handsomely dressed in the English fashion; his moustache nicely trimmed, and his well-brushed hair trained in such a manner as to hide the scar upon his forehead. He tried to elude me, but I was determined to address him; and taking him into an adjoining hotel, I questioned him closely as to the events of his life since he escaped from the *Hesperus*.

He informed me, that under the auspices of Karl Krause at Cape Town, he had engaged in the smuggling trade, and had been so successful that in a few months he contrived to amass a little money. With this he determined to make a trip to the Mediterranean, having heard much of the rich booty that was frequently obtained there. After a variety of adventures, he arrived at last at Algiers; where his talent, his dauntless courage, and his excellent seamanship, raised him so high in the estimation of his

brother pirates, that, with the little money he had, he soon managed to obtain a galley of his own, with a competent crew to man it.

He was returning from the coast of Greece to Algiers, when, in passing Malta, he discovered, with the aid of his glass, our little party on the coast, and immediately conceived the design of carrying us off for sale at Cairo.

"But *now*," said I, "if I may judge from your dress and general appearance, I would fain hope you mean to renounce this reckless and lawless course of life?"

Stubbs shook his head.

"If your business here at present," I continued, "is to get appointed to one of his Majesty's ships, or any honest trader, I shall do all in my power to assist you."

"Mr. Lascelles!" he replied; "as to my business here, I *know* myself what *that* is; and as to renouncing my profession—never, sir!—*never*!"

He shook me once more cordially by the hand; said he wished to G—d he could serve under me "in his own trade;" bid me farewell, and abruptly left the apartment.

CHAP. XXV.

A MARTINET.

"Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness! What a fool art thou;
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear!"

King John.

Having now completed my six years as a midshipman, I was destined to undergo an examination on seamanship at Malta, previous to returning to England, where the usual scrutiny at Portsmouth College awaited me.

The College examination is a fair and straightforward one. If a man be qualified, he is sure to pass; if he be not, he is almost as sure to be rejected. The candidates, therefore, before going on trial, may form a pretty accurate idea of the probable result; as every one must be more or less conscious whether or not he possesses the information requisite. He who in his own breast pleads guilty to ignorance, may well tremble for his fate at Ports-

mouth College; he, on the contrary, who feels confident of being well acquainted with his duty, may approach the ordeal without the slightest dread. No unfairness, no brow-beating, no ungentlemanlike usage, is to be apprehended for those who are qualified; while those who are not, may hope for no favour or partiality to carry them through. Justice is the object of examination; openness and candour characterise the conduct of it.

But the ordeal which now awaited me at Malta was of a very different description. I was to be arraigned before the captains of the ships in harbour; and I do not say too much when I state, that the result of the in-

vestigation was a perfect lottery! No one, however high his qualifications, can be *certain* of passing a trial of this description; while at the same time the greatest dunces frequently come off with flying colours.

Very much, indeed, depends upon the individual characters of the men before whose tribunal the youngster is to stand; and if the majority of his judges chance to be possessed of the many good qualities which attach to the mere name of a British naval officer, he need be under no alarm. But unfortunately this cannot always be depended on. The passing captains are frequently martinets, who delight in brow-beating and perplexing the trembling youth before them; frequently they are coxcombs, who make him the mere foil to a display of their own seamanship; sometimes they are coarse, ill-bred, swaggering fellows, who terrify him out of what knowledge he may happen to possess, by harsh words, sour looks, and sounding oaths; and sometimes they are men who have "tempers of their own;" who are determined at all ventures to puzzle, and and who, for this amiable purpose, are constantly throwing the vessel which the unlucky youth has raised in his imagination, into situations awkward enough to perplex an admiral. Such are the chances *against* the candidate!

On the other hand, a man may sometimes be fortunate enough to meet with kind, good-natured fellows, who will do all in their power to help and to encourage him; or with fools, who are too ignorant themselves to discover whether he be ignorant or not; or with whimsical fellows, who may take a fancy to "the cut of his gib;" or with men who are fond of a joke, and who will pass him right or wrong, if he be fortunate enough to say a good thing, or to afford them any cause for the indulgence of their risible propensities. These are the chances in his favor!

I remember at Malta one unfortunate youth named Richards, the day of whose trial was fixed; and who, from the known characters of his judges, had good reason to be anxious about the result. On the morning previous to his examination, I found him in a dreadfully agitated state; and in order to encourage and reassure him as much as I could, I took him out with me, and endeavoured, during a long walk, to explain to him any difficulties that occurred. After a good deal of questioning and cross-question-

ing, poor Richards, finding himself *au fait*, began to take courage, and to look forward with more confidence to the result of the morrow.

We had been perambulating about in this manner for nearly a couple of hours, and I was just about to accompany him on board, when whom should we meet, plump in the face, but one of his passing captains.

"Well, youngster!" said the skipper, addressing my companion; "so you are going to pass to-morrow, eh!—to try it at least, eh!—Very well! see you are prepared; for by G—d it shall be no child's-play! I'll work you, my boy; I promise you I will!"

"It will never do, Ned!" said the poor fellow to me, as soon as the captain was gone. "It will never do! I'm sure to be rejected!"

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Keep your spirits up, and never say die! Every body knows that that fellow does not always bite when he snarls!"

"Well!" said the desponding youth, "it may be; but *you'll see I'll be rejected!*"

The eventful hour at length arrived; and poor Richards approached his fate with a palpitating heart. As there were five or six others for trial at the same time, they were apportioned among the different captains; each taking upon himself the examination of one.

"If you will allow me," said our friend of the previous day to the senior officer; "if you will allow me, I should like to examine Mr. Richards!"

"Certainly!" replied the senior captain; and the poor fellow, as white as a sheet, was immediately called forward.

"Now, sir," said the captain, addressing him, and assuming a very grave and severe expression of countenance; "now sir; let us see what sort of an officer you'll make! You are the officer of the watch, sir, of the — Frigate—don't forget her name, sir!—there's a heavy gale of wind from the south-west—do you hear, sir; pay attention to what I am saying to you, sir!—I'll lay my life you have forgotten already what point the wind was in!—mark me, sir; for it's important!—the gale is from the south-west, sir! remember, the south-west! plenty of sea-room, sir; vessel made all snug for the night, lying to under trysails! do you mark that, sir! under trysails!—Well, sir; the captain comes on deck and says to

you—observe what the captain says, sir; he says to you, ‘*Mr. Richards! how’s her head?*’ You of course make the proper response; after which the captain, putting his hand in his pocket, takes out a small leathern case—mark, sir; a leathern case!—and presenting it to you, in an easy sort of a way, he offers you a cigar. Now, sir—answer me immediately, sir—which end of the cigar would you put into your mouth?”

The poor middy, who, as the captain was proceeding with this address, was looking forward to some awfully formidable question, was so thunder-struck by this unexpected termination of the harangue, that, not knowing whether it was meant in joke or in earnest, he stood for a moment without opening his lips.

“Come, sir!” cried the captain—“quick!—which end?”

“The twisted one!” replied the youngster; who was fortunately well practised in the use of cigars. “The twisted one, sir, if a Havannah; and either end the same, if a Cheroot!”

“Excellent!” cried the captain, throwing himself back in his seat in a roar of laughter. “Capital, sir!—very well answered indeed, sir!—Gentlemen,” he continued, turning round to the other captains; “Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Richards is extremely well qualified to make an excellent officer!”

The youth was accordingly duly passed! and all his evil forebodings ended. This was one of the *lucky* turns of the wheel; and we all congratulated him heartily on having drawn a prize.

When my own turn for trial came, my hopes were none of the brightest. Indeed, from the well-known character of one of the captains who was to officiate at my examination, I “booked myself” in the “*returned list*,” as a matter almost of certainty.

This man, whom I shall for the present designate Captain Dinmont, was a dreadful martinet; detested and despised by all who were unfortunate enough to have any connection with him. The agnomen by which he was familiarly known in the service, was the somewhat flattering one of “*The Scotch Terrier*,” and as far as person, manners, and temper were concerned, never was name more happily applied.

Captain Dinmont was a man of low stature; and his little thick, bandy legs were so short, as to bear no proportion to the length of his body.

His arms, too, were short, with a slight bend outwards beneath the biceps; and if he could be imagined, Nebuchadnezzar-like, upon all-fours, he would have formed no inaccurate representation of one of his canine namesakes of the genuine Skye breed. His countenance was sharp, and extremely ill-favoured; his grey eyes were keen and fiery; and there was an habitual grin about the corners of his mouth, which, tending to keep the lips somewhat apart, displayed a partial glimpse of a case of large and extremely illformed teeth.

His temper was hot, and easily excited. He was constantly snapping and snarling at everything and every body; and he was never known to speak a civil word, unless to serve some underhand purpose. In short, to use a slang, but in this instance a very appropriate phrase, he was “*thorough varmint*,” and he would have matched with the fiercest of the Dandy Dinmont breed in everything save courage; in which, both moral and physical, he was woefully deficient. To complete his character, his ideas of *honour* were none of the most scrupulous; moreover, he was a fool;

“A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear!”

With the fear of this awful personage before my eyes, it may be supposed that I had not much pleasure in contemplating my approaching trial; and I cannot tell how delighted I was, when I found that he was ordered to sail for Naples, on the very morning of the day appointed for the examination.

Congratulating myself at having thus luckily escaped the “*Terrier*,” and having no such dread of any of the others, I began to pick up courage; and, indeed, I was so much relieved as to give myself little farther concern about the matter. But, alas! I was not destined to get rid of him so easily.

I was walking about with Neville, on the evening immediately preceding the eventful day, laughing and joking in the highest spirits, when I received an order from Captain Dinmont, directing me to be on board his vessel by day-break in the morning, as he intended to examine me before sailing, and to sign my certificate *if he found me qualified!*

Here was a sad turn of fortune. However there was no help for it; I was obliged to submit; and in order to ascertain as well as I could “how

the land lay," I determined to go on board of him immediately, and have a little private chat with one of his lieutenants; a very intimate friend of mine, and an extremely fine fellow.

"Well," said he, as soon as I had shaken hands with him; "I know what you're come about.—In a bit of a funk, eh?"

"A little," I replied; "but I hope you will be able to help me through."

"I can tell you one thing for your government," replied my friend. "I overheard our captain telling the first lieutenant that you were to be on board, and that he was to make you get the vessel under weigh, as a part of your examination!"

"Comfortable!" said I. "With a crew of whom I know nothing, and a man like Dinmont prowling over me, and looking out on purpose to find fault; this will be a very pleasant morning's exercise!"

"Don't alarm yourself," said my friend.—Dinmont does everything by regular routine and plan; and I can very soon teach you, word for word, the whole ceremony of getting under weigh, as practised by himself."

"Indeed!" I replied.

"Nay, more," he continued; "I can let you up to some of his peculiarities. You know he is a fool—heaven forgive me!—and a coxcomb to boot. His *own* mode of doing everything connected with the business of a ship he considers the best; and, moreover, he thinks it impossible for any other man to do things exactly as *he* does them. He has, besides, certain favourite expressions, the use of which he considers a proof of consummate seamanship; and I can teach you these to the letter!"

"Then, you propose that I should get the vessel under weigh in Dinmont's own style; giving the same directions that he gives, and even using his own peculiar phraseology? Don't you think the old fellow will be apt to get testy, if we attempt to show him up in this way?"

"He! why the old fool will never see the joke! On the contrary, if you perform your part well, he will set you down as an excellent seaman, and send you on shore with a flaming certificate. But, come along; if you are an apt scholar, and don't take too much grog aboard during my tuition, I'll undertake to have you on deck by daydawn, a proficient in the whole ceremony!"

Having, accordingly, been duly instructed by my friend, I was at my

post by day-break, quite *au fait* at my part, and full of confidence.

Captain Dinmont received me with his usual gruffness; grinning at me through his eyes like a hyena, and favouring me with a few salutation oaths by way of foretaste of what was to come. When he ordered me to take charge of the vessel, I of course looked very much astonished; pretending to be taken quite unawares, and to be extremely embarrassed.

However, I made no objections, but set to work forthwith; giving his own directions in his own words, and in the same routine order in which he would have given them himself; dropping also every now and then one of his own peculiar phrases, as nearly as I could in his own gruff intonation. The officers on board, all of whom knew the trick, could scarcely maintain their gravity; but Captain Dinmont did not seem to have the slightest suspicion of the caricature. On the contrary, he appeared to be quite pleased with my superior seamanship; and frequently, as the ceremony proceeded, and as I chanced to issue any order peculiarly his own, he would give one of his feline smiles, and ejaculate, "*Excellent! By the Great Immortal, very good!*"

The duty being completed, he signed my certificate without asking me a question; and inclosed it in a note to the other passing captains, which cleared me entirely from any "delicate little inquiries" on their parts. As I jumped over the side into the boat, my "friend and tutor" shook me cordially by the hand, declaring that I had acted my part to the life, "and done the skipper to a turn!"

I now only waited for a vessel to convey me to England; and in about six weeks, not a little to my chagrin, I was ordered a passage on board the Acheron, the very vessel of which this identical Dinmont was commander. She was daily expected from Naples, and was under orders to sail in twenty-four hours after her arrival. I had scarcely time to take leave of my numerous kind friends at Malta, before I was hurried off; heartily cursing the ill fortune that doomed me to sail with so very unpopular a commander.

However, there was nothing else for it; and, when I went on board, Captain Dinmont seemed very much pleased to see me; and he gave me the charge of a watch over the heads of two or three of his own midshipmen who were considerably my seniors.

This arrangement, it might be supposed, was calculated to create an unpleasant feeling towards me in the midshipmen's berth. It had, however, quite a contrary effect; the youngsters whom I had superseded being too much pleased to get rid of a piece of duty, the most disagreeable certainly that I was ever called upon to perform.

The Acheron was most appropriately named; she was a perfect floating Pandemonium. Captain Dinmont, to his many other amiable qualities, added that of being a thorough "*tuft-hunter*;" and he carried home a most motley assemblage of rarities, intended as presents to propitiate the smiles of the more influential and useful among his patrons and friends. Amongst other things, he had on board a perfect *menagerie* of all sorts of animals; antelopes, young wild-boars, Greek greyhounds, and so forth. The pet of all, however, was a fine half-grown cub lion, which, when the weather permitted, possessed one-half of the deck for a couple of hours at a time, under the guidance of a man in the main-rigging, who held him by a rope fastened round his neck.

When this beauty was taking his exercise, the officer of the watch had to retreat to the poop; and what with the growling of the lion, the barking, roaring, and squeaking, of the rest of the collection, together with the incessant snapping and snarling of the *Scotch Terrier*, his situation was certainly anything but an agreeable one.

As for Captain Dinmont, heaven grant that I may never again have anything to do with such an insufferable martinet. His whole study and endeavour seemed to be, how he could make those who were under him as thoroughly miserable as circumstances would permit. Towards myself, his conduct was brutal in the extreme. Perform my duty in what manner I would, I was sure to get cursed and sworn at; and I was rated a dozen times a-day as "an ignorant booby," "a lazy cub," "a d——d good-for-nothing," and so forth.

However, there was nothing for it but "patient resignation." Indeed, under similar circumstances, it has always been my rule to wear the exterior of perfect submissiveness; and, keeping down as well as possible the haughty boiling of my blood, patiently, according to the old Scotch legend, to "bide my time." Often, when the ill-usage of the

snarling "*Terrier*" was carried to some insulting excess, have I been tempted to retaliate upon the spot; but I still succeeded in keeping my indignation under due control; satisfied that the time when I would be relieved from his thralldom would eventually arrive, bringing with it perhaps the opportunity of revenging myself for his undeserved and ungentlemanlike treatment.

Yes! I cannot deny that on this occasion I did cherish a feeling of revenge; and those of my readers who may think such a feeling bad or ungenerous, may perhaps be better able to sympathize with me, if they will make a single cruise under a low-bred, illiterate, ill-tempered superior officer!

For two months, including a week at Gibraltar, I had to endure his tyranny; but I was equal with him before we parted!

At Chatham we were paid off, and the officers and ship's company were landed at the dockyard; whence, having received their pay, they were brought once more on board the Acheron, in order to be finally discharged.

On the evening previous to the day on which our discharge was expected, there was a great deal of conversation in the midshipmen's berth, as to the probability of the captain refusing to give us certificates of good conduct.

The truth was, we had all come in for so ample a share of his abuse, that none of us could flatter himself with being in any way in his good graces. At all events, we were satisfied, that if he did not *volunteer* the certificates, we had no chance of getting them; so we agreed among ourselves, as the most manly course, that none of us would condescend to ask for them. Indeed, to have done so, would merely have been to expose ourselves to a refusal, accompanied, in all probability, with a parting broadside of his abuse.

For my own part, I cannot say that I had much anxiety upon the subject. I was too well pleased to get rid of the snarling captain; and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty to do so, to leave the ship. And, indeed, as the old horse in the fable said to the broken cart, "little sorrow there would be at parting!"

My chest and other traps were already in the wherry; and I was in the act of shaking hands with my messmates, when I was told that the captain wanted to see me.

"Confound the captain!" I grumbled; "can't he leave me at peace in these my 'last moments!'"

"What can he want with you, Widow!" said one of my messmates. "I trust no evil!"

"Heaven knows," I replied; "but I suppose I must go and see."

When I reached the cabin, I found the captain sitting, with his clerk opposite to him, at a table covered with papers.

"You are in a great hurry to leave my ship, Mr. Lascelles?" he said, in a sort of sneering tone, and turning half round to me as I entered.

I bowed.

"You have forgotten your certificate!"

I again bowed.

"There," said he, lifting a folded paper from the table, and tossing it towards me. "There sir!—look at it!"

When I opened the paper, I perceived at the first glance that it was not written in the usual form; and on reading it, I found, to my utter surprise, that it contained a very high recommendation of me to any officers under whom I might hereafter serve.

"Well, sir," growled the captain, when I had finished the perusal, and stood with the paper, which I had carefully refolded, in my hand. "Well, sir!—will *that* do?"

I again bowed lower than before; and advancing up the cabin, I very deliberately replaced the certificate upon the table.

"What the d—l's the matter now," roared the captain, his eyes flashing with fury. "D—n the fellow, is he not satisfied?"

"Captain Dinmont," I replied, in a deliberate and collected tone, "I have been under your command for two months; and during the whole of that time, you have never ceased to abuse me for ignorance, inattention, and everything else that is unbecoming an officer. If I am in truth all which that certificate says I am, I should have met with other treatment at your hands; if I do not merit the encomiums you have there bestowed on me, they are valueless in my eyes."

A short pause ensued. Captain Dinmont's face became absolutely distorted with rage, and his whole frame trembled with agitation.

"Leave the cabin, sir," he roared out, when his fury at last allowed him utterance. "Leave the cabin, sir. Start, when I order! You think you

are now out of my control; but, by the Great Immortal, you shall find that I have some power over you *still!*"

I had scarcely rejoined my shipmates, when the boat, which lay alongside with my traps, was ordered to discharge its cargo; and for more than an hour I was kept pacing about the deck, totally ignorant of what was to occur, or of the manner in which the captain would choose to vent his rage upon me.

At length the clerk, who had witnessed the fracas, came on deck; and taking me aside, he told me that the captain had addressed a letter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in which he had denounced me as a person totally unfit to have the charge of a watch; nay, more, he had stated that I was negligent, inattentive, and had been more than once found drunk on duty.

"I assure you, sir," continued the clerk, "no one can regret what has occurred more than I do; and I advise you to make an apology, and request the captain to give you the certificate. Should the matter come to a court-martial, sir, I pledge myself to stand by you; but I strongly advise you, as the best course you can adopt, to apologise."

"I only wish," I replied, "that I had kept the certificate when I had it; and I might then have desisted this disgraceful letter. Matters, indeed, at present wear a very threatening aspect. As to a court-martial, I fear I have little chance of obtaining a hearing against my captain; and, as to apologising, I tell you once for all, *I never will!*"

"If you will not do so in person, sir," replied the clerk; "at least allow me to do so in your name. I think Captain Dinmont will still give you the certificate, if you will permit me to state to him that you are sorry for what has happened. Indeed, sir, I think this is your only chance of escaping very serious consequences."

After a good deal of persuasion, I at length gave the good-natured clerk his own way; permitting him to pursue what method he thought most likely to soothe the captain's offended feelings, and to state my willingness to receive the certificate.

Accordingly, after the lapse of about half-an hour, I was again summoned to the cabin. I found the captain still seated at the table, with a most sarcastic, malevolent grin on his odious

countenance; the certificate, and the letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, lying close beside each other before him.

"So, sir," he said, in a sneering tone. "So, sir, you've come to your senses at last, have you, eh? By the Great Immortal, sir, it is well for you that you have. Well, sir; there's the certificate; take it up."

I eagerly laid hold of the important document, and secured it in my pocket.

"Now, sir; be off!—Good bye to you!"

He extended his huge paw towards me as he spoke; intending to honour me by shaking hands.

"Never, sir!" I replied, drawing back my hand, and rejecting the proffered civility. "Never, sir! Untold gold would not bribe me to give the hand of friendship to you! Sir, I cannot express the ineffable scorn I feel for you! The contents of that infamous letter before you are perfectly

known to me; and I have only to say, that baser falsehoods never emanated from a human heart! Nay, sir; you need not storm! I am now beyond the reach of your resentment; and whatever steps your unmanly malice may incline you to adopt against me, you will do well to recollect that *I have got your certificate*, and you know what are the contents of that certificate. Represent against me as you will, and where you will; every statement you make to my discredit shall, by the evidence of this certificate, prove you to be a liar! You would do well, sir, for your own sake, to temper your malice, and remember this! Sir, I wish you a good morning!"

Captain Dinmont, like most other bullies, was a coward. He had not a single word to say to me in reply; and, leaving him to digest my address as he best could, I quitted his floating Pandemonium, and went on shore.

CONCLUSION.

"My pen is at the bottom of my page,

Which being finished, here my story ends.

'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,

But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

Beppo.

GENTLE READER—for gentle you must indeed be, if you have patiently followed me thus far through my rambling narrative—I must now take a reluctant, and, I confess, a somewhat abrupt leave of you. If you have derived any entertainment from the perusal of the foregoing pages, I thank you for your good-nature in being so easily amused; and I congratulate myself on having succeeded, as least as far as you are individually concerned, in the main object I had in view. If, on the other hand, as is not unlikely, you have found my narrative tedious and dull, I can only apologise for the *ennui* I have caused you, in the words of Macbeth to King Duncan—

"Being untutored,

My will has been the servant to defect!"

To those of you who consider that the "Scenes" which I have had the hardihood to lay before you are trivial and boyish, I have to say in exculpation, that most of them consist entirely of the reminiscences of my boyish days. Even at the time when I took leave of Captain Dinmont, as related in my last Chapter, I was little more than entitled

to assume the *toga virilis*. I hope, therefore, that you will be inclined to make some allowance for this circumstance; as I am well aware that the many kindred associations with which, to me, the recollections of those days are accompanied, invest them with an interest which they cannot possibly have for the general reader. I may thus frequently have made the mistake of describing events, which, though interesting to myself, may have appeared quite the reverse to you. For this, I have to crave your clemency and indulgence.

Some of you, again, I doubt not there are, who have taken up these pages, in the hope you were to peruse a novel; and you must, consequently, have been dissatisfied to find that they contain neither plot, nor design, nor *dénouement*. For the disappointment which, on this account, you must necessarily have experienced, I do not consider that I am at all answerable. I did not profess to write a novel; indeed, "if I would I could not." My purpose, as I have already stated, was merely to describe, to the best of my ability, a few detached "Scenes" from

my rambling life ; and those who expected to find in my pages all the engrossing interest of a highly-wrought and ingenious fiction, have only themselves to blame for their disappointment.

Lord Byron has well said that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction;" yet the events of real life, although frequently in themselves not devoid of much that is interesting, do not follow each other in that felicitous succession, and with that happy adaptation of parts with which the invention of the novelist knows how to arrange the incidents of his story. I have related the foregoing occurrences in the order in which they actually happened ; nor was it either my wish or my endeavour to weave them into what is technically termed "a plot."

The characters, too, with whom, from time to time, a man meets in real life, however well qualified they may be from their peculiarities, to figure in the pages of romance, cannot be *managed* like the characters of fiction. They have not their regular "entrances" and "exits;" they do not come and go at the beck of an author; nor can they, to use a nautical phrase, be "piped on deck" as occasion requires, each to enact his part in a catastrophe.

If, therefore, kind reader, you are disappointed that the several characters to whom I have had the honour of introducing you, have not been mustered to take their leave at the end of my story, I have only to say that the fault is not mine! The beautiful Sophia I have never seen since I left her at St. Helena; the pensive Annette I have never heard of since I bade her adieu at Naples; the sprightly Emily, my partner in our moonlight dances at Algoa Bay, I have often inquired about, but I have never been able to learn the subsequent events of her history, Stubbs, as I have already said, I saw for the last time at Gibraltar; with Neville and Strangways, indeed, I had at a later period many strange adventures, but down to the time when I returned with Captain Dinmont from the Mediterranean, I have told you every thing about them that I thought would interest you; of the good old Mr. Settler, I can only say that he died in the interior of Africa, about a year after the breaking up of the Canvass Town establishment; of his son, the *si-devant* first lieutenant of the *Hesperus*, I could relate some farther particulars, but I think it, on the whole,

better not; and as to what concerns the gallant but eccentric Richard Wolfe, I did not again meet with him till fully two years after the period at which my present narrative closes.

Under such circumstances, you will readily admit the impossibility of my marshalling these personages before you at the end of my story; and all that I can do at present is to promise faithfully, that when I *do* see or hear any thing of them, you shall be duly informed of the circumstance.

Some apology, however, appears to me to be due for the abrupt and somewhat unceremonious leave I am now taking of you. The truth is, kind reader, *writing* is neither my *fort* nor my hobby; and as long as there is a salmon to hook, or a head of game to kill, small indeed are the attractions which pens and paper have for me. When I commenced my narrative, I was completely debarred from my favourite field-sports; nay, the weather was so truly British at the time, that I could not even stir abroad with either pleasure or comfort. Since then, however, a great change has come over the temper of the elements; and the sun is now shining so brightly, and the breeze blowing so freshly, that it becomes almost a sin for a man to remain within doors. Besides, the spring-fishing is commenced; and my time is so much occupied during the day, and I am generally so much fatigued at night, that I find a continuation of the *labores scribendi* completely out of the question.

It is true, indeed, that I have still a great deal to communicate to you. I have much to tell you of the glowing islands of the West; much of the Nabobs and Bashas of the East; much of the bleak Canada, and more of the Golden Dorado and the sunny Peru. The very names of those places are to me associated with many "Scenes" both humorous and pathetic; which, as they occurred at a later period of life, when my knowledge of the world was more extended, and my powers of observation considerably enlarged, I might perhaps be enabled to portray, with a faithfulness more graphic, than anything that the above rapid sketches can pretend to.

All this, however, must remain in abeyance. At another time I may perhaps resume my pen; but at present my hand is quite cramped with holding it so long; and besides, the

sun shines and the breezes blow, and I must be abroad to enjoy them.

One regret I have at breaking off my narrative so soon. I fear that many of my fair readers, in whose good graces I am very desirous to rank favourably, may be inclined to accuse me of fickleness and caprice, in all that relates to *la belle passion*; and, in order to remove this impression, I should have liked to tell them how at last I fell in love, "even unto matrimony." I should have liked, too, to have introduced them to my wife—whom heaven bless, for she deserves its blessing—and I doubt not they would agree with me on the prudence and propriety of my choice; although, indeed, she was not won without—but of this another time.

And now, kind reader, adieu! I have remained at home this morning on purpose to write to you; much against the remonstrance of old Ralph, who declares he never saw the river in "primer order;" and I have now, I think, said all that occurred to me. My friend Herbert has been out for the last hour; and Ralph has just come in to announce that he has already killed two fine salmon. The ladies of our party are to meet us on the river side at three; so I must be off to have a fresh-caught fish ready for luncheon.

Therefore, kind reader, fare-thee-well. I leave you with regret; and,

as I am perfectly confident that you are a fine, good-natured, lively fellow, I only wish that you formed one of our party on the river to-day. Should you ever chance to be in this neighbourhood, I shall rejoice to see you. You shall have a hearty welcome, with as good cheer as I can provide; and I shall narrate to you *viva voce*, over a bottle of old Rory and a cigar of the genuine Havannah growth, as many "Scenes" as you have an inclination to listen to.

"I ask your honour's pardon, sir," says Ralph, who has just entered the room; "I ask your honour's pardon, sir; but, if you don't make haste, I fear Squire Herbert will beat us! He has got the best part of the day, sir!"

"Have you put on the fly I selected, Ralph?"

"Yes, your honour; and a prime one it is, sir! *We're sure to kill him to-day!*"

And so, kind reader, as Ralph is so impatient, to say nothing of myself, once more adieu! In return for your kindness in attending me, I trust without much tear and wear of patience, even to this my last paragraph, I have to wish you all happiness and all success in whatever you may undertake; nor can I conclude better than by quoting the words of our favourite Scott, and wishing

To all and each a fair good night,
With pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

SONNET.

How calm! how silent! vale, and heath-clad steep,
This quiet parsonage, and yon gray church-tower,
Bathed in the glorious hues of sunset sleep.
Sweet fragrance breathed from herb, and shrub, and flower,
Fills all the air. Round every mountain-head
Gather mists, radiant with the hues of Even,
Each over each, in beauteous folds outspread,
Fit canopy for visitants from heaven.
And not of earth, the radiance that now streams
Along the lonely glen and mountain hoary:
Not wholly from this world, the landscape's glory.
From brighter skies escape some transient gleams
And angel forms, and angel voices come
To bear us tidings of our heavenly home.

J. T. B.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1835.

With solemn fall and sweet the noon-day chime,
 Through choir and cloister gray, repeats the hour
 To the long dead—another hour of time !
 'Tis but in scenes like this, that voice hath power
 To wake the heart, as it flows thrilling past,
 Through aisles and dim arched cloisters, wave on wave,
 With long vibration lessening to the last,
 Like busy man's vain fancies, which thus fast,
 With transient sweetness, into silence rave,
 Chasing each other down into the grave.
 For these lone echoes murmur as they go,
 The still sad music of that ceaseless tide,
 On which the waves of human folly glide
 Thro' life's bright sun-glimpse, to the shades below !

This place hath witnessed strange extremes : the cheer
 Of triumph hath usurped the mourner's breath :
 The courtly throng hath trod rejoicing here—
 The path yet beaten by the pomp of Death—
 Today the coronation ;—yesterday
 That sterner pageant, which the self-same way
 Conducted last month's monarch to the tomb ;
 His equipage of state—the hearse and plume,
 His throne the coffin, kingly robe the shroud ;
 Stript of his smile of influence, and discrowned—
 By the stern victor Death ; his realm the bound
 Of that dark vault, where the forgotten proud—
 Plantagenet or Tudor—darkly wait,
 In synod grim below—holding divided state.

Oft here the wise have pondered—vainly sage,
 To explore the past, or moralize decay,
 Brood o'er the tracks of time from age to age,
 And learn from bust, and tomb, and pillar grey,
 How fleets the glory of this world away.
 Without these walls, while silent moving Change
 Still seems the Present, and unmoved appears ;
 Here, in these old world walls, may fancy range
 Along the vista of six hundred years,
 And call up other days, that saw the light
 Amid these aisles. A shifting multitude—
 Saxon or Gaul, rude Franklin, Norman knight,
 Wearing their ages form, refined or rude,
 Waning unseen—insensibly renewed.

These time-trod pavements have thrown back the rays
 Of Cressy's sun. The morn of Azincour
 Hath poured through yon dim oriel on the gaze
 Of cowed and hooded forms, whose day is o'er,
 O, glorious were the deeds, and men of yore,
 The hearts of proof—the arms of chivalry,
 Which fire the breast to muse on ; though they be
 Sunk to the babble of a useless lore,
 Old rust and fretted scroll—and storied shield ;
 Vain playthings on which idle eyes may pore ;
 And in their semblance small memorial read
 Of those they clad ; in castle, council, field,
 In England's hour of glory or of need,
 Old Battel abbey's knights—the lords of Runnemedel

Old England ! proud and spirit-stirring name—
 Linked with all noble thoughts and feelings high,
 Thy lion-spirit still hath turned the same
 Firm front to popular rage, or tyranny ;
 While every land beneath the heaven's broad eye
 Hath been oppress'd by many or by one,
 Her temple, Freedom still hath found in thee.
 If, as some deem, thy high career is run,
 And, like Troy's tale, thy glorious day hath been ;*
 Here let the sons of thy degenerate age
 Revere the memory of the ocean queen,
 Nor doubt the records of thy history's page
 Tho' sunk the warrior's arm—tho' mute the counsel sage.

When thy stern genius on her sea-beat crag
 Shall howl like Tarshish, to the western main
 The mournful burthen of her ocean flag,
 Sunk on those waters once her glorious reign ;
 While winds that swelled her sail shall pour in vain
 Their desolation on the Atlantic wave,
 Still in these venerable walls they sleep—
 Old England's sons, the unforgotten brave
 Who bore her conquering name on land and deep
 Where'er broad ocean's furthest billows lave.
 Here Nelson rests in honor ; here shall come
 Great Wellington, when Flattery's voice is dumb
 And factious Slander hath forgot to rave :
 To glorify the land their valor might not save.

High spirits have been here in glorious Eld
 To every breast that beats to honor, dear ;
 Not by the visioned eye, as now, beheld,
 But in the noontide of their famed career.
 Gower, Sidney, Spenser, have been looked on here
 In honored life—Surrey, whose name to say
 Delights the lover's and the poet's ear,
 And Chaucer old, the father of the lay.
 Here Avon's bard hath stood in England's day
 Whose glories no fair age shall see restored,
 Till the muse dies, and time itself decay.
 Haply some glorious noontide here hath poured
 Its tinted glory, round blind Milton's head.
 What mighty names, alas ! are numbered with the dead !

But lo, from shaft to shaft, along the file
 Of shadowy columns, through the twilight gray,
 A glancing sunbeam breaks with sudden smile
 And tomb and bust are touched with lifelike ray.
 O, doth the bright intrusion come, to say
 That morn shall dawn upon the lingering sleep
 Of mouldering vault beneath, and silent cell
 When the last trump shall sound upon the deep,
 And this old pile be gathered to the heap
 Of common dust ; O, comes not it to tell
 With dusky brightness, through the sacred gloom
 Of that fair beam of life, whose radiance fell
 Through the pale realms of death, and, spight of doom,
 Reversed the fearful sentence of the tomb.

J. U. U.

* Fuit Ilion et ingens gloria Dardanidum.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC OATH.*

THE public notice has been so much directed of late to this important subject, and it has excited so much bitterness of feeling, that we think no slight service will be rendered to Ireland by any thing that tends to set the merits of the question in a fair light. The animosity which unfortunately exists between the opposing parties in Ireland, must, it is evident, be much increased by the unsettled state of this question. If the Roman Catholic members do not think themselves guilty of the crime of perjury, the accusation must necessarily irritate them, and we cannot censure them for any acerbity that appears in their replies, if it is accompanied with a decent anxiety to prove themselves innocent of the offence. On the other hand, what must be the feelings of the Protestants, who see their clergy robbed and insulted, who are united to many of them by the ties of blood and affection, and who are witnesses to the distress which many of them suffer from their inability to support their families, or to educate their children, and who know the agony endured by the innocent families who are in daily apprehension of losing their parents, or brothers, or husbands, murdered for no other offence, but the attempt to collect some portion of their lawful property for their support? Will not the bitterness of their feelings be increased, if they think that all this has been done by their adversaries, in violation of a solemn compact confirmed by an oath?

Let the Protestants, to end this controversy, state accurately, and without any colouring or exaggeration, what it is of which they complain, and why. The opponents of the Church are then in fairness bound to state all the grounds of defence on which they mean to rely, and to deny, or to qualify, or to admit the propositions laid down by those who impugn their conduct. If the case is fairly brought to issue, we do not despair of a satisfactory result—one which may induce the Protestants to admit that the Roman Catholic members did not willingly and knowingly violate

their sworn pledges, and therefore that they ought to regret and retract the charges which they made in the contrary belief; or a result which may lead the Roman Catholic members to confess that their conduct is not so defensible as at present they perhaps imagine it to be. If this latter result should be arrived at, peace may be speedily restored. The Roman Catholics will cease to attack the Church, and the Protestants will readily forgive and forget all past offences, and join with their Roman Catholic countrymen in united exertions for the common good of all. "To our poor thinking, it is full time to close these jars, and to allow men of all kinds the means of doing service to their country."

To forward this desirable object we shall endeavour to extract from the mass of "defences," "observations," enquiries," &c. a correct and impartial statement of the points in dispute, and state the reasons which have influenced our opinions on the subject.

In this investigation, we must not suffer ourselves to be led away from the subject by the attempts at recrimination made by our adversaries. We are fully convinced that they are groundless, and that they are introduced only for the purpose of diverting the public attention from the charge that appears to have been substantiated against themselves. Recrimination is ever the resource of guilt. The man who has no character to lose will not pay much regard to any charge brought against him. He knows that if he can reduce the conflict to a spattering match with his adversaries, the dirtiest character will have the advantage, being unembarrassed by any solicitude about protecting itself. A speck on one will be more felt, than the deepest stain on the other. If the Roman Catholic partizans have any charges to make against any of their political enemies, let them bring them forward, unconnected with any defence of their own misdeeds. If the charges are just, we will join with our adversaries in the

* Observations on the Roman Catholic Oath. By a Roman Catholic. Ridgeway. 1837.

Letters by Æneas M'Donnell, to the Editor of the Times. Churton. London. 1837.

Dublin Review. April 1837.

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condemnation of those who are guilty of them—if they are unjust, let the false accuser be brought to shame.

Many make it a point to treat as hypocrites all who condemn any offence, and they assume that a case of hypocrisy is sufficiently made out, if they can produce a single instance where a similar offence has been forgiven or tolerated by society. It is scarcely possible to adopt a more demoralizing principle. Its effect is plainly to assert that example is a sufficient justification of guilt—to confound hypocrisy with every decent regard to character, and remove all distinction between the penitent and audacious sinner, or even to raise a distinction in favour of the latter. The obvious rule of truth and propriety we take to be this. While crime is persevered in, let no man justify it, or plead example, or temptation as its excuse. But when the course which we condemn has been abandoned, and cannot, therefore, do further mischief, or be used as an example to justify further crime, we may then lend a willing ear to every excuse that can be urged in favor of conduct of which the mischief has passed away.

To apply this rule to the case before us. When the contest is over, we will make every allowance for the strength of the temptations to which the enemies of the Church have yielded—we will suppose that they did not see the true nature of their conduct, but were misled by early prejudices, or perplexed by artful sophistry—and we will snatch at any defence that will enable us to live on terms of amity and confidence with our countrymen. But *now* we charge the Roman Catholic party in the House of Commons with perjury; and is not their character, and that of their associates, concerned to prove that the charge is founded upon a mistaken interpretation of the oath, or some false impression respecting the nature of the conduct which we arraign? In this case no defence ought to be admitted, but a satisfactory refutation of the charge.

To put the point in a fair light before the public, we shall first state the part of the oath which, in our opinion has been violated. We shall then, without exaggeration or colouring of any kind, describe the conduct of which we complain. We shall next, as well as we can from the elaborately obscure manner in which they have been put forth, state the several grounds on which such conduct has been defended,

and the arguments by which the defences are attempted to be sustained. We shall, lastly, point out the fallacy of these arguments, and leave the case to the decision of any honest man, be he Protestant or Roman Catholic, provided he is free from any manifest interest which might imperceptibly bias his judgment to either side.

About the words of the oath there is no controversy, they are the following:—

“ I do swear, that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm, as established by the laws: and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law, within this realm: and I do solemnly swear, that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant government in the united kingdom: and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever.”

Such is the oath; now we state the conduct of the men who had taken it. Soon after the passing of the emancipation act, a combination to resist the payment of tithes arose in many parts of Ireland, set on foot and fomented by persons who were bound by the obligations of the above oath. The object and effect of this combination was to withhold from the lawful owners the tithes which form the principal support of the Established Church. The ringleaders of this conspiracy circulated speeches and addresses of the most inflammatory description, calculated to inspire the populace with deadly hatred against the clergy of the Establishment, and to lead them to consider tithes not as the property of the clergy, but as an unjust and oppressive impost, to the collection of which it was the right and duty of the people to offer all practical resistance. The populace, inflamed with fury by seditious harangues and addresses, were taught to assemble wherever any attempt was made to collect tithes by the instrumentality of the law. If a distress was made upon lands, or a sale announced of goods taken under execution for tithes—the excited rabble was summoned to attend for the pur-

pose of obstructing the lawful proceedings. The presence of a peaceable crowd, indeed, cannot add any difficulty to the execution of a lawful process; but the agitators knew full well what the nature of mankind would lead any one to anticipate, and what sad experience has too clearly demonstrated, that crowds collected and excited by such means, would not be peaceable spectators of proceedings which they had heard denounced in such unmeasured terms. Accordingly, in every instance in which a civil or military force was not at hand, the populace effected their object either by intimidation, or by actual violence. Even in cases where a sufficient lawful force was present to protect those engaged in the execution of the law, the crowd interfered, and succeeded by driving off the cattle that were seized, or by holding out threats of future injuries (threats that were sure to be executed) on any that should dare to purchase them. In many instances the furious passions of the populace drove them to assault the military and police, who were scarcely able to protect themselves with the aid of the deadly weapons entrusted to them by the laws. When such fatal conflicts took place, the agitator, undismayed by the horrid consequences which he could not but have foreseen, stepped forward still more boldly, in cries for revenge and blood. The people were taught that their friends and relatives had been butchered by the military, to gratify the malice of a blood-thirsty clergy. Men who fell in such battles were represented as martyrs who were murdered because they refused to pay tithes; and at several contested elections the bloody clothes of men who fell in mortal combat with the military, were displayed as standards to fill the people with horror and revenge. A fatal event of this nature always rendered it impossible to collect any part of the clergyman's income in the parish in which it occurred, and increased the power of the agitator, and made the clergyman's situation one of distress and despair. Nevertheless, in every case the agitator represented the clergy who were ruined by them, as seeking for such collisions: and the furious crowd who collected, unlawfully armed with sticks and stones (weapons which they use with fatal effects), and who avowed their furious determination not to suffer tithes to be collected, were represented as unoffending spectators, massacred by the sanguinary parsons.

But in all cases there were not present armed forces, nor in every case were the military and police (menaced as they were alike by law and lawless violence) able to protect themselves from the multitudes which attacked them. In the former case, the execution of legal process was generally defeated by number, or by the timely flight, which saved the fugitive from death. Even the service of process, the first step in any action brought to recover tithes, was an offence to be expiated only by death. Many process-servers were murdered in the execution of their duty—many who had given thanks for their providential escape were afterwards murdered,—some when employed on other occupations, being recognised, and assaulted by mobs who knew not mercy—others being watched, waylaid, and murdered, when returning home—others, with more premeditated guilt, were dragged out of their beds by night and murdered. A catalogue of the murders which were perpetrated on innocent men, for no offence but that of having endeavoured to support themselves and their families by a lawful occupation, would, we feel convinced, even now induce the agitator to pause in his desperate career, and lament the mischief he has caused.

The clergy, the populace, and the process-servers and inferior officers of the law, were not the only victims of this state of things. The military and police were on several occasions destroyed by the mobs, whom prudence or compassion had prevented them from effectually resisting. Part of the policy of the agitator was to paralyse the exertions of the police, by raising up false charges against them. When death is the consequence of a conflict, compassion for the fallen naturally leads the mind to conceive that he was innocent, and therefore, that the person who committed the deed could not have been altogether free from guilt. Taking advantage of this feeling, the agitator denounced the police as murderers. False witnesses were readily procured, and the police were persecuted, imprisoned, and their lives endangered by the law for acts, which the defence of themselves or of others whom they were bound to protect in the execution of the law, had rendered necessary. Our readers may recollect a case in Cork, in which a priest conducted a prosecution against a policeman for murder. The dying declaration of the deceased was the principal evidence, and on cross-

examination of the priest, it came out that he was aware of the policeman's innocence, which was proved by a fact mentioned by the deceased to the priest, but suppressed in the dying declaration, for the purpose of procuring a conviction of the innocent policeman for murder. Had not Sergeant Jackson extorted the truth by a most dexterous cross-examination, the policeman would have been executed on this false charge!!!

Thus, in the multitudes by whom they were surrounded, the military saw false witnesses to bring them to a disgraceful death, if in defending themselves any blood was shed. Dread of this sometimes prevented them from resisting until it was too late. Although a small body of infantry would, in a fair battle, disperse and conquer the largest mob, yet by delaying their resistance even a few seconds, the contest may be reduced to a close struggle between man and man, in which arms and discipline are useless, and numbers must prevail. This compound organization, for defeating the claims of the clergy, by fraud and intimidation, and perjury and violence, was by the agitator called the system of passive resistance!!!

Meanwhile the agitator's privileges and influence, as a member of parliament, were sedulously employed in favour of this *passive* resistance, and were especially and successfully directed to overawe the government, and prevent them from taking any steps to suppress this rebellion. Bills, in their progress through parliament, were carefully stript of any provisions that might discourage this resistance to tithes, and it soon became apparent that the government was not strictly neutral, but was, as far as it could with safety, lending its assistance to those who opposed the laws. The assistance of the military or police was refused on every futile pretext, and when granted, was placed under so many restrictions as to be unavailing. Letters demanding protection were unanswered until an answer was extorted by threats of publishing the refusal. In the case of the writ of rebellion this assistance was illegally refused, and the attorney and solicitor-general were seen to argue the right of a constable to refuse obedience to the court, and to deny protection to an officer employed in executing a high prerogative writ. The decision being against the government, they appealed to the House of Lords, but did not venture to get the appeal heard. It is known that it cannot be heard in the absence of the English judges, and this

year they are pursuing the same course as last year, viz. : putting off the hearing until the judges shall have left town for their circuits.

As a final and determined step, on one occasion, when a private application was made to government for the assistance of the police, it was refused, and the application itself was published. When we remember how many of the clergy have been murdered for slighter offences than demanding the assistance of the police, we may presume that this vigorous measure had the effect of deterring them from troubling the government with any more applications.

To put a stop to the flow of blood in Ireland, and, if possible, to restore peace, Sir R. Peel brought in a bill by which the present tithe composition would have been commuted for a smaller composition, to be paid by the landlord, who would at the same time have the privilege of redeeming it upon very advantageous terms. By this arrangement the clergy would have made a sacrifice of one-fourth of their incomes, for the sake of peace, and would have been secured in the enjoyment of the rest, without trouble or litigation. The Irish Roman Catholic members opposed this plan, and by bartering their general support, prevailed upon a large body of the Whigs to abandon their former principles and professions, and formed a combination which drove Sir R. Peel from office, and pledged the House of Commons not to assent to any bill which did not contain a provision which would in effect work the subversion of the established church in Ireland. The measure, indeed, proposed by the Whigs, would not altogether destroy the established church, although it would detract very much from its efficiency; but O'Connell and the rest of his party always declared that they considered the measure only as an instalment, and that they would not cease to agitate until tithes and all compensation for them, were altogether extinguished in substance as well as in name.

The above is a brief and certainly not an exaggerated statement of the conduct of which the Protestants complain, as inconsistent with the Roman Catholic oath.

We proceed now to the arguments urged by those who defend this conduct.

First—They allege that it was not intended by the legislature to fetter the Roman Catholic members in their legislative capacity, and that the oath was only intended to operate on them as

individuals and as citizens, outside the walls of parliament.

The second qualification attempted to be put on the oath is in observations, page 29 :

"The object of the legislature, if it intended to bind the Roman Catholic member in his legislative capacity at all, could at the highest have extended only to this, to bind his conscience not to vote merely for the purpose of weakening or disturbing the Protestant religion or Protestant government in this country, without reference to the good of the whole."

The next ground of defence is that in page 33 :

"A discretion is vested in the Catholic who is to be the judge, whether by the bill about to be passed he intends to subvert the church establishment, and whether the bill will have the effect of weakening or disturbing the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the United Kingdom. The individual member is then the judge, the sole judge; no one else has a right to adjudicate upon the point. When he is satisfied, who has a right to question his determination? It is a question between him and his God—there is no arbiter or medium—and no frail mortal should claim to interfere, for if interference be claimed, what becomes of the discretion?"

In the Dublin Review, April, 1837, page 574, the writer introduces his strongest argument, which Mr. Sadleir had foreseen in his speech against emancipation, 17th March, 1829. The Reviewer terms it "an argument of the greatest weight," namely, "the conflict of duties in which the Catholic may find himself involved." According to Burke and all political writers, the member is not "the member for Bristol," but the member for the whole community—the trustee of the rights of the whole constituency, and any failure on his part in the exercise of that trust, *from whatever cause*, is an injury to the whole constituency of the empire.

"The moment he is elected," according to Mr. Tyler, "he is involved in the obligation of performing all the duties of his office, and the people have the right to demand from him the discharge of all those duties, or to resign, and it is his duty to obey. It seems obvious that the legislature could not intend the mockery of making it the duty of the Catholic to resign, the moment any question of religion is mooted; or, in other words, on the day he takes his seat, if any hostile member should so desire. It is then to be

presumed that it was the intention of the legislature that the Catholic, when allowed to be a member, should do his duty—the whole of his duty. How far, therefore, regard being had to the rights of his constituency to elect a Catholic member, and to require him to perform his duty, such member can be considered to be bound by any oath which may interfere with the performance of his duty, is an important consideration, to which we cannot now devote sufficient attention."

The first consideration that occurs to any one after reading all those interpretations and arguments is, that they leave a great part of the conduct of the Roman Catholic party utterly without defence. We allude to the conspiracy against payment of tithes in a conspiracy to withhold by fraud and force a considerable portion of property from *those on whom it is settled by the laws of the land*. Reconcile this with the oath to defend to the utmost of his power the settlement of property within this realm, as established by the laws. The agitator now asserts that he considers the revenues of the church not entitled to the protection of this clause, and that it was only intended to apply to the settlement of property under the act of settlement. We must, however, remember that this clause is to be found in the oath imposed by the act of 1793, and the public declaration of the Roman Catholics after that act and the language of their petitions for further rights, showed that they considered church property entitled to the protection of that clause, as it unquestionably is, if the oath is taken "in the plain and ordinary sense of the words, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation." The declarations to which we allude are such as the following, viz.: in the declaration of the British Roman Catholic Bishops, 1826, they say—

"We regard all the revenues and temporalities of the church establishment as the property of those upon whom they are settled by the laws of the land."

In a letter from Mr. Poynter, Vicar Apostolic in London, to Mr. Wilmot Horton, on the securities for the church establishment, in the event of granting Catholic emancipation, the same expression occurs. When we consider that those declarations were publicly made by persons having authority to act on behalf of those by whom the oath was taken, and repudiated by none, can we doubt that the war against tithes now raging in Ireland is a direct

violation of that oath? From this guilt the English Roman Catholics are altogether free.

Even to confine the protection of this clause to the property disposed of by the act of settlement would not establish their innocence, since part of the tithes belonging to the incumbents of many parishes are given to them and to the Church for ever, by this very act of settlement, vide the 107th section of said act :—"and be it also enacted by the authority aforesaid, that all and every impropriations or appropriate tithes forfeited to or vested in his Majesty, his heirs and successors, &c. are hereby given to the Church for ever; and hereby are and for ever shall be settled and established upon the present and future incumbents, and their successors, of the respective parishes."

It has been argued, whether seriously or in jest, it is not easy to determine, that the combination against tithes did not interfere with the settlement of property, as it left the rights untouched, and merely prevented them from being reduced into possession. But in this sense of the word the property cannot be transferred, except by an act of the legislature; and such acts are not in any manner (it is alleged,) restricted by the oath. The consequence, therefore is, that a great mass of property may be withheld from those upon whom it is settled by law, that a combination may be entered into, out of parliament, to defeat the laws, and in parliament to alter them; in short, that there is no possible manner in which the present settlement of property may not be assailed by men who have sworn to defend it.

One of the most eminent of the Roman Catholic orators, if not actually the first among them, felt the difficulty of this position so strongly, that he was obliged to make use of an argument on which we think nothing but despair would have induced him to place any reliance. In the committee of the House of Commons Sir R. H. Inglis moved an amendment that after the words "the present settlement of property," the words "ecclesiastical as well as lay" should be inserted. Sir R. Peel opposed this amendment on the grounds that it weakened the clause rather than strengthened it, as the words in its present state applied to every kind of property, and that it was better not to encumber the oath by any unnecessary prolixity. The

amendment was therefore either negatived or withdrawn. And this withdrawal appearing on the journals of the House unaccompanied by the reasons, is by rather curious reasoning taken as a proof, that in "the plain and ordinary sense of the words," the present settlement of property does not include the present settlement of ecclesiastical property! The limits of our article will not permit us now to enter into the defence put forth for the parliamentary conduct of the Roman Catholics, which asserts, that a test imposed upon men entering into either house of parliament is not intended to have any effect on their conduct there, and that their speeches and votes there, coupled with their declarations out of the house, are not to be considered indicative of an intention to subvert the Church Establishment. Unless more important matter presses, we shall, in our next number, give a history of the emancipation act, and shew that the oath was directed principally to the members in their legislative capacity. But we hope the task will be rendered unnecessary by the altered conduct of the Roman Catholic party. They can gain nothing by perseverance, except a poor gratification of their hatred to Protestants. If the struggle lasts, their party must sink. They are compelling the Protestants to unite by every motive of fear and indignation; and the best and most honorable of their own persuasion are withdrawing from their party in disgust. So far from keeping out the Tories by it, (if that is their great object for which it is worth while to keep Ireland in anarchy,) the present ministry are sinking under their hostility to the Church. The Whigs and Radicals united had a decided majority in the House of Commons, in 1835. They could have compelled Sir R. Peel to retire from office on any question, and they chose precisely that on which they are now able, with all the influence which the most profuse corruption could create, to command the smallest majorities. Notwithstanding their professed anxiety to have the church question settled, it is evident that the Whigs, whose feelings to the Church are rather those of indifference than hostility, are afraid of bringing it forward. Had the Roman Catholic party adhered to their pledges, and spared the Church, they would have met with but little opposition from the Irish Protestants, and they might have governed

Ireland. Their conduct has ruined the wealth and happiness of their country, but they have divided among themselves and the most worthless of their followers, an enormous amount of patronage; and they have almost satiated their malice and revenge against their Protestant brethren, many of whom warmly supported them in their prayers for emancipation, and would even now, if unassailed, live with them on terms of private and public affection and friendship. We would say, if our voice could be heard—let a peace

be made on the terms "*uti possidetis*." Let the past be forgiven, and no measure be introduced which has for its object the increase or diminution of the wealth or strength of either party. Let the general good of Ireland be consulted in every measure; and let the future strength of each party depend upon the wealth and number of the followers—upon the talents and integrity of their leaders, and the wisdom and moderation of their measures.

DEATH OF KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

Long before this page can meet the public eye, the subjects of this great monarchy will have learned, that it has pleased God to take from us a sovereign who was the object of his people's most affectionate veneration. The land mourns for him as for a father, and the sorrow that follows the patriot king to the tomb, that must close on the mightiest, as well as the humblest of human beings, is the best and the sincerest tribute to his virtues.

On Tuesday morning, the 21st of June, King William breathed his last, at twelve minutes past two. His Majesty expired in the 72d year of his age, and seventh of his reign. He was born on the 21st of August, 1765, and succeeded to the throne on the 26th of June, 1830.

This is not the occasion on which we can either review the events of the past reign or speculate on the events of the future. Our allegiance is now transferred to another sovereign; and with good heart and honest faith do we pledge our loyalty to the youthful Princess, into whose hands has passed the sceptre of our late beloved monarch. To her "we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us." The hearts that beat with the truest sorrow for the monarch that has passed away, breathe the sincerest prayer to Him to whose presence he is gone for the weal and the honour of his youthful successor. May God, indeed, "bless the Royal Princess Victoria" with that wisdom which cometh from above, to guide her in the perils and difficulties of royalty. May the spirit of Solomon's prayer be her's; and may she seek from above "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

William the Fourth was, perhaps, the most truly English-hearted monarch that ever sat upon the English throne. It has been well said of him, that on the throne he was what he would have been in the manor house, "a fine old English gentleman"—with a simplicity of manner that even royalty could not spoil, and with a goodness of heart that greatness could not corrupt—he bore with him to the most exalted station, that honest candour, that generous kindness, and all the social and domestic virtues that would have shed a hallowed blessing on the privacy of an humbler lot. In the later years of his life, he thought deeply on the subject of religion, and in his dying hour he found in its consolations the support which no earthly greatness then could give.

In his nature there was, in an eminent degree, that which has been termed "the milk of human kindness." Consideration for the feelings of all that were near him—an unwillingness to give unnecessary pain or trouble to the meanest of his attendants—these were qualities which endeared him to all that approached him; and the high and generous bearing that constitutes true dignity, was united with an honest bluntness, in a combination worthy of the sailor king.

The nation mourns his loss as a bereavement. A stranger who came among us would learn, in the universal grief, to understand the force of the expression, "the father of his people." He would know that England has lost a father, and that the days are not yet passed from the world, when the sympathies and the sorrows of national ties are almost as strong as the relationships of private life.

Our late monarch's attachment to the national religion, entitles his memory

to the epithet of blessed. He it was that called forth that feeling for our venerable Church, which, with God's blessing, will be its safe-guard. From his memorable address to the bishops in 1834, the rise of the Christian spirit of the country takes its date. It was that spirit, thus called forth, that has saved the country; and if generations yet to come shall have reason to bless God that they have an Established Church to teach them the truths of Christianity, let them bless the memory of the Christian King, whose single-hearted piety awoke by an unobtrusive act the national feeling to preserve it.

William the Fourth has been happy and popular in his reign; but as the full happiness of the Christian has been realized only in the better world to which he is gone, so we are sure the full measure of his people's affection has been reserved for his memory. Whatever may betide, for long years to come the nation will look back with fondness to the tranquil glories of his reign, and to the mild virtues of his character. The tribute of national affection will not soon wither by his tomb. Veneration for his character will assume with years a more hallowed colouring;—

“The sweet remembrance of the JURY
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.”

Thus must we take our last farewell of that beloved sovereign, to whom, we confess, our allegiance clung with an almost idolizing veneration. He was taken at a time when the nation ill could spare such a character in any rank, far less upon the throne. Years must pass over before our youthful Queen can supply his place. She has been called, in the providence of God, to govern this great empire, at an age at which few are considered capable of managing their own affairs, and under circumstances which require the wisdom of a matured mind. When we contemplate the situation of the youthful Queen with her constitutional advisers such as they are, we can conceive no situation of more difficulty and peril.

We do not, however, despair that her reign will be a happy and a glorious one. She has a thousand dangers surrounding her path, but she has tens of thousands of loyal men her subjects, ready to shed their blood to protect her from all revolutionary assaults—from the perfidy of her ministers—and the enmity of the foes of the monarchy.

And yet we confess we are not without our apprehensions—they may have no reasonable grounds; but sometimes when we look back to the continued peacefulness of the late reign—when we think of the virtues of him whom we have lost—and when we reflect that we have been bereaved of him just at the time when those virtues on the throne seemed most necessary to the well-being of the nation—and when we consider the perils which surround his young and inexperienced successor—the words come with something like a melancholy foreboding to our minds. “The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart—and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.”

From our youthful Queen may Providence avert that evil, and make her reign a happy and a glorious one for herself, and the people over whom she rules.

“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

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THE PORTESES OF OUR DAY.—NO. I. FELICIA HEMANS.

CONTEMPLATIONS INTRODUCTORY.

Oh for a couch of roses in a bower of jasmine! Oh for a West wind purified from the asperities of our Northern Atlantic, and modulated to the mildest Favonian that ever wooed the brow of Theocritus procreative of idyls! Oh for a PEN of diamond, with a stem set in the yellow-tinted pearls of Catifa! INK—not the vile and vitriolic compound which mere mortals construct of galls of Aleppo and Arabic gum, but that undecaying ichor which spots the snowy sheets of celestial albums,—in which the God of Wine, steadying with firmamental soda-water the tipsy tremors of his hand, perpetrates extemporary Anacreontics, and the god of War, calming the magnificent frenzies of his eye, effuses all his mighty soul in quatuorains of love! PAPER—shall it be framed from the graceful plaintain-tree of India; or shall it better be a parchment moulded of the silk-worm's ball, such as the thrice-learned and long-winded Busbequius, affirmeth to be employed by the epistolarians of soft Cathay; or borrowed of that Xagua plant, each leaf of which—read it, ye incredulous in Ray—is huge enough (oh! happy discovery for thread-bare *litterateurs*!) to make either a *cloak* or a *folio*; or Papyrus of antique Memphis; or else the fragrant bark of the blossomy linden-tree? Asbestos we reject, for we mean to be imperishable without its aid; besides, that its obstinate texture is wholly out of harmony with the visions which we are now encouraging to shower from the “dropping cloud” of imagination upon the thirsty desert of our hearts. Therefore again do we demand, in all our original moderation, a sofa of living roses, and the odorous sighs of the balm-bestowing West. All things that be mild and May-like; all things that hush the

stormy Disquietudes to slumber, till to the tranced spirit the whole wide world seems one bright smile; and, in the universal repose of Sense and Soul, Love and the Beautiful alone are waking!

For we have now a roseate theme to indite of! Oh, ye our multitude of stout-hearted contributors; immortal band of resolute constitutionalists; ye who still echo *No Surrender* from the Derry of our invaded institutions! and whose ponderous axes, prolific of death, inflict, with easy stroke, summary justice on the rampant warriors of the Corn Exchange! Ye, who dispatch a score of reluctant Radicals in a sentence, and think it no feat to crush, in one small page, the entire labours of Lord John's parliamentary recess—our strong men of politics, for a while, give way! This is peculiar ground—this is a fairy-haunted circle. It lies deep and remote among the greenest dells of thought; the Oberon of Fancy has built and blessed the spot. Certain gentle Spirits alone are privileged to flit within its precincts; some of them thin shadows, whose paternity belongs less to Memory than Imagination—the pale Lesbian, she of the wild locks and the troubled bosom—Myrtis the enchantress of hearts that now are dust—and the fire-eyed Corinna, before whom even the Swan of Dirce bowed the snowy splendors of his neck; and she too,—SHE of the queenly intellect, who called from the depths of her deep soul, another not less glorious Corinne!—and some of them have a more substantial being; lights not yet consumed; eyes that still glow soft answers to living eyes; spirits that beam not solely on the page. Of these will we speak, and in our genial vein; “not harsh and crabbed,” but in that mood which becometh the complexion of the

heavens under which we are dreaming—with gleams of joyous sunshine, and now and then a showery gush of transient tearfulness, and oftener still perhaps unfolding that Rainbow which unites the rain and the radiance in a heavenly marriage, and in so weaving together the rain and the radiance—the grief and the gladness, becomes the fitting emblem of that humanity to which it was of old appointed as the sacred and enduring sign!

But before we proceed to our gentle task, we feel it incumbent to guard against one sad misconception—one destructive insinuation which would be enough to sap the entire force of our argumentation. Nay, reader, we understand that knowing wink, and that half-uttered murmur about “the *Poetesses*.” But no—we are an old fellow, too far gone for literary flirtation. No, no—the Della Cruscan intercourse of applause and amatory criticism belonged to our youth, and perished with it. “No more, no more—oh! never more to us” will come the full-dress presentation copy, the Beau of our Library, breathing fragrance from his robes of Morocco and gold. “Poems of Sentiment and Sensibility, by Clarissa Clementina St. Clair.” And in the fly-leaf, in a band of Italian illegibility—“From Clarissa to one of the few who can thoroughly understand her!” *Few* indeed! And then the soft reply, tendered in the not unexpected form of a graceful eulogy—or prose or rhyme—in which the fair constructor of slim quartos was classed with the impassioned Sappho, and her lyrics—much too good for this world, and accordingly long since interred—were promised an interminable fame, rocks and mountains, iron and brass, being called upon to supply images of endless duration. No more the rewarding invitation to intellectual tea, and the favored juxtaposition on the honorary sofa; perhaps even the ecstatic distinction of a rejoinder sonnet, commencing in a bold vocative,—

“Ingenuous youth, whose praise indeed is fame!”

No more—but why protract the torment of these unavailing recollections? You talk of a critical courtship and a Longinus in love; ah! just contemplate us as we sit, the hoary Anacreon of criticism—penning the periodical praises of pretty and Pierian Poetesses! “A few thin hairs our reverend temples crown;” rugosities that no art cosmetic will ever smooth, have long since ploughed our forehead (of

course in order to sow therein the prolific seeds of wisdom)—our eyes have acquired those unattractive characteristics which Hamlet so impolitely described to Polonius; our teeth, a scanty residue, chatter with the piercing cold of July. Above the whole antique structure of our reclining form rises—the peak that crowns the Olympus of our skull—a venerable nightcap! Its origin dates beyond the Welch genealogies. A fimbriated ornament clearly traceable to our Celtic ancestors, decks the apex of its spire; and around the border are woven the half obliterated characters of some perished language! What?—will you still mutter suspicions of meditated loves?—will you obstinately persevere to insinuate “intentions?” Why, Chloe laughs in our face; Phillis, who sets fire to the hearts of half a country, contents herself with setting fire to *our* wig; and Laura, in our very presence, talks of us loudly as “the old deaf gentleman.” Do you imagine that we covet to indie a new edition in foolscap, of *Rejected Addresses*? Alas! there is not an Authoress in the land, barring ———, ancient enough now to accept our attentions!

But if you are still unsatisfied, we will whisper a secret:—we would not trust this subject out of our own hands. It is impossible to calculate what might be the result if we suffered such a gunpowder topic to get out among our young Contributors. The fellows are, many of them, Irishmen; and we all have heard the burden of that grave and austere anthem which connects “an Irishman’s heart” with “the ladies.” In all subjects of this combustible description there is a sort of reckless desperation (to which their genius gives force and even consecration) about these young Irish Poets, that requires the most provident Editorial management. For our part we are a perfect Duenna in our guarded permission of these inflammatory themes. Nor let it be thought that the distant and ideal character of the heroines of our present consideration would debar these adventurous admirers. Not a whit. Nothing is too remote for the incredible capacity of their affections. A Milkmaid or a Muse, it is all one to them; the rascals have, every soul of them, a forty-turtle power of amatory devotion. Physiologists—vide Sir Astley Cooper, and Dr. Stark of Vienna, who sacrificed *himself* in proving the point,—have established how pernicious

is an exclusive diet to the outward constitution ; these omnivorous amorists have adopted the same theory about the passion, and digest with unimaginable facility, love affairs of the most contradictory material. Nothing can surpass the rapidity of their *assimilation*. Their heart is to the heart of other nations of our race, what the stomach of the ostrich is to that of the canary-bird. One of these fellows will often breakfast on a tender colloquy with Clara—appease the noon-day cravings of his heart with a billet-doux to Wilhelmina—dine on a desperate promise of eternal constancy to Rose, and pick the wing of an undecided *penchant* for Seraphine, for Supper ! If the Fair be too exalted and ideal, their fancies are inconceivably expert in building around her a wall of fictitious flesh and blood ; if she be too material for their cloud-worshipping temper, they can spiritualize her into an Abstract Idea, an *ens rationis*, the eidolon of a thought. Whether it be a near gas-lamp or a distant star, these Ghebers are equally ready to adore the flame.

With gentlemen of this temperament it may be conceived that we must have a busy time of it. From the moment indeed in which it became known that these papers were to be undertaken for the enlightenment of an enraptured public, our doors were beset with applicants. *Juvenis* "did not wish to intrude his services—he made it a point never to do so ; but if the honor of doing justice to Miss ——'s perfections was not pre-engaged, he had some thoughts upon her genius, which he believed would be new to the public." We believed so too, and suggested—a pamphlet. *Philogynus* rushed into the imperial chamber with dark and troubled glance ; his hair erect and open collar attested inspiration. But the effort was too much ; his words became unintelligible as a modern Pindaric, and he retreated in a delirium of contending emotions. Our sternness not unsoftened by the sight, we inquired of the porter the circumstances of his entrance and exit ; but Cerberus scratched in vain his three metaphorical heads, and still remained not less at fault than ourselves. He could only recollect that the poor young gentleman, while struggling in the accessions of his mania, had ever and anon betrayed the name of one CAROLINE BOWLES, whom the worthy Guardian of our privacy seemed strongly to suspect to be a Ward in Chancery. As

to X. Y. Z. *he* pleaded that his three letters were obviously destined by Fate to match with L. E. L. We eluded this man of letters with some profound suggestions as to the real significance of the "*trium literarum homo*" of the ancients ; and while we dismissed the adorer of the Improvisatrice, mentally ejaculated a *syllable, trilateral as his own signature*, which we would not be so indecorous as to utter to our readers, inasmuch as a mysterious proverb has reserved it to that much enduring biped—the Gander ! We need not extend the detail. Suffice it to say, that we have maintained our purpose amid sneers at our Turkish spirit of appropriation, and even no dubious murmurs of the Fifteen Acres. The theme is too momentous ; the risk is too perilous. The "*liberty of the Subject*," which we concede to our contributors on all other occasions, we justly dread on this.

It will by this time be quite manifest to the dullest capacity—even to that of a Manchester Radical Reformer, or a lecturer in the London University—that we are alive to the responsibilities imposed by this awful undertaking. We do not seek to evade them. We know that we have not now to do with the tough case-hardened male Author, indurated by long infliction of criticism, and whose insensate nerves, not even the very aqua-fortis of vituperation can awake to feeling. Beings on whom a lash of Scorpions would fall unheeded. The very O'Connells of literary impudence ; fellows who scarcely disturb their features into even a smile, at the detection of their felonious attempts to administer laudanum in large doses to the reading public. Alas ! how often has their more than Indian endurance tested our patience ; how often has the heavy apathy of the Tortured retorted agony upon the Torturers ! They are insoluble in any menstruum of whatever acidity ; they have learned to contemn contempt. Beat their nauseous compounds into chaos a million times—still, like the eternal elements of Nature, the atoms at the bottom of all survive indestructible. There is a depth in their doggedness not without sublimity ! When we fall asleep (as we invariably do) while reviewing them, we dream of all impenetrable textures ; of the adamantine fetters of Fate—of the rugged cliffs of Caucasus—of the crystalline firmament—of the skull of Lord John Russell.

But how different the duties of this

pink and perfumed page! We breathe the atmosphere of the Boudoir, a voluptuous languor fills the odour-laden air; we dwell in a forest of *or molu*, intermingled with rocks and caves of buhl; the velvet pillowing that sustains our form belies in hues and softness the flower-enamelled turf. Ghosts—filmy phantoms—of a thousand gentle octavos, flutter into life around us, and as they hover in the caressing air, solicit—roguishly resistless—an approving smile from our venerable visage. There is coquetry in the very play of their leaves, fascination in their gilded bindings, ruin to the peace of man in their vignetted title-pages! More and more as we gaze, an inexpressible tremor agitates even our aged breast. Can they—*can* they be the magic volumes of Cornelius Agrippa, which whose touched unbidden felt the guilty limb benumbed into paralysis? Is there a spirit secreted in the leaves? or whence is it that we tremble even as if we beheld those awful Acherontian books which, in the gloomy hierarchal days of old Etruria, Tages the priest, reeking with auspicial blood, received from the immediate hand of Jove! But no—pretty codices! libri not “lintei” but *bombycini and sericati*! odoriferous octavos! such sanguinary similes beseech ye not. Ye do your spitting more gently than such barbarous volumes sent thus to Earth by the cloud-compelling Father of the Gods to teach hoary humbugs how best to butcher innocent poultry. These are not the murders that *you* accomplish; your “field of blood” lies among the hearts of “talented young gentlemen” and poets chipping the shell, a tribe whom you grievously bewilder with the seraphic sensibilities of your plaintive pages. Few are your leaves, but deep your contents, and passing deep your margins! Crow-quill pens and desks of rosewood were your progenitors; your aspect betokens a natal air *not* that which in vain essays to permeate the heaven-scaling Attics of Grub-street. The thoughtful brows that bent over the gold-edged MSS. from which your existence derives, were unwrinkled by the coarse conflicts of our uncouth sex,—moulded as in the creative visions of Grecian sculptors, in the day when Soul was materialized in marble. Ah! if at the first appulse of your charms, the ashes of perished years betrayed a spark, forgive our still Hibernian temperament. We will remember us of our immeasurable antiquity, and be calm.

Ut seriò agamus—that we may be seriously and sagely somniparous, as becomes all articulated clerks in the Office of Criticism—it cannot be denied even by us, notwithstanding our too manifest foible for the fair, that in the primrose paths of Poesie the robed and ringletted sex has in all ages walked more gracefully than grandly—that their fancyings have truly been more pretty than profound. Now prithee retract that pointing lip, azure-anced Julia! learn, like the monarch of old, to “hear the truth,” and remember, lyrist as thou art, that the “genus vatum” *may* exist without the “irritabile” and not be very much the worse for the defect. Believe us, if we were disposed to be uncivil we might make out a bitter case against you. Joanna Baillie is not quite Shakespeare; nor do we just at present recollect any young lady of our somewhat diversified acquaintance who can be considered as accurately equivalent to that Blind Beholder of the Invisible who “pursued Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.” About the comparative merits of Laura Matilda (was it Laura or Rosa?) and Pindar—not *Peter*, but the thunder-toned man of Thebes—we are not yet prepared to offer any categorical verdict; but we have no hesitation in stating it as our irrevocable decision, that a poem, in any measure of any language, on the “Agricultural Interest” from the pen of Harriet Martineau, would have left the Georgics still unsurpassed. If despite the Donna Agnesi and Mrs. Somerville, the world has given up the hope of female Newtons,—if the philosophy, and physiology, of the “Book of the Boudoir” is, however paradoxically, placed by common consent rather below the *Novum Organum* and the *Essay on Human Understanding*,—we fear that on very similar grounds the expectation may be resigned of feminine Miltons, Homers, and Tassos. All the highest efforts of mind are kindred; and a class, whether a people or a sex, which appears to be irretrievably denied any one of these supreme gifts by Nature, will seldom be found endowed with any other. It seems to be a very mistaken assumption that the quality of imagination which gifts a great poet with creative strength, is *a priori* more adapted for the female intellect than the sagacity of philosophic invention. A great Poem is in truth among the mightiest creatures of exalted reason. It combines a greater variety of *qualities*, and requires a greater proportion-

ate variety of *qualifications*, than a work, however subtle and solid, whose texture is woven of unmingled reasoning. We see that it is actually rarer; the sovereign Epic is "the single wonder of a thousand years," and, in its sublimer form, seems to exhaust a national intellect, each nation favoured of the Muse being apparently able to produce as yet but one leading representative of this master genus of poetical performances. Look to the "corrivalls of their dignity,"—the aspirants that impeach the monarchy of the Iliad, the *Æneid*, the Jerusalem, the Paradise Lost. The Odyssey is less an Epic than a Romance, the Pharsalia, with great merits, has never taken a strong hold of the general mind, the eccentricities of the Orlando are beyond the class of the serious Epic, and the unread labours of Blackmore will scarcely affect the solitude of Milton's supremacy. As to Milton himself, his two Poems join in the unity of subject, and are indeed the complements of each other. The Fairie Queene, as if to enforce the law that destined a single mind to the glories of Epic nationality, is incomplete, and in its present state remains without any continuous thread of union. It will require a powerful and persevering intelligence to venture a new effort at the Epopée in any existing literature—and succeed. Of living authors there is no question that Wordsworth is the only preeminent possessor of the powers that might command success—the *genius*, the *perseverance*, the *independence*; and indeed, when his great poem will have been presented in its completeness to the public, (an event which, if he still purpose to will the Grand Whole as a posthumous bequest to the literature and virtue of England, all good men will assuredly join in praying may be deferred!) it will probably be found to have created a new species of Epos, the Moral Epic. The "Individual Mind" which he professes to pourtray, would, as Hero, possess all the singleness and prominence of an Achilles or an *Æneas*; and so far entitle the poem to take Epic rank and precedence in the Herald's Office of Parnassus. It must, indeed, be admitted that the heroic attributes of these personages are somewhat heterogeneous; and we fear sorely that if in that world where the people of poetry are realized, they get together, the Individual Mind will have but a poor time of it with the son of Peleus. We doubt that even the pious *Æneas*

would select such a thin Abstraction for his bosom friend; but (unless indeed the Mind happily possess the organ of Destructiveness in strong development) we are quite convinced that the Thetis-born,—the Swift-footed Achilles,—will pronounce it a very sneaking sample of the heroes of the post-Trojan world. But we are digressing. As Colonel X— exclaims to his guests after the decease of the twenty-fourth bottle—"suppose we return to the ladies!" They have not, however, been out of our ken. *Cum minimé videbamus tum maximé, &c.*, or (to be less Ciceronian and more witty,) we may, apropos to this temporary withdrawal from our theme, cite a compliment (*genus Mendas spec. Gallicum*), which we remember in extreme youth—it was a Parisian *soirée* in the old régime—and in the fling of that imaginative audacity which makes the champagne of conversation, to have devised to some departing and distrustful Fair. "Madam," quoth we, while our ruffles trembled with agitation, "in your absence you are still dear to us as the currents of our dearest blood; like them too, you retreat from our eyes only to come nearer to our hearts!" *Eheu! labuntur*—we were young then.

We have been arguing (with our usual felicity) the eminence and rarity of Epic Miracles, in order to stimulate and elevate the reader's apprehensions of the difficulty of all these high enterprises of Imaginative Reason; and to suggest to him that it would be unreasonable to expect in this field what is despaired of in that of science and philosophy, to wit, prodigies in petticoats. Minds and their products are distributed in sexes as completely as heads and head-dresses; and an Epic or an Olympic Ode is as plainly a male entity as a Bayly ballad is (naturally) a female, and a Sonnet a hermaphrodite.

"But, sir, if you consider——"

"Well! what now, Miss Julia?"

"If you consider, sir, our circumstances,—our duties and obligations, sir; if you remember how often——"

"How often you must exchange Helicon for the Nursery, and the worship of the Pierides for the superintendence of Pies. Ah! I understand—you would plead in behalf of all that invisible genius which winds not through public channels, but meanders subterfluent as Arethusa of old,—that Oratory whose thunders roll not among the walls of St. Stephen's, but amid an

'aggregate meeting' of appalled domesticity—Betty and Sue, Jane and Judy,—that Poetry which breathes itself to life in the statuesque symmetry of *plateaux*, and embodies its dramatic power in the magnificent *trilogy* of three courses,—that Philosophy which makes its possessor 'mistress of herself though china fall,' enabling her to sit sublimely serene 'amid the ruins of porcelain, as Marius of old amid those of Carthage, or to meditate upon them as Volney upon those of Empire,—yes, that patient enduring philosophy which—

which——"

"Which I want at present, my dear sir! All this is quite as false in conception as sarcastic in execution. You would confound us with the former belles of Queen Bess's day, and oppress us with the virtues of our great-grandmothers! No—I would refer to higher and nobler paths for our powers. I would refer to that genius which, content not to be great, is satisfied with making happy; that unpretending wit which, elevating the tone of our drawing-rooms, secures and graces the sovereignty of the *soirée*; to that quiet efficacy which (smile as you may, Diogenes of Editors!) *does* maintain civilization at its level, and exalts morals without compiling books. I *might* speak of the Queens who made England greater than her Kings have done, of the Semiramises and the Margarets,—but I forbear. We prefer to be noiselessly beneficent, and it is our very humility which has given you the material of your accusation. Many a mother has poured out upon the cultivation of her offspring capabilities that might have wrought out new beauties in our country's literature! But we have the proud modesty which despises such glories as are purchased at the expense of duty—where sleeps the justice that should estimate the noble sacrifice?"

"Fair Critic! it slumbers not in this ancient breast of ours. Humbly do we solicit quarter! We recognise your genuine excellencies, whether in face or feelings. Nor indeed can we lament that sacrifice of which erewhile you spoke, when we behold in a lovely and God-loving child, wise in its beautiful innocence, the fairest Work of a Mother's Mind, the true Living Poem of Maternity! But all these eloquent pleadings about the necessities of the nursery, after all, will fall blunt upon the jury who are to try your coaxing claims to immortality. Unfortunately, this sort of considerations regard the

quantity rather than the quality of female effusions. The sum of the matter is, that no arguments, among all the vindicatrasses of the Poetry of the Petticoat, have yet refuted the irresistible conclusion—that, in the 'ample room and verge enough' of 6000 years of time and the terraqueous globe of space, female genius of the first rank would have emerged, if it had existed to emerge. The Nature that gave stronger bodily muscles to man, indubitably gave him stronger intellectual ones too; and Amazonian understandings are as rare as Amazonian forms. But that there are possessors of noble powers, of a true and genuine genius, to be found beneath the umbrageous infinity of Tuscan bonnets ('where the *Etrurian* shades High over-arch'd embower') we surely deny not, else wherefore have we engraven its title upon the vestibule of this article? or WHEREFORE DO WE WRITE AS NOW FOLLOWS?

That umquihle weaver of silky couplets, Robert Montgomery, concatenated a poem (as his publisher's accounts unquestionably attest) intitled "Woman, the ANGEL of Life;" prefixing to the same (if our memory serve aright) such a portrait of his own head and shoulders, as, in its collarless and frenzied glory, seemed cunningly meant to create in the hearts of the *angelic* readers, a new series of the "*Loves of the Angels*." Now, if this title for the abstract *Woman* be correct, what rank shall be assigned to the *Woman-Poet*? If the Essence be thus cherubic, what shall we say to the Quintessence? The imagination of the poet of Oxford could find a lurking angel in every bit of muelin from Wapping to Windsor,—yea, even from the blubber-banqueting charmer of the Esquimaux (who, at her *petit-souper*, answers to the assiduous attentions of her cavalier—"Thank you, a slice of that divine *intestine*,"—or, no, I have changed my mind—I'll just amuse my palate with a yard or two of that exquisite-looking *paté* of musty tallow"—and finishes the feast with a quart-bumper of train-oil) to the easy Fair of the island Edens of the South Sea—not one is without a place in this angelic choir. This attribution of angelism being undeniably true (as half the talk of half the love-scenes of all the novels of Europe prove, "My Angel!" forming the universal apostrophe,—and *omnium consensus est vox veritatis*—we'll swear we know many an *arch-angel* among them. But hang this habit of parenthesis! It steals on

us with our grey hairs, we not remembering that a great critic has well said of parenthesis—but hang it again! we must get on), we repeat that Mr. Robert Montgomery's theory being irrefragably established by a genuine induction, and "every woman is an angel," being as certain a *major* as any *omnis A est B* in the schools, are we not justified when we ejaculate the following brief address, for which we gratefully acknowledge that we are indebted partly to the last Minerva Press volume, partly to Mr. Shiel's speeches and tragedies, slightly to Lord Morpeth's sonnets, but most, oh! far most of all, to Mr. Bloxham's exquisite volume about Paradise. We say, then—if all that wear hoddices be angelic entities, are not ye, POETESSES! the burning SERAPHS, whose life of flame is eternally exhaled in one long and rapturous sigh? Creatures are ye of fire and fervour, yet not of the coarser combustibility of man, but of a soft unchanging lustre, like that which the vesper lamp of heaven pours from its beamy urn, or that gentler *love-star of the meadow*, which lights the glow-worm to his mate! Or shall we abandon the dull earth and snatch ye a simile from the deeps? Be, then, the tender gleaming of your genius upon the

rough waters of our life likened to that brilliance unimaginable, which in tempest-nights we have seen evolve from the *medusa pellucens*—strange glory of that wild element!—who sets the wave on which she floats a-blaze, till, sole in the darkness, it rolls along a weltering mass of silver fire!—a fire so *spiritually* soft, that we could fancy it to be that of which some ancients dreamed our souls were made!

So far, well. We have given our dear public an antepast of the varied feast which awaits them; and now to graver aspects (it may be) of the theme. Most things are lovely in the mass and generality; the sorrow is in the details. Alas! that Moon which at this very hour paces above us (the voiceless witness of how much joy and grief!) is beautiful enough in its distant vision to have made it the idol of all dreamers, and poetry itself a very *lunacy*. Approach it nearer—try it with the telescopes of philosophy—and what read ye there? Volcanoes horrid with gaping ruin—precipitous depths—and the sure evidences of a climate wild, and sudden, and terrific. Even such is the human heart! Such is human life! Such the reward of the study of both!

NO. I.—FELICIA HEMANS.

Those who knew anything of Felicia Hemans will not be at much loss to discover the cause of the infusion of melancholy in our last remark. The shadow of the coming subject was on our spirit. That paragraph was, as it were, the *flat seventh*, by which we drop into a more soft and solemn key.

This admirable person has now been lost to the literature of her age for more than two years. The busy voice of criticism has ceased to make her its theme, as it has ceased to speak of Byron, and Crabbe, and Coleridge, and the rest of those who, when their time was come, have silently dropped from their thrones on earth into the world of spirits. She is indeed remembered, and they are remembered. Her ballads are still quoted with energy, and the pompous pen of criticism does now and then point a phrase with her name, insert it in a catalogue, or cast it in to balance the scales of an antithesis. But still her fame has undergone the striking change which death accomplishes in the fame of every popular writer. And that change is a

striking one! No more excitement or expectation; no more calculation as to what the *future* may produce—as to what the present pledges; no more enquiries from the ardent admirer as to the personal habits of Genius, as to the possibilities of meeting with the great Author, as to the friendships or intimacies that surround the illustrious Being, and form an enchanted circle that each would wish (and *still hopes*) to penetrate! No more of that attractive mystery with which an unknown future always invests the destinies of greatness! All is past, and all known; two or three octavos contain the whole. It is no longer the Author, but the Book. The Great Mind is present only in its representatives; paper and ink are its proxy. In the still swelling throng of the past it takes its place; and for evermore the breathing and moving Spirit, that wrote, and spoke, and was assailed, and replied, and laughed out living wit, and wept, while men (unknowing why!) wept with it, is—A NAME, and nothing more!

This source of melancholy impressions (for in whom does it not beget melancholy reflection?) becomes peculiarly such, when the manifestor of great gifts leaves the world in youth, or in the prime of life. There is, then, a double disappointment. Such a mind so taken seems sadly deprived of its just property in fame, and the world of its property in the productions of so singularly gifted a labourer. For instance—however we may lament the tendency of Lord Byron's writings, and however questionable their utility to the world, *who* can reflect without an emotion of at least temporary sorrow and pity, that were he living *now*, he would not have *even yet* reached the turning point of human life! The subject of our present notice died, too, in the fulness of her fame and powers—"her sun went down while it was yet day." Her hopes of great achievements to come were unabated; and, as her friends know, the "plan and elevation" of many an airy structure in the world of imagination were traced in her mind, at the time when she was mysteriously called to prosecute (let us dare to say it) the same glorious calling under brighter auspices. Every one who knew the history of her heart, knew that in the subdued complexion which her later writings had assumed, was shadowed the parallel alteration of her feelings; the writings became prophetic of the great change which the writer was soon to experience; they were, doubtless, in the merciful appointment of heaven, a gentle discipline for the grander and more permanent scenes which were shortly to occupy the gifted dreamer's mind. Yet the change, when it did come, was not wholly expected. It is not in poetry to resign life without a sigh. The friendship, almost *personal*, which this lovely Art forms with the hues and forms of Nature; the beauty which, with the eye of an affectionate imagination, it discovers every where scattered in that magnificent ruin, our World; the tempering and softening power which (if at all *rightly* cultivated) it exercises to control and reconcile; these are things which make life but too attaching, and the drawing of that last solemn veil unwelcome, that sinks for ever between it and the senses. There is a sad truth of nature which redeems their obviously unfinished and hasty composition, in some lines we remember to have ravished from the papers of a young poet, whose long illness at

last seemed to darken into coming death:—

And must I die? and must I see no more
The dear blue skies, the fields, the echoing shore?
Vain beauties! vain hopes! from which my heart,
Too faithful to its fondness, *will* not part!
Ah! Nature glimmer still upon mine eye!
One summer more! I cannot, *cannot* die.
Talk not of splendours for the franchise'd mind,
Of suns more bountiful, and eyes more kind;
Of Edens glorified with ampler bliss;—
I ask them not! I want no world but *this*!
Its charms to me are better than divine,
Its fond familiar face is *true* to mine!
No more the walk beside the moaning stream,
The musing pause, the heaven-illumined dream,
Where the blest sleeper's couch was 'neath a tree,
Some leafy glory of my Arcady!
(Home, home, the *soul's* Arcady!) All must *fade*.
All, all—Oh, Death, be still the stroke delay'd!
Oh, stay the severance of that rude arm,
Or bid, if thou canst, these things cease to charm!
Life! why thy race so gorgeous, if the soul,
Ere it is well begun, must touch the goal?
They smooth my pangs, they bid me not complain,
How ill they sound the fountain of my pain!
Oh, nature's parting loveliness! to me
A death more deadly comes—in losing *thee*.

* * * * *

Air, let me breathe thee! Thou art precious now!
Wanton in wooing wildness on my brow.
Kiss the pale cheek not coy—'tis no boon—
Sport on it now—the worm will sport there soon!
Rose, let me drink thy sweetness! Flower-gem,
I will—I will uncrown thy dewy stem;
I'll pluck thee, bright one! I will place thee by
My pillow—watch thee drooping till I die,
And we *will fade together*!

Such deep agonies as these, indeed, can only belong to the very young; for to them alone can the yet unspoiled earth afford charms attractive enough to make its loss so passing bitter. But poetry is in some measure a *perpetual* youth. The poetical imagination is the reality of which that Restoring Fountain of the Lucayo Isles was the type; and every new poem is a recommencement of the broken dream of early life. In renewing the charming illusion, it renews all its seductive power; and even as it is said that no child ever seriously believed in the possibility of *its own* death, so it is only by an effort that this Artificial Childhood can believe that a world so fraught with beauty, is ever really to fade from its eyes and soul.

The authoress of the Forest Sanctuary had, however, much to make life no paradise, if she had much to make nature one; and her last days were serene and hopeful. She would, indeed, with the natural yearning of genius for its just rewards, have gladly accepted from Providence such a measure of

time and opportunity as might have enabled her to establish her reputation upon some single basis, broader and deeper than the circumstances of her unsettled and hasty efforts had yet permitted. She knew that the world is too impatient to cast up calmly the accounts of fame, when it is to be derived from many separate sources; and she was desirous to substitute the unity of a single performance for the loosely-remembered, if not distracting, multiplicity of her numerous volumes of verse. This was not to be; but the loss will, we trust, be far below her fears. English taste must, indeed, have adopted strange and novel canons of poetical judgment, when, even amid the increasing crowd of competitors for its approbation, it suffers neglect to shadow the name of Felicia Hemans.

Enthusiastic admirers of the poetess, in the jealousy of their admiration, are apt to construct ingenious annoyances for themselves, and to fancy that *already* they perceive the first withering touches of this oblivion. But this is a delusion which, in *all* cases, takes place; and in *all* cases from the very same causes. We have before described how sudden and striking is the change which departure produces in the public feelings towards all great writers. There is really nothing more here. How silent is the world about that mighty Being whose giant shadow overhung our poetical literature some ten or twelve years ago! How seldom does conversation praise or denounce the profound and picturesque Crabbe! Coleridge is *more* the theme of observation, because the existing members of *his school* are its theme, and in a manner protract his vitality. But, in general, the grave sends its silence into the heart of the living world. We turn from what has been, to what is to be; from those whose tale is told, to those whose tale has yet the interest of an undecided drama. We commit to our libraries the easy task of preserving the records and monuments of fame—congratulate ourselves upon our love of literature—and turn to ask for the news of the day.

It is not our present purpose to write the life of Mrs. Hemans. That has already been done in sundry forms. We have never, indeed, scrutinized with sufficient accuracy all the minutiae of her outward and visible existence, to be able to add much to what the world already knows. We are here as critics, (sitting in the easy chair of a most gentle judgment,) not as bio-

graphers or gossips. Will the laborious genius of Mr. Prior (of deserved Goldsmith celebrity) forgive us, if we confess that we are at this moment utterly unable to state with any thing like certainty, her precise *shade* of silk in morning or evening attire? that we cannot make an approach as to the milliner of her choice? that whether the pens with which she was wont to write, were broad-nibbed or narrow-nibbed, we could merely guess, but cannot venture to affirm categorically? These are, indeed, fearful omissions; and we lament to say, seem to be almost irremediable, unless, indeed, Mr. Prior, *nunquam defatigatus*, would be kind enough to devote a few brief months to the inquiry of each.

* * * * *

Felicia Hemans was from her youth a poetess—from her birth consecrated and set apart to the sacred office. A wild and sequestered home instructed her youthful fancy with a power of teaching beyond the labours of art. She was a poet without Aristotle or Longinus, as every one is whose poetry is good for anything. Criticism is no more able to *make* or *teach* a poet, than Newton to *construct* or *reform* the world he interpreted and analysed. She loved all lonely places—the valleys and the majestic sea; and peopled her little Welsh dells with a populace of dreams. They tell us she was beautiful and playful as a Peri; a resistless little thief who stole hearts for sport, but knew not yet how to break them! When we first saw her she was a different being. A union of social vivacity and serene matronhood had made her, indeed, the perfection of the *agreeable*; but who that had ever studied the volume of human countenances, could mistake the slight but perceptible trace across the brow, where, too surely, Care had passed and left his *wake* behind him. By *that time*, almost alone in the world, (for admiration is not love, and cannot mimic it!) she had toiled and striven; wasting for purposes of poor necessity that radiant Lamp and hallowed Oil, which should have gleamed aloft in days of high antique festival, or been devoted to the embalming of kings—for immortality! The beautiful chivalry of heart, (for she was, in truth, a ladie of the olden time,) had long deserted the fields of Hope, and turned its course upon those of Imagination alone. The poetry had left the life, and taken refuge in the books. Her

dreams were now over her desk—they were once the unchecked phantoms of her inmost spirit. Poor Felicia! she had lived in the world by this time.

But that *was* a bright girlhood in the Cambrian hills! The little maiden, happy, she knew not whence or why, learned from nursing Nature the alphabet of her future art. Doubtless, (and it is an interesting speculation,) the first of all the developments of the poetical life in the soul, is—the peculiar love of *solitude*. This begins the history. The little wanderer, though kindly and affectionate, sensitive to reproach, and alive to encouragement, yet somehow in his hours of play finds himself continually *alone*. He cannot tell how it is, but the common variations of toy and sport have no stimulus for his fancy. He wearies of them soon, (or *connects them with some imaginary history*;) and in the depths of the grove is soon found babbling some little romance (in which the Stagyrte would be puzzled to find beginning, middle, or end); some strange portentous history in which (if his reading lie among the fairy-tales) knights and enchanters, giants and griffins, are the invariable *dramatis personæ*. For our own part, (old as we are now, we *had* once a very pretty hand at a copy of verses. Ah! if you but saw our *rebus*es in the “Gentlewoman’s Monthly Instructor for 1760!”) we remember that in earliest childhood *we* constructed an entire system of ideal *geography*. We would not be content with this ordinary working-day world, but actually created a new country, cities, rivers, and all. Over it we placed a monarch, (a child’s system of government is always *absolute*;) whose wars and peace, speeches, and, above all, single combats, gave us many a month of blissful production. What delightful coherency in our politics! What sudden demolition of cities and kingdoms! What annihilation of crowns and establishments, and all for sport! We are sometimes amazingly reminded of the whole, when we read the leading articles of the Morning Chronicle.

In this pretty independency, this gentle self-sufficiency which loves yet lives apart, our young Felicia dwelt. She read and worshipped Shakspeare! Our experience does not tally here. The Proteus-minded bard of Avon (he who held the whole wide universe

within the walls of his immortal skull!) was to us, we own it, nearly unintelligible for many a day. Experience—perhaps Sorrow and Sin—first taught us his depth of truth; for the *freshman* in the university of mankind can know but little of this mighty teacher. The fair girl probably loved him for his wonders and his women; for they need be no graduates who delight in many of these. She glorified her young intelligence also with the grand things of Milton. Here we can sympathize, yet not wholly. Shall we once more commit our experiences to the secrecy of the public? With a sense of awe—like his who enters the door of some enormous Temple, and feels his nothingness in the vast creation—an architectural *Poem*—that encompasses and oppresses his spirit, even so we entered the vestibule of the *PARADISE LOST*. Slowly and with repressed breath, we proceeded step by step, and our fingers (little more than infantine) trembled as we turned the awful pages. We had a firm belief that it was all to the letter a revealed truth; indeed, some confused notion that it was a literal versification of the Bible. The copy from which we read—an ancient and mystic volume, without title-page or date—added to the superstition of our admiration. But scarcely had we thrilled responsive to that wondrous passage which declares how the fallen cherubim received the speech of Satan, when some cross destiny threw in our puerile way that most Mahometan volume, the *Lalla Rookh* of Thomas Moore. The flowers and diamonds were too potent for our infant fancy; and the *Paradise Lost* was doubly lost in *Paradise* and the *Peri*. In sooth, it *was* a child’s decision.

But to proceed with our “*Souvenirs de Felicie*.” In the midst of Nature and the Poets she grew apace. Her dreams and her disappointments are expressed in the following passage of a late biographer,* which we extract, both as (we believe) conveying some real truth, and as being a sober contrast to our own unmanageable style.

“To a child of imaginative temper, surrounded by books and beauty, encouraged by love, and conscious of power, to enjoy the works of the poets is to attempt to imitate them. The pleasing facility of versification to a musical ear, the delight of exerting the new and untried faculties, the approval of parental affection, and

* Introductory Notice prefixed to the small edition of the “*National Lyrica*,” By W. A. B. W. Curry, Jun. and Co. 1836.

the innocent ambition for applause—then alone secure from disappointment—conspire to give a rapture to the first activities of imagination, not unlike the kindred illusions which, to romantic dispositions, are said to bestow a charm so inexpressible on the first emotions of love. The genius, as yet immature, enjoys a fortunate ignorance of its own unavoidable deficiencies; all that the mind conceives, it supposes, by a natural deception, that it has adequately expressed; and the very labour of composition renders it unwilling to believe that labour vain. The silent criticism of experience has not yet unfolded the difficulties of the art, by exhibiting the rarity of excellence, and numbering the thousand failures that counterbalance the success of a single candidate; and the common confusion between the love of poetry, and the faculty of creating it, too often converts the sincere admirer of genius into the deluded claimant of its honours. In the regions of science, from the definite nature of the subject, it is impossible that anything can long be called discovery, which is not indeed discovery; and hence, in that department, a high reputation is almost invariably an index of real merit; but as the language and literature of civilized nations are now modified, it is perfectly possible for a writer, gifted by reading with an opulent poetical vocabulary, and practised in the mechanical use of it, to deceive others and himself, during the course of a long life, with the appearance of a novelty of thought, which consists solely in the novel *apposition* of established phrases and images. The youthful aspirant is not aware of this unconscious process of imitation; he is not aware that a great original poet is a rarer manifestation of genius than a great philosophic discoverer; that the poetical imagination, with all its apparent variety, is really more circumscribed than the discursive faculty, and the superficial aspects of things less diversified than their reasons and internal relations. I have ever thought that there is much injustice in our estimates of poetical merit, arising from forgetfulness of this principle. In the history of a national literature, if its first great poets are generally to be deemed its greatest, in consideration of the peculiar obstacles which they have vanquished,—assuredly, the difficulties attending its later are not to be forgotten; if those are to be honoured with our deepest gratitude, who first brought the soil into cultivation, these are little less to be applauded, who have raised new vegetation upon its surface, after the exhausting succession of a thousand previous harvests.

"But the young Felicia was not, it is

probable, troubled by any of these severer calculations, in the novel joy of her first publication. It was a pleasant solicitude—a delightful anxiety, for the girl just escaped from childhood, to contemplate the little volume, in which her dreams since infancy were treasured; and the kindling imagination which brightened its pages, brightened also her hopes of its success. These hopes, however, were not destined to be wholly fulfilled; some cruel Aristarchus, whose rapacious appetite, like that of the ogre in the Nursery Tales, *fed on children*, visited the production with the barbarity of his criticism; and her first literary offspring was received into the world by a hand no less merciless than that which the poet describes, as introducing every offspring of man into life—

Cunctantem frustra et tremulo multa ore querentem,
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplexitur ulnis!

When the severe sentence thus passed on these childish effusions had been announced, says an affectionate memorialist of Mrs. Hemans, 'their little author was put to bed for several days, weeping, and heartsick of vexation and disappointment. This was the first and the last time that she tasted the bitterness of criticism.'

Alas! how blank must the little Sappho have looked, when she found that all the world were not made of such materials as Pa and Ma! What an awakening to find that there actually lived those who, disregarding all the *process* of her labours, would look only to their *results*; who, making no allowance for circumstances, rejecting all that unwitting sophistry by which necessity reconciles a bad rhyme, or a superfluous epithet, or a worn-out image, or an exaggerated sentiment, would try her performances by the naked standard of right and wrong—that awful standard of eternal truth, which, licensed, signed, and sealed by Nature herself, adjudges the claims and dispenses the rewards of genius—gives to the flames or the pastry-cooks the paltry efforts of a Milton or a Pope, and for ever enthrones a Bloxham on the pinnacles of immortality!

Again we appeal to the little biography. Its melancholy and metaphysical hue, and our lighter style seem to patch together like the black and white squares of a chess-board.

"After the publication of her youthful volume, in which many judicious critics saw the premature Spring of a fruitful and glorious year, the genius of the poetess developed itself with aug-

mented energies. Two additional volumes were presented to the world in the space of a few summers. She was now the vowed and consecrated servant of the Muse; her fate was fixed; Nature had stamped indelibly upon her brow the symbol of her rare and sacred office, as a priestess of the Beautiful on earth. She knew little of the dangers of that lofty calling; dangers that press forcibly upon all its ministers, but with peculiar force upon those who carry the wayward fire of inspiration enshrined in the delicate organization of a female mind. The world has few situations more perilous than that which is occupied by the possessor of a genius essentially imaginative, to whom age has not given experience in the realities of life, and from whom the circumstances of sex have in a great measure hidden these realities, even as far as they are to be discovered by the experience of the young. Genius is a fearful dower for a woman; she whose whole early life is so unceasingly invested with illusive colouring, ill requires the additional veil of poetical imagination, to deepen or beautify the illusion. To Felicia Hemans the world now only appeared as a wide arena for the display of a talent, whose very exercise was happiness; the present was filled with delightful occupation, the future radiant with fame; and in the enthusiasm of her art, she mentally devoted herself to the unremitting cultivation of her glorious gift. Great as was her subsequent success, perhaps in the visions of hope and the consciousness of peculiar powers she overrated it in kind and degree. The young expect from Fame what Fame can never give; they know not what extraordinary self-devotion or extraordinary improvidence must be the characteristic of those who, in the morning of life, subscribe themselves as the exclusive votaries of verse. Unfortunately the very imagination which inspires their volumes, is apt to extend its deceptive influences over their lives; the 'light from heaven' is the very light which 'leads astray'; and they can seldom win us to other worlds on the page, who are not themselves the habitual denizens of these imaginary realms. And hence, in the fulness of this splendid folly, they forget how small a portion of mankind, and how small a period of the life of even that portion, is occupied with the visions of poetry; how dead is the majority of men to all ideal attractions unconnected with their daily pursuits; and how very few would miss the presence of imagination, so far as it is a *faculty divine*, were its inspirations to cease for ever on the earth. All men are indeed dreamers, but these are not their dreams; the imagina-

tion is by far the busiest of the powers, but it is not the exalted and purified phantasy of the poetic contemplatist; and though the mysterious secret of 'rising in the world' is mainly the art of seizing and managing the *illusions* of our fellow-creatures, there are none who fail more hopelessly in the practice of this art, than those *who profess to practise no other!* It is thus that the earth, through all its civilized regions, offers a spectacle, which, perhaps, more than any other, forces upon the reflecting mind a conviction of the mad degradation of the human soul, as manifested in the total confusion of the order of natural appointments in the actual structure of society: power, wealth, and even reputation, obtained in all their highest degrees, by the active exercise of faculties, admitted to be among the lowest in the scale of the intellect; and obscurity, destitution, often even contempt, the reward of the possessors of the highest, except as far as they condescend to join in the pursuit of objects, which they are forced by necessity to seek, even while they are forced by nature to despise them!"

Our author calls these latter reflections "unavailing." In truth they are so. There is no species of writing more unprofitable than that which assails the universal order of society. What is must be, till a mightier power than the social system yet harbours, or is prepared to harbour, arise to explode the entire. It is not correction but destruction, that must bring in "the restitution of all things." "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint;" and a death must prepare the elements that are to form the glorified body of society, as it precedes the glorification of the individual frame. None of the imaginary possibilities of revolution, none of the juggle of historical transmutations, the shiftings of power, the delusions of representation, centralization, equilibration—antagonist forces, checks, and balances, and the rest, will do this business. Of what value is the most perfect mechanism, if the *material* of the machine be rotten and worthless? The revolutionizer of Calvary alone can heal the wretched social system and paltry politics of a world restlessly diseased, and the presumptuous quackery of whose philosophical guides only provokes and aggravates the disease! But this is a theme for a volume.

We pass over the lovely dreamer's next domestic event. As our miniature biography rotundly expresses it—

"in her nineteenth year, Felicia Browne received the name by which her writings are known to the world," which (without being positive) we shrewdly suspect, implies that she was married. In her marriage she was very unhappy;—the world knows too well why and wherefore. We believe, had the prefacer of the silken-vested volume beside us, examined more closely into the matter, he would scarcely have characterized the affair with so scrupulous a leniency. But it is useless *now* to speak or write. The weeper rests, and let her sorrows rest!

With her sighs came forth her genius. Her sadness called upon the muse for expression; and the tears, as they fell, crystallized into pearls of poësie. And now began that long series, which, filling several volumes, and finding a chosen place in every perfect library, have made the name of Hemans known wherever the language of her birth is modulated by female lips. The history of the succession may be found succinctly given in the biographiuncle before referred to; our agreement with whose opinions now becomes so delightfully cordial that they seem the very echoes of our own—a sort of mental double, like that of a German Romance. Her poetry at first assumed the classical and superb mould; a graceful stateliness and resounding music. "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," is an example. It is like the prize-poem of a poet (a really scarce commodity;) bright with subdued enthusiasm, and *gently daring*. The work seems to have caught the tone of its subject, and in describing statues, has the exact and chiselled symmetry of a statue. It is a poem to sit on the same shelf with Heber's Palestine, and the other *chef d'œuvres* of that graceful class—a class, which, though they are not indeed formed ever to set our brains distracted or our hearts on fire, yet do supply a very pleasant flow of thoughts in music. Byron requires a sedative to cool the imagination, Wordsworth a stimulant to spice it; these intermediaries, without making us often (it is true) remember their existence, yet leave us without any sense of deficiency, and are in themselves very complete and independent specimens of fine verse-writing. *Tuâ teretesque rotundi*. If they have not very much, they want nothing; if they seldom fly, they never sink. If you wished to set before your son (a promising boy) such

an example of poësy as he could scarcely *go wrong* in copying, you would select one of them. They are, as it were, the Abstract Idea of Poetry, the one model in which all agree, and from which all set out;—which genius individualizes by additions of a thousand different kinds, according to its thousand varieties, but which it still respects as a fixed and stable landmark in the art from which no man will wisely be *very far* distant. Such are these accurate compositions, elegant, correct and chaste; which no one who despises, and no one who does not surpass, will ever be a great and finished poet.

Felicia Hemans rapidly left them behind. Her genius soon peculiarized itself. She could no more have continued in this methodical school, than the wild-bird of spring could be taught to fly in a geometrical curve. The "Tales and Historic Scenes," which, as our text informs us, appeared in 1819, first manifested her strength of wing, and direction of course. In good sooth, a bird of rare beauty! at once bold and gentle;— now

As confident as is the falcon's flight,

and in her milder mood

Anon as patient as a female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed.

Tender and enthusiastic, she fed her heart upon all things noble, and would tolerate no others as the aliment of imagination. She created for herself a world of high-souled men and women, whose love had no outward glitter, no surface-sparkle, but a deep over-mastering stream, strong, steady, and unbroken. Her men and women would have been but poor hands at driving a bargain, and knew nothing at all of political economy. Alas! the MEN were made to hold high feast on days of victory—to lead the resolute chivalry of freedom—to consecrate banners in ancient churches, solemnized with rich evening light—to scale the walls of cities or defend them—to strike with courage—to endure with fortitude. The WOMEN, to sing hymns of pensive worship—to sit in antique bowers, with open missals and attendant maidens—to receive at castle-gates the true-hearted and the brave—to rush amid the spears and receive the wound meant for a sterner heart—to clasp the infant snatched from peril at the peril of life—to bear uncomplaining agonies—and, above all! to wait long, long days.

for the deceiver who will not return, to know the deadly sickness of a fading hope, and at last to dedicate a broken heart to him who has crushed it! These are the people and the achievements of her pages; here is the fountain and principle of her inspirations—HONOUR deepened and sanctified by RELIGION.

The following is our biographer's criticism of the volume, which contained the last Constantine, and the siege of Valencia :

" 'The Last Constantine,' couched in the harmonious but often languid Spenserian stanza, is written with considerable mastery of that difficult instrument of metrical effect. It was a subject not less suited to her tastes than it had been to the dramatic powers of her contemporary Joanna Baillie. These two gifted women met upon the poetical ground of this common subject, with talents equally feminine, and yet strongly contrasted. To Mrs. Hemans we owe vivid and romantic description, and an instinctive selection of the purer and loftier aspects of the great event she sketches; an event which forms perhaps, the noblest material for poetic celebration in the whole compass of history. But the peculiar genius as well as the dramatic purposes of Miss Baillie give to her performance a variety, force, and pathos which it would be vain to expect, and perhaps not fair to demand, in 'The Last Constantine.' And even in pure description, we might probably search the entire writings of Mrs. Hemans without meeting a comparison so simple, true, and effective, as that with which the tragedy of Constantine Paleologus commences,—

" 'Midst level ruin,
Our city now shows but its batter'd towers,
Like the jag'd bones of some huge animal,
Whose other parts the mouldering hand of time
To dust resolves.'

Yet in the more diffusive description, which impresses by enumeration rather than selection, there are striking specimens in Mrs. Hemans' poem :—

" 'Where art thou, Constantine? Where Death is reaping
His sevenfold harvest! Where the stormy light,
Fast as th' artillery's thunderbolts are sweeping,
Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's noonday night
Where the towers rock and crumble from their height,
As to the earthquake, and the engines ply
Like red Vesuvius; and where human might
Confronts all this, and still brave hearts beat high,
While admires ring loud on shivering panoply!'
(Stanza lxxxviii.)

" Nor can any conception be happier than the introduction towards the close, of the vengeance which, at the period when this poem was written, the descendants of old Greece seemed about to indict upon the usurpers of the palace of

the Cæsars—usurpers who are themselves now the same lethargic and unpitied victims of slow decay which Mahomet II. found their predecessors in the fifteenth century.

" The graceful powers of Mrs. Hemans in the same walk which had been trodden so grandly by Miss Baillie, were manifested in her *Vespers of Palermo* and her *Siege of Valencia*. The latter is a noble work, and as a poem ranks with her highest productions, though it is filled too uniformly perhaps with the spirit of her own mind, to be very *distinctively* dramatic. It has indeed variety; but less the variety of human nature, than of a god-like and exalted nature which belongs to few among mankind, and to them, perhaps, only in strange and terrible crises. The steadfastness of the paternal chieftain, the sterner enthusiasm of the priest, the mother's maddening affection, and the gentle heroism of the melancholy Ximena, are drawn with individuality, but it is the individuality of a common greatness, the apparent appropriation to many, of an essence really the same in all. In her own heart the poetess found this pure essence; and when she created her Christian patriots at Valencia, she but translated *herself* into a new dialect of manners and motives. Of this one elevated material she has, however, made fine dramatic use. The language, while faultless in its measured music, has passion to swell its cadences; the loftiness is never languid; and the flow of the verse is skilfully broken into the animated abruptness suitable to earnest dialogue. There are many too, of those sudden glimpses of profound truth in which the energy of passion seems to force its rude way in a moment, into regions of the heart that philosophy would take hours to survey with its technical instruments, and pages to describe with its technical language. Thus when the iron-hearted monk is telling the story of his son's disgrace :—

" 'Elmina..... He died?
Hernandez..... Not so!
Death! Death! Why, earth should be a paradise,
To make that name so fearful! Had he died,
With his young fame about him for a shroud,
I had not learned the night of agony,
To bring proud natures low! No! he fell off—
—Why do I tell thee this?—What right hast thou
To learn how pass'd the glory from my house?
Yet listen! He forsook me! He that was
As mine own soul, forsook me! trampled o'er
The ashes of his sires!—Ay, leagued himself
Even with the infidel, the curse of Spain,
And for the dark eye of a Moorish maid,
Abjured his faith, his God!—Now, talk of Death."

The whole of the scene to which the passage belongs is moulded in the highest spirit of tragic verse. The bewilderment of the mother betrayed into guilt by overpowering affection, and the death of

the beautiful enthusiast *Ximena*, are sketched in a style of excellence little inferior; and the peculiar powers of *Mrs. Hemans'* poetry, less dramatic than declamatory, have full scope in the spirit-stirring address of the latter to the fainting host of *Valencia*, as she lifts in his own ancient city the banner of the *Cid*, and recounts the sublime legend of his martial burial."

We pass on to "The Forest Sanctuary," the work of a much later period. It is a story whose singular plan and perfect execution are beautifully worthy of each other. We blot out a long criticism which we had just composed, consisting of fifteen antitheses, two apostrophes, a sneer, and a simile, in order to substitute the following extract from the poem, which will tell the tale of its merits much better. It is the episode of a girl about to be burned at an *auto da fe*, whose lover arrives, and would fain tempt her to rescue herself from the inquisitorial murder.

"The trampling of a steed!—a tall white steed,
Rending his fiery way the crowds among—
A storm's way through a forest—came at speed,
And a wild voice cried 'Inez!' Swift she flung
The mantle from her face, and gas'd around,
With a faint shriek at that familiar sound;
And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,
And dash'd off fiercely those who came to part,
And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

"And for a moment all around gave way
To that full burst of passion!—on his breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
But blest—in misery's very lap—yet blest!—
Oh love, love strong as death!—from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power,
Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!
How could we thence be wean'd to die, without despair!

"But she—as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twin'd
Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,
A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if nought earthly might th' embrace unbind!
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill!

"Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height,
A strange, sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts of night,
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark again
The hour—the scene—th' intensely present,
rush'd
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
Like blood-drops from a victim; with swift rain
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Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that hour,
As if her life would melt into th' o'er swelling
shower.

"But he, whose arm sustain'd her!—oh! I knew
'Twas vain,—and yet he hop'd—he fondly strove
Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
As life might yet be his!—A dream of love
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flower-
ing youth!

"He woo'd her back to life.—'Sweet Inez, live:
My blessed Inez!—visions have beguil'd
Thy heart—abjure them!—thou wert form'd to
give,
And to find, joy; and hath not sunshine smil'd
Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own,
Or earth will grow too dark!—for thee alone,
Thee have I lov'd, thou gentlest! from a child,
And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
Thy soft voice in my soul—speak!—Oh! yet live
for me!

"She look'd up wildly; these were anxious eyes
Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled thought
Alvar's—Theresa's!—Did her childhood rise,
With all its pure and home-affections fraught,
In the brief glance!—She clasp'd her hands—the
strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—break!

"And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd and
faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
Thro' its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings
pass'd
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—she!—what had lov'd
was gone!"

Such a poem as this, united with that cluster of pearls, the "Records of Woman," the "Scenes and Hymns," the "Songs of the Affections," and their glittering train of shorter lyrics—every one a gem—may surely demand a noble place in poetical precedence. There is, indeed, no lack of consummate folly/erented by occasional critics in depreciation of the great and peculiar powers which this mass of fine poetry displays. Besides the passages which will be found employed as exemplifications in our well-known treatise, *SUMPHOLOGIA, sive de iis qui stoliditate maxime floruerunt*—it is urged that they manifest little diversity of powers, or scope of observation. Now this is always a feeble ground of attack.

Man's mind is not made for universal comprehension; the intellect of no mortal, any more than his body, is formed to possess the mysterious ubiquity commemorated in the ornithology of Sir Boyle Roche. To possess and cultivate one elect field is the most that even great minds can attain; and it may be generally said, that the perfect mastery of a single department gives, and ought to give, higher claims to renown than third-rate efforts at a thousand. Thus, no great poet escapes being, in some degree, a mannerist; the mintage of his brain bears its unchangeable image and superscription. Come, then, to the immediate point. Mrs. Hemans's poetry is of one character—granted. So is Byron's, Wordsworth's, Moore's, (*he has two faces, indeed,*) Coleridge's, Scott's, Campbell's. But, then, that character is a low and easy one? Denied, with the most peremptory *negative* that our somewhat rusty logic can command! So far was it from being thought an easy one, *before* her performances, that we might go farther, and assert that her peculiar field was until then actually *uncultivated* or *unknown*. We challenge the whole lists to name the champion of either sex, who before her day wielded her slender lance, or bore her snowy banner. Joanna Baillie? She may be more than Mrs. Hemans; but she is *not* Mrs. Hemans. Her women are now and then fine creatures, and she is truly a fine creature herself; but they are easily distinguishable from our Felicia's ideals, and certainly (as beautiful conceptions) not superior. Or are we (for *our* sex are in this special field *hors de combat*) to return to the antediluvian ages, when Anna Seward flirted and sonnetted her primrose way over unnumbered pages? Times of which the literary geologist discovers dim traces in the fossil remains of antique libraries! No—no.—Felicia Hemans was indeed greatly modified by the tone and poetry of her age, but she modified it in turn. If she was acted on, she also reacted. And to utterly overthrow these men of talk, we refer to America, where she has really become the foundress of a school, and a very pretty school too, except that it lacks a little of the birch of criticism now and then. What more have the Byrons and the Scotts done, than thus to reflect themselves in innumerable imitators, making

"A thousand images for ONE THAT WAS,"

and living for ages to come in their literary children? A truly original and powerful Poetess, she has held her own place, made herself *felt* in the world's literature; and is it not puerile, because she does not class with the Meteor of Newstead, and the Vesper Star of the Lakes, to deny her the possession of her own pure, and genuine, and steady light?

And now—for longer criticism is unnecessary, where a case is *omni exceptione majus*—let us turn to another topic, on which we have got one or two remarks to make, which we would rather waive, if our feelings of duty left any alternative.

The private life of the Poetess of Woman was worthy of her published fame. Perhaps we ought rather to reverse the expression and say—that her exterior life was in harmony with that far profounder and more intimate existence, of which her works are the portrait and the history. We must be permitted to go deeper into this. It is an opportunity of stating what we have long wished to state. There is a sad, and in its consequences a really painful and pernicious error in the vulgar estimates of literary biography. Forsaking the essential and real nature, men seek the accidental and artificial; in quest of petty anecdote and depreciating incident, they desert the desk and closet, for the toilet and the drawing-room; and in professing to present the life of a poet they give us *everything* but the poetry of his life. This is grievously unjust to the Artist, grievously injurious to the World:—for the mind of the *former* in its majestic symmetry, it substitutes a lame and mutilated fragment of disjointed thoughts; and to the *latter* it presents, instead of an exalting and stimulating example of mental conquests, a paltry register of worthless facts, calculated merely to lower the poetic calling, and degrade the divine inheritance of verse. The class of storyists to whom we are alluding, in their influences on reputation, seem to prefer the office of Cecilia to that of Timotheus; they choose less to "lift a mortal to the skies," than to "draw an angel down." But let all critics remember, that the literary achievements of every man who has ever written anything worth outliving the hand that wrote it, are themselves a part, and the most important part of his life,—that his purest and deepest conversation is with his books,—that (unless in those few and terrible in-

stances, in which the habits seem to have become totally dissociated from the convictions and sentiments) no man has ever thought or written nobly, without having much that is noble in his actions too,—and that, when the contrary is in any degree the case, it is grossly unjust not to recollect that his works *are themselves actions*, and that the good he has thought and disseminated, ought fairly to be balanced against the follies he has committed. What! shall we imbibe from the profound and pathetic page a wisdom that tends to purify the heart and soul; and in gratitude for this—the greatest blessing that one human being can confer on another—rush eagerly to pry into every recess and cranny of remembered or forgotten records, in order to confront the book with the man, and make the momentary effervescences, (perhaps the bitter and depressing struggles) of the author contradict the sober dictates of his better spirit?—Some of our modern biographies of this kind (we say it with real pain) are linked to the works of their illustrious subjects, somewhat as the tyrant of old bound the dead to the living; the one division of the volume is full of life and health, and beauty,—the other an equally striking exhibition of corruption and weakness, and deformity!—From all this, when calculated to afford a powerful moral lesson, we trust we would never shrink; but when manufactured (as too often it obviously is) for the gratification of an aimless or pernicious curiosity, its tendencies of mischief are only abated by the frequent and fortunate dulness which mars the efficacy of the evil by the poverty of the execution.

Sed quorsum hæc? We admit—as we hinted at first—that our remarks have gone a little beyond the necessities of the occasion; yet the connexion is not wholly lost. No ingenuity of collectorship could make Mrs. Hemans's life even ungraceful,—not to speak of the remotest approach to such results, as we have been describing; yet it *could* produce a *false impression*, and the gradations of these false impressions are infinite. From a slight instance we took occasion to attack the general principle.

For, of this posthumous injury, (which does that for the world's best benefactors which its greatest enemies often escape) there are many degrees and divisions. When Death has set his seal on a great name, innumerable

are the tribes that live upon its reputation. Some are malignant from secret envy or supposed neglect; some are unintentionally injurious from a mere love of gossip; some wound by their abuse, and some by their admiration. One writes to boast his intimacy, another to fill his pockets; one aspires to get fame, and one to get bread. A late biographer, (and we are not slow to recognize the *real* merits of his indefatigable industry,) suspends the history of his Author's mind to lay before the public an accurate copy of his grocer's bills, his tailor's charges, and even the groceries of half his family; a sort of details which (as the teas and sugars of a poet and his kin differ, we submit, in no wise from those of more prosaic consumers) only serves the end—when combined with many similar pettinesses, of leaving on the reader's mind (if he be still awake) an undefinable but real impression the very opposite to elevation, or even to *truth of effect*. It is a singularly unreasonable supposition, that because minuteness is of value in matters of importance, it is therefore of value in trifles; or that because we would seek to know the slightest circumstance in the history of the formation of a great writer's views, we must therefore wish to know the fashion of his shoebuckles.

While we admit that this protracted digression has been originated by a late biographical sketch of the Subject of this notice, we must beg of Mr. H. F. Chorley not to imagine that we mean to apply to his performance the harsher characteristics of our depiction. He is, we fully believe, as little the malignant or book-making biographer, as his subject deserved the exercise of such qualities. Yet he must pardon us, if, in justice to her of whom he presents his "Memorials," we enter a decided protest against the impression which the memorials are calculated to convey. Mr. Chorley will the more readily excuse us, when we have added that we consider the defect of his performance not to consist in false statement but in insufficient statement; he has told the truth, but not the whole truth; he ought either not to have published what he has published, or to have *published more*.

If in this task we could trust to the influences of Mrs. Hemans' writings and induce our readers to acquiesce in our maxim that they are indeed a real and important portion of her life, there would be little to apprehend from the

effect produced by the perusal of the little *billets* which Mr. Chorley has thought proper to give to the world as memorials of the existence of this sweet and powerful Intelligence on earth. It would be impossible that any one rising from the perusal of one of her greater poems, could be at all influenced in his opinions as to her essential nobility, elevation, and strength of mind, by the girlish and superficial vivacity of a casual note of invitation or explanation; if he had laid down as a principle that in these works the interior life would more truly be found revealed than in the hasty mis-sives of social intercourse. The one is the depth of the current—the other the beam and the ripple on its surface. We would say deliberately—that three-fourths of these letters were *not worth* publishing for any intrinsic merit; and were *ill adapted* for publication, because calculated, without much addition and explanation, to mislead every reader as to the real character of the writer. The majority of the letters are the letters of any woman of cleverness and education; they contain few peculiarities of sentiment or reasoning which could demand their publication on their own account; and they are most injudiciously selected for dissemination, as presenting in undue prominence a certain portion of the writer's mind (by no means the portion with which her admirers will best sympathise) and omitting that other and more exalted division of her nature in which she was solely or pre-eminently herself. With some of the letters we are deeply pleased. They are worthy of her character for intellect, for sentiment, and for Christianity; and though they would scarcely deserve or demand a brace of volumes, they would have formed an interesting appendage to any future partial or complete edition of her works. But is it possible that Mr. Chorley's experience of the world never suggested a scruple as to the prudence—or propriety—or utility—or common sense—of printing in goodly *post octavo* the little correspondences of Wavertree; the invitation to tea; the apology for absence; the remark on the last concert or the last novel; and still worse,—because while the others are trifles, these might become positively injurious to her fame;—the caustic observations on her visitors and the lamentations of overpowered *lionship*? To those who know the innate loftiness and purity of Mrs. Hemans's mind—its absolutely magnificent superiority (we do not exaggerate) to

the littlenesses of vanity or jealousy that sometimes degrade authorship, (the clouds of a lower atmosphere than hers,) these things can produce no effect,—to them they will seem what they *are*, the frolics of a sportive moment in one who had not many sportive moments, and indications neither of vanity nor of affectation,—but are *they* the world?

We would willingly stop here, for our task is by no means to our taste; but the full understanding of the subject requires a remark or two more.

Mrs. Hemans entered the world of social life under peculiar circumstances. She came out from the solitudes of her early poetry; and having lived in the imaginary creations of her own quick and shaping faculties, what marvel is it, if dazzled and excited by the first glare of society, she (for a while) found, or fancied she found, the objects of her thought realized in the dull world of flesh and blood around her; and that giddy with the novelty of her position, her high spirits (the excitability of genius) acting on her inexperience, prompted many a droll misconception, many an innocent joke whose humour was too strong a temptation for human weakness to resist? Her great perspicacity *very soon taught her* the bitter lesson of life; and this beautiful playfulness rapidly grew rarer and rarer. But one fact her most intimate acquaintances will attest,—that never in the wildest flutter of wit did ill-nature mingle with its flight. Here then we blame (and regret to blame) Mr. Chorley. Names are mentioned, and names are insinuated, in these records, coupled with allusions, which, though every one who knew the heart of Felicia Hemans will acquit them of sarcastic bitterness, the self-love of the individuals so amusingly characterized, will not be very likely to take with equal meekness. Is it not grossly unfair to expose to the public eye the innocent mirth of a private *tête-à-tête*, or the easy *abandon* of a letter of confidence? We assure Mr. Chorley that our charity is sometimes strained, when we set down the prodigious blunder of this publication to imprudence alone!

But we must cease, though there would be in this topic ample material for more than one additional page. We say nothing of Mr. Chorley's total neglect of the topic of *religion*—a subject upon which her feelings deep, and holy, and reverential, made one of the most interesting features of her entire character. But Mr. Chorley seems to

have seen little of it. We must say, that the whole performance recalls a sentence of some truth in the work of a clever writer. "We often err," he says, "in contemplating an individual solely in his relation and behaviour to us, and generalizing from that, with more rapidity than wisdom. We might as well argue that the moon has no rotation about her axis because the same hemisphere is always turned to us."

Here, unwillingly, we must pause. We could find it in our hearts to give Felicia another article. But the restless public must be humoured in its motivity. Whom then shall we next crown—the Jewsbury, or the Bowles, or the Landon, or the Mitford—or whom? Time, who holdeth the Apocalypse of all things, will not ~~he~~ declare?

• "Thoughts in the Cloister," &c.

THE "FEIR-GAN-CREE."

Thou Feir-gan-cree—thou Feir-gan-cree,
Oh, who would be a wretch like thee?
Of all the terms keen Erin's tongue
In fierce reproach has ever flung
On those she most despised, and fain
Would brand with language of disdain,
Her teeming phraseology
Has none to match with "Feir-gan-cree";
A brief but comprehensive phrase,
Thou, when drawn out, methinks it
says—
The human form indeed is thine,
Perhaps the human face divine;
Expression sparkles from thine eyes;
Thy figure all that sculptors prize;
Thy cheek with manliness may glow,
What boots all this external show?
Thou lack'st of man the better part—
Oh, Feir-gan-cree, thou lack'st the heart.
In vain for thee creation's God
Has spread his wondrous works abroad,
The riches of his Love display'd
Through all his hand of power has
made—
Each rolling season yielding still
Some new delight the heart to thrill.
From these no hallowed raptures spring,
Thou canst not taste the joys they bring.
All that can extacise the mind
To thee is beauty to the blind;

Bann-side.

Or music to the deaf, whose ear
The siren charmer cannot hear.
All unredressed the wrong'd complain,
The needy supplicate in vain,
Alike are heard by the cry
Of justice or of charity.
What though thy suffering country
bleed
And claims thine aid in hour of need—
Demands thee forth with filial hand
The guardian of her rights to stand;
Thy soul no patriot feelings warm,
Thou heedest not their potent charm;
Thy one absorbing thought is self,
One mighty appetite for pelf
Seems, like the Hebrew's wand of
power,
All other feelings to devour—
Unknown to thee the joys that flow
From ministering to want and woe—
When Pity dried the mourner's tear
And whispers comfort in her ear,
And with Samaritanic zeal
Extends the hand her wounds to heal,
From deeds like this 'tis thine to fly,
Like priest and Levite passing by—
Her millstone weight around thy mind
Stern Apathy is seen to bind—
Beneath whose crushing influence die
The germs of sensibility;
Can earth produce to equal thee
So very a wretch, thou "Feir-gan-cree?"

FITZSTEWART.

The literal translation of Feir-gan-cree is "the man without a heart." The fertility of the Irish language in terms of execration, as well as those of an opposite character, is too well known to require enlargement on the subject. The expression which forms the subject of the above lines is a tolerably fair illustration.

N.B.—We would not for the world have it supposed that these lines could apply to any living character in the shape of agitator or mendicant; " 'tis but fancy's sketch."

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

OUR readers will naturally expect from us some account of the very interesting volumes in which Mr. Lockhart so well performs a filial duty to his departed relative, and gratifies the expectations of the public. For such a task, it will be readily admitted, that no other living man is so fitted; and had he not performed it, he would have doubly sinned, as, while he lived, no one else would have addressed himself to the subject, and no one could have done it so much justice.

It is probable that many readers will be of opinion that Mr. Lockhart has dwelt with too much minuteness on many little circumstances but loosely or remotely connected with Sir Walter;—and, that there is some appearance of book-making in the details by which his volumes are filled, and which contribute apparently, but little to the elucidation of the character of their subject. But what would we not give to have similar details respecting Shakspeare now, although, doubtless, they might not have been duly appreciated during the age in which his scenic necromancy was witnessed and neglected. Sir Walter lived at a period when his transcendent merits were more justly appreciated, and the task of doing justice to his genius has not been altogether left to posterity; and Mr. Lockhart has judged well and wisely, in recording every thing connected with the whole progress of the development of his mind, and the formation of his character, with an amplitude proportioned to the space which he filled in the public eye, and a minuteness which providently caters for the gratification of those, of the present as well as of future generations, whose curiosity respecting the man will be proportioned to their admiration of the author.

As our extracts from the work in progress must be copious, if we would do the subject common justice, we shall defer any critical observations upon the character of Sir Walter's genius, until his affectionate biographer shall have closed his labours. Indeed we are not aware that much remains to be done, by which the public could be more fully instructed than they are at present, respecting the many claims of that illustrious man upon their respect and admiration. He lived in the enjoyment of as full a measure of happi-

ness and fame as ordinarily falls to the lot of the most favoured mortals; and, it was, no doubt, owing to his prudence and industry, as well as to his mental powers, that he himself did not realize one of these instances, respecting which, with a generous and affectionate solicitude for his less fortunate brethren, he says, in a letter to one of his distinguished correspondents, to whose kind patronage he was recommending his friend, John Leyden—

"I own to you, I always tremble for the fate of genius, when left to its own exertions, which, however powerful, are usually, by some bizarre dispensation of nature, useful to every one but themselves."

With one fatal exception, which undoubtedly, clouded and embittered the close of his life, his career was as happy and as prosperous, as his genius was rare and exalted.

Mr. Lockhart had made some progress in his narrative, when he discovered, in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, an autobiographical fragment, composed by Sir Walter himself in 1808, shortly after the publication of *Marmion*. With this, therefore, he very properly commences:—"Every Scotchman," Sir Walter observes, "has a pedigree;" and he accordingly gives us an account of his ancestry, which proves him to have been of gentle blood. We shall content ourselves with extracting the following pleasing picture of the worthy man from whom he immediately descended—

"Walter Scott, my father, was born in 1729, and educated to the profession of a writer to the signet. He was the eldest of a large family, several of whom I shall have occasion to mention with a tribute of sincere gratitude. My father was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had in some degree unfitted him. He had indeed a turn for labour, and a pleasure in analyzing the abstruse feudal doctrines connected with conveyancing, which would probably have rendered him unrivalled in the line of a special pleader, had there been such a profession in Scotland; but in the actual business of the profession which he embraced, in that sharp and intuitive perception which is necessary in driving bargains for himself and others, in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices, and follies of some,

and guarding against the knavery and malice of others, uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than my father. Most attorneys have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expence of their clients—my father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance, for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and be-knighted names occur to my memory, who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a lawsuit, or a commission of bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants. My father was wont also to give openings, to those who were pleased to take them, to pick a quarrel with him. He had a zeal for his clients which was almost ludicrous: far from coldly discharging the duties of his employment towards them, he thought for them, felt for their honour as for his own, and rather risked disobliging them than neglecting any thing to which he conceived their duty bound them. If there was an old mother or aunt to be maintained, he was, I am afraid, too apt to administer to their necessities from what the young heir had destined exclusively to his pleasures. This ready discharge of obligations, which the civilians tell us are only natural and not legal, did not, I fear, recommend him to his employers. Yet his practice was, at one period of his life, very extensive. He understood his business theoretically, and was early introduced to it by a partnership with George Chalmers, Writer to the Signet, under whom he had served his apprenticeship."

The following is the account which he gives of the earliest period of his existence—

"I was born, as I believe, on the 15th August, 1771, in a house belonging to my father, at the head of the College Wynd. It was pulled down with others, to make room for the northern front of the new college. I was an uncommonly healthy child, but had nearly died in consequence of my first nurse being ill of a consumption, a circumstance which she chose to conceal, though to do so was murder to both herself and me. She went privately to consult Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry, who put my father on his guard. The woman was dismissed, and I was consigned to a healthy peasant, who is still alive to boast of her *toddie* being what she calls a *grand*

gentleman. I showed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed, and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty, were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or sprain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain. When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure which was held out by the promise of empirics, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to, and before I have the recollection of the slightest event, I was, agreeably to this friendly counsel, an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe.

"An odd incident is worth recording. It seems my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, that I might be no inconvenience in the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was likely to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh, and as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection, for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the Craigs, meaning, under a strong temptation of the devil, to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any further temptation, so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed of

course, and I have heard become afterwards a lunatic."

It was here that the recitation of border tales and ballads gave its first bias to his youthful mind—

"My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Tellfer of the fair Dod-head, and other heroes—merrymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and little John. A more recent hero, but not of less note, was the celebrated *Diel of Littledean*, whom she well remembered, as he had married her mother's sister.—Of this extraordinary person I learned many a story, grave and gay, comic and warlike. Two or three old books which lay in the window-seat were explored for my amusement in the tedious winter-days. Automathes and Ramsay's Teatable Miscellany were my favourites, although at a later period an odd volume of Josephus's Wars of the Jews divided my partiality.

"My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty. Methinks I

now see his tall thin, emaciated figure, his legs cased in clasped gambadoes, and his face of a length that would have rivalled the Knight of La Mancha's, and hear him exclaiming, 'One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is.'"

His change of residence was not without a good effect upon his general health, which was, he tells us—

"By this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air, and, in a word, I who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child—*non sine diis animosus infans*."

He was four years old when it was thought advisable to remove him to Bath, for the benefit of the waters;—but he there went through the usual discipline of the pump-room, without,

* "There are still living in that neighbourhood two old women, who were in the domestic service of Sandy-Knowe, when the lame child was brought thither in the third year of his age. One of them, Tibby Hunter, remembers his coming well; and that 'he was a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house. The young ewemilkers delighted, she says, to carry him about on their backs among the crags; and he was 'very gleg (quick) at the uptake, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them.' His great pleasure, however, was in the society of the 'aged hind,' recorded in the epistle to Erskine. 'Auld Sandy Ormiston,' called, from the most dignified part of his function, 'the cow-bailie,' had the chief superintendence of the flocks that browsed upon 'the velvet tufts of loveliest green.' If the child saw him in the morning, he could not be satisfied unless the old man would set him astride on his shoulder, and take him to keep him company as he lay watching his charge.

"Here was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven."

The cow-bailie blew a particular note on his whistle, which signified to the maid-servants in the house below when the little boy wished to be carried home again. He told his friend, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, when spending a summer day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that 'the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life.' There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunder-storm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny!' at every flash."

the least advantage. It was during his residence here, that he acquired the rudiments of reading—

"At a day-school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings, and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. Afterwards, when grown a big boy, I had a few lessons from Mr. Stalker of Edinburgh, and finally from the Rev. Mr. Clure. But I never acquired a just pronunciation, nor could I read with much propriety."

He here remembered to have seen the venerable John Home, the author of *Douglas*, who paid him and his aunt much attention.

"But the most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age, and, above all, to the theatre. The play was, 'As You Like it'; and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event."

But the time came when it was necessary that he should return home, and he felt the change, he tells us,

"From being a single indulged brat, to becoming a member of a large family, very severely; for under the gentle government of my kind grandmother, who was meekness itself, and of my aunt, who, though of an higher temper, was exceedingly attached to me, I had acquired a degree of license which could not be permitted in a large family. I had sense enough, however, to bend my temper to my new circumstances; but such was the agony which I internally experienced, that I have guarded against nothing more in the education of my own family, than against their acquiring habits of self-willed caprice and domination. I found much consolation during this period of mortification in the partiality of my mother. She joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. She was sincerely devout, but her religion was, as became her sex, of a cast less austere than my father's. Still, the discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath was severely

strict, and I think injudiciously so.—Although Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, Gesner's *Death of Abel*, Rowe's *Letters*, and one or two other books, which, for that reason, I still have a favour for, were admitted to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another—there was far too much tedium annexed to the duties of the day; and in the end it did none of us any good."

Doubtless Scott is not the only individual upon whom the severe Sunday discipline of a rigidly Presbyterian family has produced a pernicious effect; and we fear that to that must be in some measure ascribed the indifference which, through after life, he confessedly exhibited towards serious religion. To convert a day of solemn and holy joy into one of sourness and gloom, was not the way to engage the first sensibilities of a mind like his in the cause of his Divine Master; it was not the way to make him feel, that, "the yoke" of such a Master was "easy, and his burden light;"—and we cannot help imagining the very different effect that would have been produced, had he, in early childhood, been familiarised with the beautiful services of our liturgy, and brought up in the more cordial and genial piety of the Church of England. But we must, at present, leave reflections such as these to be followed out, by our readers themselves, and return to the narrative before us.

In 1779, he was sent by his father to the High School in Edinburgh, where he himself complains that his progress was slow. But at school, a boy's education consists quite as much in discipline and companionship, as in anything to be learned from books, and character is often decidedly formed long before the understanding is more than very scantily furnished.

"As for myself," says Scott, "I glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my kind master as much by negligence and frivolity, as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent. Among my companions, my good-nature and a flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my favour; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Luckie Brown's fireside, and

happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. I was also, though often negligent of my own task, always ready to assist my friends, and hence I had a little party of staunch partisans and adherents, stout of hand and heart, though somewhat dull of head, the very tools for raising a hero to eminence. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the yards than in the class."

Nor was his education entrusted solely to his teacher in the High School; a private tutor was provided for him by his careful father, one in whom great simplicity and godly sincerity were united with a certain obtuseness of intellect, which rendered his intercourse with young Scott less a source of instruction than of amusement. But if the good man's peculiarities were less reverently regarded than might be desired, his feelings were never wounded by any of that sportive malice, in which some youngsters would have freely indulged, and the old man retained, to his latest days, a most affectionate recollection of his pupil.

"I repeated to him," says Scott, "my French lessons, and studied with him my themes in the classics, but not classically. I also acquired, by disputing with him, for this he readily permitted, some knowledge of school-divinity and church-history, and a great acquaintance in particular with the old books describing the early history of the Church of Scotland, the wars and sufferings of the Covenanters, and so forth. I, with a head on fire for chivalry, was a cavalier: my friend was a Roundhead; I was a Tory, and he was a Whig. I hated Presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyle; so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable. In all these tenets there was no real conviction on my part, arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party, nor had my antagonist address enough to turn the debate on such topics. I took up my politics at that period, as King Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the Cavalier creed was the more gentleman-like persuasion of the two."

As his years advanced, Scott evinced capabilities which attracted the notice of the rector, Dr. Adams, who observed of him, that, though many of his school-fellows understood Latin better, "Gualterus Scott was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning."—Thus commended, he made efforts which might not otherwise have been

made, and distinguished himself by some attempts at poetical versions from Horace and Virgil.

While in attendance upon the High School, he used to spend one hour daily at a small separate seminary of writing and arithmetic, to which, as was then the custom in Edinburgh, young girls came for instruction as well as boys. For the following pleasing and graphical account of his manners and deportment at that early period, we are indebted to a lady who was then his fellow pupil, and who happened to sit at the same desk with himself—

" 'He attracted,' Mrs. Churnside says, 'the regard and fondness of all his companions, for he was ever rational, fanciful, lively, and possessed of that urbane gentleness of manner, which makes its way to the heart. His imagination was constantly at work, and often so engrossed the attention of those who learnt with him, that little could be done—Mr Morton himself being forced to laugh as much as the little scholars at the odd turns and devices he fell upon; for he did nothing in the ordinary way, but, for example, even when he wanted ink to his pen, would get up some ludicrous story about sending his doggie to the mill again. He used also to interest us in a more serious way, by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill health. Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen—his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. Recollecting these descriptions, radiant and not gloomy as they were, I have often thought since, that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition—the marvellous seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his own imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevolence, mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speaking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital. . . . I may add, that in walking he used always to keep his eyes turned downwards as if thinking, but with a pleasing expression of countenance, as if enjoying his thoughts. Having once known him it was impossible ever to forget him. In this manner, after all the changes of a long life, he constantly appears as fresh as yesterday to my mind's eye."

A temporary sojourn in the village

of Kelso was judged necessary by his family for his health at this period, as, from rapid growth, he had assumed a character of sickness which required some care. He here attended the school of Mr. Lancelot Whale, a good scholar, a worthy man and a humourist, with whom the little time which he did spend, was spent, he tells us, greatly to his advantage and satisfaction. It was here that his first acquaintance with Mr. James Ballantyne, commenced, who, when upon his death-bed, dictated some memoranda respecting the early period of the history of his illustrious friend, from which we make the following extract—

“ ‘I think,’ (says James Ballantyne,) ‘it was in the year 1783, that I first became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, then a boy about my own age, at the Grammar School of Kelso, of which Mr. Lancelot Whale was the rector. The impression left by his manners was, even at that early period, calculated to be deep, and I cannot recall any other instance in which the man and the boy continued to resemble each other so much and so long. Walter Scott was not a constant school-fellow at this seminary; he only attended it for a few weeks during the vacation of the Edinburgh High School. He was then, as he continued during all his after life to be, devoted to antiquarian lore, and was certainly the best story-teller I had ever heard, either then or since. He soon discovered that I was as fond of listening as he himself was of relating; and I remember it was a thing of daily occurrence, that after he had made himself master of his own lesson, I, alas! being still sadly to seek in mine, he used to whisper to me, ‘Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I’ll tell you a story.’ I well recollect that he had a form, or seat, appropriated to himself, the particular reason of which I cannot tell, but he was always treated with a peculiar degree of respect, not by the boys of the different classes merely, but by the venerable Master Lancelot himself, who, an absent, grotesque being, betwixt six and seven feet high, was nevertheless an admirable scholar, and sure to be delighted to find any one so well qualified to sympathise with him as young Walter Scott; and the affectionate gratitude of the young pupil was never intermitted, so long as his venerable master continued to live. I may mention, in passing, that old Whale bore, in many particulars, a strong resemblance to Dominie Sampson, though, it must be admitted, combining more gentlemanly manners with equal classical lore, and, on the whole, being a much superior sort of

person. In the intervals of school hours, it was our constant practice to walk together by the banks of the Tweed, our employment continuing exactly the same, for his stories seemed to be quite inexhaustible. This intercourse continued during the summers of the years 1783-4, but was broken off in 1785-6, when I went into Edinburgh College.”

In the meantime his acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself, and he devoured with avidity whatever works of history, voyages and travels, fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, ballads, &c. fell in his way, although, for that purpose, he had to elude the jealous vigilance of his rigidly puritanical tutor. He describes, in a lively manner, the eager delight with which he devoured a volume of Shakespear, which he found in his mother’s dressing-room, and which he sat up in his shirt reading, by the light of a fire, in her apartment, “until the family, rising from supper, warned him that it was time for him to creep back to his bed, where he was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o’clock.” Chance, however, he says, threw in his way a poetical preceptor.

“ This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well-known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Osian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights, and ladies, and dragons, and giants, in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser’s stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale’s answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same

faculty:—"No, sir," answered the old Borderer, "I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying." My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-riad ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it."

"Percy's Reliques" soon after fell in his way; and his delight was unbounded when he perceived that the legendary lore of which he was so passionately fond, was deemed a subject worthy of grave research and expanded illustration, by one whose "genius showed that he was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour had preserved." He retained in after life a distinct remembrance of the very spot in which these volumes were first devoured; and, seated beneath an old *Platanus* tree, the summer day sped onward so fast, that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, he forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in his intellectual banquet.

"To this period also I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song—the ruins of an ancient Abbey—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle—the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects

of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me, and the historical incident, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."

In Greek he never made any progress. It was his misfortune to join a class in college, in which all his companions had had the start of him in that particular, having acquired a smattering of Greek before they left the High School. He was too indifferent on the subject to take the requisite pains for making up his lee way, and could hit upon no better expedient for the vindication of his equality than that of professing his contempt for the language, and his resolution not to learn it.

Dr. MacFait was his instructor in mathematics, under whom he acknowledges that he made but little progress. In ethics and in moral philosophy he was more fortunate, having attended the course of Professor Bruce in the one, and that of Dugald Stewart in the other.

"To sum up," he says, "my academical studies, I attended the class of history, then taught by the present Lord Woodhouselee, and, as far as I remember, no others, excepting those of the civil and municipal law. So that if my learning be flimsy and inaccurate, the reader must have some compassion even for an idle workman, who had so narrow a foundation to build upon. If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages—let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched

and hampered by my own ignorance ; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

And now the period had arrived when it was necessary that some step should be taken in the choice of a profession ; and as his father was divided between his own calling and the profession of a barrister, he not unwisely resolved that the young man should be in the first instance articulated to himself, as, even if he disliked the business, the discipline of the office would be useful to him in the other and higher branch of the legal profession to which he might afterwards aspire. He was not, he tells us, an idle apprentice. 'Tis true he disliked his occupation, but he loved his father ; and he was, besides, not a little gratified by the allowance for copy money which he received, and which enabled him to enlarge his acquaintance with books ; and sometimes to enjoy the representations at the theatre, to which he was passionately devoted.

Meanwhile there was no intermission of the ardour with which he prosecuted his love for all that was chivalrous and romantic.

"My greatest intimate, from the days of my schooltime, was Mr. John Irving, now a Writer to the Signet. We lived near each other, and by joint agreement were wont, each of us, to compose a romance for the other's amusement. These legends, in which the martial and the miraculous always predominated, we rehearsed to each other during our walks, which were usually directed to the most solitary spots about Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. We naturally sought seclusion, for we were conscious no small degree of ridicule would have attended our amusement, if the nature of it had become known. Whole holidays were spent in this singular pastime, which continued for two or three years, and had, I believe, no small effect in directing the turn of my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and prose."

In the second year of his apprenticeship, he burst a blood vessel, and was necessarily subjected to a strictness of regimen, which put a great restraint upon his boyish inclinations. Above all things, the strictest silence was imposed upon him, as his disposition to talk might, it was feared, renew the rapture. In this predicament, his only

refuge was reading, and playing chess. Vertot's *Knights of Malta* was the book which fell in his way ; and he amused himself by so arranging shells and seeds as to illustrate the battles he read of, and represent encountering armies. Diminutive cross-bows, he tells us, "were contrived to mimic artillery ;" and with the assistance of a friendly carpenter, he contrived, "to model a fortress, which, like that of Uncle Toby, represented whatever place happened to be uppermost in his imagination."

But his constitution soon recovered, and the restrictive measures were discontinued, never again to be resumed. He now became a frequent and strenuous pedestrian, and notwithstanding his lameness, was able to perform a journey of thirty miles without fatigue, whenever any objects of romantic or historical interest presented him with a sufficient attraction.

"My principal object in these excursions was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or what afforded me at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events. The delight with which I regarded the former of course had general approbation, but I often found it difficult to procure sympathy with the interest I felt in the latter. Yet to me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feeling of picturesque scenery ; on the contrary, few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one bore upon the other, to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. I have never, indeed, been capable of doing this with precision or nicety, though my latter studies have led me to amend and arrange my original ideas upon the subject. Even the humble ambition, which I long cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand was totally ineffectual. After long study and many efforts, I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practise. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers

by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St. Andrews, the spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St. Andrews to some fellow-travellers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep. I mention this to show the distinction between a sense of the picturesque in action and in scenery. If I have since been able in poetry to trace with some success the principles of the latter, it has always been with reference to its general and leading features, or under some alliance with moral feeling; and even this proficiency has cost me study. Meanwhile I endeavoured to make amends for my ignorance of drawing, by adopting a sort of technical memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went, I cut a piece of a branch from a tree—these constituted what I called my log-book; and I intended to have a set of chess-men out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut—as the kings from Falkland and Holyrood; the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston; the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces; the knights from baronial residences; the rooks from royal fortresses; and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note. But this whimsical design I never carried into execution.”*

The period of his apprenticeship had now elapsed; and though conscious of his deficiencies as a public speaker, Mr. Scott resolved to embrace the highest branch of the profession; a resolution which, whether approved of or not, was kindly assented to by his indulgent father. He accordingly commenced the study of the civil and the municipal law, the one under Mr. Alexander Irving, the other under Mr. David Hume, both most competent instructors; and as he entered upon his new pursuit with zeal, his progress was considerable. It was, he says, the

only period of his life in which he applied to learning with steady, stern, and undeviating industry.

“The rule of my friend Clerk and myself was, that we should mutually qualify ourselves for undergoing an examination upon certain points of law every morning in the week, Sundays excepted. This was at first to have taken place alternately at each other's houses, but we soon discovered that my friend's resolution was inadequate to severing him from his couch at the early hour fixed for this exercitation. Accordingly, I agreed to go every morning to his house, which, being at the extremity of Prince's Street, New Town, was a walk of two miles. With great punctuality, however, I beat him up to his task every morning before seven o'clock, and in the course of two summers, we went, by way of question and answer, through the whole of Heineccius's *Analysis of the Institutes and Pandects*, as well as through the smaller copy of Erskine's *Institutes of the Law of Scotland*. This course of study enabled us to pass with credit the usual trials, which, by the regulations of the Faculty of Advocates, must be undergone by every candidate for admission into their body. My friend William Clerk and I passed these ordeals on the same days—namely, the civil law trial on the 30th June, 1791, and the Scots law trial on the 6th July, 1792. On the 11th July, 1792, we both assumed the gown with all its duties and honours.”

We have traced the early biography of this distinguished man thus minutely, for the purpose of exhibiting a microscopic view of the growth and the formation of that intellect which afterwards so much delighted the world. The reader will readily perceive, in what has been already narrated, the germs of the future poet, novelist, and romantic historian; nor do we suppose that any other culture than that which his young mind actually received, could have contributed more effectually to

* While we differ from Mr. Lockhart in thinking that any practice could have made Scott a painter, the following most judicious remarks have our entire approbation:—“I may add, that a longer and more successful practice of the crayon might, I cannot but think, have proved the reverse of serviceable to him as a future painter with the pen. He might have contracted the habit of copying from pictures rather than from nature itself; and we should thus have lost that which constitutes the very highest charm in his delineations of scenery, namely, that the effect is produced by the selection of a few striking features, arranged with a light unconscious grace, neither too much nor too little—equally remote from the barren generalizations of a former age, and the dull servile fidelity with which so many inferior writers of our time fill in both background and foreground, having no more notion of the perspective of genius than Chinese paper-stainers have of that of the atmosphere, and producing in fact not descriptions but inventories.”

the development of the powers by which he was to be distinguished. Even his personal infirmity was not without its use. By it he was thrown more upon reading as a resource, than, with his active temperament, and passionate enjoyment of external scenery, he otherwise might have been; while it did not interfere with such a degree of the exercise of his rambling propensities as stored his mind with vivid images, gave a bracing and vigour to his faculties, and contributed at the same time to his health and his amusement. He was thus thrown amongst scenes, and became acquainted with characters which afterwards gave their distinctive features to some of his most brilliant productions; and it may be truly said, that there is, in his multifarious writings, scarcely an incident which he has illustrated, or an individual whom he has described, which have not had their origin in fact, or their counterparts in nature.

The playful levity with which Scott alludes to his ancestry, in the biographical fragment, affords, Mr. Lockhart observes, but a faint idea of the degree in which he was penetrated by a respect for high descent; and every thing connected therewith is worthy of being commemorated, if it were only for the influence which it exerted over his mind, and the manner in which, on various occasions, it determined his conduct. In truth, we do not believe that Scott could have been what he was, but for the visions of ancestral renown by which he was haunted, which almost literally took him out of the body, and made him more the companion of the border chiefs, by whose exploits he was captivated, and whose deeds he loved to signalize, than even of those living friends in whose society he so delighted. We do not, therefore, quarrel with Mr. Lockhart's long and somewhat tedious enumeration of his gentle progenitors, or ask with the Satyrist—"Stemmata quid facient?" because we are convinced that in so doing, he has only furnished us with the atmosphere in which the poet lived, and moved, and had his being; and that, had he not dwelt as he has done upon this retrospective *mirage* of genealogy, some of the most remarkable peculiarities of this extraordinary man's powerful mind would want their choicest illustration. Nor can we deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the following beautiful observation upon the effect produced upon

the humbler classes, by a consciousness of kindred with the great and the titled—especially those whose descent may be traced from the mist of a remote antiquity.

"It was a system which bound together the various classes of the rural population in bonds of mutual love and confidence: the original community of lineage was equally remembered on all sides; the landlord could count for more than his rent on the tenant, who regarded him rather as a father or an elder brother, than as one who owed his superiority to mere wealth; and the farmer who, on fit occasions, partook on equal terms of the chase and the hospitality of his landlord, went back with content and satisfaction to the daily labours of a vocation which he found no one disposed to consider as derogating from his gentle blood. Such delusions, if delusions they were, held the natural arrogance of riches in check, taught the poor man to believe that in virtuous poverty he had nothing to blush for, and spread over the whole being of the community the gracious spirit of a primitive humanity."

It was while employed upon his father's professional business, that he first visited the Highlands, and acquainted himself practically, with the habits, manner of life, and traditional history of many of those individuals who afterwards served as archetypes for several of his characters, when his powers as a novelist were put to the test. Not that it appears as if they were observed and noted down with any view to such a future use of them; for Scott but followed the impulse of his mind, when he entered with enthusiastic ardour into the adventures of the old outlaws and Jacobites, with whom a happy chance had thus made him acquainted. But their deeds and their peculiarities were treasured in his remembrance; and, when the time came that they were to be bodied forth, for the delight of his contemporaries, and of the generation yet unborn, it could not be said that it was to "airy nothing" which he gave "a local habitation and a name."

"William Clerk well remembers his father telling a story which was introduced in due time in *The Antiquary*. While he was visiting his grandfather, Sir John Clerk, at Dumcrieff, in Dumfriesshire, many years before this time, the old Baronet carried some English Virtuoso to see a supposed Roman camp; and on his exclaiming at a particular spot, 'this I take to have been the *Prætorium*,'

a herdman, who stood by, answered, 'Prætorium here, Prætorium there, I made it wi' a slaughter spade.' Many traits of the elder Clerk were, his son has no doubt, embroidered on the character of George Constable in the composition of Jonathan Oldbuck. The old gentleman's enthusiasm for antiquities was often played on by these young friends, but more effectually by his eldest son, John Clerk (Lord Eldin), who, having a great genius for art, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated beads, which, after being buried for a convenient time in the ground, were accidentally discovered in some fortunate hour, and received by the laird with great honour as a valuable accession to his museum.

"On a fishing excursion to a loch near Howgate, among the Moorfoot Hills, Scott, Clerk, Irving, and Abercromby spent the night at a little public-house, kept by one Mrs. Margaret Doda. When *St. Ronan's Well* was published, Clerk, meeting Scott in the street, observed, 'That's an odd name; surely I have met with it somewhere before.' Scott smiled, said, 'Don't you remember Howgate?' and passed on. The name alone, however, was taken from the Howgate hostess.

"At one of their drinking bouts of those days, William Clerk, Sir P. Murray, Edmonstone, and Abercromby being of the party, the sitting was prolonged to a very late hour, and Scott fell asleep. When he awoke, his friends succeeded in convincing him that he had sung a song in the course of the evening, and sung it extremely well. How must these gentlemen have chuckled when they read Frank Osbaldistone's account of his revels in the old hall!—"It has even been reported by maligners that I sung a song while under this vinous influence; but as I remember nothing of it, and never attempted to turn a tune in all my life, either before or since, I would willingly hope there is no actual foundation for the calumny."

Nor is it right, even in the briefest sketch of his life, to omit his own description of the effect produced upon him, when the vale of Perth for the first time burst upon his view, in his progress to Invernahyle.

"'Childish wonder, indeed,' he says, 'was an ingredient in my delight, for I was not above fifteen years old, and as this had been the first excursion which I was permitted to make on a pony of my own, I also experienced the glow of independence, mingled with that degree of anxiety which the most conceited boy feels when he is first abandoned to his

own undirected counsels. I recollect pulling up the reins, without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift, like those in a theatre, before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real. Since that hour, the recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strongest influence over my mind, and retained its place as a memorable thing, while much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection."

In 1790 and 1791, he distinguished himself by an essay on the manners and customs of the northern nations, which attracted the favourable notice of Dugald Stewart, whose class he was then attending; and by various papers, which were read before "the Speculative Society," upon the origin of the feudal system, the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and the origin of the Scandanavian Mythology, which sufficiently indicate the complexion of his studies and the tendency of his mind. He also took a fair share in the debates of the society, where it was observed, his constant good temper softened the asperities of disputation, "while his multifarious lore, and the quaint humour with which he enlivened its display, made him more a favourite as a speaker than some whose powers of rhetoric were far above him." He acted, for some time, as secretary to this society, and,

"Lord Jeffrey remembers being struck, the first night he spent at the Speculative, with the singular appearance of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen night-cap; and when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad toothache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such a 'portentous machine.' He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr. Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him 'in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's Square, surrounded with dingy books,' from which they adjourned to a tavern, and supped together. Such was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh produced in their time. I may add here the description of that early *den*, with which I am favoured by a lady of the Scott's family. 'Walter had soon begun to collect out-

of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth. A claymore and Lochaber axe, given him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and *Broughton's Saucer* was hooked up against the wall below it. Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum of Abbotsford; and such were the 'new realms' in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him 'with all the feelings of novelty and liberty.' Since those days the habits of life in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes; and the 'convenient parlour,' in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collections of minstrelsy, is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping-room.*

When Scott entered upon his profession, he was sincerely desirous of professional success, but by no means willing to relinquish the pursuits which had always constituted his chief amusement. It is not, therefore, wonderful that he should continue stationary as an advocate, while he was indulging the habits and treasuring the lore, by which, as a poet and a novelist, he was afterwards to be so distinguished. It was while attending the Michaelmas head court, at Jedburgh, that the first excursion was planned, which led, in its results, to the publication of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish border*. Scott had expressed a wish to visit the wild and inaccessible district of Liddesdale, and was introduced by his friend, Mr. Charles Kerr of Abbotrule, to Mr. Robert Shortreed, that gentleman's near relation, who was well calculated to aid him in the accomplishment of such an object.

"Mr. Shortreed had many connexions in Liddesdale, and knew its passes well, and he was pointed out as the very guide the young advocate wanted. They started accordingly, in a day or two afterwards, from Abbotrule; and the laird meant to have been of the party; but 'it was well for him,' said Shortreed, 'that he changed his mind—for he could never have done as we did.'

"During seven successive years Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale, with Mr. Shortreed for his guide;

exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district—the first, indeed, that ever appeared there was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such 'a rowth of auld nicknackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his '*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*;' and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches, seems very doubtful. 'He was *makin' himsell a' the time*,' said Mr. Shortreed; 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.'"

We must refer to the volume before us for the detailed accounts of the various excursions in which this remarkable man familiarised himself with the features of Highland scenery, and the peculiarities of Highland character, of which he afterwards made such good use. The account of them which Mr. Lockhart presents to us is equally interesting and delightful; but we must content ourselves with such samples alone as may serve to give an outline of those pursuits and studies to which he addicted himself, and which exercised so important an influence over his mind. His appetite for the romantic and the marvellous was perpetually craving food; and he indulged it not only by the Highland excursions, to which allusion has been made, but by the study of German literature, which was just then coming into vogue, and to which he seems to have been indebted for his first poetical inspiration.*

* This was his translation of Burgher's *Lenore*, respecting which Mr. Lockhart thus observes:—

"It must, I think, have been, while he was indulging his *vagabond* vein, during the autumn of 1794, that Miss Aikin (afterwards Mrs. Barbauld) paid her visit to Edinburgh, and entertained a party at Mr. Dugald Stewart's, by reading Mr. William

Nor was he without a friend by whose sound judgment and excellent taste the studies of the young aspirant for literary distinction were directed.

"William Erskine was the son of an Episcopalian clergyman in Perthshire, of a good family, but far from wealthy. He had received his early education at Glasgow, where, while attending the college lectures, he was boarded under the roof of Andrew Macdonald, the author of *Vimonda*, who then officiated as minister to a small congregation of Episcopalian nonconformists. From this unfortunate but very ingenious man, Erskine had derived, in boyhood, a strong passion for old English literature, more especially the Elizabethan dramatists; which, however, he combined with a far livelier relish for the classics of antiquity than either Scott or his master ever possessed. From the beginning, accordingly, Scott had in Erskine a monitor who—entering most warmly into his taste for national lore—the life of the past—and the bold and picturesque style of the original English school—was constantly urging the advantages to be derived from combining with its varied and masculine breadth of delineation such attention to the minor graces of arrangement and diction as

might conciliate the fastidiousness of modern taste. Deferring what I may have to say as to Erskine's general character and manners, until I shall have approached the period when I myself had the pleasure of sharing his acquaintance, I introduce the general bearing of his literary opinions thus early, because I conceive there is no doubt that his companionship was, even in those days, highly serviceable to Scott as a student of the German drama and romance. Directed, as he mainly was in the ultimate determination of his literary ambition, by the example of their great founders, he appears to have run at first no trivial hazard of adopting the extravagancies, both of thought and language, which he found blended in their works with such a captivating display of genius, and genius employed on subjects so much in unison with the deepest of his own juvenile predilections. His friendly critic was just as well as delicate; and unmerciful severity as to the mingled absurdities and vulgarities of German detail commanded deliberate attention from one, who admired not less enthusiastically than himself the genuine sublimity and pathos of his new favourites. I could, I believe, name one other at least among Scott's fellow-students of the same time, whose influence was com-

Taylor's then unpublished version of Bürger's *Lenore*. In the *Essay on Imitation of Popular Poetry*, the reader has a full account of the interest with which Scott heard, some weeks afterwards, a friend's imperfect recollections of this performance; the anxiety with which he sought after a copy of the original German; the delight with which he at length perused it; and how, having just been reading the specimens of ballad poetry introduced into Lewis's romance of *The Monk*, he called to mind the early facility of versification which had lain so long in abeyance, and ventured to promise his friend a rhymed translation of '*Lenore*' from his own pen. The friend in question was Miss Cranstoun, afterwards Countess of Purgatall, the sister of his friend George Cranstoun, now Lord Corehouse. He began the task, he tells us, after supper, and did not retire to bed until he had finished it, having by that time worked himself into a state of excitement which set sleep at defiance.

Next morning, before breakfast, he carried his MS. to Miss Cranstoun, who was not only delighted but astonished at it; for I have seen a letter of her's to a mutual friend in the country, in which she says—'Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross I think between Burns and Gray.' The same day he read it also to his friend Sir Alexander Wood, who retains a vivid recollection of the high strain of enthusiasm into which he had been exalted by dwelling on the wild unearthly imagery of the German bard. 'He read it over to me,' says Sir Alexander, 'in a very slow and solemn tone, and after we had said a few words about its merits, continued to look at the fire silent and musing for some minutes, until he at length burst out with 'I wish to Heaven I could get a skull and two cross-bones.' Wood said that if he would accompany him to the house of John Bell, the celebrated surgeon, he had no doubt this wish might be easily gratified. They went thither accordingly on the instant;—Mr. Bell (who was a great humorist) smiled on hearing the object of their visit, and pointing to a closet, at the corner of his library, bade Walter enter and choose. From a well-furnished museum of mortality, he selected forthwith what seemed to him the handsomest skull and pair of cross-bones it contained, and wrapping them in his handkerchief, carried the formidable bundle home to George's Square. The trophies were immediately mounted on the top of his little bookcase; and when Wood visited him, after many years of absence from this country, he found them in possession of a similar position in his dressing-room at Abbotsford."

bined in this matter with Erskine's; but his was that which continued to be exerted the longest, and always in the same direction. That it was not accompanied with entire success, the readers of the *Doom of Devorgoil*, to say nothing of minor blemishes in far better works, must acknowledge."

His first literary venture was in 1796, when he was prevailed on, as he playfully expresses it, "by the request of friends, to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of *Lenore*, with that of the *Wild Huntsman*, in a thin quarto." There were some distinguished individuals by whom his volume was favourably regarded, and he was gratified by a kindly notice of it from Dugald Stewart, and Mr. Taylor of Norwich, which must have given him much pleasure. But, on the whole, as a literary speculation, it was a failure.

"*'My adventure,'* he says, *'where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. This failure did not operate in any unpleasant degree either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and on the whole I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference; or rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labours in which I had almost by accident become engaged, and laboured less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself.'*"

In 1797, he was married to Miss Carpenter, (or Charpentier,) a lady whom he met with at the Lakes of Cumberland, and who in France would be called of English, as in England she was called of French extraction; being the daughter of one who was descended from an English settler, and held an office under government at Lyons. This lady and her brother were brought up in the Protestant religion, and upon the death of their father, which occurred in the beginning of the revolution, Madame Charpentier, with her children, made their escape to England, where they found a warm friend and protector in the late Marquis of Downshire. Upon the mother's death, this excellent nobleman became sole guardian to her chil-

dren, and by his interest the brother, Charles Charpentier, received an appointment in the service of the East India Company, in which, at the time of which we write, he had risen to the lucrative situation of commercial resident at Salem. He was able to allow his sister, before her marriage, £500 a year, and afterwards, £200 a year, which, in the then state of the ways and means of the young poet, was a comfortable addition to his fortune.

The most important incident connected with his translations from Bürgner, was an introduction which they procured him to Monk Lewis, as he was called, from the novel, which had at that time been recently published, and was producing for that eccentric writer an ephemeral reputation. He was busy in collecting materials for his "tales of wonder," and it having been made known to him, by Erskine, that Scott had by him some unpublished German translations which would suit his purpose very well, the specimen of the young poet's powers which he had already seen, made him very solicitous to obtain possession of them. Scott was gratified and flattered by this solicitude, and told Allan Cunningham, thirty years afterwards, "that he thought he had never felt such elevation, as when the "Monk" invited him to dine with him for the first time at his hotel." A version of Goethe's tragedy, "*Goetz von Berlickingen*," was the result of this connection, which is chiefly remarkable as containing the incidents which suggested to the future poet and novelist, both the death scene in *Marmion*, and the battle and the storm in *Ivanhoe*.

In the December of 1799, he became Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, which secured to him a salary of £300 a year; an addition to his resources which the prospect of an increasing family must have rendered not a little pleasing.

"During the years 1800 and 1801, the Minstrelsy formed its editor's chief occupation—a labour of love truly, if ever such there was; but neither this nor his sheriffship interfered with his regular attendance at the bar, the abandonment of which was all this while as far as it ever had been from his imagination, or that of any of his friends. He continued to have his summer head-quarters at Lasswade; and Mr. (now Sir John) Stoddart, who visited him there in the course of his Scottish tour, dwells on 'the simple unostentatious elegance of the cottage, and

the domestic picture which he there contemplated—a man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies as a husband, a father, and a friend.* His means of hospitality were now much enlarged, and the cottage, on a Saturday and Sunday at least, was seldom without visitors.

"Among other indications of greater ease in his circumstances, which I find in his letter-book, he writes to Heber, after his return to London in May, 1800, to request his good offices on behalf of Mrs. Scott, who had 'set her heart on a phaeton, at once strong, and low, and handsome, and not to cost more than thirty guineas;' which combination of advantages Heber seems to have found by no means of easy attainment. The phaeton was, however, discovered; and its springs must soon have been put to a sufficient trial, for this was 'the first wheeled carriage that ever penetrated into Liddesdale'—namely, in August, 1800. The friendship of the Buccleuch family now placed better means of research at his disposal, as Lord Dalkeith had taken special care that there should be a band of pioneers in waiting for his orders when he reached Hermitage."

His new office rendered it necessary for him to be frequently in Ettrick Forest, and here it was that he first became acquainted with James Hogg. We would, willingly, if time permitted, stop to offer our tribute of admiration to one in whom genius, both rich and rare, was found in so uncommon a degree, and whom, notwithstanding his many and even offensive oddities, Scott always continued to regard with interest and even with affection. "As yet," Mr. Lockhart observes, "his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world; his heart was pure—his enthusiasm buoy-

ant as that of a happy child; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, wit and wisdom were scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar."

He also, about this time, formed his acquaintance with Leyden* and Ritson, both prodigies in antiquarian research, and whose assistance was most valuable to him in the work upon which he was now engaged, "*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*."

Of the reception of this, his first important adventure as an author, Mr. Lockhart thus writes:—

"He certainly had every reason to be satisfied as to the impression which the *Minstrelsy* made on the minds of those entitled to think for themselves upon such a subject. The ancient ballads in his collection, which had never been printed at all before, were in number forty-three; and of the others—most of which were in fact all but new to the modern reader—it is little to say that his editions were superior in all respects to those that had preceded them. He had, I firmly believe, interpolated hardly a line or even an epithet of his own; but his diligent zeal had put him in possession of a variety of copies in different stages of preservation; and to the task of selecting a standard text among such a diversity of materials, he brought a knowledge of old manners and phraseology, and a manly simplicity of taste, such as had never before been united in the person of a poetical antiquarian. From among a hundred corruptions he seized, with instinctive tact, the primitive diction and imagery; and produced strains in which the unbroken energy of half-civilized

* "Few who read these pages can be unacquainted with the leading facts in the history of John Leyden.—Few can need to be reminded that this extraordinary man, born in a shepherd's cottage in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, and of course almost entirely self-educated, had, before he attained his nineteenth year, confounded the doctors of Edinburgh by the portentous mass of his acquisitions in almost every department of learning. He had set the extreme penury at utter defiance, or rather he had never been conscious that it could operate as a bar; for bread and water, and access to books and lectures, comprised all within the bound of his wishes; and thus he toiled and battled at the gates of science and after science, until his unconquerable perseverance carried every thing before it; and yet, with this monastic abstemiousness and iron hardness of will, perplexing those about him by manners and habits in which it was hard to say whether the moss-trooper or the schoolman of former days most prevailed, he was at heart a poet."

ages, their stern and deep passions, their daring adventures and cruel tragedies, and even their rude wild humour, are reflected with almost the brightness of a Homeric mirror, interrupted by hardly a blot of what deserves to be called vulgarity, and totally free from any admixture of artificial sentimentalism. As a picture of manners, the Scottish Minstrelsy is not surpassed, if equalled, by any similar body of poetry preserved in any other country; and it unquestionably owes its superiority in this respect over Percy's Reliques, to the Editor's conscientious fidelity, on the one hand, which prevented the introduction of any thing new—to his pure taste, on the other, in the balance of discordant recitations. His introductory essays and notes teemed with curious knowledge, not hastily grasped for the occasion, but gradually gleaned and sifted by the patient labour of years, and presented with an easy, unaffected propriety and elegance of arrangement and expression, which it may be doubted if he ever materially surpassed

in the happiest of his imaginative narrations. I well remember, when Waverley was a new book, and all the world were puzzling themselves about its authorship, to have heard the Poet of 'the Isle of Palms' exclaim impatiently: 'I wonder what all these people are perplexing themselves with: have they forgotten the *prose* of the Minstrelsy?' Even had the Editor inserted none of his own verse, the work would have contained enough, and more than enough, to found a lasting and graceful reputation."

But this might be considered as no more than a note of preparation for what was about to make its appearance, as "the Lay of the Last Minstrel" had been for some time in preparation, and the young poet's original powers were about to be put to the test by which his position in the literary world was to be determined. But we must, at present, conclude, as we have exceeded our limits for the present number.

CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD STEVENSON O'BRIEN, ESQ. A.M.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BRIBED SCHOLAR—CONCLUDED.

I FEEL that I ought to offer many apologies to my readers, for the long interval in my narrative. Months have elapsed since I laid down my pen in the story I had attempted to indite. Perhaps, reader, the scenes of my story have passed from your memory, and it is so long since we have met that you have forgotten me and my chapters together—it is no more than I deserve—it is no less than I expect. Friends are not often remembered when out of sight. I have met with few friendships that could stand the test of absence. The days of "auld lang syne" may bring a tear to many a sentimental eye; yet few of the sentimentalists would really welcome a visitor from those days. The memory of departed friends is sad, yet sweet to cherish in the heart; but few who cherish it would give a cordial welcome to their ghosts. It is something the same with absent friends—it is a cheap tribute to friendship to sigh now and then for their absence, but the sigh may be heaved by a bosom that would not beat glad at their return.

But enough of these reflections—reflections which many persons will call ill-natured; I must return to my

narrative, where it was broken off. We left poor Arthur on a bed of sickness. Reader, you do not—I know you do not yet forget the story of his temptation, his misery, and his fall. You do not forget how the old man came to upbraid his apostate son—how his gray hairs trembled in the struggle between the sternness of duty and the yearnings of his heart—and how he wept the tears of reconciliation on his bosom—and how he bent his head to watch by the pillow of his sickness—and how the letter of that old man summoned the mother to the bedside of her only boy. Here I must take up my story; I must endeavour to hurry over the few scenes that remain.

* * * *

The hoar frost of a November morning hung chill and misty on the breath of the dawn. I had relieved Mr. Crawford in watching by Arthur's bedside through the long hours of the night, and just as the grey twilight threw its indistinct colouring on the atmosphere, I left my weary post in the chamber of sickness. It was a relief to my feverish brain and sleepless eyelids to be visited by the keen and

frosty air. I stood for an instant in the doorway—strange thoughts came over my mind of him whom I had left; I leaned against the wall, and mused for some minutes on his hard lot; I thought of all that he had suffered, and how it seemed as if the snare in which Satan had involved him was woven of the finest feelings of the human heart. I was started from my musing by a step on the flags beside me, and a harsh voice, that grated on my ear, with an unpleasant, and yet, not an unknown sound. It was that of Tom Cooper: he was accompanied by two females. I had no difficulty, of course, in ascertaining that these were Arthur's mother and sister. Mr. Cooper did not recognise me. I had no desire, just then, to recognise him; the party passed quickly up stairs, and I sought my own apartment.

I do not know why, but the sound of his voice grated very discordantly on my ear. My dislike to him had attached to it the fancy of a harshness, which superstition, in spite of myself, interpreted as an evil omen. I could not get rid of the impression that I had heard in that sound an omen of poor Arthur's death. I felt a weight about my heart as if something pressed it down. I hurried to my own apartments, and endeavoured to shake off the dismal sensations that were closing round my soul. I could not; the sound of that voice was ringing in my ears, like the death-knell of Arthur Crawford.

Early in the day I returned to Arthur's rooms; the door was opened by Mr. Cooper; a slight blush passed over his clear, ruddy complexion, as he coldly and superciliously recognised me. I was surprised to find that I could not be admitted to Arthur's room; there was something bitterly repulsive in the tone in which he told me that his physician had given orders that no stranger should see him. It was designed to convey to me that henceforth I must regard myself as a stranger there.

Mr. Crawford, I was informed, had gone with his wife and daughter to lodgings in the town. It seemed that Arthur was consigned to Mr. Cooper's care. My heart misgave me as I turned, and went down the stairs.

I knew not exactly what suspicion crossed my mind—I felt nervous and agitated. In reply to all my enquiries for the next two or three days, I could only learn that the patient was worse.

In vain I begged to be admitted to his bedside. I even watched Mr. Crawford as he crossed the courts to Arthur's rooms, and entreated it of him as a favour that I might be permitted once more to see my friend. He seemed embarrassed—he hesitated, and with a hasty and faltering answer, "No O'Brien, it is better not," he rushed from me, as if unwilling to prolong for an instant the conversation.

Some days had thus passed in a state of anxiety upon my part, which I cannot easily describe. One evening, just as I had returned from the Commons Hall, and had seated myself opposite to a rather gloomy fire in my grate, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Crawford. He was in extreme agitation—he held out his hand to me without speaking—he grasped almost convulsively the hand I proffered in return. "O'Brien," he said, after a pause, "O'Brien, will you come to Arthur? I have been wrong—my poor boy—my only boy;" he uttered the last words apparently unconsciously. I replied that it was my most earnest wish to see Crawford; and I added half bitterly, "It is not my fault that I have not seen him before this."

"No," he answered, "but he is raving about you; come to him, come; Tom Cooper did not wish you, but he is too strict—I will not see my boy raving—God have mercy on him."

These few words gave me an insight into the history of the last few days. I made no reply. With a beating heart I followed Mr. Crawford across the courts.

It was a wet and a gusty evening; the court appeared polished, from the rain that lay on it like a sheet of glass, and its surface reflected back from a thousand little pools the dim light of the lamps. We made our way across in silence to the poor patient's abode.

Mr. Crawford opened the door with a latch key, and whispering me to be silent, we entered the room. There was no one there but an old nurse-tender, who was dozing before the fire, on which some vessel was set, and was boiling over, without disturbing the slumbers of the old hag. Mr. Crawford took no notice of her, but passed on to Arthur's chamber, directing me to remain until his return. I could hear the muttering of the patient in a low and depressed voice. In a few minutes his father returned: agony, hopeless agony, seemed to trace the wrinkles deeper on his

cheek—he could not restrain his emotion; a deep sob seemed almost to be the bursting of his heart. “He did not know me! O my God! he is mad through my harshness,” and a burst of tears—ay, of tears, that rolled in huge drops down that old man’s cheeks, relieved the agony of his feelings.

This burst of passionate grief was loud enough to wake the old nursetender from her doze. It was strange how instantaneously she assumed the appearance of one who had been all the while awake, as if afraid of detection in her forbidden slumber; almost before her eyes were open, the seething vessel was set to one side; her face was adjusted into the proper expression of compassion for her patient, and a mechanical sigh accompanied the equally mechanical prayer, “The Lord have mercy on the poor, dear, young gentleman.”

Perceiving Mr. Crawford, she said, “I’m glad you are come, sir; he has got quiet latterly, but he has been raving badly, very badly, about that Mr. O’Brien. Lord love you, sir,” she continued, “I ask your pardon for making so bold, but it is not right to keep him from him; he’ll never have peace or quietness till he sees him.”

Mr. Crawford had tried to stop her, but she would finish the sentence. “Well, Molly,” he answered, somewhat embarrassed, “here is Mr. O’Brien come to see him; do you think he might go into his room?”

“It is better,” said she, after a thoughtful pause, “it’s better that he should, or the raving will be the death of him.”

I confess I thought the experiment a hazardous one, but it was a moment, the excitement of which did not permit of reflection. Mr. Crawford and the nursetender preceded me a few steps; I followed; I was just in view of the poor sufferer’s bed; and oh! what a scene was there! A dim lamp burned on a table, shedding a feeble and almost unearthly light through the apartment. He could not endure to be left in the dark, and his eyes could not bear a stronger light. A few phials standing on the table added to the dismal appearance of the chamber, and then, on the bed, with a cheek as pale as the pillow on which it was pressed, lay my poor friend; the glazed eyes were wavering between the expression of lethargic stupor and wild delirium; a few indistinct syllables were muttered through his teeth, which

you could hear grating against one another with a fearful though low noise, and the clenched fist seemed to denote the presence of agony, whether mental or bodily. His father advanced a few steps—he paused—I thought he would have fallen. The sick man moved—a sudden strength seemed to pass with a cold shudder through his frame—he started from his pillow, and stared at his father with meaningless eyes; but that vacant gaze soon changed into one of terrible meaning.

“Ha!” he cried, or rather screamed, in a voice husky with illness, yet raised to the loud pitch in which delirium gives utterance to its ravings, “ha! uncle Arthur, there, there—take out these pikes from your breast—I didn’t do it—no, I did not sell you to them—no, take out the pikes—what do you want—uncle Arthur—I did—I did—I did.” He stopped, and with closed teeth muttered the last words “I did, I did;” until in the terrible tremor that shook his frame, they were lost in an indistinct and confused stammer.

“Arthur,” cried the agonised father, “Arthur, my son, don’t you know me?”

“Take the pikes out of your breast,” screamed again the victim of delirium; “take them out—I did not sell you—no, there you are—ay, I will be DAMNED,” he screamed; “away, uncle Arthur, away—they will get me time enough—I did not sell you.” Another wild scream, as some still more terrible apparition seemed to burst upon his sight, to avoid which he covered up his face in the blanket: the struggle could not last; and with a few more convulsive shudders, and screams of “I will be damned—I did not sell you,” he sunk into a calm and deathlike stupor.

His father thought that he was dead. Wildly he rushed towards him; the old nursetender caught him, fearful that any indiscreet excitement might bring on another struggle, which might overpower life itself; she advanced on tiptoe, and wetting the patient’s lips with some drops from one of the phials, she motioned us from the room.

“It is his only chance,” she said, as she followed us outside, in a low and almost noiseless whisper, “let him be quiet, and he’ll come to. The doctor ought to be got at once.”

I offered my services as a messenger, but Mr. Crawford would not tell me the residence of the physician. He knew the house himself, but could not tell either the street or number; the

only alternative was that the poor old man should go himself, and I was accordingly left with the old nurse-tender.

She looked once more at her patient. "He will do yet," she said, as she came out from him, and setting a chair opposite the fire for me, she begged of me to be seated.

In a few minutes again she visited Arthur; when she came out her countenance was brightened by a smile of gladness—"He is sleeping," sir, she said, "the first lid he has closed this long while in a sleep." She seemed satisfied that this was a favourable symptom, and sat down contentedly by the fireside.

She was a garrulous old woman; she told me that while she had been tending Arthur, she had seldom any one to talk to, and as the opportunity of a listener was a rare one, she seemed determined to improve it to the utmost. I was not, I confess, very averse to listen, as she gave me some information on points on which I was curious—not from a mere idle curiosity, but from an interest in Arthur's fate; nor did it diminish my readiness to listen to her, that I found, in the very outset of her conversation, that she sympathised with me in a cordial dislike to Mr. Cooper.

I wish I had graphic power enough to report her conversation; but I must content myself with its substance. It was scarcely information for me to know that it was to Mr. Cooper that I owed my exclusion from Arthur for the last few days. Arthur, it seemed, had expressed a strong wish to see me; his father and mother were both anxious that it should be complied with; but Mr. Cooper had strongly opposed it. As well as I could gather from the old woman's report of conversations which she did not clearly understand, he had represented to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford that I was one of Arthur's worldly companions, whose presence would only distract his mind from the frame that was fitted to his situation!! I could easily infer that Arthur's request had been refused by Mr. Cooper with great harshness; indeed, she told me that Mr. Cooper's treatment of him, when his father was not by, was so harsh, that she thought it necessary to interfere. "God forgive him, sir," said she, "if you could hear him scolding the poor creature—it was his cross speaking that first set him raving."

I felt my blood run cold, and then

hot through my veins—"And why," said I, "why did you not tell this to his father and mother?"

"Oh Lord!" said she, "it is to destroy a poor woman you are going; sure they wouldn't believe me, and that other fellow would tell them it was all for the good of his soul, (Amen, she ejaculated devoutly,) and that I was a wicked ould papist, that would say my beads over him (and here again she crossed herself.) The Lord help your wit, sir, why should I be believed against one that is a gentleman as like, and going to be married to his own sister."

I made no reply—this was not necessary to a continuance of the old woman's communication; she went on to tell me more. It seemed that she knew something of the family, having a daughter in their service. She told me that it was all settled, that Mr. Cooper was to be married to Miss Alice, as soon as he was made a minister. "Did you see," she continued, after a while, "how the poor young gentleman mistook his father for his uncle, that's dead and buried this many a year; he was his born image, as like to the master as two peas; and it was no wonder for him to mistake them. His uncle was kilt in the wars; the Irishmen killed him with their pikes, and that's what he was at when he was raving, the Lord have mercy on him."

It was singular that the resemblance was really so strong between the brothers. Arthur had never seen his uncle, and yet, in his raving, he made a mistake, which one might almost suppose suggested by the likeness.

Our conversation was interrupted by the return of Mr. Crawford, with the physician. Dr. M—— was a grey-headed man, but it seemed from his general appearance that the whiteness of his hairs was not the result of years. There was an expression of benevolence about his countenance, that indicated a warm and feeling heart, and the quick glance of the eye denoted the presence of a ready intellect. He remained a long time with his patient; he appeared to watch him with great anxiety, he sent for medicines, and waited himself until their return: at last he prepared to take his departure. The father followed him to the door. Dr. M—— stopped; the other caught his hand, and seemed almost afraid to put a question; the benevolent physician was agitated. "My dear sir," he said, "I have a favourable, a very

favourable opinion of the case ; but he must be quiet, very quiet," and with these few words he was gone.

My readers will readily believe that I felt at once perplexed and agitated by what had passed. I could not believe that it was safe to leave poor Arthur to the care of Tom Cooper ; and yet, how was I to interfere—I, a stranger, a suspected stranger, what right had I to interfere ? But then, the old nurse's words, "it was his cross speaking first set him raving," rung, with a fearful echo, in my ears. Sometimes I determined to go and represent the entire matter to Mr. Crawford, and to entreat that his son might not be sacrificed ; but would I be believed ?—what testimony had I ? The old nurse had manifested more discretion in her silence than I—her evidence would be set down to malice, and probably might entail her dismissal from his attendance.

I thought at last of a strange expedient—I determined to mention the entire matter to Dr. M——. There was something about him that gave me encouragement to do so ; there was a frankness and a benevolence in his manner, that seemed to assure me that he would not regard me as an impertinent intruder. He was one of those men to whom you could not speak for five minutes without being satisfied that he had a heart.

Early the next morning I sought an interview with Dr. M—— at his house, I need not dwell upon the particulars ; enough to say, I was not disappointed in my estimate. I told my story plainly and briefly. I remember well the manner in which he received my communications ; he indicated no surprise ; with a sigh he took my hand, and with a quick and expressive "I'll settle it for you," he signed to me to leave him.

And he was as good as his word. On his next visit he expressed an opinion that it was essential that Arthur should be gratified by being permitted to see me. The good man then came to myself, to communicate to me that he had arranged the matter, at the same time that he gave me the pleasing intelligence that there had been a most sudden and unexpected change in the patient—that his mind had settled down into a gentle and placid frame—he now felt warranted in saying that the worst of my friend's illness was past, and that he trusted in a little time he would be restored

to health. He accompanied this intelligence with a thousand cautions not to permit the patient to excite himself in any way.

I must rapidly pass over scenes which I confess I can't venture to describe Arthur rapidly recovered, and in a little time, Dr. M—— advised that he should leave College. His father and mother determined upon spending a little time in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, until Arthur's strength might be sufficiently restored to bear the journey home.

Reader, if I thus bear you at once over the interval of several weeks, do not imagine that it is because I could find nothing in those weeks to record. Twice have I written down scenes that might, perhaps, give you, as they gave me, new insight into human nature, and twice have I committed the manuscript that recorded them to the flames. But, perhaps, it is better they should not be remembered, and if I cannot forget them, I may not, at least, record them. There is, after all, more harm than profit in the spectacle of cold-hearted selfishness, disguising its own unfeeling temper under the sternest guise of the solemnities of religion.

My readers may, no doubt, have inferred that my having access to Arthur was by no means pleasing to Mr. Cooper ; and he did not fail to manifest his annoyance in every possible manner, even by acts of personal rudeness to myself. All, however, was done under the pretence of anxiety for Arthur's health, and apprehensions that I was not a fit person to be with him.

Let me pass over such scenes ; I wish I could as easily forget them. There is one who may, perhaps, cast his eye over these pages, and remember as well as I do what, perhaps, like myself, he would be willing to forget.

Let the reader, then, imagine the long and tedious days of sickness passed, and the poor sufferer removed from the small chamber which had been the scene of his illness, to a pleasant cottage outside the smoke and bustle of the town. There, with his fond parents and his sister, he had gone to recruit his exhausted strength. My readers will readily believe that I was intimate with the family. Who has not felt that to be present at domestic sorrows, opens the avenue to the affections of a family. Poor Arthur seemed to cling to me with an attachment, as if I was his only friend.

The joy of his parents at recovering him almost from the grave, had made them forget their anger at his crime. The sternness of virtue itself gave way before the yearnings of natural affection; and not even the solemn hypocrisies of Mr. Cooper could recall the feelings of wrath at his apostacy, which had been lost in the anguish of his illness. "No," said his father, in answer to some remarks of his nephew, which shewed but little of the spirit of that religion which teaches us that there is forgiveness and love for all sinners; "no, no, Tom," said the good old man, "his God has spared him to me; He has forgiven him and me, and why should not I forgive my only son?" And as he spake, he raised his eyes to heaven, in the attitude of thanksgiving, and tears of gratitude and affection chased each other down his venerable cheeks.

The cottage to which the Crawfords had retired was situated on the banks of the Liffey, in one of those amphitheatres which mark its course a few miles up from the city. Which of my Dublin readers has not looked on one of these, where the river winds slowly down in a kind of glen, wide enough to give passage to a stream ten times its size, and a steep semicircular bank encloses the little valley on one side; and on the other, the ground slopes gently up to a distance broken by uneven irregularities—and who has ever looked down one of those amphitheatres on a summer evening, when the spirit of stillness seemed to rest on it, and has forgotten them. But at the time of which I write, winter had left them bare—but it could not make them look desolate; and in a warm and sheltered nook, where the ivy, that clasped the aged trees, supplied the place of the foliage which the autumn and the winter winds had scattered, stood the cottage to which my friends had gone. The river rolled a little way below, and down to its edge there was a smooth lawn, where beds of flowers in summer ornamented here and there the grass. Behind the house a rising ground started steep and almost perpendicular, so that the wild winds swept but the highest branches of the old elms; and from the blast that came down the stream it was sheltered by a sudden turning in the banks of the river, and the trees that crowned their summit. Towards the east you could look down upon the distant city, with its bridges and its spires; the house fronted the

south; and far away in the horizon the Dublin and the Wicklow mountains raised their blue outlines in a soft and æthereal tint. This secluded spot might have seemed the abode of peace and happiness; and one might have fancied its tranquillity as undisturbed by the rudeness of men's evil passions, as it was sheltered from the intrusion of the blustering winds of heaven.

But even there there was one heart that bore with it the sting of bitter and rankling remorse. Poor Arthur was recovering, but to him returning health brought no gladness; the world seemed a place in which he moved about with a ban upon his brow, disgraced and shunned. And even in the bosom of his reconciled family, he seemed but ill at ease. The paleness of his cheek was not beginning to be succeeded by the bloom of health, and every now and then a suppressed sigh struggled from his ashy lips; and you could distinctly trace on his marble-like temples the wanderings of the blue veins.

I could not help thinking that this was the effect of a secret self-reproach. Arthur did not often allude to the subject of his fall; but sometimes I could see him place his hand upon his heart as if he felt some sudden pain; and once I heard him mutter, "the gnawing of the worm that never dies." Mr. Cooper took every opportunity of aggravating these feelings by injudicious appeals to him on his exceeding wickedness—Alas! he was not like Him whom he professed to follow—he tried to "break the bruised reed."

Mr. Cooper had taken lodgings in Dublin, and determined to remain in town as long as the Crawfords did; he gave his reason that he could not be separated from Alice; for without ever having consulted her feelings on the subject, he constantly appeared to look upon the poor girl as his affianced bride; and this conduct he pursued notwithstanding her own very intelligible manifestations of dislike. Her parents, however, as I have already remarked, never dreamed of questioning their own perfect right to dispose of the affections of their children as they thought proper; and Mrs. Crawford frequently expressed gratitude to Providence, that before she died she would see her daughter under the protection of her nephew.

Time thus passed on, and Arthur was not gaining strength. Dr. M——

whose visits had never been discontinued, appeared disappointed. After some time he made a communication to Mr. Crawford, who was talking of returning home, in which he expressed his decided opinion that Arthur's state of health would require the most careful attention, and stated the necessity of his continuing for the present under medical inspection.

The day he made this communication I happened to be at the cottage. Before he left the house he had taken Mr. Crawford alone into a room; he remained closeted with him for several minutes. After his departure, Mr. Crawford continued alone. I was anxious to learn from him Dr. M——'s opinion; for I confess I augured no good from his manner. I entered the room, but the old man took no notice of me; he sat at the table—his face was buried in his hands. I could remark that the veins of the forehead were swelled almost to bursting. I spoke, but there was no answer; again I spoke in a louder tone—he started, and appeared not to recollect where he was—he stammered a few broken sentences—he then recognized me. "O'Brien, he is gone—Arthur—I know it—" and he walked up and down the room and groaned deeply.

In answer to my enquiries he repeated to me the substance of Dr. M——'s communication. I felt that the inference he had drawn from it was too true. I knew not what to say. "O'Brien," he cried again, "he was my boy—I loved him as my own soul—he shall not die—no, God has spared him to me—he shall not die," he repeated vehemently and passionately, and stamped upon the floor.

We walked out into the open air; it was now spring time; the yellow crocuses were just peeping from the flower beds in the lawn; the father stooped down and began listlessly to pluck the opening blossoms—we walked on in silence to the river's edge. Its dark current swept down a quantity of froth. I could not help seeing, in the rapidity with which it rolled on the short-lived undulations of the surface, an emblem of the perishable nature of all earthly things. Some thoughts like these may have passed through the old man's mind; he gazed vacantly on the ripples of the stream as one after another swept from our view—and for some minutes neither of us spoke.

He drew my arm within his; "O'Brien," he said, as he moved back

to the cottage, "this will kill his mother; and poor Alice and Tom, it will be a cloud upon their happiness."

I endeavoured to persuade him that his fears were exaggerated; by degrees I persuaded him that they were. I did not persuade myself. I thought this a favourable opportunity of speaking to him on the subject of Mr. Cooper's constant upbraiding of Arthur. I did it as delicately as possible, but pointed out in strong terms the danger that there was in harassing the mind of the patient by dwelling on grief which he felt so acutely.

He listened to me for a long time without speaking. I know not whether there might have been any thing in my manner that conveyed more than my words; but his large grey eye rested on me with a penetrating glance. I felt myself colour under his glance. The truth was, I could not help suspecting that Cooper would not much regret the death of Arthur which would leave him, as Alice's intended husband, sole heir to Mr. Crawford's property. I thought I had conveyed these suspicions. I did not mean to do so, and I felt confused.

I was sure that Mr. Crawford remarked my confusion; but he said nothing—he mused deeply, and I hoped my observations were not without their effect.

Dr. M——'s opinion was soon communicated to Mrs. Crawford and Alice, and arrangements were made for the entire family remaining for some time longer where they were. The next few days seemed to bring a great improvement to Arthur's health, and with it the hopes of his parents rose. It is strange to how slight a thread the hopes of fond hearts will cling.

I was now a visitor with Arthur as often as my avocations would permit. I felt some indescribable interest draw my heart to his. The spirit of my unhappy friend was as it were under the shadow of his guilt; but there was a sober solemnity about the gloom of that shadow that was more to me than the sunshine of gayer hearts. I had his full and undivided confidence; and notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Cooper to prejudice his parents against me, I was at first tolerated, and in time regarded with affection as Arthur's only friend.

He had many friends in College; many who were his intimate companions when I knew nothing of him; but the world had now cast its dis-

grace upon him, and of course they shunned him. He felt this, and spoke of it with a bitter indignation that showed him deeply the gall of a wounded spirit had rankled in his heart.

"O'Brien," he said, once to me, "there was a time when I had many friends, at least when I was fool enough to call those, who were willing to share my joyous hours, friends; and where are they now? They do not think of me—they go on as if I had never been—the place I held is hardly felt to be now a blank—this is before one's time to realize the words—"the place that knew him shall know him no more."

There was something even in the bitterness of that spirit superior to the minds that every day you meet with. I wish that I could remember all that he uttered, with the vividness of thought and expression that he imparted to the feelings of one who felt the world's judgment a hard one.

But I must endeavour to hurry over the scenes which I have still to describe—a few more will bring this chapter to a close.

My readers will recollect that Alice Crawford had been left by a relative a considerable sum of money, and there seemed every prospect now that she would but too soon be heiress to all Mr. Crawford's property, which, notwithstanding the difficulties in which he had been involved, was still quite large enough to hold out an inducement to Mr. Cooper to seek the hand of Alice with increasing earnestness. Over his aunt he had acquired a complete ascendancy; she regarded him as the very impersonation of all earthly goodness; the morose self-love of his manner was in her eyes but the exterior expression of a piety too strict to be satisfied with anything in this wicked world. She was a weak but good-hearted woman; her influence over her husband was very great; and as she had long determined on the match between her nephew and daughter, she never dreamed of its being opposed. Alice had received her cousin's attentions with a kind of passive obedience, and indeed they were not of a character to draw out any other expression from their object. They were not marked by any great tenderness or assiduity; and principally consisted in the assumption of a manner which seemed to imply that he

had a right to some species of authority.

So long as Alice looked forward to her marriage with her cousin as an event indefinitely distant, she did not offer any direct opposition to the wishes of her parents, but the time was coming when she was called on to decide.

The cold blasts of March had swept by, and the genial showers of April were nurturing the young verdure of the spring. Arthur's health had latterly been improving, and though Dr. M—— still gave it as his opinion, that for years to come his state of delicacy would require the greatest care, he said that he saw no objection to his returning in the course of a month to New-ville. He did not conceal from his family that his constitution had received a shock from which it might be long before he would perfectly recover, but he seemed confident, that by care for a few years, his health would be re-established, and that there would not be much longer occasion for that constant medical surveillance which had been hitherto kept up.

This was, indeed, glad news for all the little party; even Arthur himself seemed for an instant to forget his gloom, and his heart was joyous in the anticipation of happy days. They all talked of the summer and the long days among the woods of New-ville, and one would hardly have thought that they were the same party which a little while ago had been so sad and sorrowful.

Mr. Cooper now proposed to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, that his marriage with Alice should take place immediately on the return of the family to New-ville; and her parents agreed. The first intimation the poor girl received of this determination, was from her mother, who, kissing her affectionately, and with tears in her eyes, told her that "in a little time she was to be made happy;" for the good woman never for one instant doubted that she was securing her daughter's happiness by this match. When Alice understood the full extent of her happiness, she turned deadly pale. She could not speak for a few minutes; at last she fell upon her mother's bosom, and burst into a passionate fit of sobs and tears.

Mrs. Crawford attributed this to the agitation that so young a creature might naturally feel at being about to leave for ever the parents with whom

her childhood had been happy, and she attempted to console her with the common-place reflections suited to such a feeling. But Alice continued to sob, and at last she murmured in broken accents,—“Mother, I cannot marry cousin Tom.”

Her mother was surprised; she led her to a seat, and said, “Alice, my dear, you will not disobey your parents—you are too young to judge—your father and I have resolved on what is best for you, and you will be obedient, and God will bless you;” and imprinting a kiss upon her daughter’s burning forehead, with an affectionate “God bless you, my child,” she left her to her own reflections.

A thousand confused and bewildering thoughts passed through the poor girl’s mind. She could not love her cousin—she felt she never could—then how could she without sin solemnly promise to do so? She thought of kneeling at her parents’ feet, and explaining to them her feelings; but then she remembered the stern severity of the notions they held of parental authority; she remembered how often she had heard them say, that parents had a right to dispose of their children’s affections as they pleased, and she felt that to remonstrate with them was but to appeal to a tribunal where every remonstrance would be regarded as stamped with the crime of disobedience.

On the bosom of her brother she gave vent to her feelings; from him she sought counsel in her difficulty—in him she found a sympathising friend. What friendship is so hallowed and so tender as that in which the first emotions of the heart awake?—what love so pure as that of a brother and a sister—the love with which the holiest recollections of childhood and of home are intertwined.

Arthur felt for her—his heart bled within him as she sobbed on his breast. They had talked over all the matter, after their parents had retired to rest. They sat by the window of one of the apartments in the cottage. The light of the full moon beamed down upon them in its peaceful and its holy lustre. Long and bitterly did they converse together. Arthur felt the hopelessness of an appeal to his parents—he feared that the very appeal would partake, in their eyes, of the nature of rebellion.

“I never will marry him,” cried the poor girl, “I will die first.”

“You shall not marry him,” cried Arthur, “my own sister. No!” he

exclaimed vehemently, as he rose and paced the room, “No, the villain; not while this arm can prevent it.”

There was a vehemence in his voice and manner, that alarmed the gentle and timid girl. She dreaded she knew not what. She caught her brother’s arm. She drew him to a seat beside her.

“No, no, Arthur, do not speak so; let there be no quarrelling on my account. No; I will tell Tom that I can’t be his. I will, on my knees, tell him so, and ask him would he wish that before God I should promise what I cannot do. I will ask my father and mother in God’s sight, would they have me to do it; but Arthur, dear, promise me—my own brother, promise me that you will not interfere. No! there is enough already against you with my father. Promise me, my own brother, and God will make a way for me to escape.”

Arthur turned to her as she spoke; she had risen, and she stood full in the flood of the moonbeams, with her pale face raised to heaven; full of confidence and devotion. It was impossible to resist her entreaties. Arthur gave the promise she desired, and clasping her to his heart he said, “Yes, dearest Alice, God will make a way for you to escape.”

They determined, then, that Alice should in the morning acquaint her cousin on his arrival to pay his daily visit, with her utter and entire aversion to the proposed match; and they calculated that after this he could not persevere in demanding, on any authority, her hand.

Somewhat lightened in mind, they rose to depart. Arthur turned once more to the window, where the moonbeams streamed in, “Let me once more look at this glorious scene.” The window was a casement one, and before she had time to stop him, Arthur had thrown it up gently, and stood on the outside. Her gentle entreaties to him to avoid exposing himself to the night air, were unavailing.

“I feel myself quite well,” he said; “I would like to take another look at this moon.”

“Perhaps,” replied Alice, “it is the last on which I will ever gaze in peace.”

Arthur felt the words come heavy on his heart. He staggered against a huge tree which grew a few paces from the window; Alice leaned beside him. It was, indeed, a glorious scene.

The river rolled gently below, glittering like a sheet of silver—the bright radiance of the moon was flung on the valley, and lent its soft tinge to the white and thin clouds that were scattered like wool upon the face of the heavens. It was a night to make one think of peace and happiness, and even the troubled spirits of those that gazed on it felt its calm.

"Oh, it is a glorious night," said Arthur, "and yet, I know not why, I feel melancholy;" and he looked down along the valley of the river, as if something riveted his eyes to the loveliness of the scene.

As he spoke, a large owl was disturbed from the ivied tree, at the foot of which he leaned. It screamed dismally as it flew round and round the spot where they stood; and then with its dolorous hooting, and almost more dismal whirling of its wings, it flew away—its dim feathers glistening in the moonbeams.

The incident was a simple one; but it had a mysterious effect on minds attuned to its impressions. Arthur felt his heart beat quicker, and Alice trembled violently; neither of them spoke; and returning into the cottage, they gently barred the casement, and parted in silence for the night.

Next day brought Mr. Cooper to the cottage. Alice, pale as death and hardly able to speak from agitation, begged a private interview with him. She told him hastily her feelings towards him; she entreated of him no longer to persevere in addresses which nothing but parental authority could force her for an instant to endure. His reply was—ay, it was—that he loved her better than all the world—that parental authority bound him too, for that it was the command of his dying mother that he should marry her—that he knew it was only her brother that had prejudiced her against him; but that he was sure she knew enough to be assured that in honouring their parents, they must both be happy, and that in time she would find him worthy of her tenderest love.

Poor Alice did not like the plan of promising to love upon the strength of the future contingency of its fulfilment being possible. But she was soon taught by the manner of her suitor, that he was determined to avail himself of the right to be loved, which her father's choice conferred on him.

"Mr. Cooper," she cried, in an earnestness of which she did not believe

herself capable, "do not mar and disturb my happiness for life. I have been happy, very happy with my parents, and do not now put an end to my happiness. Leave me, I entreat of you, leave me;" and she knelt before her persecutor.

He seemed affected; he advanced and raised her, and seemed happy of the opportunity of pressing her in his arms.

"Alice, dearest Alice, I will do any thing for you but this. But you are mine—mine by your parents' right—and I will not give you up—I ought not." He would have said more, but the indignant girl had burst from his arms, and left him alone.

Wildly she rushed in search of her parents. Her father, and mother, and Arthur were sitting together. She burst almost like one distracted into the room.

"Mother," she cried, in agony, "do not kill your poor child—your only daughter;" and she rushed towards her parent, and hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"What, what is all this, my child," said her mother fondly, as soon as she had in some degree recovered from the surprise into which she had been thrown by the violent conduct of her daughter.

"I will never, never marry Tom Cooper," cried the agitated girl; "I will die first."

"Alice, my child," said her father, with a sternness of voice and manner that seemed to hush into calmness the violence of her whom he addressed, "Alice, my child, come hither. Where have you learned disobedience to your parents, girl?" he continued still more sternly. "Honour thy father and thy mother, was the first commandment on your infant lips."

"Father," she cried, "I never will marry any one but one whom you desire; but father, dearest father, I will stay unmarried; but I cannot, I dare not promise to God to love one whom I—I hate."

"Hate your cousin Tom!" cried her mother, who was roused to the defence of her favourite nephew. "You wicked, wicked girl—he is too good for you, Miss. You are a wicked girl—you are not good enough for such a husband. Oh, oh, that I should live to see this day."

"Alice," said her father calmly, "you are speaking wickedly and foolishly—you know how good your cousin is.

Alice, my dear, I must soon leave you, and I wished to see you happy before I die; and your mother and I have chosen you a protector. Alice, we love you as our heart's blood; but no good can come of disobedience. No, Alice, I command you—you shall marry your cousin Tom."

"Father," cried Alice, throwing herself at his knees, "command me to beg my bread from door to door—command me to break stones by the road side—but do not command me to marry one I cannot love."

She knelt before him in the attitude of supplication; her hands were clasped, and her face as pale as a marble statue. The old man looked at her, and even in the anger of his countenance there was something mingled of a parent's pride in the delight with which he viewed her lovely form.

"Alice, you will obey your father, and your mother. You must marry Tom Cooper."

The last words were uttered in a tone of calm and determined authority, that seemed neither to expect or to admit of expostulation. Alice was silent for an instant.

"May God look down on me," she cried, "and forgive me if I sin; but, father, I never will marry him;" and having said this with a calm self-possession, she turned not to her father, or her mother, but her brother, who had looked on in extreme agitation on this strange scene. She buried her head in his bosom, as if to hide from her father's angry glance.

Her father walked up and down the room.

"God is just;" he said, in a low and solemn tone, "I disobeyed my father, and my heart bleeds for it now—bleeds in its tenderest pore; father," he added, looking up to heaven, "not my will, but thine be done—but *both* my children thus"—his eye fell on Arthur; the poor fellow's cheek blanched before the rebuke.

He rushed to his father. "Father," he cried, "let us be happy again; Alice and I would die for you—but do not sacrifice her to one who is unworthy of her. She has knelt before you—she has intreated him to leave her to her own happy home. Father, do not command her to promise to love one she cannot love—she ought not to love."

"Silence, sir," said his father angrily; "it is you that has done this—it is you

that have taught your sister disobedience."

"Father, I cannot bear this," he cried; "you will kill me, indeed you will—I know it; bless me—forgive me but, poor Alice, in the name, father, of God, do not, do not ask to marry that man—I would see her dead first—in the cold grave. Alice, my own sister, you would be better, happier than with him—your coffin would be better," and he passionately strained his sister to his breast.

"Stop this nonsense," cried his mother; "Alice, we shall be obeyed—it shall be. It is you, Arthur, that have filled her head with these notions; you have learned little good at College—when you sold your religion, you might disobey your parents. It shall be—" she added, violently.

Mr. Crawford felt this last reproach an ungenerous one. Arthur attempted to speak, but his colour came and went. He snatched Alice's handkerchief, and put it to his mouth.

"Hush, woman," cried the father; "Arthur, my boy, God bless you—I bless you, my own son; never mind, it shall not be, by —, it shall not be."

It was the first oath that ever his children had heard from Mr. Crawford's lips. He rushed wildly towards his son—the handkerchief he held to his lips was steeped in blood.

Another minute saw his fainting form supported on his distracted mother's breast. All was alarm and confusion. "I am better now," he faintly said, as one hand grasped his mother's, and another his sister's hand.

Alas! alas! it was his life-blood that welled from his lips. The crimson fountain of life was unsealed—and though the first gush of its purple stream did not exhaust it, Arthur never recovered from the fatal effects of that evening.

But how can I describe the scenes that then I was a witness to. Poor Arthur had begged that I might be sent for. The shades of night had veiled the valley before I could reach him. His father met me at the door; he caught my hand and burst into tears; he led me without speaking, to Arthur's room. He was supported on pillows in his bed—pale and ghastly—his arm was extended from him, and was bandaged with cloths which were covered with blood. I started in horror. His mother perceived my alarm, and corrected my mistake. Immediately on his arrival, Dr. M—— had

taken a quantity of blood from his arm, and it was the exhaustion consequent on this that made him pale and weak.

"Arthur will soon be well, Mr. O'Brien," she said, "but he is not to speak."

Arthur shook his head; he put his hand to his lips, and motioned me beside him. He held out his hand—I caught it; I felt the cold clammy dampness on it; a few drops of perspiration were collected on his forehead. They looked like "the night dews of the grave" upon his living brow.

He muttered in a whisper, "Come often to me—be near me." He pressed my hand fervently. I assured him that I would, and begged of him to be silent.

That day Mr. Crawford apprised Mr. Cooper of his fixed determination never to put any constraint upon Alice's feelings in the subject of her marriage.

"She does not like you, Tom," he said, "leave her to us, and God bless you, and send you a better wife."

It is singular that the very next day brought Mr. Cooper a letter that required his immediate presence in Wexford, and he left town without taking leave of his uncle, except in a hurried note in which he barely deigned to enquire for Arthur's health.

There was no return of the bleeding during the night, and next morning, Dr. M—— appeared to entertain good hopes of his case. He examined his chest carefully; he desired him to sit up for a little while, and having prescribed a certain course of diet, he desired that he must be kept as quiet as possible.

Reader! have you ever seen one whom you loved the victim of the most insidious of diseases. Have you ever watched the decline of a friend whom consumption had fastened on as its prey. Have you seen the pallid and marble-like whiteness of the cheek beautifully crimsoned with the glowing hectic of the cruel disease—and death light up the eye with an unnatural brightness while he decked his victim with hues too lovely to be those of health. If ever you have seen this—if you have sat with the being that every day came nearer to the grave—if you have shared in the hopes and fears that followed each other in the minds of those around as quickly as the hues of paleness and of brightness flitted on the cheek of the dying object of your love. If, in a word,

you have ever seen a young person dying of consumption, you will need me to say but little to help you to the closing scenes of Arthur's life.

And dying—it soon became evident he was—a little time sufficed to prove the impotence of the healing art—and Dr. M—— communicated to his parents that there was no hope except in God.

I remember well the day the good physician told this to his father. I had been sitting with him in the little parlour, the casement of which opened on the lawn. The poor old man had talked of returning home; he said that in a little time Arthur would be well enough to bear the journey, and yet, he said, this is a nice place, and I will not like to leave it—but, he added, "there is no place like home—a mouthful of his native air will make Arthur quite well again."

We were interrupted by the sound of Dr. M—— coming down stairs. Mr. Crawford rose to meet him; he caught him by the hand.

"What do you think of him to-day, doctor," he eagerly enquired.

Dr. M—— made him no answer; he led him to a seat—a tear stood in the eye of the good man. "My dear Mr. Crawford," he said, "I know your heart is resting above the things of earth. I know that I speak to a sincere Christian;" he paused.

Mr. Crawford's cheek had blanched; his eyes almost momentarily closed—his teeth seemed to chatter—strange that such an appeal to our Christianity sounds naturally as the presage of woe.

The breathing of the old man became high and quick. "Speak, sir—speak, my child is dying—you need not fear Dr. M——, I can bear it—my boy is dying."

"I fear," said Dr. M——, "there is but little hope of his recovery—there is none, except in God."

"Yes," said the father, rising from his seat, and apparently unconscious of our presence. "Yes, he will die—die—die," and he repeated the last word as if unaware of its import.

Dr. M—— laid his hand on his arm; the old man started, as if from a dream.

"Dr. M——," he said, "a Christian can bear the will of God; but—but—" he added slowly, "a father cannot bear to lose his son," and a passionate flood of tears came to his relief.

Just then Mrs. Crawford entered the

room. She saw her husband standing in the middle of the room, the large tears were rolling down his furrowed cheek.

"George," she almost screamed—"what is it? Dr. M——, what is it? will he not soon be well?"

"Mary," said her husband, "look up to God for strength—we must bear it. Mary, our boy is dying—he cannot live." A sob from the wretched mother stopped him. He caught her in his arms; "hush, my love, he will hear you, and it will make him worse," and she stifled her sobs in her husband's bosom.

Dr. M—— took advantage of the interval to withdraw. I was following his example.

"O'Brien," said the old man, "do not leave us—you loved Arthur; it is well to have any one that loves him near; perhaps you being here may keep my poor old woman from disturbing him by her sobs—hush, Mary, love."

Mrs. Crawford suppressed her grief, but the effort was evidently a violent one; it could not be maintained. She started from her seat and screamed.

"He is dying, and I—I killed him. Oh this unhappy marriage, it was that——" and now her sobs and tears were without restraint.

"Hush, Mary, dearest," said her husband; "don't let our poor boy hear the death-cry over him, while he is still alive? Where is Alice?" continued the old man; "go Mary, and bring her."

But the sound of her mother's voice had brought the poor girl from the side of her brother. "Mother," said she, "I know it all—you need not tell me."

For an interval of some minutes there was a deep and solemn silence, broken only by the suppressed murmur of grief. The father was the first to speak.

"Mary," he said to his wife, "it is meet that we should pray to God."

We all knelt down, and the old man prayed with a touching pathos for help and comfort, and support; but when at the close of his prayer, he tried to implore God to spare his son's life, his voice faltered—he stopped. We remained on our knees in silent prayer for a few minutes; not a word was spoken until a simultaneous Amen burst from our lips, as if each had been conscious of the petition of the rest.

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VOL. X.

From that day forward, poor Arthur was permitted to do pretty much as he wished. He had more strength of voice than might have been expected. The weather was unusually hot for that early season of the year, and Dr. M—— permitted him to have a sofa placed in a little greenhouse from which he could have a view of much of the surrounding scenery. It was from his conversations in the interval between this and his death, that I have been enabled to describe the scenes that I have endeavoured to pourtray.

"Edward," he said to me the day after Dr. M—— had made the communication of which I have spoken. "Edward, I heard my mother's sobs yesterday, but I made no remark. They think I do not know I am dying, but I knew it before they did; I know it since I came here, and why should I wish to live, dishonoured?—no; let the grave cover my dishonour."

He then told me at such intervals in his narrative as his strength could admit of, that during his illness in College, he had been haunted by the most dismal visions—that the handwriting on the wall was constantly before him—that he had some indistinct perception of fancying Tom Cooper dancing like a devil before him—but that, whenever he turned his eyes he saw the handwriting, until at last he said he lay with a kind of weight upon his brain, and there was this writing before him written in letters of fire; and he thought he saw a hand pass over it, and it was blotted out, and he never saw it again; "and I think," he said, "it was from that hour that I began to get well—but I forgot the entire matter—until after I came here I turned over my Bible, and I found the expression, 'blotting out the handwriting that is against us,' and then I remembered the whole matter, and then I remembered too, that during my illness the words 'before midsummer' had been constantly ringing in my ears, and I knew I would not live to see midsummer."

I must endeavour to draw this perhaps too protracted narrative to a close.

"Edward," he said to me at another time, "when I am gone, you will hear me spoken of with dishonour, and men will say that I sold myself. I had some friends in college, and they will be the bitterest in upbraiding my memory. Dr. Allwell was the first to write to my father. There is now no

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place for me in the world. Every one would know the apostate and would shun me. Men take delight in finding reasons to blame; but the grave will cover me from their malice."

I remember one evening, we sat looking on the prospect before us. It was a glorious evening, and one that might well make the soul in love with earth. The gold of the declining sun was flung in its gorgeous lustre on a thousand shapes of loveliness—on the still valley—the bosom of the river—the foliage of the tall trees that scarcely quivered in the gentle breeze—and further off, on the grey sides of the mountains, and the distant spires and windows of the tower. From the dusky haze that overhung the city, the spires of the churches rose up and reflected back the gold of the setting sun, as if the last smile from the visible image of God's throne lingered on the place of prayer. Arthur gazed on the valley: poor, poor fellow, he looked on that lovely scene, and its loveliness overcame him. His cheek became, if possible whiter, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"I thought," he said faintly, "I thought I was content to die, never more to look upon this earth—but—but—" and his voice faltered, and a huge tear rolled down his emaciated cheek. After a pause, he continued, almost soliloquizing—"I am young—my sun has gone down before—long before it was noon. It is hard, hard—all the fond hopes—all the ambitious speculations of my heart;—all—all brought to a close, in the dark and silent grave."

"Edward," he said, turning to me; "there have been hopes and feelings in this breast of which no one has ever known, and of which no one ever will know—I have had my dreams of high ambition, and my visions of distant distinction to which I clung with a faith in their accomplishment, that animated me with a spirit of which my companions knew nothing. I felt as if I could not pass through the world unknown—the longing of my spirit for glory I deemed an earnest that it would come. I have lain for whole hours under the trees, musing on the fancies of an ardent spirit. I felt as if I could hear afar off the distant murmurs of a coming fame. My soul was lit up with the glowing fancies of its own creation. I mistook the light of these fancies for the reflected lustre of a future

glory. It is well—I am humbled—all is crushed—my dreams are at an end—I am content—" but as he spoke of contentment, the big tear trembled in his eye.

"You will think me very foolish," he said, after a pause, which his exhaustion rendered necessary, "but from my earliest days the impression was on my mind, that one day or other I would be distinguished among men; I regarded some noble destiny as my birthright, and nothing could shake my faith in my inheritance. It is not shaken yet—it was mine—but I sold my birthright—I forgot that purity should be the character of those that look to a high destiny upon earth; I gave up my trust in God, and when I did, I forfeited my claim."

"I am content to die—what else could become of me?—where can I now live? How is it possible that now I should move with honor among men? No, no," he added passionately, "I unfitted myself for my destiny—I have now nothing to do in this world."

"My spirit is crushed," he continued in a low tone of voice, "crushed—as long as I had my own rectitude, my faith in my destiny supported me—I could retire to the assurance of that faith, from the contempt of the proud, from the coldness of my friends, from the selfish heartlessness of all I met, I could lean upon the misty phantoms of what I imagined to be my future greatness; and thus supported, could scorn the proud; but when I sold myself, it was all gone—I had no more faith—my spirit then was crushed—my soul was disrobed of the covering in which it had delighted to wrap itself."

These thoughts and feelings of his soul he used to pour out in a voice broken by the weakness consequent on his illness, but when he spoke, his glazed eye was lit up with a brightness, and even the tones of his voice assumed a strength that was borrowed from the enthusiasm of his soul. By degrees he grew weaker and weaker, and as his end approached, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of his Bible. I was almost constantly with him: he was unhappy when I was absent. But I must have done—one scene more will close the tale of his sorrows and his sufferings.

It was midsummer eve: I had not been able to visit the cottage in the earlier part of the day. Towards evening I reached it; I found something like hope excited in the breasts

of his parents. He had seemed much stronger in the morning, he had eaten with an appetite, and had enjoyed a gentle and refreshing slumber. Since he awoke he had expressed great anxiety for my arrival. When I went to his room he was lying on his couch; he had himself supported with pillows, so as to have a view both to the west and north; a large projecting window in his room commanded both views, and he looked on the loveliness of nature with something like a feeling of interest. Alice was sitting beside him, supporting his head, his mother sat at his feet—when I entered; a smile played on his face when he saw me, he feebly stretched out his worn hand, but remained silent.

We had sat for some time, when he turned round, as if something had suddenly recurred to his recollection—"Alice," he said, "you once cut me to the heart; I could have borne all but you—the scarf—I was alone and desolate, when you sent it back to me to disown me."

"Arthur dear," she said, "forgive me; oh! little your poor sister knew that you were alone and desolate! I heard that you had gone with the great people; I thought you were their favourite, and that you would care but little for your poor sister's gift; but I did not—indeed I did not think you were alone. Oh! I would have died before I would have pained you!"

"I know, dearest," he feebly answered, "I knew you did not know my heart, but I wished to hear you say so before I died."

"Don't talk of dying, Arthur," said his distracted mother, "you will live many years to close the eyes of your poor old mother."

He shook his head; he stretched out his arm, as if to embrace his mother; she stooped down and kissed the forehead, over which the long lank hair fell down.

He desired that his father might be brought to him. The old man tottered to his side; "bless me, father," said the son faintly, "and forgive me; a father's blessing is good on a journey—even on the long dark one."

His father suppressed his emotion—"I bless thee, my child, my darling boy, I have nothing to forgive you; God bless you, and spare you to me."

The sufferer motioned to his mother to come near him. He reverently bowed forward, as if to obtain her

blessing too; she strove to speak, but sobs choked her utterance.

He motioned for us to raise him up; he looked out on the hills; twilight was rapidly falling; the sun had just gone down, and the blue mist of the evening was slowly rising from the valley.

"The watchfire," said Arthur, pointing to a blaze which just broke out on one of the hills—one of the fires with which our countrymen almost universally light up the country on a midsummer eve. In a few minutes a line of light illuminated the mountains, while over the outlines of the hill the full moon looked down in placid majesty with a silver radiance, that contrasted strongly with the red light of the watchfires beneath.

He gazed earnestly on the moon, and then turned towards the west, where the tints of the departed sun still dyed the clouds.

"A last look," he said sorrowfully, "midsummer—the watchfire," he muttered; "I have watched for it."

We thought that he was wandering. "I shall see it again—Alice," and he gently attempted to push a Bible which lay at his head, and which had latterly been his companion. The gentle girl took up the blessed book; "Where shall I read, dearest?" she said. "The latter day," he faintly said, "it is too dark to see." His father uttered in a clear deep voice the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

"I shall see it all again glorious, more glorious—the latter day"—he stopped, his head fell upon his breast. "It is cold, very cold," he said, or rather moaned; "it is getting dark—I cannot see—cold, cold, very cold." His teeth chattered—it was the chill of death; it was its mist upon his eyes—there was a slight struggle, a gurgle in his throat, and his spirit had fled from its earthly tenement.

* * * *

I saw the last of him; I saw him laid in a cold and unhonoured grave; and surely, never did an early grave close on brighter hopes—never was there a nobler spirit crushed by the selfishness of the world.

I have thought that it might not be without its use to record his fate.

There was a solemn lesson to ambition in his dying scene. Oh! many a noble heart like his has been crushed, when once the noble aspiration to be great, degenerating into that vulgar passion which men call ambition has betrayed it into giving up that high principle which alone can support the lofty aspirations of the soul—many a pang might have been spared to a bleeding heart, if the soaring spirit had remembered, in the giddiness of the elevation of its hopes, that principle—the dignity of self-respect—the strength of moral rectitude—was the power that sustained the soul in the noblest flights in which the imagination of young ambition plumed its daring wing.

* * * * *

Perhaps I ought to say a few words of the other actors in the scenes I have attempted to pourtray. Mr. Cooper

was married the very day that Arthur's remains were consigned to the family tomb, to a rich widow, who had been left a handsome jointure by her former husband, a colonel of dragoons. "He might have waited," said poor old Mr. Crawford, "until our poor boy was cold in his grave."

All the others are gone to their long home. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford did not long survive their son: before their death they saw Alice well and happily married; but she, too, after enjoying years of such happiness as earth can give, rests in peace. There are few who will recognise the incidents I have endeavoured, as far as consistent with truth, to disguise. One or two will, and to them, perhaps, the recollections of what is past will add to my narrative an interest which none but they can know.

GIFFARD'S SHORT VISIT TO THE MOREA.*

THIS is a little book after our own heart. It is precisely what it professes to be, and so far leaves us nothing to wish for. It is a winter's run through Greece, narrated clearly, spiritedly, faithfully and unaffectedly. It does not profess to be "Greece in 1836," nor is it styled "the present state of the Morea, moral, social, and political." It is neither "Greece as it is," nor "Greece as it was," (perhaps a more attractive title,) nor is it "Greece as it will be," nor "as it might be," nor "as it ought to be." It is merely Greece as it appeared to the writer. It does not purport to be a visit with a view to — anything. Hereby and in each and all of these points differing from the contents of that mighty shelf which groans under the weight of modern voyages and travels. *Six months* is a favourite time for gentlemen of the present school to allow themselves, in which to master a country. Inglis deciphered Ireland in that period. Nicholls, however, thought as many *weeks* sufficient to learn what a royal commission of inquiry had failed of finding out in years. It seems to be a maxim of regenerate mind, that practical knowledge accumulates in the inverse ratio of the labour employed in acquiring it, and that first impressions are to supersede,

instead of being corrected by the test of subsequent investigation. Every one is ready with his penknife to cut that knot which his fathers could never disentangle, and is to be seen, moreover, chuckling at the ingenuity with which he has accomplished the little bit of mischief.

Mr. Giffard is not one of these. He knows that there are things *Οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος*. He is perfectly well aware that after twice six weeks or six months either, he could have no pretension to consider himself, like M. Pouqueville, as having "*débrouillé le chaos qui couvre l'antique Hellade*;" and he accordingly speaks of his tour as it is, and shows that at least he does not overrate his own opportunities or powers.

Who could undertake to measure the mass of assumption annually carried through the press for the purposes of that portion of the public which can only relish what is *new*? That every visitor to a strange land should think it to be a part of his duty to cast into Albemarle or Burlington street on his return the cargo of novelties he has imported, to be there arranged into an agreeable octavo for the public, we are quite prepared to admit, nor do we attempt to quarrel with him for so doing. He has an undoubted right to make a

* "A Short Visit to the Ionian Islands, Athens, and the Morea." By Edward Giffard, Esq. 8vo. London, John Murray. 1837.

market of whatever will be bought, whether it be the workings of his brain, or the dust from the wheels of his travelling-chariot,—but it moves sometimes our spleen, sometimes our laughter to observe the cool effrontery with which each takes up the trumpet, and proclaims his own authority paramount over the whole line through which he has paid turnpike. This is the spirit of the present day, a spirit which has only extended itself from the abstract branches of knowledge to the more practical, to politics, and finally to general literature. In the higher sciences it has developed itself in the too wild and incautious use of the new system of philosophising, or perhaps rather in the abuse of it, by generalizing too rapidly, and rising, as it were, on too narrow a base. In politics it is manifested in the analogous haste with which new principles are adopted, while the consequences of the rapidity of transition from the old are not taken into account as influencing the practical result of the experiment itself. In “voyages and travels” the same spirit only assumes the meaner guise of a most amusing self-sufficiency, which will not brook the idea of being considered deficient in any point, and prompts the “voyager and traveller,” as he rolls along over the high seas or high ways of the world, to dub himself as occasion serves, statesman, strategist, antiquary, poet, philosopher, or theologian.

But we must not forget the book before us; and we gladly turn from the flippancy we have been denouncing to the just and gentlemanly candour of an author, who, while putting forward a sketch, has enriched his work with many disquisitions which must make it valuable to the scholar, and filled up the outline in some places with striking and vivid detail.

Mr. Giffard, having been recommended to avoid if possible the severity of a northern winter, left England for the Mediterranean, in the month of January, 1836, in company with a college friend, Mr. Newton. Their joint object was, to render the remedy prescribed for both, as little irksome as possible, by making Greece the scene of their exile; and as Mr. Giffard undertook the task of recording their adventures, so his friend has proved his power of illustrating them, in some spirited and graphic sketches of scenes “either less generally known, or of a

particularly characteristic aspect,” with which the volume is embellished.

“Had our departure been less sudden and our destination more certain, we might have compiled (as I should advise any future traveller to do) from the learned works of Clarke, Leake, Dodwell, and Gell, and some recent itineraries, a plan for our journey, so as by economising both time and expense, to have been enabled to see the greatest number of interesting objects with the least cost and trouble.

“We unfortunately were not able to make any preparation of that sort, and were sometimes obliged to trust ourselves to the guidance of chance, or of local advice given with an eye to the profit of the counsellor rather than ours. On a review, however, of our proceedings, we do not find much to regret; and, as it is possible that other persons may be, from motives of health or pleasure, inclined to make a similar excursion, I have thought,—without pretending to anything like authorship on my own part, or to supersede the necessity of consulting the learned authors I have mentioned,—that a plain narrative of what we were enabled to see during a three months’ absence from England, might be of some use to future travellers, and perhaps not unamusing even to others, whose interest in the scenes we visited may render them indulgent to the insufficiency of the describer.”

His route lay by Gibraltar, Malta, and Zante, to Corfu, and from thence to the Main land at Patras, where the Grecian tour commenced. The travellers visited the following remarkable places in the order we mention them. Delphi, Corinth, Athens, Argos, Sparta, Arcadia, and Olympia, thus making their tour *north-about*, a direction given by circumstances rather than design, and, as it turned out, presenting no advantages over the other route.

We shall have occasion to observe as we proceed, that the season chosen by Mr. Giffard and his friend is by no means the most favorable for a tour of pleasure even in the sunny climes of the Levant; and that the invalid of our own country who fancies he shall escape its frosts and snows by an hybernal visit to Hymettus or Castaly, will be somewhat disappointed when he sees the former wrapped in a white night-cap not materially differing from that he left on Skiddaw or Ingleborough, and finds himself obliged to

break up the latter to obtain the inspiring draught.

In leaving Gibraltar, Mr. Giffard found himself a fellow-passenger with a Spanish lady, who was quitting Spain under circumstances sufficiently singular. The account we shall give in his own words, as it affords a remarkable illustration of the state of the law as it at present exists and is administered in that most ill-governed and ungovernable of all countries.

"Among our new companions were a noble Spanish lady, the Marchesa de Villa Seca, and her son and daughter, who being of the Carlist party, have been obliged, as we heard, to leave this country to save their lives. The lady's story interested us; she had been tried by the Junta of Cordova on some political charge; the sentence against her was, '*guilty of suspicion of not being attached to the government of Isabella Segunda*;' this sentence was sent to the supreme court at Seville, which annulled it as *nonsense*. A few days after this a notary called on her, and exhibited some kind of decree, announcing that she was banished to Malaga, and enjoining her to quit Cordova *in an hour*: she repeatedly asked by whose orders she was thus banished, but could get no information; the civil governor of Cordova denying that he had given any order of the kind. Within the hour the escorts arrived and proceeded with her to Malaga, where they left her. She had not been in Malaga more than eight or ten days, when she received information that the Junta of Cordova had again commenced proceedings against her; that her rents were sequestered, and that thirty *Urbanos*, or national guards, were on their way to Malaga to bring her back to Cordova to stand another trial.

"Under these circumstances—which certainly were not calculated to inspire much confidence in the justice of the tribunal of Cordova, she prudently went with her family on board H.M.S. *Jaseur*, which happened to be at Malaga, and claimed the protection of the English flag, requesting a passage to Gibraltar. We were assured that—incredible as it may appear—the officer in command of the party of *Urbanos* sent from Cordova, had orders to lodge the lady, her son and daughter, if he could have caught them, every night in the common prison of the place where they might stop, with a further private instruction to take a favourable opportunity of shooting the whole of the family, servants and all, under the pretence of an attempt at rescue or evasion.

"When the *Urbanos* found that their victim had escaped, they made no secret of their orders; and those who saw the officer to whom they had been given, told me that, judging from his appearance, the Junta had picked out a fit instrument for this sanguinary task, and one not likely to be moved to compassion by either youth or beauty, of which the young lady had a fair share, being indeed a very pretty girl of eighteen. The elder lady, however, was, it seemed, not corrected by this lesson, of her political zeal, and was supposed to have drawn the thread of her intrigues after her to Gibraltar, which induced the governor to desire her to leave the fortress, and she was now on her way to Malta and Palermo, where her daughter has some property."

On the 21st of January, the travellers arrived at Corfu; and here, if we have any fault to find with Mr. Giffard, it is in his being too chary of his enthusiasm, or rather, in too rigidly excluding the public from his feelings. He knows how revolting to good taste is that perpetual display of an author's feelings, which makes some books of travels rather to resemble the personal memoirs of the writer, than accounts of what the writer has seen and heard. He has shunned this fault; and his style in consequence possesses to us a peculiar charm from its novelty; but yet to be natural, the feelings *must* break through occasionally, and light up the language with some portion of the glow that is felt within. This, as it appears to us, Mr. Giffard has too studiously avoided; and it may, perhaps, give the reader the idea, that that which is not expressed, or expressed seldom and feebly, may never have been felt. "Beautiful! most beautiful!" is all that is wrung from him by the varied loveliness of the unrivalled Corfu; and he "*ventures to say*," that the view of the harbour, as it greeted them the morning of their arrival, was "delightful." On the first glimpse the student of the *Isis* gains of Greece too—the home, as it might be called, of his mind—the field of his familiar heroes—the world of his half-worshipped demigods—the father-land, in short, of his fancy and his feelings—we *did* expect a burst of eloquent enthusiasm; the more so, as, after having anchored in the roads of Patras for the night, we find him beginning in the following style—"I arose at daylight to have a sight——." The words made our heart quiver. We fancied the student's foot on the companion stair—

we saw, in our imagination, his cheek flush and blanch, as—another step—and Greece was to burst upon his eyes, not as a speck on the horizon, but close, clear, distinct, before him, at each side, all around—the dreams and longings of years, of his whole mental life, till that moment vague unsubstantial clouds, to be fixed, as by an enchanter's wand, into reality the next instant. Alas! how were we brought down from the height of our imaginings by the conclusion of the sentence! Mrs. Graham's fall was trifling in comparison with ours. "I arose," says Mr. Giffard, "at daylight, to have a sight—which *was all we were allowed—of the town!*" He must have felt more than this, and it was his duty to tell us so. It is an unkindness to his readers to turn round upon them with coldness at such a moment; and although we applaud his resolution expressed subsequently not to indulge in "scene-painting," yet here to leave the canvas all to ourselves was a crime.

Such points as these are the stages of the reader as he travels through a work—unless refreshed through the medium of his sensibilities when he arrives at each, he will plod on but jadedly to the next. Let it not be supposed that we retract our original approval of the course the author has struck out for himself. We only hoped to meet a *proof* of the rule in one or two glowing exceptions.

Having landed in Greece, the travellers were fortunate enough to fall in with a *compagnon de voyage*, in the person of a Mr. Johnstone of Alva in Stirlingshire, "an experienced traveller," with whom they continued as long as they remained in the Morea, and by whose assistance Mr. Giffard has been able to give some striking particulars of scenes which he was not himself able to visit.

From Patras the travellers took ship for Scala di Salona, where they had their first experience of what they were afterwards perfectly familiarised—or at least acquainted—with the nature of the accommodation the Morea affords.

"The reader," Mr. G. tells us, "must not be led astray by the title—inn; for the hovel to which it is applied, was neither better built, nor furnished, than a cowshed in England. A long hut, of which only one wall was solid, and that was of mud; the other three sides were darkened rather than sheltered, by shutters, which stood open by day; but even when closed, prevented the ingress of the winds as little as the roof did that of the rain. The floor was of earth; while a low sort of dresser or bench, like an eastern divan, ran all round, forming the bed-place of the whole party, in number about twenty. This was our *inn*; in which, notwithstanding Falstaff's authority, we found it rather difficult to take our ease."

After exciting the wonder of the villagers, who shewed their *barbarous* visitors that they knew considerably more of Œdipus and his riddles than of the comfortable reality of a decent lodging, just as our public school-boys, according to Bulwer, have the Iliussus by heart before they have ever heard of the St. Lawrence, the party rose betimes the next morning, and "started for Parnassus at six o'clock." Had we time, we would gladly mount the reader on a Pegasus with the tourists, and present him with the spirited descriptions of Delphi, and the interesting localities around, including the Castalian fount. But we must refer him to the book itself for these, as well as for that part of the tour which carries the travellers to Lutrarchi, Corinth, Calamachi, and Salamis, and beg of him to cast anchor with them in the Piræus,* where, we are told,

* The reader will perceive that we have ventured to preserve the usual mode of spelling this word, although Mr. Giffard has not only generally written it Peiræus through his book, but has solicited us in an erratum to correct it where he has not. He has also used the Greek diphthong in all similar words; such as Mantinea, Phigaleia, Areiopagus, &c. We know that he has some respectable authorities to back him in this peculiarity, but still we think the old mode may be defended, and it is our principle that *reform*, to be countenanced, should be *improvement*. The words, as he uses them, are *Latin*, and are, of course, subject to the general rules of orthography by which Greek derivatives are governed in that language. That they are Latin is sufficiently proved by the circumstance of the original diphthong *æ* being resolved into *æ*, and the termination *æ* into *us*, wherever they occur. The Latins, we are informed by Buttman in his grammar, (§ 5,) were not regular in their mode of rendering the Greek *u*. They resolved it, however, invariably either into long *i* or long *e*, as *Νιλος*, Nilus; *Ἰδωλον*, Idolum; *Μαδία*, Medea; *Μουσιον*, Museum, &c. See also

"The descendants of the victors of Salamis could now boast but of two small Athenian vessels of war, while the flag of England, a country whose very existence was unknown to Themistocles, floated on two splendid specimens of her navy, the *Portland* and *Medea*, one in attendance on each of the Gothic kings who are now the rulers of the destinies of Greece, the King of Bavaria, and his son *Otho*."

The strangers walked from the port to Athens along the *μακρά τοίχην*, or Long Walls, and their first impression on entering the city, was that of disappointment. No wonder; the account of a traveller who visited it in 1821, will sufficiently explain the reason. Dr. Walsh says—

"It is not easy to describe a town where you see neither streets nor houses. Conceive, then, a mud wall, or one not much better or stronger than that of a parish pound, enclosing an area of about two miles in circumference; conceive this area to be filled with long, crooked, narrow, dirty lanes, not half so wide or so clean as those of the worst fishing-town in England; conceive these dark and winding passages, enclosed by high mouldering walls, with here and there a door, hammered with nail-heads, opening in the middle, and always fastened by an iron chain, passed across through two large rings on the outside, as if the master, like a gaoler, had taken care to lock up all the prisoners when he went abroad; conceive every thing silent and

lifeless in these lanes, except at long intervals a savage dog uttering a dismal howl, a solitary Turk loosening or fastening a chain to let himself in or out, or a woman cautiously peeping through a crevice beside the gate;—and this will give you a general impression of the present city of Minerva."*

Captain Trant was fortunate enough to enter the city by moonlight. We can imagine the pillars of the Parthenon shining bright, and shadow hanging deep over the meanness and misery of the modern town, as if the pure light of the moon only dignified to shine upon the grandeur and glory of the past. It is seldom strangers are so favored as to have their preconceived notions of celebrated places realized—but when they are, an impression is made which is never effaced.

Amongst the various objects of interest in this interesting place described by Mr. Giffard, who visited them under the judicious guidance of Mr. Pittakys, an Athenian antiquary, we select the Acropolis, to which he ascended on Friday, the 5th of February.

"Having procured orders for admittance to the Acropolis, which are to be had at the office of the Nomarch of the city, to remain in force for a certain number of days, for the sum of two drachmæ, we started early to ascend this celebrated rock. Our way lay at first through a

Thiersch, and Matthiæ, vol. i. p. 23. The fact is, there is an singular diversity of usage in rendering these proper names; and in this, at least, the old rule of prosody holds strictly true, "*Nomina Græcorum certa sine lege vagantur.*" Col. Leake has *Lyceum* and *Museum*; Dodwell, who is even more scrupulously antique, has *Musæum*, herein following Milton. Scapula is right, and has *Museum*; so *Lyceum*, a place named from *Lyceus*. See Cicero ad Att. and Ter. Eun.

Areopagus is so written in all the lexicons. Pliny and Cicero have it thus; the latter, at least, a tolerably good Greek scholar. Where Dodwell has spelled it differently, he has shown that he meant to reject the Latin altogether as a medium, as he has written *Areiopagos*; also *Ilissos*, *Hymettos*, *Olympios*. He writes *Chæroneia*; and yet we find that he has *Piræus*. The fact is, to be perfectly correct, we should write *Piræus*, such being the Latin for the Fort of *πυραίου*; and *πυραίου* being an adjective, of which the Latin is *Piræus*. Thus we find Ovid using *Piræa litora*. Col. Leake was aware of this, but still used the Greek diphthong in the first syllable.

We fear that from all these attempts at innovation with a view to extreme accuracy little more results than an increased conviction how vague are the rules which profess to bind the philologist. Why should we use the words *Thebes*, *Corinth*, *Athens*? Why, but because use has made them English? The Latins took similar liberties. The English, as deriving their character and much of their language—all that refers to these places—from Italy, naturally adopted such translated words; and hence we feel bound to retain *Piræus*, *Mantineia*, *Areopagus*, &c. See Bailey's edition of Facciol. and Forcellin. tit. *Areopagus*. The original of this word, it should be remarked, is also written *Ἀρεωπάγος*.

* Residence in Constantinople, Vol. I. p. 123.

part of the town we had not yet seen. We are told that modern Athens has undergone great improvements during the last twelve months. What it must have been before, I can form no conception; for even now, except in the three or four chief streets, the passages are mere paths over ruins, not of ancient, but modern date. Athens must have had in the earliest days streets comparatively spacious, since Homer bestows on it the epithet *Ἐὐστάγυια Ἀθήνη*, *wide-streets Athens*; but it has now no claim to that distinction.

"Passing the gate of the Agora, or new market, formed by four fluted Doric pillars supporting a pediment, near which stands Adrian's market tariff, as legible, and almost as perfect as the day it was placed there, we commenced our ascent to the Acropolis. As we wound round this steep acclivity, we looked down into the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, with part of its walls standing, and the seats cut out of the rock of the fort itself.

"Having passed three rude military gates, we arrived at the Propylæa, the ancient architectural entrance into the upper precincts of the Acropolis. This was originally a kind of open colonnade, flanked by two wings of square and solid masonry, of unequal sizes. In that on the left hand, as we approach, was the public picture gallery; on the right wing has been superstructed, in the middle ages, a high tower, of which I shall say more presently. Nearly in front of the north wing there stands a lofty pedestal of white marble, evidently designed for a statue. This, from the inscription, must have been that of Agrippa, who, as well as his fellow-consul Augustus, had equestrian statues erected, or rather *transferred* to them; for Pausanias says that these pedestals bore the equestrian statues of the sons of Xenophon, which it seems the servility of the Athenians appropriated to their Roman masters. Be this, however, as it may, the only remaining pedestal bears Agrippa's name, and is therefore called by it.

"The Propylæa itself, in its present state, offers a front of six marble columns of the Doric order, with frieze, entablatures, &c. It is of considerable depth, with a similar portico on the other or inner side, but there is no passage through the outer portico; its intercolumniations were long ago built up by the Turkish engineers, and the new government has not yet opened the entrance, nor cleared the interior of the building, though no doubt they will soon do so. The development of a work, said to be equal to the Parthenon itself, is anxiously expected.

"The present passage into the Acropolis is to the right of the Propylæa, as you ascend, between the Gothic tower I have just mentioned and a little temple of Victory *Apteros*, or *without wings*. The history of this little temple is exceedingly interesting in many points. Pausanias mentions, as at the right of the entrance of the Acropolis, a temple of Victory *Apteros*, which Wheeler and Spohn also saw, so late as 1681; but it had subsequently totally vanished from the eyes of modern travellers. Dr. Clarke does not even allude to it, and its disappearance had puzzled the critics. Some suspected the text of Pausanias, and the testimony of Wheeler—others imagined the site to have been on the *left* instead of the *right*; in short, it was gone—and the learned began to wonder, that of all the temples of Athens, it should be that of Victory *without wings* that had most unaccountably *flown away*; so complete was its disappearance.

At length, in some works carried on by the present government, to clear the approaches of the Acropolis, and bring them to their proper level, a Turkish battery, which stood in front of the Propylæa and guarded the approach, was removed, and in doing so, fragments of pillars and other ornamental architecture were discovered in great quantities; and, by-and-by, the floor of an ancient temple, which of course was immediately recognised as that mentioned by Pausanias. The new government has had the spirit and good taste to cause the fragments to be collected and re-erected, without deviation from the original foundations; and little appears to be wanting to its perfect restoration; indeed, it would almost seem that when the battery was made, the building had been taken down with some kind of care. The temple itself consists, or rather will when rebuilt, consist of two porticos, each of four fluted Ionic columns, connected by a cella of solid masonry. The dimensions are very small, being not above twenty feet long, and not as much in height; but the proportions are so pleasing, and its situation on the little prominent knoll, which it almost covers, so striking, that it is, upon the whole, a very beautiful object, and an admirable introduction to the majesty of the Parthenon.

"We were much surprised to find this spot assigned by some modern writers (who quote the authority of Pausanias for the fact) as that from which *Ægeus* precipitated himself on seeing the *black sail* of Theseus.

"Le temple (of Victory *Apteros*, says Pittakys), fut érigé à la mémoire d'Égée.

C'est de là, selon Pausanias, qu'il se précipita, lorsqu'il aperçut le vaisseau de Thésée revenant avec des voiles noires." — *L'Ancienne Athènes*, p. 240.*

"But it does not seem to me that Pausanias' expression warrants this interpretation; what he really says is this:—

"Τῷ δὲ προπύλαιον ἐν δεξιᾷ Νίκης Ἰστὸν ἀπείρου ναῖς· ἐνταῦθα ἡ θάλασσα ἰστέον ὄψεσθαι, καὶ αὐτὴν βίψας Ἀλγεὺς ἑαυτὸν, ὡς λήγουσιν, ἱεταλύνειν."

Att. 22.

"Which, as I understand it, means,

"On the right of the Propylæa is the temple of Victory without wings; thence the sea is visible—into which Ægeus (as they say) threw himself and perished."

"This appears more in accordance with the generally received story of Ægeus having thrown himself into the sea which bears his name, as well as with the localities. The spot indeed is little fitted for such a suicide, being the least precipitous of the entire rock; and why should the sea be called the Ægean, only because it was visible (ὄψεσθαι) from an inland cliff, where Ægeus, if he had thrown himself down, would only have broken his bones? In short, we resolved to adhere to the old opinion that Ægeus was drowned in the Ægean.

"It is nowhere, that we could recollect, clearly stated, why this Victory was without wings. Those who have been (as I venture to think) misled into believing that this was the scene of the suicide of Ægeus, say that the temple was erected in honour of Theseus' victory over the Minotaur, the fame of which had not flown before him. Another and rather more probable conjecture is, that it was erected to celebrate the battle of Marathon; but why that should be described as a victory without wings is not very clear. It seems a more natural surmise, that it was erected by Pericles to flatter the vanity or encourage the patriotism of the Athenians, by an allegory, which promised that Victory—no longer fickle—would permanently guard the entrance of the Acropolis."

The excavations now in progress may yet render Athens even more powerfully interesting than it has ever been since its first decline. Captain Trant informs us that the Pnyx, immortalized as the throne of eloquence, the very air "burning"—to use an expression of Lord Byron's—with Themistocles, Aristides, Alcibiades, Pericles,

and Demosthenes, was excavated within the last thirty years by Lord Aberdeen, who caused the steps and *Bema*, or stand of the orator to be cleared.*

With regard to the Acropolis, in particular, the inequality of the original levels, as it may have tended to preserve many fragments, seems to present every probability that as the workmen who are constantly employed in clearing down to them reach them, they will find the surface enriched with the most valuable remains.

"These excavations may, it is to be hoped, lay bare the foundations or bases of some of those numerous temples and monuments, and perhaps discover even some of the innumerable statues, which we are told existed in former times on a spot—peopled, if I may use the expression, with the gods and heroes of Athenian mythology and history. We read that after an extensive spoliation by Nero, three thousand statues still remained in the Acropolis. Perhaps the most valuable of all, that of Pericles himself, which we know stood here, may have escaped Nero, and be even yet recovered; or what, if the *Graces*, by the hand of Socrates himself, (who was in early life a sculptor,) which stood in the Acropolis, should be found? This is not much more improbable than some corroborations of ancient narratives and traditions which have already been discovered. For instance:—

"Alexander the Great was said to have erected in the Propylæa a statue to Aristotle. This, considering Aristotle's unpopularity at Athens, seemed not probable; but Mr. Pittakys (p. 247) has found in the rubbish of the Propylæa a marble fragment of a pedestal, with this inscription:

...ΣΟ*ΙΗΣ ΗΓΗΤΗΡΑ.....ΚΑΒΟΞ.....
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΑΗ.....ΡΟΞ...

That is—

...OF WISDOM LEADER ... GLORY.....
TO ARISTOTLE.....

The three last letters of the original inscription—ΡΟΞ, are probably the termination of the name of *Alexander*. At all events, mutilated as the inscription is, it affords incontrovertible evidence of the accuracy of Pausanias."

Mr. Pittakys seems to have enacted the same part with our travellers as the more appropriately designated Mr. *Gropius* did with Capt. Trant, and to

* This, however, seems to be an overstatement. Dodwell considers that Lord Aberdeen did nothing more than clear away a little earth from some of the steps.

have devoted himself with all the enthusiasm of a pioneer to exhibiting to the strangers the various points of interest in the city of Minerva. His judgment is not always proportioned to his knowledge, and Mr. Giffard has very properly no hesitation in differing from him on sundry points of criticism and local detail, even on his own ground. However, he has done much; and as the first native antiquary, deserves all commendation. His researches may hereafter guide more judicious enquirers to the most interesting and valuable discoveries.

"In this gentleman's instructive company, we also visited the celebrated *Areopagus* or *Hill of Mars*: the steep steps still exist by which the judges and accused ascended, and which must have been very difficult for old men even in the day-time, and much more so at night, when they were in the habit of trying important causes. It seems no great proof of Athenian justice and honour, that they should be reduced to such a clumsy expedient as *obscurity* to prevent *partiality*.

"And here, with a higher interest than any of our classical visits had excited, we recollected that this was the *Hill of Mars*. whence the great Christian orator and apostle of the Gentiles had addressed an Athenian auditory, and seizing with admirable readiness the neighbourhood of these magnificent temples of idolatry and of the altar

"*'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,'*
he *'declared unto them HIM whom they ignorantly worshipped, the LORD of Heaven and Earth, who dwelleth not in temples made by hands, and whose Godhead was not like gold, or silver, or stone graven by art of man's device.'* (Acts xvii. v. 2, &c.) To feel the full force and beauty of these allusions we must recollect that, below, around, and above the spot whence the apostle spoke, there stood innumerable idols, and above all, the celebrated Minerva of Phidias—on which the highest '*arts and devices of man,*' and the most costly materials had been lavishly expended. As a mere specimen of *appropriate oratory* it is not surpassed by the celebrated appeal of Demosthenes to '*Προπύλαια ταῦτα ἡ Παρθενὸν ἑστῆαι—Ναῦστακὸν—those Propylæa—Parthenon Porticoes—and Harbours,*' pronounced from the neighbouring but lower eminence of the *Pnyx*."

We take our leave of Athens with the following account of the ceremony of laying the foundation of the new palace.

"Long before daybreak we were roused from our slumbers, which, from the exercise of the day, were generally tolerably sound, by bands of music parading the streets, and peals of artillery. At nine o'clock the king passed along the street in front of our hotel, which was lined with troops, on his way to the church, where service was to be performed preparatory to the great ceremony of laying the foundation of the new palace.

"This the tickets had announced would commence at ten o'clock, A.M., and accordingly by that hour we presented ourselves on the platform raised for the more favoured spectators, and were immediately admitted within a place raised off from the rest of the scaffolding. The kingly personages of Greece and Bavaria were punctual, and their coming was announced by fresh thunders of artillery, while a squadron of lancers galloped down to clear the ground. First in the procession came the venerable bishop of Attica, in full canonicals, of which, however, the mitre formed no part, attended by a numerous body of clergy, and they were followed by the king's personal attendants and aides-de-camp, among whom were many of the heroes of modern Greece. The two kings next advanced, and were received with cheering, of which the *hurra's* of the English spectators formed by far the loudest and most energetic part. They returned the greeting with bows, and the ceremony commenced with the chanting of a hymn by the priests in a low monotonous tone: a chapter of the New Testament was then read, and followed by other devotional exercises; during the whole of which the assembly stood uncovered; and as it was under a burning sun, we were not sorry when the service was over, and the king of Greece made a signal for us to resume our hats. Now there was a—no doubt simulated—discussion between the royal and other principal personages, as to who should lay the stone; at last the Greek monarch led his father forward with a little gentle violence, and putting the trowel in his hand, proclaimed him to be the founder of the palace; an honour justly due to him, not merely on the score of seniority,—if it be true, as we were informed, that he had given his son 100,000 florins towards its construction. Various speeches having been made by the Greek officials—to us, I am sorry to confess, unintelligible—the kings retired amidst fresh volleys, and the ceremony was over.

"On their retiring, the Greek mob rushed in an enthusiastic manner to view the spot where the stone was placed, but were rudely repulsed by the swords of the

military, and we heard them muttering, as they retreated, *Βαρβαροι*, taking care to mark the *r*, which in their pronunciation is only wanted to make the *Bavarians*, *barbarians*. This struck us as a relic of the haughty spirit of their ancestors, and as no good omen for the *Barbarian dynasty*."

Mr. Giffard is a scholar—and yet he confesses that the speeches of the Greek officials were to him unintelligible—no wonder. Although the language is not considered essentially to differ from the ancient, as we can ascertain for ourselves by reference to Col. Leake's book, or the numerous examples Lord Byron has given in an appendix to the second canto of *Childe Harold*, and which were selected and compared, we believe, by his Romaic master Marmarotouri; yet when we consider that not only have most of the vowels and diphthongs a completely different sound from that so absurdly annexed to them by the custom of English schools, but that the Greek wholly wants the sounds of our *B* and *D*, and that the letter *Δ* is pronounced *th*, we shall no longer be surprised. *Βασίλειος* is pronounced *Vasilefs*, and (oh shade of Homer!) the glorious genitive *πολυφλοισβους* is—within ear-shot of the waves it was intended to imitate—burlesqued into *pollyfleeveeo*.

We find some difficulty in accounting for this alphabetic change; a change which seems almost impossible in a language which remains the same, and has been spoken uninterruptedly in one place. We know of no circumstances in which could originate an alteration of the sound *B* into *V* for instance, except the sudden and copious influx of another language upon the first, a circumstance which the language itself proves has not taken place in the present instance.

The Gascons, it is true, confound these consonants, which has led an epigrammatist to remark that in Gascony *bibere* and *vivere* are the same; but this scarcely clears up the difficulty, for we are not aware of the pronunciation having been at any time different in their dialect, whereas the passage in Aristophanes in which the *bleating of sheep* is expressed by *B*, *B*, seems decisive as to the sound the ancient Greeks gave to the letter.

We fear our limits will not allow us to loiter elsewhere as we have done at Athens. We must pass over the rest of the journey almost at a stride;

but would confirm an assertion we made respecting the wintry wretchedness of the Peloponnessus by a few extracts.

The travellers reached Tripolitza, formerly the Turkish capital of the Morea, late at night, and consequently were not at first fully aware of the desolation which the murderous excesses of the Greeks in 1822, and the yet more destructive retaliation of Ibrahim Pacha in 1829, had worked on the inhabitants and edifices of the place.

"When," says Mr. Giffard, "we rose next morning (Saturday, 13th of February,) the scene that presented itself was dreary in the extreme, and we unanimously pronounced Tripolitza to be the most wretched prospect that any of us—even Mr. Johnstone, who had had an extensive experience of ruins and deserts—had ever yet seen. When we entered the town the preceding night, we had barely light enough to discover that it had been greatly damaged; but we had fancied nothing so miserable as the scene which the morning revealed. There had been a sharp frost; the ground was covered by a heavy fall of snow, and, in horrible contrast, stood the mouldering walls of houses and churches blackened with fire, and exhibiting the traces of blood and devastation. Over the whole expanse of the surrounding plain there was scarce a tree or shrub to break the monotony of the snowy waste, and a few miserable peasants were seen toiling among the ruins, half frozen with the cold, which they seldom experience in such extremes as they did this winter, none of equal severity having occurred, as we were informed, for upwards of thirty years.

If our friends, whose anxiety for our health had sent us in search of a milder climate, could have seen the miserable place where we had passed the night, and the dreary prospect of the morning, they would, no doubt, have been surprised and alarmed; and even to ourselves, though we had no valetudinarian apprehensions, the prospect was dismal enough:—to take the road seemed hopeless—but to remain at Tripolitza impossible:—to go back and visit Mantinea was out of the question—the very tombs of the heroes, if ever discernible, were now buried under the snow:—we had, therefore, nothing to do but to endeavour to push on by the direct road to some more tolerable asylum than the *modern ruin* of Tripolitza.

"We were now for the first time suffering any serious inconvenience from the season in which we were obliged to travel,

and even this was only in the loftier regions; while we were consoled by hearing that summer travellers had even greater annoyances to complain of, from the extreme heat, and, above all, from flies, mosquitoes, and certain familiar insects, which are intolerably troublesome, particularly the latter, which it is impossible to escape, but by carrying tents and sleeping on the green sward. From these attacks the cold weather protected us—except in a slight degree this night at Tripolitza, where we had a taste of what the plague must be in summer.—The best and most enjoyable season for travelling in Greece—as we were unanimously assured by those to whom we happened to speak on the subject—is late in the spring, about the beginning of May. The traveller has then dry and temperate days, with long mornings and evenings, to pursue his journeys or antiquarian researches. The general aspect of the country is at its best—the trees are clothed in their new liveries—the woods are become vocal—the earth is in its freshest green, and the gushing streams, not yet dried up by the heats of summer, gratify all the senses, and afford the still greater pleasure of an occasional bath—a luxury very difficult of attainment at other seasons—in summer from the drought, and in winter from the extreme cold.”

And again—

“At the distance of about four hours from Tripolitza, we arrived at a *resting place*, having crossed and recrossed a stream (whose direction we followed) upwards of forty times, during which I underwent the discomfort of having one of the guides mounted behind me, redolent with garlic and multitudinous bad smells, it being impossible for him to walk, the river alone dividing two hills precipitous to the water's edge. This, I believe, is very appropriately called the *Pass of Potamo*—the river *Pass*. The name of the *resting place* we either did not inquire, or have forgotten in the vexation which it occasioned us. It was a hovel worse than the poorest of those Irish huts which so much surprise English travellers. Our guides had informed us that it was a *buona locanda*—a good inn—and pressed us to halt there for the night, pointing out the thick and stormy appearance of the sky, which boded a heavy fall of snow.

“We did not like the first glimpse of the place, but, that we might not be thought obstinate, dismounted to make a nearer survey; but the abominable odor which met us at the door prevented our even entering for that purpose. As much of the dark interior as the eye could

penetrate, presented a confused mass of children, pigs, poultry, oil-jars, skins, strings of onions, and figs, with all the filth and smells concomitant with such a congregation of matter. We positively refused to remain here for the night, while our guides as positively refused to proceed, and there was every probability of a serious disagreement at this early stage of our journey. Determined, however, not to yield, both because the place was really intolerable, and because we feared that if we now submitted to our guides, we should not easily become our own masters again, we *three* mounted and proceeded on the path, ordering the guides to follow with our servants, under the vague penalty that “*they* would, if they did not, be the sufferers;” though the truth was, that *we* should have been the real sufferers, in case of their disobedience. We had pursued our unattended course hardly an hour before the prophecies of our guides were accomplished, and we were overtaken by a most violent storm of wind and snow—the latter driven in our faces with such force that we were not able to advance against it, and we really had no alternative but to turn our backs and sit it out. In addition to this discomfort, we were uncertain whether we were in the right road, the guides having not yet made their appearance, which we indulged a hope that they would do, although they had, when we left them, expressed their determination of remaining at the *buona locanda*, which, no doubt, appeared so to them, and which even we began to think might have been better than our present position. Not a house or hovel of any description was to be seen, and the ground was so completely saturated with previous rain, and the present sleet and snow, that our horses sunk far above their fetlocks in the mud at each step. Our feelings were at this moment by no means the most pleasurable: we did not speak, but sat in the pelting storm, ruminating on the chances of where we might that night rest, and thinking, with something like bitterness, of Dr. Clarke's celebrated assertion, that “it was as easy to travel through the Morea as in Derbyshire.”—He had never tried it! At last the storm ceased, and sooner than we expected, and we again urged on our jaded beasts, till, reaching the top of one of the hills, we anxiously through our glasses looked back to see if we could catch any glimpse of our retinue in the winding of the road. After a long survey, when almost giving way to despair, we descried some figures which we sanguinely resolved could be no other than *they*, some miles off, but following our path: this revived

our spirits, and we again pushed on. During all this time our road was, without exception, the worst that it is possible to conceive—over quagmires—through rivers—by the edge of precipices, and up mountain torrents. Along the bed of one of these we toiled for upwards of an hour, over large loose stones, constantly giving way under the horses' feet, and rolling down upon the following traveller.

"But if we had been unprepared for this severity of weather and local desolation, we were equally surprised by the quick vicissitudes of climate and scene which we experienced. We had been scrambling through this wintry wild, up the north side of the mountain, but when we had surmounted the pass, and had descended a little on the other side, we found ourselves in a comparative paradise, and in the temperature of an English spring. The country was beautiful, though uninhabited, and the road gradually improved. Here, as night and darkness were approaching, we dismounted to wait the arrival of our followers, and to give our horses liberty to refresh themselves, by cropping the grass and shrubs; when after an hour the guides overtook us, we discovered that one of them, still sturdy and contumacious, had allowed the others to proceed without him, keeping his own baggage-horse, which carried our beds and portmanteaus, in which were stowed all our worldly riches; about their safety we were rather uncomfortable; but the arrival of the rest had raised our spirits, and, promising the men a *buona mano* on arrival, we went on merrily, and at nine—thirteen hours from leaving our last hotel—arrived at the Khan of Vourlia, a distance, by the map, of about thirty miles, but to our feelings three times the distance. Vourlia is about three hours' distance from Mistra, which is discoverable from it.

"Our cares were almost forgotten in the enjoyment of a blazing fire, and the prospect of a good dinner, though the unpleasant remembrance of lost beds and treasure would at times flit across our thoughts, when—

From without
A mighty shout

startled us, and one of the guides rushed in to announce that 'the horse had come, but not the Greek.' 'Hang the Greek!' we thought; 'it is his own fault, and he will no doubt soon make his appearance in good season.' The horse had brought us all we cared about. We were, however, unconsciously under obligations to the Greek for not leaving the shelter they had proposed for us, before the snow-storm was over: our beds were quite

dry, which they would not otherwise have been, and as the delinquent himself soon made his appearance and apology, all ended well."

Those who only know the Eurotas by its banks having constituted of old the classical carpet for the choral exercises of Diana, (the image adumbrating, perhaps, the dancing of the moonlight on the lawns of Laconia,) will scarcely be prepared for the following description of the situation of the travellers within a few hours ride of its banks. They had ascended a mountain with difficulty, and looked out in vain for their resting place, Londari:—

"But suddenly, on turning sharp round a prominent point of the hill, we were agreeably surprised to see the village close at hand, perched on the other side of the ridge on which we had been travelling, and which we had not expected to find in so lofty a situation.

"Tired, wet, and cold, we gave a shout of exultation at the pleasant surprise, and trotted on with lighter hearts. On reaching the village, we were glad to see that two or three houses bore the exterior marks of comfort; they were each two stories high, and with glazed windows; but on entering, great was our disappointment; the walls were damp from the newness of the mortar, while the tiles of the roof did not join close enough to keep out the rain; and, worst of all, there was no fire-place in any of them; we tried all, and all were alike; at last we took refuge, as we had done the night before, with the Papas of the village, not that his dwelling was better than the others, but a good fire in the centre of his den was an irresistible attraction; his family were soon dislodged, and we reigned alone. The cold was extreme; notwithstanding a fire kept up the whole night, round which, and almost in it, we lay wrapped in our quilts, the water in a jug, not two yards from us, was frozen hard. The cold, at one time, luckily awoke me, for getting up to revive the fire, I perceived that a spark had fallen on my cotton coverlid, which was already smouldering to a great extent; yet this hint was not sufficient to make me give the fire a wider berth, and, if possible, I hugged the danger still closer. Wretched as our accommodation had been, the Papas was not satisfied the next morning with the same amount of *douceur* we had given elsewhere, and pressed for more, which we at first refused, but afterwards contributed another drachma; whether in gratitude for this, or (if he knew our feelings) to punish us for our illiberality, he bestowed on us at parting, a very close

and unpleasant embrace; his breath savoured most abominably of garlic, while his grey, grizzled, and matted beard, and dirty face, were by no means agreeable, when brought into close contact with our cheeks. I was the first victim, but being taken by surprise, I had not the pain of anticipation, while my companions afforded me much amusement by their ineffectual manoeuvres and attempts at escape; the old man stood at the door, so that they could not make their exit without passing him. The guides told us afterwards, that he had asked them to represent his poverty to us, and to recommend us to give him four or five dollars, so that he must have been much disappointed at receiving only one."

In conclusion, we cannot help remarking that the progress of our knowledge goes little farther than to disenchant the visions of our boyhood. We find cowsheds profaning the holiness of Delphi, steam-boats paddling in the Piræus, and London stout stupefying the descendants of Perianther at Corinth. If we are thus outraged, however, in our more classical and refined sensibilities, we have now at least the unspeakable satisfaction of beholding the land of Greece arisen from its protracted sleep, and assuming once more the attitude of freedom. With this master-blessing, may we not anticipate the revival of those noble arts and those noble spirits which were there found united with it of old; and even hope that Greece may eclipse her former self in proportion as the rest of the earth is advanced into a state to contest with her the prize of genius and heroism? Let it not be considered as the least lucky omen that the head and heart of a Byron were given to her resuscitation, and lent their powerful aid to her cause. In genius and devotion fit to cope with the

greatest of her earlier sons, this adopted child laboured for her moral as well as political restoration. A power superior to all that she could boast in her most resistless days, struck the blow by which the chains fell from her hands. The individual—the host—both were British. We have not yet seen the fruit of our national labours matured; but the seed is sown, and the waters of heaven—more efficacious than the dews of her own Castaly—will nourish the plant.

We have indulged but little in praise of Mr. Giffard's book; but we have done the same thing—we have given extracts. Readers are always better pleased to find out that they like a book themselves, than to have it at second-hand or on trust from the reviewer. If we had less confidence in the merits of this little work, we should have been more chary of exhibiting it. We can refer to the descriptions of the rock called the Sail of Ulysses, and of the Gate of Lions at Mycenæ, from amongst many equally excellent passages, as specimens of the author's powers. They are as striking as any we have met with in similar works, and, had he only suffered himself to *burn* occasionally, would possess all the materials of eloquence. Should he again visit these scenes, or others as heart-stirring, we may hope that the choice of a more genial time of year may affect his general style, and give it all that is wanting to make it classical.

As it is, what Mr. Giffard modestly puts forward as little more than a hand-book for the voyager, is really an instructive and amusing companion by the fire-side, and will, we are convinced, be of far more service to the author than merely to entitle him to the ordinary privileges of "the man who has written a book."

ROGER NORTH'S LIFE OF LORD GUILFORD.*

THIS is a very delightful old book, and one from which it seems to us probable that our readers may feel more pleasure in our weaving together a few extracts, than from any other exertion which we are disposed at the moment to make. To analyze a new novel or poem would require us to read it; and that is not a

work in which we could willingly occupy ourselves

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day—."

And so let us take down one of our true old books, and see whether we

* The Life of the Right Hon. Francis North, Baron of Guilford, Keeper of the Great Seal under King Charles II. and James II., by the Hon. Roger North. London, 1742. Reprinted, 1826.

cannot find something to engage our readers.

Among the many volumes, illustrative of the political transactions of the latter years of the reign of Charles the Second, and the short government of his successor, the most valuable are undoubtedly the work of Burnett and the Stuart Manuscripts. Next to those ranks the life of Lord Guilford, by his brother, Roger North. North's exhibitions of the state of parties and of the state of public feeling during the important interval from the Restoration to the Revolution, constitutes for the historical enquirer the great value of his book. That value is increased even by the strength of colouring with which the strong feelings of the brother and biographer of Lord Guilford, led him to paint passing events and contemporary characters. To those who differ from Roger North's views—and who is there that altogether agrees with him?—the picture of scenes which he witnessed cannot but be amusing,—the way in which the feelings of the hour led the great men of another age to regard each other cannot but be instructive. To ascertain the feelings of party is the very business of history. Read one of our modern historians, and from the dead level of their blank prose what do you learn? Roger North is of a different class altogether from your speculative narrators and philosophical observers—he tells you what he saw—often very imperfectly—always with earnestness and vigour. He paints friends and enemies fearlessly, and his very scoundrels are therefore like Shakespeare's scoundrels, fellows very much to be liked. Jeffries himself—loaded with infamy and execration—is exhibited so as to render it intelligible how he was not only tolerated but confided in. Sir Matthew Hale, whom we are tired of hearing praised, is here shown up in colours which shew at all events that some very honest Athenians disliked hearing for ever Aristides called the just. The inglorious dexterity, by which the judges of the respective courts sought to attract business to their own theatres, as if they were so many rival conjurers, is not ill told. The dumb day in the Common Pleas is a pleasant account of the stratagem by which the serjeants resisted some plan of Lord Guilford's to give his brother a part of the business of which they had enjoyed a monopoly, and of the mode in which the judge triumphed over

them;—but of these things in their order.

Towards the close of Charles's reign, the court party had been gradually separating into two bodies—the first the adherents of the Duke of York, consisting of conscientious Roman Catholics, and of those who, to secure the favour of the heir to the throne, affected to adopt his creed—the latter the supporters of the church of England. The Duke was sincere in his belief that the only means of securing protection to his opinions consisted in establishing the arbitrary power of the crown. Absolute power was regarded as the safeguard of popery—which latter the duke and his partizans would have, in their then circumstances, called freedom of conscience. The church of England section of the court party was anxious to preserve—indeed to extend the prerogative of the crown, as far as such preservation or extension could be made instrumental in depressing the *faction*, as the language of that day called the country party, but felt that the despotic authority aimed at by James and his friends must necessarily end in the destruction of the church establishment. The intrigues of James and his courtiers, and the objects with which he ascended the throne, are here faithfully exhibited. The portraits of every one of the remarkable actors of the day are drawn with exceeding skill; and, as we have before intimated, the very colouring which party gives renders them more valuable. Histories, such as this, disregarded by the mere compilers of names and dates are the materials of the true historian—of Shakespeare—and of Scott.

The invidious omission of Lord Guilford's name in Kennet's and Echard's history—when “they condescended to adorn the characters of departed quacks, poets, fanatics, and almanack makers”—was Roger North's inducement to write his brother's life. Dudley, Lord North, of Kirtling, Cambridgeshire, was his father, who appears to have carefully educated his family; their prosperity is mentioned with some exultation by Roger, who, to the Life of Lord Guilford, has added those of his brothers, Dudley North, a thriving Turkey merchant, and of the Reverend John North, a retired scholar. “The latter presents,” says the editor of the last edition of the book, “an admirable picture of a scholar's life, and a no less afflicting and awful one of the illness and death to which

the habits of studious men too often lead." In the affectionate record which Roger North has left of brothers, whom he survived so long, as to have written their lives to a generation from whom their memory was already passing away, he has unconsciously depicted his own amiable nature.

We transcribe the account of the first school to which Lord Guilford was put :—

" His lordship was very young when he was first put out to school, and then had but indifferent tutorage, for his first master was one Mr. Willis, that kept a school at Isleworth. That man was a rigid presbyterian, and his wife a furious independent. Those two sects, at that time, contended for pre-eminence in tyranny, and reaping the fruits of too successful rebellion, which conjured up a spirit of opposition betwixt them, so that they hated each other more than either the bishops, or even papists themselves. Such is the ordinary curse of God upon men permitted to prosper in wickedness: and this woman was zealous in her way.

" She used to instruct her babes in the gift of praying by the spirit; and all the scholars were made to kneel by a bedside and pray: but this petit spark was too small for that posture, and was set upon the bed to kneel with his face to a pillow; and in this exercise of spiritual prayer, they had their directory from her. I have heard his lordship say, that all he could remember of his performances, was praying for his distressed brethren in Ireland. Very often men in their lives cross the humour of the age in which they had their first education; and in fact it happened so here, for this youth went from one of these fanatic schools to another for divers years, and afterwards, being grown up, was very averse to fanaticism; as if he had in his education contracted rather a prejudice than a favour for it.

" But much may be attributed to the finishing of him at Bury school, under Dr. Stephens, a cavalier master. He was so forward and exact a scholar there, that the bulky doctor, in his pedantic strain, used to say he was the crown of his endeavours."

From this school he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, applied to mathematics, and to music, which last was his solace through his whole life. After two or three years spent at Cambridge he removed to the Middle Temple, "into a moiety of a petit chamber," which his father bought for him. He was admitted in the year 1665 when Old Chaloner Chute was treasurer.

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Chute had been speaker of the House of Commons in the time of the protectorate. He was connected with young North, having married his aunt, the widow of Lord Dacres.

" This Mr. Chute was a man of great wit, and stately carriage of himself: I shall mention here what I have been credibly told as one instance of his loftiness, even while he practised in Chancery. It was in short but this: if he had a fancy not to have the fatigue of business, but to pass his time in pleasure after his own humour, he would say to his clerk, 'tell the people I will not practise this term;' and was as good as his word: and then no one durst come near him with business. But when his clerks signified he would take business, he was in the same advanced post at the bar, fully reintegrated as before, and his practice nothing shrunk by the discontinuance. I guess that no eminent chancery practiser ever did, or will do the like; and it shows a transcendent genius, superior to the slavery of a gainful profession. But to proceed: when Sir Dudley North, his lordship's father, carried him to his brother-in-law, then treasurer of the Middle Temple, to be admitted, he treated hard with him about the fine of admission, which is in the treasurer's power to tax, and he may use any one well if he pleaseth. Mr. Treasurer asked Sir Dudley what was he willing to give, and (the common fine being five pounds) he answered, three pounds ten shillings, 'Well,' said the treasurer, 'lay down the money.' Which being done, he called for the young man's hat, and swept it all in and gave it him; and marking the admission nill, or nothing, 'let this,' said he, 'be a beginning of your getting money here;' where his lordship made good the omen."

North was more than a mere lawyer; he continued his study of mathematics and of languages; "he was," says his brother, "a good historian, politician, mathematician, natural philosopher, and I must say, musician in perfection."

" I have heard him say, that if he had not enabled himself by these studies, and particularly his practice of music upon his base, or lyra viol (which he used to touch lute fashion upon his knees) to divert himself alone, he had never been a lawyer. His mind was so airy and volatile, he could not have kept his chamber, if he must needs be there, staked down purely to the drudgery of the law, whether in study or practice; and yet upon such a leaden proposition, so painful to briak spirits, all the success of the profession, regularly pursued, depends. And

without acquiring a capacity of making a solitary life agreeable, let no man pretend to success in the law. I have heard his lordship often remember a lesson the citizens used to their apprentices—'Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you;' as being no less true of a lawyer with respect to his chamber. But he was far from being a recluse; and as he loved conversation, so at fit times he was abroad with agreeable company, at entertainments, such as the inns of court gentlemen ordinarily use.

"I never heard that he frequented either dancing or fencing schools; which two rendezvous are very dangerous as well as expensive to young gentlemen; and that consideration outweighs all the pretended advantages that the female faction propose from those assemblies. And for security of future good consequences, and escaping the bad, I think it may be a general rule in the institution of a lawyer, never to come to either; for since it is well known that the accidents of good or bad company determine, ordinarily, a young man to his happiness or ruin, and that the worst of company is to be met with there, one may bate the decorums of the step, or the skill of parry and thrust, in one who is to wear a long robe, and contend only with his oral faculty. I might say as much of places of game; but that entertainment is a gulph which swallows more elder than younger brothers, and more that have money gotten to their hands, than such as have but enough to live in a way as may enable them to get more; but I cannot say that his lordship was a stranger to any art or skill that was practised amongst the better sort of company. He joined in every decent thing; and whatever games were stirring, at places where he retired, as gammon, gleeck, picquet, or even the merry main, he made one; but ever had a notable regard to his purse, to keep that from overwetting, like a vessel at sea that hath too much sail and too little ballast."

North was poor; his father's was a large family, and the future Lord Keeper—though a fellow commoner in his college—seems to have been forced upon his own exertions for support almost from the moment of commencing his profession. "I have heard him say more than once," is the testimony of his brother, "that if he had been sure of a hundred pounds a year to live on, he had never been a lawyer."

"It was his lordship's constant practice to commonplace as he read. He had no bad memory, but was diffident, and would not trust it. He acquired a very small

but legible hand; for, where contracting is the main business, it is not well to write, as the fashion now is, uncial or semiuncial letters, to look like pigs ribs. His writing in his commonplaces was not by way of index, but epitome; because, as he used to say, the looking over the commonplace book on any occasion, gave him a sort of survey of what he had read about matters not then inquired, which refreshed them somewhat in his memory: and that had not been obtained in a way of mere what and where, as the style of most indexes runs. When this manner of writing is comprehensive, or pregnant, it is called abridgment, of which there are divers large ones of the common law in print, as Fitzherbert, Brook, &c. and are like those the civilians call summists, which, with them, are not allowed as authority. Certainly it is an error for a student to peruse such; it being like reading over a dictionary, which never teacheth a language. And, for that reason, Coke's comment upon Littleton ought not to be read by students, to whom it is, at least, unprofitable; for it is but a commonplace, and much more obscure than the bare text without it. And, to say truth, that text needs it not; for it is so plain of itself that a comment, properly so-called, doth but obscure it.

"He was most sensible of the benefit of discourse, which I mentioned before; for I have observed him often say that, after his day's reading (as in London if he had the opportunity) at his night's congress with his friends, either at commons or over a chop, whatever the subject was, he made it the subject of his discourse in the company; 'for,' said he, 'I read many things which I am sensible I forgot, but I found withal that, if I had once talked over what I had read, I never forgot that.' This agrees with a direction to a student, said to have come from the Earl of Nottingham, 'that he should study all the morning, and talk all the afternoon;' because a ready speech (if it be not nature's gift) is acquirable only by practice, and is very necessary for a law practiser."

In rebuilding the temple after the fire of London, it was discussed whether the old cloister walks should be rebuilt or improved into chambers; and the cloisters were preferred, that the students might walk there in the evenings "putting cases." Serjeant Maynard, the best old book-lawyer of his day, used to say that the law was *ars bablativa*, to express the advantage that such discourses were to students of law. Maynard's love of old law books

was such that he generally carried one of the year-books in his coach "to divert his time in travel, and said he chose it before any comedy."

North attended the courts regularly. He preferred the Common Pleas; "for there all suits are drawn forth upon the ancient and genuine process of the common law, and as Lord Nottingham says, the law is there *at home*. The time of that court is not taken up with factious contentions, as at the King's Bench, *where more news than law is stirring*."

"His lordship, while he was a student, and during his incapacity to practise above-board, was contented to underpull, as they call it, and managed divers suits for his country friends and relations, 'which,' he said, 'was useful to him in letting him into a knowledge of the offices, and the methods used there;' for he was always in person present at every turn in whatever business he undertook. In a cause for his father against Sir John Lawrence, he recovered £300, and brought in a very moderate bill of charges; which pleased his father, who expected a great deal more. He made use of Mr. Baker, a solicitor in chancery, who for his singular integrity was famous, and on this occasion ought to be remembered with honour. His lordship had a veneration for this Mr. Baker as long as he lived. When his lordship paid his bill, the virtuous solicitor laid by a sum (according to an usual rate) for him, saying that it was their way, and they were allowed at the offices somewhat for encouragement to them that brought business. By this we see what country and other attorneys get by chancery suits. But his lordship would not touch a penny, but turned it back upon the good man's hands."

The next passage it is impossible to omit—

"I have so far conducted his lordship, as to be ready for the bar. But before I touch upon that, I shall take some notice of his character, as the same appeared in this first stage of his life. He was of low stature, but had an amiable, ingenuous aspect, and his conversation was answerable, being ever agreeable to his company. His hair grew to a considerable length, but was hard and stiff, and did not fall as the rest of the family, which made it bush somewhat, and not without a mixture of red and grey. As to his humour, he was free from vanity himself, and hated it in others. His youthful habits were never gay, or topping the mode, like other sons of court

gentlemen, but always plain and clean, and showed somewhat of firmness or solidity beyond his age. His desire was rather not to be seen at all, than to be marked by his dress. In those things, to be extreme was his aim; that is, not to be censured for a careless sloven, rather than to be commended for being well dressed. But as to his appearing in public, the composition of his temper was extraordinary; for he had wit, learning, and elocution, and knew it, and was not sensible of any notable failings, whereof to accuse himself; and yet was modest even to a weakness. I believe a more shamesfaced creature than he was, never came into the world: he could scarce bear the being seen in any public places. I have heard him say, that, when he was a student, and in the Temple hall, if he saw any company there, he could not walk in till other company came; behind whom, as he entered, he might be shaded from the view of the rest. And he used to stand dodging at the screen, till such opportunity arrived; for it was death to him to walk up alone in open view. This native modesty was a good guard against vice, which is not desperately pursued by young men, without a sort of boldness and effrontery in their natures. Therefore ladies, and other fond people, are greatly mistaken, when they desire that boys should have the garb of men, and usurp assurance in the province of shamesfacedness. Bashfulness in the one hath the effect of judgment in the other. And where judgment, as in youth, is commonly wanted, if there be not modesty, what guard has poor nature against the incentives of vice? Therefore it is an happy disposition; for when bashfulness wears off, judgment comes on: and, by judgment, I mean a real experience of things, that enables a man to choose for himself, and in so doing, to determine wisely.

"His loose entertainments, in this stage, were, as usual with gentlemen cadets of noble families in the country, sporting on horseback; for which there was opportunity enough at his grandfather's house, where was a very large and well-stocked deer park; and, at least twice a week in the season, there was killing of deer. The method then was for the keeper, with a large cross-bow and arrow, to wound the deer, and two or three disciplined park hounds pursued till he dropped. There was most of the country sports used there for diverting a large family, as setting, coursing, bowling; and he was in it all; and, within doors, back-gammon and cards with his fraternity and others: wherein his parts did not fail him, for he was an expert

gamester. He used to please himself with railery, as he found any that, by minority of age, or majority of folly and self-conceit, were exposed to be so practised upon. I could give instances enough of this sort, and not unpleasant, if such trifles were to be indulged in a design such as mine is. His most solemn entertainment was music, in which he was not only master, but doctor. This for the country; where, to make good his exhibition, he was contented (though, in truth, forced) to pass the greater part of his time. But, in town, he had his select of friends and acquaintance; and with them he passed his time merrily and profitably, for he was as brisk at every diversion as the best. Even after his purse flowed sufficiently, a petit supper and a bottle always pleased him. But he fell into no course of excess or vice; and whenever he was a little overtaken, it was a warning to him to take better care afterwards.

"He was in town, a noted hunter of music meetings; and very often, the fancy prevailed to about the town and see trades work; which is a very diverting and instructive entertainment. There was not any thing extraordinary which he did not, if he might, visit, for his information as well as diversion; as engines, shows, lectures, and even so low as to hear Hugh Peters preach. I have heard him say, that when Hugh had made his close, he told his congregation that a gifted brother had a desire to hold forth; and then up rose Sir Peter Pet; and he, though a mere layman, prayed and preached his turn out. That gentleman lived to be an old man in town; and most people knew him, that little thought he had been once a preacher. The old Lord and Lady Anglesey (while she lived) supported him; and, at the revolution, Sir Peter and his lordship published books, *wherein one of the chief performances lay in the commending each other*: which notable band of friendship had its root in the time of the Irish rebellion."

North's intimacy with the Attorney-General (Palmer) whose son died in his arms greatly influenced his fortunes. He appears to have held the office which is called Attorney-General's devil, and acquitted himself with "such neat and concise speaking, as got him no little credit." The Attorney-General got into broken health, and North either held his briefs or through his influence was employed on some important occasions. One was a case that arose out of the remarkable prosecution, at the close of Charles the First's

reign, of the five members for a riot, by holding the speaker of the House of Commons down in the chair. Hollis, and the other members, when called upon to plead to the indictment, denied the jurisdiction of the court of King's Bench, and refused to answer before an inferior court, for their conduct as members of a superior. This plea was overruled—they were condemned to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, to find sureties for their good behaviour, and to be fined a thousand pounds a piece. After the restoration the Commons thought that the record of the conviction might affect the privileges of that house, and ordered a writ of error to be brought. The Attorney-General was ordered to find counsel to argue for the king against Lord Hollis, who was the first named in the record. All the leading counsel refused, saying, it was against the Commons of England, and that they dare not undertake it. This seems improbable; but the matter at last fell into the hands of North; and though he failed of success, he was immediately appointed King's Counsel. With the precedence which this gave him, and with the favour of the court, he soon advanced in business. The countenance given to him by Sir Jeffery Palmer, is, however, dwelt upon with affectionate gratitude by Roger North, as the foundation of Lord Guilford's fortunes; "his mere acquaintance and favour," says the faithful biographer, "may be justly accounted one of his lordship's capital preferments;" and in another of his works he says, "Palmer's wisdom and generosity were incomparable. During all the time of the troubles he lived quiet in the temple a professed and known cavalier; and no temptation of fear or profit ever shook his principle. He lived then in great business of conveyancing, and had no clerks but such as were strict cavaliers. One, I have heard was so rigid that he could never be brought to write Oliver with a great O; and it was said that the Attorney (Palmer) chose to purchase the manor of *Charleton* because his master's name sounded in it."

Roger proceeds with the account of his brother's successful career—and his first successes on circuit are detailed—his industry and application were such, we are told, that he soon became "cock of the circuit," a phrase which implies that he was counsel for one side or the other, in every cause of any im-

portance. He went the Norfolk circuit—kept fair with the cocks of the circuit, and “particularly Serjeant Earl, who had almost a monopoly.”

“The serjeant was a very covetous man, and when none would starve with him in journeys, this young gentleman kept him company. Once at Cambridge, the serjeant's man brought his lordship a cake, telling him, ‘he would want it, for he knew his master would not draw a bit till he came to Norwich.’ And it proved so. They jogged on, and at Barton Mills, his lordship asked the serjeant if he would not take a mouthful there.—‘No, boy,’ said he, ‘we’ll light at every ten miles’ end, and get to Norwich as soon as we can.’ And there was no remedy. Once he asked the serjeant in what method he kept his accounts; ‘for you have said he, ‘lands, securities, and great comings-in of all kinds?’ ‘Accounts, boy,’ said he, ‘I get as much as I can, and I spend as little as I can; and there is all the account I keep.’ But his lordship was sure to keep the serjeant's discourse flowing, all the way they rode; for *being mostly of law, and tricks*, and sometimes of purchases, management, and the like, it was very beneficial to one who had his experience to gather: and all he received from others, he made his own. And in the court, if he was concerned as counsel, he stood in great awe of the chief practisers; for they having the conduct of the cause, take it ill if a young man blurts out any thing, though possibly to the purpose, because it seems to top them; and sometimes, if it doth not take with the court, throw up, saying, ‘the cause was given away,’ which almost blasts a young man. Therefore, when he thought he had a significant point to offer, he first acquainted the foreman with it, which was commonly well taken: and he in return would say, ‘move it yourself,’ and then he seconded it. These discretions, respecting the counsel, did him great service; and I have more to remember anon, that respect the judge.”

The artifices by which success is obtained, are amusingly described by the idolizing biographer. Surely we have come to a period in which such unmanly meannesses would be felt as degradation. The passage is worth preserving as a record of practices, which, if they have not wholly passed away are little likely to be again recorded—

“His lordship was not without eminent good fortune, as well as discretion, to help him forward in his circuit practice, which made him arise in it faster than young men have commonly done. As when

the Lord Chief Justice Hyde was alive, he usually went the Norfolk circuit.—And this judge was industriously favourable to his lordship, calling him cousin in open court, which was a declaration that he would take it for a respect to himself to bring him causes, and that is the best account that can be given of a favourite; in which capacity a gentleman pretends to be easily heard, and that his errors and lapses, when they happen, may not offend the judge, or hurt a cause, beyond which the profession of favour is censurable both in judge and counsel. But this benefit grew, like that under Sir Jeffery Palmer, at first out of a Temple acquaintance, which consisted of young Mr. Palmer and Mr. Edward Hyde, the lord chancellor's son, and some others of that family, who introduced his lordship to their patrons: which shows that, in the erecting of a lawyer, inns of court commons and conversation may be of vast use. In circuit practice there is need of an exquisite knowledge of the judge's humour, as well as his learning and ability to try causes; and his lordship was a wonderful artist at nicking a judge's tendency, to make it serve his turn, and yet never failed to pay the greatest regard and deference to his opinion: *for so they get credit; because the judge, for the most part, thinks that person the best lawyer that respects most his opinion.* I have heard his lordship say that sometimes he hath been forced to give up a cause to the judge's opinion, when he was plainly in the wrong, and when more contradiction had but made him more positive; and besides that in so doing he himself had weakened his own credit with the judge, and thereby been less able to set him right when he was inclined to it. For, when he found it went against the grain, he would not tease, as the way is, to get credit with the countrymen, who would be apt to say, ‘Look what pains he takes;’ but for that time, since there was no remedy, let the matter go. And all this without blame with respect to his clients, for he could do no more in any respect, but might do worse by many. And a good opinion so gained often helps at another time to good purpose, and sometimes to ill purpose; as I heard it credibly reported of Serjeant M—y—d, that being the leading counsel in a small-fee'd cause, would give it up to the judge's mistake, and not contend to set him right, that he might gain credit to mislead him in some other cause in which he was well fee'd.

“There were some judges came that circuit, of whose abilities time hath kept no record, unless in the sinister way, as Morton, Archer, &c. If such expressed any thing in favour of his lordship's client,

he would echo, 'Ay, my lord;' and then the other side fretted at him, as one that knowing better ought not to say so.— Once Archer noted a difference between a renunciation of an executorship upon record, and *in pais*. 'Ay, my lord,' quoth the counsel; which made the judge as fierce as a lion, when he was so backed; and woe be to the other side if they contradicted it; though it was no better than arrant nonsense. There came other judges who were, and ever will be, famous among the learned in the laws; as Wadham Windham, and the Lord Chief Justice Hales. His lordship had no way to court these, but by his learning and strength of reason. Hales had an early opinion of his lordship's skill in the law, and believed he would grow eminent in the profession. For once, when the court was sat, he perceived him crowding very hard to get in, and from the bench spoke to the people to make way for the little gentleman, 'for,' said he, 'he will soon make way for himself.' In short, his lordship took all the pains he could to settle himself well in circuit practice.— He used to say that the circuit found him business for the town, and the town for the circuit."

His relatives now and then employed him, expecting that he would decline receiving fees. When he insisted on being paid, they defamed him and seem seriously to have intended his ruin. A rigmarole story is told at considerable length, from which we learn, in spite of the solemn language of respect in which his grandfather is spoken of, that the old Lord North was an old scoundrel, and the Lady Dacres, our hero's aunt, not much better than she ought to be.— Roger gives us, with great delight, several circuit stories of no great value, and which we could not hope to make intelligible to any but professional ears. That of his cousin, Whitmore, seems to have provoked the placid historian of his first circuits.

"His lordship had a relation, one Mr. Whitmore of Balme near London, a humorous old gentleman, but very famous for the mere eating and drinking part of housekeeping. He was owner of Waterbeach near Cambridge, and took a fancy that his estate ought not to pay tithes, and ordered his tenants expressly to pay none, with promise to defend them.— The parson had no more to do but to go to law, and by advice brought an action of debt, for treble damages, upon the statute against subtraction of tithes. The tenants got the whole demand to be put in one action; and that stood for trial at

the assizes. Then he consults his cousin North, and retains him to defend this cause; but shows him no manner of title to a discharge. So he could but tell him he would be routed, and pay treble value of the tithes, and that he must make an end. This signified nothing to one that was abandoned to his own testy humour. The cause came on, and his lordship's utmost endeavour was to fetch him off with the single value and costs; and that point he managed very artificially: for first, he considered that Archer was the judge, and it was always agreeable to him to stave off a long cause. After the cause was opened his lordship, for the defendant, stepped forwards, and told the judge that 'this would be a long and intricate cause, being a title to a discharge of tithes, which would require the reading a long series of records and ancient writings. That his client was no quaker, to deny payment of tithes were due, in which case the treble value was by the law intended as a sort of penalty.— But this was to be a trial of a title, which his client was advised he had to a discharge, therefore he moved that the single value might be settled; and if the cause went for the plaintiff, he should have that and his costs (which costs, it seems, did not go if the treble value was recovered,) and then they would proceed to their title.'— The other side mutinied against this imposition of Mr. North, but the judge was for him, and they must be satisfied. Then did he open a long history of matters upon record, of bulls, monasteries, orders, greater and lesser houses, surrenders, patents, and a great deal more, very proper if it had been true, while the counsel on the other side stared at him; and having done, they bade him go to his evidence. He leaned back, as speaking to the attorney, and then, 'My lord,' said he, 'we are very unhappy in this cause. The attorney tells me, they forgot to examine their copies with the originals at the Tower;' and so, folding up his brief, 'My lord,' said he, 'they must have the verdict, and we must come better prepared another time.' So, notwithstanding all the mutiny the other side could make, the judge held them to it, and they were choused of the treble value. This was no iniquity, because it was not to defraud the duty, but to shift off the penalty. But the old gentleman told his cousin North he had given away his cause. His lordship thought he had done him service enough; and could but just (with the help of the beforesaid reason) satisfy himself that he had not done ill."

What would not the sober Roger have given to blot from his record the following—

"Before I mention the farther steps of

his lordship's rising, I must get rid of a scurvy downfal he had, which had well nigh cost him his life. That he was what was called a sober person, was well-known; but withal that he loved a merry glass with a friend. But once in the circuit, being invited, with the rest of the counsel, to dine at Colchester with the recorder, Sir John Shaw, who was well-known to be one of the greatest kill-cows at drinking in the nation, he with the rest of his brethren, by methods too well known, got very drunk. They were obliged to go on, and in that condition mounted, but some dropped and others proceeded. His lordship had a clerk, one Lucas, a very drunken fellow, but at that time not far gone. He thought it his duty to have a tender care of his master, who having had one fall (contrary to the sound advice of his experienced clerk,) would needs get up again, calling him all to nought for his pains. His lordship was got up on a very sprightly nag, that trotted on very hard, and Lucas came near to persuade him not to go so fast; but that put the horse upon the run, and away he went with his master full speed, so as none could follow him. The horse when he found himself clear of pursuers, stopped his course by degrees, and went with his rider (fast asleep upon his back) into a pond to drink; and there sat his lordship upon the sally. But, before he fell, Mr. Andrew Card, now an eminent practiser of conveyancing in Gray's Inn, and then Mr. Coleman's clerk, came up time enough to get the horse out of the pond before he fell off: else he had been lost: for which service his lordship ever had a value for Mr. Card.

"They took him into a public house nigh at hand, and left him to the care of his man; but so dead drunk, that he knew nothing that happened to him. He was put into a bed; and the rest of the company went on, for fear of losing their market. Next morning, when his lordship awaked, he found he was in a strange place, and that, at a fire-side in that room, there were some women talking softly (for talk they must:) he sent out all his sences to spy, if he could, what the matter was. He could just perceive they talked of him. Then he called for Lucas, and bade all go out of the room but him; and then—'Lucas,' said he, 'where am I?' He was glad the danger (of which Lucas gave him a sensible account) was over, and got him up to go after his fellows.

"I remember when his lordship told this story of himself, he said the image he had, when his horse first trotted, and so faster and faster, was as if his head knocked against a large sheet of lead, as a ceiling over him; and, after that, he remembered

nothing at all of what happened till he awoke. His lordship, of one that was not morose and uncomplaisant, was the most sober that ever marched through the world as he did. I, that was almost continually with him, never saw him in a condition they call overtaken; and the most hath been but just discoverable in his speech; for he had strength of head to bear a great deal; and when he found that infirmity coming upon him, he used to sit smiling, and say little or nothing; so harmless a thing of a petit good fellow was he; and this only in company that, in some sort, constrained him; and that was very seldom. As once, when he was attorney-general, he dined with the Earl of Sandwich, and in the afternoon went to the privy council, to plead upon a petition before the king; and the next day after, the earl asked one of the lords how Mr. Attorney behaved himself; 'Very well,' said that lord. 'I thought so,' answered the earl, 'for I sent him him instructed with at least three bottles in his belly.' That was a good medicine for his modesty, and perhaps, at court, no ill preparative. But, setting aside that rhodomontade, his lordship, by a steady temperance and sobriety, held the empire of his reason, and vigour of his constitution, safe and upright, till, under the cold hand of death, both fell together."

The course of life which his lordship, (this is Roger's way of styling him from the first,) pursued, while he was in great business, "was most philosophical, till he was Solicitor-General and married. He dined each day in the hall at Commons and supped in his chamber—now and then asking a few friends to join him in a costelet and sallad at Chatterlins, where a single bottle of wine sufficed." In one respect, the life of every eminent man at the bar must be the same, and any record of it must be filled with the accidents of success and failure in the causes in which he is employed. Our gossiping biographer not only records the successive steps of his brother's preferment, but crowds his book with much of this kind of matter, told with great particularity. His lordship's shrewd detection of some frauds, which, in the way the stories are told, do not seem to have required much witchcraft to have disentangled—his love of honesty chiefly as it would seem, because he thought it the best policy, and his abhorrence of any other than professional rogueries, because they were not likely to succeed in the long run—are all so broadly and well stated by the candid henchman, Rogero, that we are little surprised at his prosperity.—

We must make room for the case of Cutts and Pickering, in his report of which it is easy to see that Roger regarded Pickering's shabby visits to his lordship, "eaves-dropping for intelligence, but dropping no money," as something much worse than mutilating a will. Nothing can be better told than Pickering's modes of winning on the favour of the judge—and the old puritan's detection and discomfiture are admirably given.

"Sir John Cutts, of Childersly, in Cambridgeshire, had an aunt, one Mrs. Weld, who married Mr. Pickering, and, by his will, gave her an estate called Drayton, value £300 per annum, for ninety-nine years, 'if she could so long live.' Mr. Pickering, desiring not to hang upon the thread of his wife's life for such an estate, but to have it, for the term, absolute, which is very near equal to the inheritance, thought fit to erase from the will those words of reference to her life. He had opportunity to do it; for he was made executor, and accordingly had the will in his keeping; which, in his good time, was proved and lodged in the prerogative office. The relations that were the heirs and devisees of the capital estate, and (among other things) of this, subject to Mrs. Pickering's life, were minors, and their affairs managed by their mother. I think the eldest of these, not long since, was made a peer, and was called my Lord Cutts. But his lordship's first acquaintance with the family went no farther than Sir John Cutts, and this Mr. Pickering and his wife. He was a subtle fellow, a money-hunter, but a great trifler, and very avaricious; but withal a mighty pretender to puritanism, and seeming to be more godly than other men. He used to frequent the Rolls chapel, and most busily write the sermon in his hat, 'that he might not be seen.' And he used to visit the Lord Chief Justice Hales; and by canting had persuaded him he was a most religious man. He was not without suspicion that some suits might be stirred by the Cutts's against him, upon this will; and much dreaded a discovery of this rasure, (a guilty conscience needs no accuser:) he was almost continually upon the watch, at the temple and among the lawyers; sometimes with one, and then with another, eaves-dropping for intelligence, but dropping no money; and for a whole term almost every day, at one time or other, he called upon his cousin North (there was some relation, but remote, between him and Pickering's wife,) thinking himself to be thereby privileged to be impertinent with his importune questions whenever he pleased. He never had the civility to offer a fee, or

to ask his lordship to be of counsel with him in general, or particular, or on any account whatsoever. I remember one night his lordship came out from his study having just parted from him, in a great pet, wishing heartily that his adversaries would come and retain him, that he might shake off so troublesome a fellow; and the next day Mrs. Cutts came, with much apology for her presumption in tendering a retainer in her cause against Mr. Pickering, fearing he might be under engagements to him. His lordship told her no, and took her fee, and wrote her down in his book of retainers, so she went away satisfied; and well she might, for that minute's work saved the estate. Pickering, that dogged this gentlewoman to see where she went, perceived her go up to and return from his cousin North's chamber; and then he concluded she was in earnest, and up he goes, and offers his retaining fee; 'no,' his lordship told him, 'he was already retained on the other side,' and showed him his book. His discourse upon the matter signified nothing; he must have patience, and provide himself elsewhere. He might repent his neglect, but it was too late.

"After this Mrs. Cutts came to his lordship in a very great concern, saying she had very credible information that there was a foul rasure in Sir John Cutts's will, that in consequence lost Drayton, after Mrs. Pickering's death, from her (Mrs. Cutts's) children. His lordship immediately took coach, and went to Doctors' Commons to view the original will. There he found the rasure most evident, and not done so carefully, but by the bottoms and tops of the long letters, and the distances that determined the intermediate ones, the words, *if she should so long live*, might be read. Thereupon he took a paper, and made what they call a fac-simile of the marks and distances of those small specks as were not scraped out.—Then his lordship called the officers, and showed them the rasure and the marks, with the resemblance he had made of them, and charged them all to take care that none should see the will but in the presence of an officer, for there would be a suit at law, to be determined upon view of that rasure. This matter being fixed, the lady went into chancery, and having filed her bill for a discovery, Pickering answers fully, and denies the rasure, and at the hearing a trial was directed to be had, to find if this rasure was since the publication, and by whom. The cause came to be tried at the King's Bench bar, before the Lord Chief Justice Hales, and the rest of the justices of that bench, and his lordship managed in chief for the Cutts's.

"It was then believed that Pickering

had found means to insinuate to the Chief Justice, that this was a malicious prosecution, and raised up against him by a pert young lawyer, of a different persuasion and tendency from him, but that he himself was innocent; but however it happened, the chief justice took in violently on the side of Pickering believing better of him than he deserved. It is always a hard cause upon a lawyer, when he is to manage against the prejudice of a court, for what is to be said or done, when presumptions pass on the one side, and the other side is held to positive proof, and no less than demonstration? The chief justice was so very hard upon his lordship and his cause, that if there had not been an uncontrollable evidence of the fraud, the cause had miscarried. But it happened that as his lordship upon the bench was going to direct the jury, as every one expected, to acquit Pickering, one of the counsel mentioned another witness they had to prove Pickering's own confession, that when the will was first opened, those words were in. The witness came in, and swore it positively, 'Well,' said the chief, 'now you shall hear what Mr. Pickering will say to that.' He thereupon being called, came down into the court, and stood directly opposite to the witness that confronted him. 'Now, what say you to this?' said the chief. 'My lord,' said he, 'I was not bound to say what the truth was to him.' There was an instance of the value of face to face. The answer was so knavish and silly withal, that the chief justice let fall his countenance, and knocking his stick, left the cause to the jury's cognisance, without a word of direction given them one way or other; and they without going from the bar, found Pickering author of the rasure since the will published. Such cutting discoveries knaves will make of themselves, when surprised and not allowed time to dress up their answers in the best accoutrements, especially before sagacious men. And none was ever more so than that famous chief justice, who, although subject, as most of mortal men are, to prejudices, yet upon a clear conviction, sacrificed his proposition to truth."

Of Hale North's biographer speaks in terms of measured civility, but with manifest dislike. He gives one or two amusing proofs of his affecting to brave dangers which he knew did not exist, and, while he was trembling with apprehension of the danger to himself from the fury of the rabble to which he therefore yielded, using language that implied his determination to do his duty in spite of the power to deprive him arbitrarily of his place—

"It is pleasant," quoth Roger, "to consider that this man's not fearing the court was accounted valour; that is, by the populace, who never accounted his fear of themselves a mere timidity."

We transcribe a few sentences of the character of Hale. Coloured as it is with the prejudices of North, and necessary as this is to be remembered by the reader, it is far from untrue—

"Whatever his courage or fear was, it is most certain his vanity was excessive; which grew out of a self-conversation, and being little abroad. But when he was off from the seat of justice, and at home, his conversation was with none but flatterers. He was allowed on all hands to be the most profound lawyer of his time; and he knew it: but that did not serve him; but he would be also a profound philosopher, naturalist, poet, and divine, and measured his abilities in all these by the scale of his learning in the law, which he knew how to value; and if he postponed any, it was the law to all the rest; for he was so bizarr in his dispositions, that he almost suppressed his collections and writings of the law; which were a treasure, and, being published, would have been a monument of him beyond the power of marble. But, instead of that, he ordered them to be locked up in Lincoln's Inn library; and made no scruple to send forth little tracts in philosophy, as the non-gravitation of fluids, *Difficiles Nugæ*, prosecuting the same *nugæ*, or trifles, upon the baroscope; which made Sir William Jones say that his whole life (meaning in private, as I suppose) was *nugarum plena*, or made up of trifles: his 'Origination of Mankind,' in appearance, a great work, with nothing in it, and that which scarce any one ever read or will read. And what is very remarkable, the very childish ignorance of his subject, showed in these books, is dressed in most accurate method, proper expression, and significant English style, better than which one would not desire to meet with as a temptation to read. He published much in speculative devotion, part prose, part verse: and the latter hobbled so near the style of the other, as to be distinguished chiefly by being worse. But his matter, and language not in rhyme, was pious and good. He took a fancy to be like Pomponius Atticus, or one that kept above water in all times, and well esteemed by all parties. He published a short account of that noble Roman's life, and, at the entrance, a translation of the same in Cornelius Nepos; but so ill done as would have brought the rod over the back of a schoolboy. . . . So miserably will the learnedest men err that presume out of their sphere, and fail

in that great point of wisdom, the knowing one's self. This great man was most unfortunate in his family; for he married his own servant maid, and then, for excuse, said there was no wisdom below the girdle. All his sons died in the sink of lewdness and debauchery; and if he was to blame in their education, it was by too much of rigour rather than of liberty; which (rigour) Montaigne says, seldom fails of that consequence. Although he was very grave in his own person, he loved the most bizarre and irregular wits, in the practice of the law before him most extravagantly. And besides he was the most flatterable creature that ever was known; for there was a method of resignation to him, and treating him with little meals, and in private, with his pipe, at ease, which certainly captivated him. So Sir George Jeffries gained as great an ascendant, in practice, over him as ever counsel had over a judge. In short, to give every one his due, there was in him the most of learning and wisdom, joined with ignorance and folly, that ever was known to coincide in the character of any one man in the world.

"His lordship of whom I write, by his extent of bar practice, while he stood in the front, on the one side or the other, in most or rather every great cause that moved in Westminster Hall, had a full view of this great man, and very often observing him a slave to prejudice, a subtilizer, and inventor of unheard-of distinctions, and exercising criticisms to get the better of known maxims of the law, and thereby to transmit great estates and interests from some persons and families to others, and knowing well these infirmities of his, was not moved at all at what he did. And this overruling temper of his did not so much take place in small concerns, and in those between common men; for there his justice shined most, and armed him with reputation that sustained his authority to do as he pleased in greater. Whereby it seems that if he never had dealt in other but great causes, to hear and determine them, he might have been accounted the worst judge that ever sat.—But although his lordship was not surprised at this behaviour of the chief justice, yet he was very much concerned to see the generality, both gentle and simple, lawyers and laymen, idolize him, as if there had never been such a miracle of justice since Adam. His voice was oracular, and his person little less than adored. And his lordship knew also that this fascination proceeded from faction, and had at the root more of confederacy than judgment; for, because the chief justice was, in principle, averse to monarchy and the court, they all with one voice

exalted him, in order to have him lead the law and all the lawyers that way, and left no room for just thoughts of him, which attributed enough of honour and commendation; but all that he said was right, and whoever said to the contrary was wrong. In opposition to this impetuous, or rather rage of reputation, under which his lordship himself was a sufferer, as may be seen elsewhere, his lordship thought fit to note down the several instances in his own observation of this judge's fondness and partiality; which he intended to have explained at large; when he was at leisure, and should have had a disposition so to do."

The course of Lord Guilford's life is traced till his becoming Solicitor-General. While Solicitor he held his public reading on the Statute of Fines. The Reading is forgotten, but in its day was praised—of the Reader's Feast the record still survives—

"As for the feasting part it was sumptuous, and, in three or four days time, cost one thousand pounds at least. The grandees of the court dined there, and of the quality (as they call it) enough; for his diffused relation, general acquaintance and station, as well as prospect of his advancing in the king's service, made a great rendezvous of all the better sort, then in town, at his feasts.

"He sent out the officers with white staves (for so the way was) and a long list to invite; but he went himself to wait upon the archbishop of Canterbury, Sheldon; for so also the ceremony required. The archbishop received him very honourably, and would not part with him at the stairs head, as usually had been done; but, telling him he was an ordinary reader, went down, and did not part till he saw him pass at his outward gate. I cannot much commend the extravagance of the feasting used at these readings; and that of his lordship's was so terrible an example, that I think none hath ventured since to read publicly; but the exercise is turned into a revenue, and a composition is paid into the treasury of the society. Therefore one may say, as was said of Cleomenes, that, in this respect, his lordship was *ultimus heroum*, the last of the heroes. And the profusion of the best provisions, and wine, was to the worst of purposes, debauchery, disorder, tumult, and waste. I will give but one instance; upon the grand day, as it was called, a banquet was provided to be set upon the table, composed of pyramids, and smaller services in form. The first pyramid was at least four foot high, with stages one above another. The conveying this up to the table,

through a crowd, that were in full purpose to overturn it, was no small work : but, with the friendly assistance of the gentlemen, it was set whole upon the table. But, after it was looked upon a little, all went, hand over hand, among the rout in the hall, and, for the more part, was trod under foot. The entertainment, the nobility had out of this, was, after they had tossed away the dishes, a view of the crowd in confusion, wallowing one over another, and contending for a dirty share of it.

"It may be said this was for want of order; but, in truth, it was for want of a regular and disciplined guard of soldiers; for nothing else would keep order there. I do not think it was a just regulation, when, for the abuse, they took away such a profitable exercise. But, in England, it is a common way of reforming, even in state matters, instead of amending, or paring away what is amiss, to kick down whole constitutions, all at once, however in themselves, excellent. Could not the whole proposition of feasting have been laid aside, and nothing but ordinary commons allowed? But, as to the exercise, now it is gone, we can see the want of it; and never more want than now, when statutes of broad influence upon the people's concerns, are so frequently sent out from the parliament. It was the design of these readers to explain to the students the constructions that were to be made upon new statutes, for clearing a way that counsel might advise safely upon them. And the method of their reading was to raise all imaginable scruples upon the design, penning, and sense of such new acts as they chose out to read upon, and then to give a careful resolution of them; as we may see done in those readings that are in print. But now there is scarce a lawyer so hardy to advise a client to try a point upon a new statute, whereof the event is at the peril of costs, and sometimes ruin of a poor man that pays for the experiment; for how can the counsel foresee the judge's sentiments? and how contrariant to his advice they may prove? As, for instance, upon the law of distress and sale for rent, some have said it is to divest property, and, so far, in nature of a penal law, and ought to be construed strictly. Others have said it is a remedial law, and ought to be enlarged by construction. And who doth not know the wide difference in the consequences of law, in some points, upon these various grounds of constructions? Now, if a previous reading had been had upon this statute, saving better judgments, it had been declared a remedial law, and to be con-

strued in favor of remedy. And, probably, a single judge, at the assizes, would not have opposed his sentiment against the learned determination of a reader, so solemnly and publicly held forth (as, at these exercises, in the inns of court is done), which counsel at the bar, in nice questions at law, are allowed to appeal to for authority. But as the case is now, till some hardy client hath pushed his point, upon some new provisional law, to a trial, and obtained a resolution on his side: or else, to his immense costs (which properly converts it to a penal law) finds that he is in the wrong, counsel cure not to advise a law-suit, or give a clear or positive opinion in any questionable matter, arising upon such a new law."

The next event which Roger has to record, is his brother's marriage. "It may be wondered at," says the prince of gossips, "that as his lordship was so great a lover of regularity, we hear nothing all this while of his matching himself." Without some advancement in the way of money, he was not disposed to engage, and that which sat hardest on his spirits was how he should give a fair answer to the question—what jointure and settlement? He used to own but one rood of ground in the world that yielded him any profit, and that was Westminster-hall, unless he might have added, as Finch did, his bar gown, £20,000.

"There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer of Gray's Inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was rich; but after his death, to become worth nobody could tell what. His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her: thereupon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement; but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children. This was an inauspicious question; for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, 'That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father and make him acquainted with his answer.' And so they parted, and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His

lordship had, at that time, a stout heart, and could not digest the being so slighted; as if, in his present state, a profitable profession, and future hopes, were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter; and thenceforward despised his alliance."

His next effort was to obtain the widow of his friend Palmer, "who did not seem to reluct," but, "after a clan- cular proceeding, surprised our hero by matching with a jolly knight of good estate."

A city broker next visited him with a proposition from Alderman Sir John Lawrence, who had stores of daughters, and these reputed beauties, and her fortune was to be £6000.

"And coming to treat, the portion shrank to 5000*l.* and, upon that, his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr. Broker (following) came to him and said, Sir John would give 500*l.* more, at the birth of the first child; but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this dispatch, his lordship was made the king's solicitor general, and then the broker came again, with news that Sir John would give 10,000*l.* "No;" his lordship said, "after such usage, he would not proceed, if he might have 20,000*l.*" So ended that affair; and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity."

He married Lady Frances Pope, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Down. We have not room for the scrambling discussion about settlements. She died a few years after, leaving three children who were disposed of among North's relatives, and he returned to the course of Temple life which had been for so short a time interrupted. As the chief value of our extracts must be the exhibition of a state of manners now wholly past away, we do not hesitate to transcribe the following passage:—

"His lordship's acquisitions by practice, while he attended only the King's Bench, had been very considerable; but after he, as king's counsel, came within the bar, he began to have calls into the court of Chancery; which he liked very well, because the quantity of business, as well as the fees, was greater; but his home was the King's Bench, where he sat and reported like as other practisers. And when his practice was greatest in Chancery, he hath come, as an officer, and sat on the bench, under the judges, by the

prothonotary. His business increased, even while he was solicitor, to be so much as would have overwhelmed one less dexterous; but when he was made attorney-general, though his gains by his office were great, they were much greater by his practice; for that flowed in upon him like an orage, enough to overset one that had not an extraordinary readiness in business. His skull-caps, which he wore when he had leisure to observe his constitution, as I touched before, were now destined to lie in a drawer to receive the money that came in by fees. One had the gold, another the crowns and half-crowns, and another the smaller money. When these vessels were full, they were committed to his friend (the Hon. Roger North), who was constantly near him, to tell out the cash, and put it into bags according to the contents; and so they went to his treasurers, Blanchard and Child, goldsmiths at Temple-bar. This same telling the money was a great trust; and he was satisfied of the integrity of his friend, wherein he was confirmed by a very little accident: for while they were walking together, that young gentleman, newly come from telling his money, accidentally feeling his coat-pocket, started and said, "Here's a half crown," (supposed by accident to have slipped in there,) but it proved only a piece of glass. His lordship, from the manner of that behaviour, concluded his friend to be (as he was) most strictly just to him."

North succeeded to the post of Attorney-General, and got into parliament. The death of Vaughan left a vacancy in the Common Pleas, and on this he became Chief-Justice of that court. A very amusing account of the artifices by which the court sought to attract business is given, but could be scarcely rendered intelligible to any but professional lawyers. We must, however, give the account of *the dumb day* in the Common Pleas.

"There was an incident, that happened not long after his lordship came into the place of chief in that court, which, though in itself, and in the end of it, ridiculous, yet, being an affront to the court, and in particular to the lord chief justice, and by the whole bar of serjeants, all in a lump together, ought to be related, as I shall do, really as it was acted by them. It hath been the usage of the King's Bench, at the side bar below in the hall; and of the Common Pleas, in the chamber within the Treasury, to hear attorneys, and young counsel, that came to move them about matters of form and practice. His lordship had a younger brother (Hon. Roger

North) who was of the profession of the law. He was newly called to the bar, and had a little to do in the King's Bench; but the attorneys of the Common Pleas often retained him to move for them, in the Treasury, such matters as were proper there, and what they might have moved themselves. But however agreeable this kind of practice was to a novice, it was not worthy the observation it had; for once or twice a week, was the utmost calculate of these motions. But the serjeants thought that method was, or might become, prejudicial to them, who had a monopoly of the bar, and would have no water go by their mill, and supposed it was high time to put a stop to such beginnings, for fear it might grow worse. But the doubt was, how they should signify their resentment, so as to be effectually remedial. At length they agreed, for one day, to make no motions at all; and opportunity would fall for showing the reason how the court came to have no business. When the court (on this dumb day, as it was called) was sat, the chief justice gave the usual signal to the eldest serjeant to move. He bowed, and had nothing to move: so the next, and the next, from end to end of the bar. The chief, seeing this, said, "Brothers, I think we must rise; there is no business." Then an attorney steps forward, and called to the serjeant to make his motion; and, after that, turned to the court and said, that he had given the serjeant his fee, and instructions over night, to move for him, and desired he might do it. But profound silence still. The chief looked about, and asked, "What was the matter?" An attorney, that stood by, very modestly said, "that he feared the serjeants took it ill that motions were made in the Treasury." Then the chief scanted the whole matter, and, "Brothers," said he, "I think a very great affront is offered to us, which we ought, for the dignity of the court, to resent. But that we may do nothing too suddenly, but take consideration at full leisure, and maturely, let us now rise, and to-morrow morning give order as becomes us. And do you attorneys come here to-morrow, and care shall be taken for your dispatch, and, rather than fail, we will hear you, or your clients, or the barristers at law, or any person that thinks fit to appear in business, that the law may have its course;" and so the court rose. This was like thunder to the serjeants, and they fell to quarrelling, one with another, about being the cause of this great evil they had brought upon themselves: for none of them imagined it would have had such a turn as this was, that shook what was the palladium of

the coif, the sole practice there. In the afternoon, they attended the chief, and the other judges of the court, and, in great humility, owned their fault, and begged pardon, and that no further notice might be taken of it; and they would be careful not to give the like offence for the future. The chief told them, that the affront was in public, and in the face of the court, and they must make their recognitions there next morning, and in such a manner as the greatness of their offence demanded; and then they should hear what the court would say to them. Accordingly they did; and the chief first; and then the rest, in order, gave them a formal chiding with acrimony enough; all which, with dejected countenances, they were bound to hear. When this discipline was over, the chief pointed to one to move; which he did (as they said) more like one crying than speaking: and so ended the comedy, as it was acted in Westminster-hall, called the Dumb-day."

The circuit journeys in which he was accompanied by his biographer, form a pleasant part of the book, but are not susceptible of abridgement, the whole interest arising from the particularity of the details. Lord Guilford's character was so respected, in consequence of his conduct on the circuits when he went as judge, that it greatly served the royalists. Though his opinions were no secret, yet he at all times affected a mysterious caution in speaking, and his brother who recommends the practice to general imitation, says that even in his political writings, "though his reflections were of the actions and persons in his own time, yet the expressions were of so universal a nature, that no matter or person might con them." When Attorney-General, he avoided prosecuting libels. "We are," said he, "in the right—nothing is done by his majesty and his ministers but what the law warrants. The better sort of people, whom truth sways when laid before them will be with us." The libellers were answered by writers in the interest of the crown, and the trade soon fell into disrepute, when the advertisement of state prosecutions was withheld. On the death of Lord Nottingham, the seals were given to North, who was created Baron Guilford. In a letter of the period, the Duke of York writing to the Prince of Orange, speaks of North as "able and bold, as well as loyal." As Lord Keeper he appears to have zealously endeavoured to effect a reform in the court of Chancery, which would correct the frightful

delays and consequent expenses which had so long before, and have so long since, been the subject of just and un-availing complaint. As Privy Counsellor, he appears to have felt that the arbitrary measures which he resisted as he best could, would ere long work the ruin of the Stuart dynasty. Of Jeffries, then chief-justice, we have a very minute account from Lord Guilford's own papers; but Roger's summary of his character is better than any thing left by Lord Guilford on the subject.

"His friendship and conversation lay much among the good fellows and humorists; and his delights were, accordingly, drinking, laughing, singing, kissing, and all the extravagances of the bottle. He had a set of banterers, for the most part near him; as, in old time, great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him. And no friendship or dearness could be so great, in private, which he would not use ill, and to an extravagant degree, in public. No one, that had any expectations from him, was safe from his public contempt and derision, which some of his minions at the bar bitterly felt. Those above, or that could hurt or benefit him, and none else, might depend on fair quarter at his hands. When he was in temper, and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place. He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attorneys, and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty. He had extraordinary natural abilities, but little acquired, beyond what practice in affairs had supplied. He talked fluently, and with spirit; and his weakness was, that he could not reprehend without scolding; and in such Billingsgate language, as should not come out of the mouth of any man. He called it 'giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue.' It was ordinary to hear him say, 'Go, you are a filthy, lousy, knitty rascal;' with much more of like elegance. Scarce a day passed that he did not chide some one or other of the bar, when he sat in the Chancery; and it was commonly a lecture of a quarter of an hour long. And they used to say, 'This is yours; my turn will be to-morrow.' He seemed to lay nothing of his business to heart, nor care what he did or left undone; and spent, in the Chancery court, what time he thought fit to spare. Many times, on days of causes at his house, the company have waited five hours in a morning, and, after eleven, he hath come out in-

flamed, and staring like one distracted. And that visage he put on when he inadvertently on such, as he took offence at, which made him a terror to real offenders; whom also he terrified, with his face and voice, as if the thunder of the day of judgement broke over their heads; and nothing ever made men tremble like his vocal inflections. He loved to insult, and was bold without check; but that only when his place was uppermost.

"One of these intemperances was fatal to him. There was a scrivener of Wapping brought to hearing for relief against a bummery bond; the contingency of losing all being showed, the bill was going to be dismissed. But one of the plaintiff's counsel said that he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles; and none could tell what to make of him; and 'it was thought he was a trimmer.' At that the Chancellor fired; and, 'a trimmer!' said he; 'I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one. Come forth, Mr. Trimmer, turn you round, and let us see your shape;' and, at that rate, talked so long that the poor fellow was ready to drop under him; but, at last, the bill was dismissed with costs, and he went his way. In the hall, one of his friends asked him how he came off? 'Came off,' said he, 'I am escaped from the terrors of that man's face, which I would scarce undergo again to save my life; and I shall certainly have the frightful impression of it as long as I live.'

"Thus Lord Jeffries came to the seal without any concern at the weight of duty incumbent upon him; for, at the first, being merry over a bottle with some of his old friends, one of them told him that he would find the business heavy. 'No,' said he, 'I'll make it light.' But to conclude with a strange inconsistency, he would drink, and be merry, kiss and slaver with these boon companions over night, as the way of such is, and, the next day, fall upon them, ranting and scolding with a virulence insufferable."

At this time the judges held their office at the pleasure of the crown, and the government was so unsettled that it was a question almost of its own existence, who were appointed, or who continued. The arbitrary doctrines held by the supporters of the crown, were each day put forward with more audacity, and each day resisted with more effect. The strange struggles between judges and juries in those days, were often struggles of the judge who presided at any of the political trials to preserve his own place, which depended on the decision. Pemberton,

one of the justices of the King's Bench, had been removed on some such occasion, and returned to practice in the outer bar. However, in a year or two after, he was made chief-justice in the room of Scroggs—a worthy of whom this book gives a pleasant account. But the agony of the Stuart dynasty was approaching; the great cause of the quo warranto against the city of London was to be tried; and Pemberton was felt not to be obsequious enough. His conduct on the trial of Lord Russell displeased the government. He was again removed, and walked the hall “as bare Mr. Serjeant.” He was succeeded by Chief-Justice Saunders.

“Saunders's character and his beginning were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar boy, if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness (in Clement's-Inn, as I remember), and courting the attorneys' clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attorneys got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a staircase; and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer, that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney-writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms, and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite enterprising clerk; and, by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then at large. And, after he was called to the bar, had practice, in the King's Bench court, equal with any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, ‘by his croggs,’ (such a humorous way of talking he affected) ‘none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back.’ He was a fetid mass, that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those, whose ill fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and, in summer-time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came upon him by continual sottishness; for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk, or piping at home; and that home was a tailor's house in Butcher-Row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse, or worse; by but, virtue of his money, of

which he made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family; and, being no changeling, he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him, to the last hour of his life.

“So much for his person and education. As for his parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and repartee, in an affected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss; and none came so near as he to be a match for Serjeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients, that, rather than fail, he would set the court hard with a trick; for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill usage from the bench was too hard, for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this, he had a goodness of nature and disposition in so great a degree, that he may be deservedly styled a philanthrope. He was a very Silenus to the boys, as, in this place, I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and why not, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And, for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow. I have seen him, for hours and half-hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar, with an audience of students over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

“It will be readily conceived that this man was never cut out to be a preacher, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon, or shield, to cover all his weak places and infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing, and perusal of

almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleadings thereon if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo warranto* against London. His lordship had no sort of conversation with him, but in the way of business, and at the bar; but once, after he was in the king's business, he dined with his lordship, and no more. And there he showed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsicord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect but figure, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be the chief-justice of the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business incessant, and, withal, crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He out-lived the judgment in the *quo warranto*; but was not present otherwise than by sending his opinion, by one of the judges, to be for the king, who, at the pronouncing, of the judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases."

We soon after find Jeffries chief-justice, and with a seat in the cabinet. On his appointment, we find the court assisting his influence by public marks of their consideration for him. It was contrived before his starting for the circuit, that the king, *on a Sunday morning, when the court was full*, should take notice of his good services, and in token of his majesty's gracious acceptance of them, give him a ring from his royal finger. This gave the chief-justice the reputation of being a favourite at court. These were the high days of the prerogative; and the great object of the crown was, to procure the surrender of their charters from such corporations as could be induced, on any pretence, to surrender them. Through the supposition of his influence at court, Jeffries succeeded in almost every instance, and his success in its turn increased his power with the

crown. We are concerned with him, however, at present only as a member of the cabinet of which Lord Guilford was one. The north of England was then, as now, the head-quarters of the Roman Catholic interest. Jeffries, as was expected, made havoc of the corporations, which "tumbled down" before him, and while doing so, required the under sheriffs and bailiffs to give him perfect lists of all persons, who on account of recusancy lay under commitment. On his return, Lord Guilford was led to expect some extraordinary movement at the next cabinet meeting. The meetings of the privy council were then usually held on Sunday evenings; and on the morning of the Sunday after Jeffries's return, the Duke of York spoke to Lord Guilford to attend that evening, "to be assistant to a business to be moved to his majesty." More than ordinary reserve sate on the countenances of such of the great men as he met that day; he felt that something important was impending, but what it was remained a mystery, till Jeffries rose up in the council. Presenting the rolls of recusants, he mentioned that the gaols were crowded with these unfortunate persons, and he prayed for them the royal pardon. North wisely felt that this pardon of all convictions would have irrevocably injured the king; that while the object of the Duke and his adherents was singly the protection of the Roman Catholics, the effect of the measure would be to promote the interest of the fanatics, the declared enemies of the king, to disgust his friends and disable them from appearing for him. North felt all these consequences, and he felt yet more his own position as keeper of the great seal. Though he alone opposed the measure, yet he alone would seem to others responsible for it. As the pardon must pass the great seal, and though he was no doubt bound to affix it, and could not disobey that, or any other command of the king, yet his party would have expected him rather to resign the seals than consent to a measure which they were likely to regard as so pernicious. He appears to have acted with good sense and prudence on this very difficult occasion. He sat for a while silent after Jeffries had concluded his speech, and had laid the rolls, containing the names of the recusants, on the table. He waited, expecting that Halifax, Rochester, or some other of the Lords in the Protestant interest would speak. They

were silent, and disposed to assent to Jeffries' proposition. He at last asked Jeffries whether the persons named in the rolls were in actual custody? The chief-justice hastily interposed, saying he did not imagine any one could suspect his meaning to be that all those were actual prisoners; for all the gaols in England would not hold them, but if they were not in prison, their case was little better, for they lay under sentence of commitment, and were subject to be taken up by every peevish sheriff or magistrate, and even their freedom from actual custody was purchased with the payment of heavy fees. On this the Lord Keeper turned to the King, and pointed out that more than half of the whole number of recusants were not Roman Catholics, but sectaries of all kinds and denominations, agreeing in nothing but enmity to the government in Church and State. What can this general pardon do but encourage them in their sedition? Is it not better that they should sustain this inconvenience, than have the power of becoming turbulent and troublesome, which the freedom from any penalty would assuredly make them? And as to the Roman Catholics, if there be any whom your Majesty wishes to pardon, let that pardon be particular and express, and not universally to set your enemies as well as your friends at ease, when after all the only inconvenience they sustain, is the payment of some small fees to officers, and these are more than compensated by their exemption from serving in chargeable offices. The Lord Keeper was heard with the same silence as Jeffries, and the matter was no further urged. That night North returned home full of melancholy, and it was sometime before any person near him knew the occasion of it; but he sometimes broke out into exclamations, "What can be the meaning?"—"Are they all stark mad?" In his almanack he wrote down, opposite the date of the day on which this motion was made, "*solus obstiti*." The readiness with which the matter was dropt, renders it not improbable that a suspicion which Lord Guilford entertained was well-founded, namely, that the whole was a device to get rid of him, and make Jeffries Lord Keeper. For, had he refused to affix the great seal to the pardons, he had deserved—such is his own language—to be removed by the king's just displeasure. If he had complied, then parliament had soon compelled his removal. He thought of

Lord Nottingham's conduct on the impeachment of Earl Danby. To an impeachment by the House of Commons, the Earl pleaded a pardon from the king. The Chancellor, when commanded by the king to affix the great seal to the instrument, had remonstrated, representing that it was contrary to law to pardon a subject under impeachment, and peremptorily refused compliance. The king, calling for the seals, affixed them himself to the pardon. He then returned the seals to the Chancellor, saying, "Take them, my Lord; I know not where to bestow them better." But a scene of this kind was little likely to be reacted, and little likely to have been successful in the case of a man whom "papist and fanatic"—to use his brother's words—"wished to remove out of the way." The appointment of Jeffries as Chancellor, on the death of Lord Guilford, gives additional probability to the conjecture. Lord Guilford expressed the greatest resentment at being deserted, as he called it, in this matter, by the other lords of the council, of whom not one, as he said, either led, or followed, or gave any countenance or support, in a cause that so much concerned the king's service. He now saw that he must henceforth rely on himself alone; that he had no friend in his cabinet. "*The rising sun*," saith the solemn and affectionate Roger, "*hath a charming effect, but not upon courtiers as upon larks; for it makes these sing, and the others silent.*"

We are far from agreeing with the estimate of Lord Guilford's character, which it was natural that his brother should have formed; but there is no doubt that he had the good of his country at heart. "As he saw that decline, he grieved; as he thought it gained a little, he rejoiced." When chief-justice of the common pleas, he did what he could for the improvement of that court; when lord keeper, he corrected many of the abuses of the chancery; and in the cabinet, had it been possible to avert the impending ruin of the house of Stuart, it could only be averted by such counsels as his. Charles encouraged him to converse freely with him, and had his reward in the entire confidence with which the lord keeper communicated to him his fears of the course of policy pursued. "Your Majesty's defensive weapons," said he, "are your guards—your only offensive weapons are the laws. Enemies are to be resisted by opposing force to force, but to be

punished only by law." If Guilford was disposed to strain the prerogative too high, it was after all the superstition of the law authorities, which it was the business of his life to examine; and with his views it is only subject of astonishment how opposed he was to assisting the Duke of York and his party in setting up arbitrary power. Resistance to the rightful power of the Crown tended—such was his conviction—to compel it to assume illegal power. The peace of society compelled the assertion of authority, and that authority, if not recognised by the laws, became by that very circumstance hostile to all laws and looked for security to nothing but actual force. These considerations made him at all times an enemy to the Republicans, as those who, by their encroachments on the crown, occasioned and justified its encroachments on the liberties of the people. "If the people," said he, "knew what would be the consequence of these men's having their wills, they would stone them, as they would mad dogs in the street." His doctrine, with respect to libels, seems almost the language of a century later. His great study was to lead all to cooperate with him "in the glorious work of bringing the king into the soundest measures of the English government, which were to rule wholly by law, and do nothing which by any reasonable construction might argue the contrary." In one respect he was singular; he had no objects of his own to promote, no boon to ask, no party to head, no means to sustain any interest at court. "He depended," says his brother, "on nothing but the character he bore, and his own personal qualifications." "Some," says Roger, "had the protection of the Duke of York, and the French ladies; others were of Lord Halifax's party, and some of Lord Rochester's; but in the midst of the court he was, alone." In spite of the Duke's party, North's influence over the king seems to have been increasing, and had Charles lived some months longer, it is not impossible that he might have acted upon North's views, and thus regained the confidence of the Church of England party. But the days of the Stuarts were numbered. The objects of that doomed family were such as could not be discussed with the nation. Charles's death occurred while North still held the seals, and during the short time he survived his master, though still a member of the cabinet, he was soon forced to feel that he

was entirely disregarded; even before this, Jeffries in every way he could thwarted him; and it is not surprising that Roger North—the brother of Lord Guilford, and at this time watching the accidents of preferment, should have been particular in recording the extent to which his patronage was interfered with. The Lord Keeper at the time had the nomination of the judges, and two instances are given of Jeffries's indecent interference. The one, for the purpose of obtaining the credit of an appointment in which he had no share; the other, to effect that of a very worthless person. The king, at Jeffries's solicitation, suggested to the Lord Keeper the name of Sergeant Wright.—"Why, may not he be the man?"—Lord Guilford, who knew his incompetence, and also some fraudulent conduct of his, answered, "that he knew him well, and was satisfied that he was the most unfit person in England to be made a judge." "Then," said the king, "it must not be." Wright, however, and Jeffries continued to solicit, and Guilford at last told the king that—

"He was bound to put the seal as he commanded, whatever the person was; for, of that, his majesty was to judge, and finally determine. He could but do his duty by informing his majesty of what he knew to be true; and particularly of this man, whom he personally knew to be a dunce, and no lawyer; not worth a groat, having spent his estate by debauched living; of no truth, nor honesty, but guilty of wilful perjury to gain the borrowing of a sum of money: and then he opened more at large the matter of the affidavit. "And now," said the lord keeper, "I have done my duty to your majesty, and am ready to obey your majesty's commands in case it be your pleasure that this man shall be a judge." "My lord," said the king, "I thank you;" and went away; and, soon after, the warrant came, and he was instated.

"I know," adds Roger North, that many will be apt to inquire how I came to know, so particularly, these court-dialogues, *tete à tete*, between the king and his minister. I can readily answer, by means lawful enough; as also for more, of like nature, in the course of this relation; and those, who observed my course of life and conversation, could make no doubt by what means. Some may also allege that I bring forward circumstances too minute, the greater part of which might be dropped, and the relation be more material, and being less incumbered, easier understood and

tained. I grant much of that to be true; but I fancy myself a picture-drawer, and aiming to give the same image to a spectator, as I have of the thing itself which I desire should here be represented. As, for instance, a tree, in the picture whereof, the leaves, and minor branches, are very small and confused, and give the artist more pain to describe, than the solid trunk and greater branches. But if these small things were left out, it would make but a sorry picture of a tree. History is, as it were, the portrait, or lineament, and not a bare index or catalogue of things done; and, without the how and the why, all history is jejune and unprofitable."

On the accession of James, Lord Guilford seems to have made his last struggle in the cabinet. In disposing of the patronage of the crown, he was for promoting those "who had themselves gone through the servile parts of the offices, and were gradually come up to the station of directing others as most likely to serve profitably, for none could understand the business better than they;" this was opposed to Rochester's views, who, with an oath, exclaimed, "Do you not think, my lord, I could understand any business in England in a month?" "Yes, my lord," answered the lord keeper, "but I believe you could understand it much better in two months," which ended the argument. Rochester however prevailed, and we believe, was right.

Lord Guilford's fatiguing duties were increased by the approaching coronation. He presided in the council to settle the formularies, and in the court of claims. Some of his decrees in Chancery were appealed from—were, as his brother says, "most brutishly and offensively arraigned; and defended by him with all the criticism and reason, as well as temper, that he could, by stress of thought, muster." His attendances at council were more often required, though every thing he recommended was little less than derided by Jeffries, Sunderland, and those whom Roger calls their accomplices. The arrears of Chancery business were, from this occupation of his time, each day accumulating; "all this," says his biographer, "was more than enough to oppress the soul of an honest cordial man, and I verily believe it did that to his lordship, which people mean when they say his heart is broke."—He sickened—a fever was apprehended, but kept off—Roger thinks, unwisely,—by medicine. "Had

the fever been allowed to run its course," says our authority, "there was at least a chance for his recovery." As it was he ventured out before he was well able; he attended the sittings of parliament, of the court of claims, and the coronation committee—did what he could in chancery, and walked at the coronation. "During these employments every one that saw him said he went about as a ghost, with the visage of death upon him, and a sunk spiritless countenance he had; and yet his strength of mind carried him through all, and his bearing the long fatigue of the coronation ceremony and walk was really a wonder, nor had it been strange if one with mortal wounds upon him, as he had, had dropped in the piazza." He wished to resign the seals, and went to Lord Rochester for the purpose; but, disregarded as Guilford was by the ministry, his name was felt to be of some value, and Rochester would not at the time part "with such a screen." He was permitted to retire with the seal to the country, having there the attendance of the officers of the seal—"a singular favour and royal condescension."

We wish that our limits allowed us to give some account of this show of lions travelling through the country. Astrop, or East Throp wells, near King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, the medicinal qualities of the waters of which had been advertised at the time, and which was near his own residence of Wroxton, was their place of destination. "The waters," it was hoped by the physicians, "would cleanse his blood, and restore his decayed spirits."

"After this sentence pronounced, we straight packed up our alls, and made as full a family of relations as we could to divert him. The family physician went with us, and he had his chests of medicines, as if we were going a voyage to the Indies. We, that rode in the coach with him, had a melancholy journey; for he was hopeless of life to continue long, and of any comfort while it did continue, and declared expressly that this was to be his last journey. There were pillows, and all contrivances that he might be easy. He complained of no inconvenience in the journey, by jogging and tossing, though he could not but feel a great deal; but his patience was extraordinary; and, as he had resolved beforehand, he made the same stages he formerly had been used to. We had a great rout attending, that belonging to

the seal, a six-clerk, under-clerks, wax-men, &c., who made a good hand of it, being allowed travelling charges out of the hanaper; and yet eat and drank in his lordship's house. I must own that, bating his lordship's illness, (which was bitterness with a witness,) I never was in a more agreeable family. For it was full as a city, and with persons of good value and conversation; all under the authority of one whom all revered; and, out of decency, as well as respect to him, not the least intemperance, or disorder of any sort, committed. And what crowned all, was, first, the chief table almost filled with the dearest of his lordship's relations, and the hopes that sometimes were afforded us in the country, of his lordship's recovery."

After a month or two passed at home, with few variations of hope, North dies. His executors and the officers of the seal set off the next morning for Windsor, where the king then was, and "the state equipage" being made ready for the executors themselves, they took the strong box in which the seal was kept, and that enclosed in a silk bag which was also sealed with his lordship's seal. "*Such a sacred thing*," says his biographer, "*is that pestiferous lump of metal*." The seal was put into the hands of Jeffries with the style of Lord High Chancellor of England.

Lord Guilford's brother describes his character as one in which malignity could discover no blot. He had to begin professional life in circumstances of great difficulty, and the economy which was absolutely necessary made him accused of covetousness; his virtuous life was felt in the profligate court of Charles a silent reproach to all around; of this a curious instance is recorded. His brother-in-law seriously advised him to keep a mistress, as, if he did not, he would lose all his interest at court, for he understood from Rochester, and Sunderland, that he was ill-looking upon for not doing so, as that seemed a libel upon them, and his adviser concluded by saying he would help him to one. North was amused with the advice, and when he had told it to his friends he intimated a suspicion that the object of the court might be, in this way, to have a spy upon him, "for," says Roger, "the courtiers knew the use that in politics might be made of the fair ladies, whom they could charm better than his lordship; and no spy like a female."

In the controversies between Lord Byron and Southey the story of his riding a rhinoceros is alluded to, and the solemnity with which his brother records it when it must have been forgotten by every body else, is an inducement for inserting it here:—

"To show that his lordship's court enemies, the Earl of Sunderland in particular, were hard put to it to find, or invent, something to report, tending to the diminution of his character, I shall give an account of the most impudent buffoon lie raised upon him, and with brazen affirmations of truth to it, dispersed from the court one morning, that ever came into fools' heads; and *Satan himself would not have owned it for his legitimate issue*. It fell out thus: a merchant, of Sir Dudley North's acquaintance, had brought over an enormous rhinoceros, to be sold to show-men for profit. It is a noble beast, wonderfully armed by nature for offence; but more for defence, being covered with impenetrable shields, which no weapon could make any impression upon; and a rarity so great, that few men, in our country, have, in their whole lives, opportunity to see so singular an animal. This merchant told Sir Dudley North, that if he, with a friend or two, had a mind to see it, they might take the opportunity at his house, before it was sold. Hereupon Sir Dudley North proposed to his brother, the lord keeper, to go with him upon this expedition; which he did, and came away exceedingly satisfied with the curiosity he had seen. But whether he was dogged, to find out where he and his brother housed in the city, or flying fame carried an account of the voyage to court, I know not; but it is certain that, the very next morning, a bruit went from thence all over the town, and (as factious reports use to run) in a very short time, viz. that his lordship rode upon the rhinoceros; than which a more infantine exploit could not have been fastened upon him. And most people were struck with amazement at it; and divers ran here and there to find out whether it was true or no. And soon after dinner, some lords and others came to his lordship to know the truth from himself; for the setters of the lie affirmed it positively, as of their own knowledge. That did not give his lordship much disturbance; for he expected no better from his adversaries. But that his friends, intelligent persons, who must know him to be far from guilty of any childish levity, should believe it, was what rolled him extremely; and much more, when they had the face

to come to him to know if it were true. I never saw him in such a rage, and to lay about him with affronts (which he keenly bestowed upon the minor courtiers that came on that errand) as then; for he sent them away with fleas in their ear. And he was seriously angry with his own brother Sir Dudley North, because he did not contradict the lie in sudden and direct terms, but laughed, as taking the question put to him for a banter, till, by iterations, he was brought to it. For some lords came, and because they seemed to attribute somewhat to the avowed positiveness of the reporters, he rather chose to send for his brother to attest, than to impose his bare denial. And so it passed; and the noble earl, with Jeffries, and others of that crew, made merry, and never blushed at the lie of their own making; but valued themselves upon it, as a very good jest."

Lord Guilford was not wholly undistinguished among the scientific men of his age; he published, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, a paper on "the Gravitation of Fluids in the Bladders of Fishes;" and suggested inquiries further pursued by Boyle and Ray. The barometer was through his means first brought into general use, and "a Philosophical Treatise on Music," written by him in 1677, is highly praised by Dr. Burney. "The *scheme* or table of pulses at the beginning," says Dr. Burney, "shewing the coincidence of vibrations in musical concords, is new, and conveys a clear idea to the eye of what the ratio of sounds, in numbers, only communicates to the intellect."

The passages, which are here quoted from this remarkable book, cannot but have the effect of leading many readers to the volume itself. We love it, as peopling the walls of our study with the quaint old faces and the costume of the lawyers of old times. Saunders and Finch and Jeffries, cease to be mere names. The picturesque style of Lord Guilford's biographer presents them to us as when they lived and spoke; and, if we feel some doubt as to whether we have sufficient evidence for placing Lord Guilford very high among the distinguished names of his profession, yet we can pardon the affection of his brother who so regarded him, and it is impossible not to recognize in him a man in all things honest,—a loyal servant to the crown, yet anxious for the liberties of the people; a judge remembered in the courts over which he presided by practical improvements; a man faithful to his friends and to his family, yet yielding to no temptations of self-interest; and—shall we not add as a circumstance that ought to render his memory dear to his country?—a man virtuous in a reign distinguished for profligacy and fanaticism—and, at a time when the Church of England was deserted and betrayed by the court, still faithful to the Church, as one who saw in her modest and unobtrusive formularies the best security for the preservation of true religion, and in the preservation of true religion the best—the only—security for rational liberty.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION.

In the year 1792, the Roman Catholic Committee sent a delegation to Mr. Pitt, of which Charles Butler informs his readers, Mr. John Keogh "was the soul." "Mr. Keogh," he says, "possessed a complete knowledge of the subject, uncommon strength of understanding, firmness of mind, and a solemn imposing manner, under an appearance of great humility, which obtained him an ascendancy over almost every person with whom he conversed. As an example of his manner, Mr. Butler relates the following anecdote:—

"On one occasion he," Mr. Keogh, "was introduced to the late Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. He was sur-

rounded by several persons of distinction, and received the delegates with great good humour, but some state; a long conference ensued, and the result was not favourable to the mission of Mr. Keogh. After a short silence, Mr. Keogh advanced towards Mr. Dundas, and mentioned to him that there was one thing which it was essential for him to know, but of which he had not the slightest conception. He observed to him that it was very extraordinary that a person of Mr. Dundas's high situation, and one of his humble lot (he was a tradesman in Dublin,) should be in the same room; but since it had so happened, and probably would not happen again, he wished to avail himself of the opportunity

of making the important disclosure, but could not, however, think of doing it without Mr. Dundas's express permission, and his promise not to be offended. Mr. Dundas gave him this permission and promise. Still Mr. Keogh was all humility and apology, and Mr. Dundas all condescension. After this had continued for some time, and the expectation of every one present was wound up to its highest pitch, Mr. Keogh approached Mr. Dundas, in a very humble attitude, and said, 'Since you give me this permission, and your deliberate promise not to be offended, I beg leave to repeat, that there is one thing which you ought to know, and which you don't suspect—you, Mr. Dundas, know nothing of Ireland.' Mr. Dundas, as may be supposed, was greatly surprised, but with perfect good humour, told Mr. Keogh that he believed this was not the case. It was true that he had never been in Ireland, but he had conversed with many Irishmen. 'I have drunk,' he said, 'many a good bottle of wine with Lord Hillsborough, Lord Clare, and the Beresfords.' 'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Keogh, 'I believe you have, and that you drank many a good bottle of wine with them, before you went to war with America.'

Of the gentleman who so condescendingly admonished a British minister that he was incompetent to the duties of his office, we know, at this day, something more than was known when Mr. Butler wrote his character. Passages in his life, upon which the memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone have shed a light, were then in obscurity. According to the representations of Butler, Mr. John Keogh was a citizen, ardent in the pursuit of liberty, but steadfast in his loyal attachment to the laws and institutions of his country; energetic in his endeavours to procure for himself and his Roman Catholic brethren, the privileges of British subjects, and at the same time resolute, that, in their efforts to obtain the desired emancipation, the affections and duties of British subjects should be remembered. Wolfe Tone gives the true, and a far different, representation. According to him, John Keogh was a conspirator, who suffered no scruple of conscience, and little prudential calculation, to effect his choice of the means by which his designs were to be accomplished. He held traitorous correspondence with republican and regicide France; he promoted disaffection and disorder in Ireland; and he made smooth speeches and false promises, and hollow profes-

sions to the government and legislature he had sworn to defend and obey, and was labouring to undermine and overturn. Such was the real Mr. John Keogh, who, during his long and prosperous negotiation with British statesmen, had, perhaps, never communicated a single article of correct intelligence, except that which, at his audience of leave from the Home Secretary, he condescended to bestow upon him—that he "knew nothing of Ireland."

Lord Melville, or, as he was then, Mr. Dundas, was not the only British statesman to whom the implied encomium, and the actual rebuke of Mr. Keogh, might with much propriety have been addressed. Indeed, it might be endorsed on the policy pursued by many eminent men towards Ireland, and towards all other departments of the British empire. Elsewhere we can discern unambiguous manifestations of wisdom, and of an inflexible resolution, that the great principles of equity shall be asserted and maintained. In the affairs of Ireland, we are frequently at a loss to determine, whether the policy we condemn is more to be censured because of its injustice, or for its inexpediency. Mr. Keogh has supplied the explanation of this anomaly. British statesmen have conducted the business of their country well, and to a prosperous issue, when they were acquainted with the interests confided to their charge; "knowing nothing," or worse than nothing, "of Ireland," they have assisted to render our country what it is.

The ignorance which has had so unhappy consequences, is not inexplicable, nor is it so discreditable as, under other circumstances, it might be accounted. The scope and character of Irish history and politics serve to explain it.

To even a cursory observer it will appear that Ireland is, or rather was, to be regarded in two points of view, and that accordingly its history should be two-fold also. Two nations, it might be said, were struggling within it; and if the fortunes and purposes of both were not faithfully recorded, the condition of the country *must* be inadequately, and would *probably* be dangerously, represented. It is necessary only to review the standard works on Irish history, to be convinced, that the representations given were of this partial and most objectionable character. The colony was mistaken for the coun-

try. The contentions and jealousies which divided British settlers, or disturbed their settlement—debates in the legislature, dissensions and discords, which swelled out into tumult or war—were carefully noted and recorded; but the passions, and prejudices, and purposes of that portion of the people which constituted the bulk, and, to a great extent, the physical force of the population of Ireland, were but little thought of or inquired after. Indeed, were it allowable, in so grave a matter, to adopt a facetious comparison, one would be disposed to ascribe to Irish history the office which Mr. Curran assigned to his antagonist's second, when he desired him "to chalk out the dimensions of his figure on the body of Egan, and to let every bullet which struck outside the lines count for nothing." Thus the historians of Ireland acted. They traced the map of the colony on the country:—whatsoever affected directly the interests circumscribed was observed and faithfully recorded; but of the accidents and incidents, and processes which took place beyond, they had little thought or apprehension.

Hence it came to pass, that strangers might know very little of Ireland, although they had learned all that was written concerning it. In the light of history it was seen as the moon in its first quarter. The colony was illu-

minated, and the outlines of the enclosed disc defined. Prominences here and there, which were exalted high enough to meet the slant light had become discernible; but the vallies and plains of the far greater portion of its surface—the places where perhaps life, and thought, and passion are busiest—were left in obscurity, or were abandoned to conjecture and romance.

It is because we think that the vice of former times has not been, even at this late hour, corrected, and because we regard the unenlightened passages in the national fortunes, as spots upon which it was especially desirable to have had light reflected, that we have resolved to devote some pages of our Magazine to the "By-ways of Irish History." We would willingly confine the application of our chart to the occurrences of the day that is passing over us. We are impressed with a very serious sense of their surpassing interest and importance, and feel that, in comparison with incidents which at this moment demand our attention, and with the apprehension of still more momentous events which a month may bring forth, the occurrences of former years can have little power to arrest us; yet, at the same time, we feel, that to render the present intelligible, the past must be consulted, and, therefore, our opening chapters shall be retrospective.

CHAPTER I.—THE PENAL LAWS.

"Was there any thing in the conduct of the Roman Catholics, in your opinion, during the reign of the Stuarts, that justified the English Parliament in passing the Penal Laws against them?"

"Yes. I think at that time the connection of the Roman Catholics with the Stuarts was such as justified, and even made it necessary, for the English government to pass some penal laws against the Catholics, such as excluding them from offices of trust, and perhaps even from the councils of the Sovereign; but I think that the necessity which existed, and which certainly would justify, perhaps demand of the government to pass certain restrictive laws against the Roman Catholics, could not justify them in passing the very harsh and unnatural laws which abounded in the penal code."

"Inasmuch as that conduct was hostile to the principle of the constitution of England, and civil liberty, are you of opinion that they were in that degree justifiable?"

"I do think they were justifiable; nay, that it was their duty to pass restrictive laws against the Catholics, considering the political principles of the Catholics at that period."

Report of Commons Committee, 1825, p. 218, Right Rev. J. Doyle, D.D.

THE testimony of the Right Rev. Prelate, as cited above, is valuable for the truth it confesses, and the more valuable, because the well-known character and opinions of the witness place it beyond suspicion. Laws by which Roman Catholics should be excluded from offices of trust and power, were not only justified but demanded by their conduct and their principles. Their attachment to the house of Stuart, their hostility to the constitution of England, and to the principles of civil liberty, rendered it necessary that they should be subjected to dis-

abilities and restraints. There is a little ambiguity about the phrase, "at that time," leaving it somewhat uncertain whether the connection which is censured with the Stuarts was that which prevailed when Charles or James the Second were upon the throne of England, (it cannot be supposed that the condemned relation was the allegiance rendered and due to Queen Anne,) or when they, in exile, exercised indirect but effectual influence over British and Irish Roman Catholics. The distinction, however, is rather apparent than real. The

Right Rev. witness alleges the disaffection and intolerance of the members of his church, as sufficient to justify civil disabilities *at the time when the penal laws were passed*. We wish it were in the power of advocates or victims of Romanism, at this day, to justify the repeal of the disabling statutes, on the ground, that the necessity which required the enactment of them had passed away.

The dissenters in Ireland, who voted in favor of the penal law passed in the third year of Queen Anne, were influenced either by an overpowering sense of insecurity and danger, or by that malignant spirit in which the envious man consented to lose his right eye, that he might condemn his companion to the misery of total blindness. Whigs in Ireland framed a bill for the oppression of Roman Catholics; the Tory party in England hoped to render it unpalatable, by inflicting its penalties on Dissenters also:—the failure of their stratagem, and the pass-

ing of the bill in the enlarged comprehensiveness of its proscriptions, argues either very strong and sincere apprehensions of danger from the Roman Catholic population, or a passion to persecute and oppress, which may, deservedly, be termed fiendish. To which of these principles the penal laws should be ascribed can be learned from the circumstances in which they were enacted.

Upon the death of James II. in the year 1701, the Prince his son was recognised King of England, by the courts of France and Spain, as well as by the Pope; and, as a natural consequence, an oath, abjuring the Pretender, was imposed on persons holding offices and benefices, &c. &c. in England. In the year 1702, it was enacted that the abjuration should be made in Ireland also, "which seemed," as Tyndal observes, "the more reasonable, considering the strength of the Popish interest there."

* The following is a tolerably correct account of the plot and counter-plot on the part of Tories, desirous of preventing the passing of Penal Laws by a stratagem, and of Whigs resolved upon their enactment:—

"So violent was the tide of anti-Catholic prejudice at this period in Ireland, that the British cabinet feared to oppose the severity they condemned. The Queen was at this time in alliance with the Emperor, and upon the strength of it had interceded with him for certain indulgencies on behalf of his Protestant subjects. It appeared, therefore, an ill-judged moment to increase the persecution of her own subjects, who were not Protestants. Her ministers feared the party which had proposed the measure, in which were many dissenters of great political influence. They resorted, in the true spirit of Stuart policy, to the following expedient. They superadded to the bill, already surcharged with cruelty, a clause by which all persons in Ireland were rendered incapable of any employment under the Crown, or of being magistrates in any city, who should not, agreeably to the English Test Act, receive the sacrament according to the usage of the Church of Ireland. To this, it was presumed the Dissenters would not have submitted; and so the bill would be lost. The base experiment failed, and the unintended severity fell both upon the Protestant Dissenters and the Catholics—not because they merited punishment, but because a timid and insincere ministry preferred duplicity and deceit to candour and manliness. The bill, thus loaded with the intemperate rigour which the British cabinet had heaped upon it for preventing its passing, went through both houses without opposition from a single member in any stage of its progress."—*Plowden's History of Ireland*, vol. II. pp. 36, 37.

So far, Mr. Plowden. He, and indeed most Roman Catholic writers of this part of our history, cited the authority of Burnett, in confirmation of their narratives. They all, however, omit his eulogy on the Irish Parliament.

"Yet upon this occasion the Irish Parliament proceeded with great caution and wisdom. They reckoned that the act, so far as it related to Papists, would have a certain and great effect for their common security; and that, when it was once passed, it would never be repealed; whereas, if great inconveniences did arise upon this new clause, it would be an easier thing to obtain a repeal of it in a subsequent Parliament, either of England or Ireland. So the act was passed, and those who thought they had managed the matter with a master-piece of cunning, were outwitted by an Irish Parliament."—*Burnett's History of his Own Time*, p. 715, vol. V.

The approbation of such a writer, and of so wise and moderate a man as Burnett, is a testimony in the matter of the Penal Laws which ought not to be omitted or disregarded.

The Roman Catholics in Ireland were influenced to decline affording the required assurance. Of their conduct Doctor Phelan has given the following most important representation :—

“ On the accession of Queen Anne it was thought that a favourable opportunity presented itself for binding the Roman Catholics more firmly to the government. The rival sovereigns were now dead; the queen was a branch of the old family, and it was naturally expected that she would have issue; hence the government conceived a hope that a strict pledge of allegiance might be obtained from the Roman Catholics. But the pope was consulted as usual, and he, without pronouncing that the intended oath was absolutely unlawful, recommended that it should not be taken. He urged that it was better to leave things as they were. He promised that, if penalties were enacted in consequence of their refusal, he would take care, by his influence with the other sovereigns of Europe, and, through their intercession with the court of England, that such penalties should not be enforced; and, therefore, his wish was, that the oath should be rejected. Unhappily, the Roman Catholics obeyed, and the penal laws were passed.

“ On what authority do you state this transaction? I find it in a work of Doctor Burk, titular bishop of Ossory, in the last century, entitled *Hibernia Dominicana*.”*

The oath which the Roman Catholics of Ireland, under these circumstances, refused to swear, was not exclusively offered to them, but was proposed as a seasonable engagement to be taken by British and Irish sub-

jects of every denomination. James III. had been acknowledged king by continental states of great power and influence, as well as by the Pope. It was natural, therefore, to seek such assurance of attachment or fidelity to the reigning sovereign as an abjuration of the Pretender could afford; it was natural also, to look with suspicion on all who, without very satisfactory reasons, refused to give the security thus reasonably demanded of them.

The Irish legislature had other grounds of alarm. It appears that expectations were prevalent of the accession of the pretender to the throne of England, and that the usual contrivances of outrage and sedition had been resorted to, in order to prepare and provide the Roman Catholics for the part which they were to act in the endeavour to exalt him. The means employed to seduce the people from their allegiance drew attention from the legislature. A book, recently published, entitled *Memoirs of the late King James* was voted seditious by the Irish House of Commons, and, in the debates which it occasioned, representations were made of the dangers to which loyal subjects were exposed, *especially in the county Limerick, where the disaffected were forming themselves into bodies, and had begun to plunder Protestants of money and arms*. It was also affirmed that they held traitorous correspondence with Jacobites in England, “ and were not without hopes of restoring the pretended Prince of Wales.”†

Such were the circumstances under which the penal laws were enacted in Ireland. Seditious publications were

* The refusal of the Roman Catholics to give an assurance of their loyalty, required of them under such circumstances, has been carefully concealed by one party, and, even since it was made known by Dr. Phelan, too little adverted to by another. The circumstances under which that lamented individual made the valuable communication were such as rendered it still more important. It is well known that when he was under examination before the parliamentary committees, the patrons of the Church of Rome watched, with a most keen and unfriendly vigilance, every act and expression of the illustrious witness; there is the strongest reason to believe, that *before the report of his evidence was printed for the use of the committees, it was submitted to the scrutiny of Roman Catholic divines*—it is notorious that where a hope could be entertained of offering a plausible contradiction to his statements (a hope most miserably disappointed) an attempt to rebut his testimony was hazarded; it is, therefore, remarkable, that no endeavour was made to explain away his citation of the *Hibernia Dominicana*.

Mr. Plowden seems to have some knowledge of the transaction of which Dr. Phelan has given an account. He thus, it may appear, misrepresents it. “ It was still fresh in their minds that the severe laws of Queen Anne were said to have been passed against them, as a punishment for their having neglected to address her on her coming to the throne.”—*History from Invasion to Union, volume II. p. 87.*

† Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

introducing into the minds of Roman Catholics, or confirming there, a spirit of disaffection to the sovereign; the Protestants, in the rural districts of Ireland, were kept in a state of continual alarm by the outrages through which their adversaries were providing themselves with arms and money; an exiled claimant to the British throne was acknowledged as the rightful King of England by the great continental states; and, at the command of the pope, (who joined in such an acknowledgment) the Irish Roman Catholics refused to render their pledges of fealty to the Queen unequivocal, by abjuring all allegiance to the pretender. Amidst the difficulties and dangers of a state of things like this, even if the testimony of Doctor Doyle had been less clear and decisive than it is, no impartial person would hesitate to declare, that the government and legislature of Ireland were bound to adopt strong measures of precaution and restraint in order that the state should receive no detriment.

The severity of the statutes enacted has been strongly condemned, but it should be remembered that they were

no more than a very mitigated copy of laws under which Protestants, on the continent, were suffering the most cruel hardships;—laws passed in violation of the most solemn pledges, by a tyrant of ungovernable passions and sullen bigotry and great power, at the hands of whose delegate in Ireland, if his efforts in favor of the pretender should prove successful, all who would not surrender their will to the despot, and their reason and conscience to the bigot, could hope for neither mercy nor justice.

It should be remembered also that the intolerance and cruelty of the Church of Rome, as made manifest in the persecution of Protestants in France—the perfidious revocation of the edict of Nantes—the sanguinary excesses of the dragonades—the brutal licentiousness of all emissaries of Romanism, more terrible to their victims, than the evils of death, or flight, or famine, were known in England and Ireland; and had not been learned through the uncoloured and unaffecting representations of general detail. Fugitives, many and virtuous, whom Popish intolerance drove forth from their homes,* and who had succeeded

* The very names of some of the most respectable and honoured families in Ireland remind us of the channels through which knowledge of the cruelties and frauds of Romanism in France, must have reached the hearts of Irish Protestants. Men who were sufferers for their faith, flying from the most ruthless persecution, were received with open arms in Ireland. If their religion and their distresses recommended them, their industry and knowledge established their claims to public favour. The effect of their representations can hardly be exaggerated; their presence was a strong testimony to the truth of their statements. The monarch who had broken faith with, and outraged humanity in his persecution of them, was the patron of a pretender to the British throne whom four-fifths of the people of Ireland regarded as their lawful sovereign. The short reign of James II. had sufficiently awakened Protestant alarm; but when crowds of sufferers, flying for their lives, sought a refuge in Ireland, showing by their industry and arts what Romanism would sacrifice rather than tolerate freedom of opinion, and by their recitals exhibiting the crimes by which an intolerant church would uphold its despotism, it is difficult to imagine the excesses to which men, remembering the cruelties of James, threatened with aggravated oppression, and surrounded by multitudes thirsting for their lives and their lands, might not have been stimulated.

To show the nature of the representatives by which Protestants in Great Britain and Ireland were disturbed at this period, we subjoin a few extracts from Dr. Kenney's most valuable work, "Facts and Documents," &c. &c.

Afterward, Jurien, referring to the number of persons who persisted in enduring the torments of the galleys, rather than abandon their religion, quotes on the subject the evidence of a Roman Catholic, a sea-officer at Marseilles. "Monsieur Lewis of Marseilles," he adds, "the famous advocate, arrived at Marseilles with a chain of fifty pounds weight round his neck, and in a violent fever. He is a confessor of Jesus Christ, whom all Paris beheld at the Tournello laden with chains of an extraordinary weight, but still declaring the Gospel in the midst of his irona. The same sea-officer," who was before referred to, "wrote from Marseilles, that it was then fifteen days since Monsieur Lezan, a gentleman of quality, was condemned to the galleys, because he was accused and convicted of *having been at a meeting*. The day after, many persons were put to the rack, to oblige them to accuse some men of name. These unhappy wretches endured both the ordinary and extraordi-

in escaping the intense vigilance with which hate and bigotry guard their captives, had found a shelter in Protestant England. From their *characters*, the people of these countries learned what were the qualities which Popery held as crimes, and from their recitals they learned the frauds and cruelties to which Romanism would resort in order to avenge itself on human virtue. Was it wonderful that the indignation and abhorrence awakened by such (and so authenticated) narratives, cooperating with the alarm excited by disclosures, not the less menacing because they were partial, of principles held, and conduct pursued by Roman Catholics abiding within the British dominions, and traitorously corresponding with France, should have vented itself in the enactment of statutes, imitating, at a very remote distance, the example which Romanism in France had exhibited.

We do not fear that we shall be ac-

cused of partiality towards the contrivers of the penal laws, because of having offered the above observations in their defence. We have little more respect for the Irish Whigs of the last century than for those who are now assisting in the destruction of their country. We can discern in the policy by which that party has been always governed, enough to protect us against the inconsistency of defending them against a merited censure; but we are not to be stimulated, by the recollection that they were Whigs, into invective against the memory of those who kept Ireland tranquil during the first half of the last century. We are not to be turned aside from offering in justification of the penal laws, or in excuse for them, such arguments as the circumstances of the times suggest, because Whigs have an exclusive title to be accounted their authors. "It was not, and is not, however, our purpose to defend the memory of the No

nary rack, with such constancy, as affrighted the judges, and softened the spirit of the executioner, so that the chief magistrate was obliged to stand over him with a cane to force him to turn the wheel. Behold here matters of fact which cannot be doubted; attested by a person of a contrary religion, who is in the country, and in the place where these cruelties are committed. Behold confessors who make it evident that the Church of Rome does not find it so *facile*, as the Bishop of Meaux reports it, to enslave the reformed to enter into their communion."

The following extract is from a work of M. Bion, a Roman Catholic priest, who was influenced by the cruelties of the church and government, and the faithful endurance of Protestants, to renounce the creed of Rome, and who sought an asylum in England.

"I shall," he says, "according to thy promise, give an account of the general bastinado, at which I was present, and it was not the least instrument of my conversion.

"In the year 1708 several Protestants out of Languedoc, and the Cevennes, were put on board our galley. They were narrowly watched and observed, and I was exceedingly surprised on Sunday morning, after saying mass on the *bancaffe*" (a table so placed that all in the galley may see the priest when he elevates the host) "to hear the *comite*" (an officer similar to a boatswain of a ship) "say that he was going to give the *Augonots* the bastinado, because they did not kneel or shew respect to the mysteries of the mass, and that he was proceeding to acquaint the captain therewith: The very name of *bastinado* terrified me; and, though I had never seen this dreadful execution, I begged the *comite* to forbear till the next Sunday, and said that in the meantime I would endeavour to convince them of what I then thought their duty and my own. Accordingly, I tried all the methods I could possibly think of for that purpose; sometimes making use of fair means, giving them victuals, and doing them good offices; sometimes using threats, and representing the torments that were designed for them; and often urging the king's command, and quoting the passage of St. Paul, that he who *resists the higher power resists God*. I had not at that time a design to oblige them to do anything against their consciences; and I confess that what I did proceeded from a motive of pity and tenderness. This was the cause of my zeal, which would have been more fatal to them had not God endued them with sufficient resolution and virtue to bear up against my arguments, and the terrible execution which they had in view. I could not but admire the modesty of their answers, and the greatness of their courage; 'the king,' said they, 'is indeed the master of our bodies, but not of our consciences.'

"At last, the dreadful day being come, the *comite* narrowly observed them, to see the fruit of my labours; there were only two out of twenty that bowed the knee to Baal; the rest generously refused it, and were according, by the captain's command,

Popery Whigs; our design is simply to be annalists, not advocates; to describe a system of government, not to attempt its vindication.

The history of the penal laws is briefly this; the conduct and princi-

ples of Roman Catholics in Ireland rendered them necessary, and Romanism in France furnished the model after which, (with considerable mitigation, however,) they were fashioned.

CHAP. II.—PENAL LAWS—THEIR EFFECTS.

"If I am asked what became of my ancestors during this still and stagnant interval, I feel somewhat at a loss how to answer, being aware that in acknowledging them to have been as great and well-behaved as an American bear in his winter quarters, I give a triumph to those ages, both of church and state, who consider penal laws to be the only true sedative of the Rock spirit.

"But I will go farther, and grant that the penal system, as then organized, *was* most eminently calculated to ensure tranquillity; and that a people in the state described by Swift, must have been as tame and harmless as the petrified population of that city described in the fables of the east.

"There are but two ways, in short, of keeping down the Rock family; either by restoring the penal code to its full, original perfection, or by abolishing, in spirit as well as in deed, all the odious remains of it. The former of these modes our rulers cannot adopt, and the latter, I know, they will not.—*Memoirs of Captain Rock.*

Mr. Moore's judgment respecting the penal laws appears to be very different from that prefixed to our former chapter, the opinion expressed by Doctor Doyle. According to the Right Rev. witness, the principles, and the predilections, and the conduct of the Roman Catholics rendered it necessary that some restric-

tions, in the form of exclusion from places of trust and power, should be imposed upon them; but no such danger existed as to justify, on the plea of necessity, a system resembling that of the Whig penal statutes. In Mr. Moore's opinion, no medium should have been adopted between the absolute despotism under which Irish Ro-

served in the manner following. In order to the execution every man's chains were taken off, and they were put successively into the hands of four Turks, who stripped them stark naked, and stretched them upon the *coursier*" (a great gun near the stern of the galley, which carried a six-and-thirty pound ball); "there they are so held that they cannot so much as stir, during which time there is a horrid silence throughout the whole galley; and it is altogether so cruel a scene that the most profligate, obdurate wretches cannot bear to dwell upon the sight, but are often obliged to turn away their eyes. The victim being thus prepared, the Turk, chosen to be the executioner, with a long cudgel or knotty rope's end, unmercifully beats the poor wretch, and that the more willingly because he thinks it acceptable to his prophet Mahomet. But the most barbarous of all is, that after the skin is flayed off from their bodies, the only balsam applied to their wounds is a mixture of vinegar and salt; after this they are thrown into the *hospital* already described. I went thither after the execution, and could not refrain from tears at the sight of so much barbarity; they perceived it, and, though scarcely able to speak through weakness and pain, they thanked me for the compassion I expressed, and for the kindness I had always shewn to them. I went with a design to administer some comfort to them, and was glad to find them less moved than I was myself. It was truly wonderful to see with what patience and Christian constancy they bore their torments, in the midst of their pains never expressing any thing like rage, but calling upon Almighty God, and imploring His assistance. I visited them day by day, and as often as I did my conscience upbraided me for persisting so long in a religion whose capital errors I had before perceived, but above all, which inspired so much cruelty, a temper directly opposite to the spirit of Christianity. At last their wounds, like so many mouths preaching to me, made me sensible of my error, and experimentally taught me the excellence of the Protestant religion.

"But it is time to conclude and draw a curtain over this horrid scene which presents none but ghastly sights, and transactions full of barbarity, but which all shew how false it is what they *now pretend* in France for detaining the Protestants in the galleys; viz. that they do not suffer there on a religious account, but are condemned for rebellion and disobedience. The punishments inflicted on them when they refuse to adore the host—the rewards and advantages offered on their compliance in that particular, are a sufficient argument against the above pretence, there being no such offers made to those who are condemned for crimes. It shews the world also the almost incredible barbarity practised against the French Protestants, and at the same time sets forth, in a manner the most honourable, their virtue, their constancy, and zeal for their holy religion."—*Facts and Documents illustrative of the History of the Period immediately preceding the Accession of Wm. III.*

man Catholics were oppressed, and that perfect freedom and equality of which they have had an opportunity, in these latter days, to prove themselves deserving. Perhaps a compromise may be effected between the contradictory opinions. There is one point on which they are decidedly opposed—another in which there may be discovered a species of agreement. Doctor Doyle affirms that *some* restriction was necessary—that the penal laws *were not*. Mr. Moore asserts that either the penal laws *were* necessary, or that *no* restriction should have been imposed. Here the opposition ends; the agreement in opinion between the bishop and the bard may be inferred from the confession of the one that a penal code was required, and the acknowledgment of the other that *the* penal code was effectual.

The interval between the revolution and the accession of George III. is memorable for a tranquillity unexampled in the annals of Ireland. It would be rash, however, to argue, from the absence of historical notices of crime and disorder, that the country was really at rest. The difficulty of communication between places even moderately distant, occasioned by the want or the badness of roads—the great deficiency and imperfections of the public press—the absence of order and method among settlers placed in circumstances new and strange to them—will serve to explain why many things, very important to have had recorded, have sunk into oblivion. In truth, the real history of the greater

part of Ireland, during a considerable portion of the last century, might be comprised in the “Lives of the Rogues and Rapparees,”* who disguised their real occupation under habits of desultory plunder, and who, while they were successful in suppressing evidence, and reducing magistrates to inactivity, and keeping the scattered gentry “on the sharp,” graduated their exploits and enterprises so judiciously as not to cause a serious alarm to the government, or to acquire for themselves a lasting reputation in their country’s history. Perhaps the state of Ireland, during this period, might be described as one in which, while there was much individual alarm and disquiet, there was no interruption of the public tranquillity; the “penal laws” protecting the national affairs from serious let or molestation,—the principles and dispositions, which demanded the restraint of such laws, occasioning domestic trouble and insecurity.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that although there was not a single member of the Irish House of Commons who offered opposition to the great penal enactment, the 3rd of Queen Anne;† and although the bill was presented to the Lord Lieutenant with demonstrations of unusual earnestness and solemnity,‡ there were, yet, so many resignations of their seats by members unwilling to be concerned in carrying the measure, as to call for a prohibition from the House against so inconvenient a practice.§ Mr. Plowden offers as an explanation of

* “It was a little before the period of the revolution that an important branch of my family first rose into notice, under the name of Rapparees or Tories; but, as a full account of these heroes has been given in an interesting work called the History of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees, it is unnecessary for me here to enter into any particulars about them, except just to remark that one of their appellations, *tories*, has been since transferred to an equally valuable class of his Majesty’s subjects who have done as much mischief at the head of affairs, as the others have at the tail.”—*Memoirs of Captain Rock*.

The facetious chronicler might have added that the name, too, has been transposed, and that the Whigs of recent days do what was the Tory work at the time of the revolution.

† Plowden’s History of Ireland, vol. II. p. 35.

‡ “They passed an act to prevent the growth of popery; and, to make it the more solemn, the speaker, attended by the House of Commons, presented a bill, on the 23rd of November, to the Lord Lieutenant, and made a speech on the occasion, to the following effect—that they looked on this bill to be of such importance to their future well-being, that they begged leave to attend his grace in a body with it, and not send it, as in cases of less weight is usual, by particular members.”—Continuation of Rabin by Tindall.

§ “Some members of the Commons affected to clear themselves of responsibility, by resigning their seats to others of a more pliant disposition. Resignations on this score became so frequent, that the house came to a resolution that the excusing of members at their own request from the service of the house, and thereupon issuing

this rare phenomenon, (for resignations are not often found in clusters,) the conjecture, that the meditated bill was unacceptable, because of its injustice; and that many who could not endure the odium of opposing what they knew to be popular, would not commit the crime of supporting what they felt to be unjust. This, no doubt, is possible, but it is probable, also, that the desire of members of parliament to relinquish their seats may have been influenced by other motives. The earnestness with which the invidious measure was promoted, the self-control with which many members governed themselves to endure severe and humiliating restrictions, in order that at the same time they might see Roman Catholics to some extent divested of power to do harm; the remarkable circumstance that the penal enactment did not encounter opposition from a single individual,—all this would suggest a far different interpretation for the conduct of the retiring members, and would lead to a natural suspicion, that those who strove to avert a dreaded law by bribes in England were not sparing of threats to effect the same object in Ireland; and that intimidation and insecurity, rather than a repugnance to commit the injustice of supporting, or to incur the unpopularity of opposing a bill of which they disapproved, had caused scrupulous and timid members to withdraw from their duty.

To suppose that intimidation was resorted to for the purpose of influencing votes in parliament is only to

suppose that a device by no means unusual was adopted in a case which seemed to demand the strongest measures. At this day, instances of a similar character are numerous, and, in earlier times, they were by no means rare. According to Primate Boulter, magistrates were, in very many cases, deterred from enforcing the popery laws; is it unlikely that the device had been often and more generally resorted to? In the following expression, as well as in the letter from which it is extracted, his grace gives unequivocal testimony of the hazard at which any obnoxious duty was discharged in Ireland. The letter is addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, dated 1731, recommending to his grace an amendment of an act the 7th of King William, for the more effectual disarming of *papists*, leaving with the government the power of discriminating between them and well affected *Roman Catholics*, and licensing the latter to bear arms.

"And," he writes, "I can assure your grace that the papists in the country, before the defects of this act were discovered, were so formidable, that scarce any magistrates durst put any of the laws against regulars, &c. &c. in execution, for fear of being murdered, or having his house fired in the night. And if our present bill miscarries, they will grow much more formidable and insolent; nor have the papists scrupled often giving threats against every magistrate that was more active on any occasion than his neighbours."

As they do now, so did they then.*

out new writs to elect other members to serve in their places, was of dangerous consequence, and tended to the subversion of the constitution of parliament. And it was afterwards resolved unanimously 'that it might be the standing order of the house, that no new writs for electing members of parliament in place of members excusing themselves from the service of the house, do issue at the desire of such members, notwithstanding any former precedents to the contrary.'—*Flowerden, vol. II. p. 36.*

* In the following recital of outrage and menace, one can almost forget the lapse of time, and think he is reading a last year's occurrence—a mitigated representation indeed. "There is a clergyman, a man of worth, one Mr. Horner, a native of Switzerland, recommended hither by his Grace of Canterbury, to whom Lord Carteret gave the rectory of Clane in the diocese of Kildare; he has been very ill treated, and is made very uneasy there by a papist gentleman to whom the greatest part of that parish belongs; and as he is a stranger, is but ill supported by the neighbouring Protestants; he has had his stack of fuel fired in the night, and I think part of his house burnt down by it, and is daily threatened to be served so again."—*Boulter's Letters, vol. II. p. 42.*

This is a characteristic and instructive incident. The Protestant clergyman is to be persecuted to the death, because he is a stranger and unsupported by the neighbouring Protestants. Caliban's entreaty was, "beat him, master, and soon I shall beat him myself." The primate solicits the parish of Clane for another clergyman who was not, perhaps, a stranger, while he advances Mr. Horner to some benefice in which it may be presumed the chief proprietor was not a Roman Catholic. How clearly all shows the inefficiency of law to correct the ill effects of Protestant disunion; and the readiness with which enemies to the church take advantage of circumstances favorable to their purpose of wreaking vengeance upon it.

The state of the country may be with some degree of accuracy understood from the many acts of parliament passed during the reign of William III. for the punishment of rapparees and tories, and the prevention of their outrages. Fines adequate to give compensation for the pecuniary injuries sustained at their hands are to be levied from the districts in which the crimes have been committed; and the Romish or Protestant inhabitants are to pay the penalty according as the "Tory" offender was of the one or the other persuasion. Irish disorder has its cycles; and in like manner as the feuds of Defenders and Peep-o-day-boys in later years commenced in local rivalries, and became matured into religious animosity, we find the "Tories" of the reign of William III. comprehending Protestants as well as Roman Catholics within their borders; and, in the course of a few years, so directing their assaults upon Protestant property and arms, as to awaken suspicion that a popish insurrection was at hand.

There can be little doubt that the British government would have accounted it a very bad service, to have these manifestations of insecurity exhibited to the Jacobites of Scotland and England. It was, evidently, the obvious policy, to affect composure and confidence in the administration of Irish affairs, and by no means to give magnitude or publicity to circumstances which created only individual or local disquietude. We should look in vain therefore for ample reports of provincial alarms during the days in which the House of Stuart was formidable; but yet we have some notices of disquiet too striking and too well confirmed to allow of their being disregarded.

Bishop Berkeley is no mean authority upon any subject on which he writes. The following brief extracts from his correspondence exhibit a picture of the state of Protestants and Roman Catholics of which even at this moment, from features not to be mistaken, we can recognise the fidelity.

"1745, we have been alarmed with a report that a great body of rapparees is up in the county of Kilkenny: these are looked on by some as the forerunners of an insurrection. In opposition to this, our militia have been arrayed, *that is, sworn*: but, alas! we want not oaths, but muskets. I have bought all I could get, and provided horses and arms for

four-and-twenty of the Protestants of Cloyne; which, with a few more that can furnish themselves, make up a troop of thirty horse. This seemed necessary to keep off rogues in these doubtful times, &c."

Upon another occasion, this prelate, alike distinguished for the qualities which adorn as well as elevate human character, for his study of divine truth, his knowledge of human affairs, of man and of men, thus writes:—

"1744, I was very glad of this opportunity to put a little spirit into our drooping Protestants of Cloyne, who have, of late, conceived no small fears on seeing themselves in such a defenceless condition among so great a number of papists elated with the fame of these new enterprises in their favor." (There were rumours of a meditated invasion.) "It is indeed," he continues, "terrible to reflect, that we have neither arms nor militia in a province where the papists are eight to one, and have an earlier intelligence than we have of what passes, by what means I know not; but the fact is certainly true."

The rapid communication of intelligence among the peasantry of Ireland, is a mystery of which there is many a remembrancer in the history of our rustic disturbances, and more ambitious insurrections. A circumstance, which, in the endeavour to find a solution for the question which Bishop Berkeley's uncertainty suggests, ought not to be disregarded, was the encouragement given by the British government to the practice of recruiting in Ireland for the armies of France and Spain. A word on this matter will not be unseasonable.

It requires little discernment to apprehend that the penal laws had a tendency to produce, in the minds of Irish Roman Catholics, by necessary and direct operation, an estrangement from agricultural pursuits, and an indisposition to remain in their country. They became keepers of cattle, instead of tillers of the land, and thus became interested to promote, which they did successfully, though indirectly, that assault upon the church, the agistment spoliation, so very criminal in its character, as well as disastrous in its consequences. Of this, it is not our present purpose to discourse; we turn to the other effect. The penal laws influenced many in Ireland to hold lightly by the ties of country, and to desire removal to some foreign land. Of this disposition, continental powers took

advantage. Recruiting officers for the armies of France and Spain took up their abode in Ireland, and provided soldiers for the armies which were so often arrayed against the forces of Great Britain. The British government secretly favoured their designs. Ministers may have argued that it was better that France and Spain should take disaffected Irish into their pay, than, without any drain on a treasury not over rich, employ them, as a species of "Chouannerrie," in their service. To detain the Irish at home was to maintain discontented and rebellious subjects, in the place where they could prove most mischievous; to encourage their emigration, although into foreign and hostile armies, was to provide that they should become burdensome as well as serviceable to the sovereign who must maintain them. In short, war was a matter of pecuniary calculation. The army of a hostile power was commensurate with the disbursements of its treasury; and whether they were Irish or French who received pay, mattered little; but if an enemy, independently of forces in the field, large as its treasury was able to sustain, could also avail itself of the honorary services of a host of unpaid traitors in Ireland, the chances in the game of war were no longer equal. Therefore, it was better to encourage the Irish malcontents to serve France for hire, than to whet their animosity against England, and to benefit France, by detaining and giving them employment as her army of unpaid traitors. This reasoning has not, we believe, been ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole, who favoured the foreign recruiting, but it is not altogether absurd to impute it to him.

In Boulter's Letters, there are many notices of the practice, and some strong remonstrances against it. A single extract is as much as we can afford, and as much as we think the case requires.

* "*And I must beg leave to hint to your grace, that all recruits raised here for France or Spain, are generally considered as persons that may sometime or other pay a visit to this country as enemies. That all who are listed here, in those services,*

hope and wish to do so, there is no doubt."

It is said that Boulter's remonstrances prevailed on Sir Robert Walpole to recall a permission he had given in error, what he acknowledged to be. He did not, however, succeed, in thus checking the evil practice. Foreign recruiting was continued the more dangerously, because clandestinely. The agents engaged in it, kept, as it were, intelligence offices, at which everything injurious to the arms of England, and favourable to the cause of the Pretender, could be learned; and it is a matter of ready and reasonable conjecture, that, surrounded with rumors of hostile purposes, and with the recruits for hostile armies, although the public peace may have been preserved, Protestants must have been kept in continual alarm.

Upon the whole, it may be said, that, whatever was the utility of the penal code, as a mode or instrument of government, it had not the effect of relieving Protestants, individually, from apprehension or from danger. In what, then, is its success apparent? In a long-continued and unexampled public tranquillity. The Protestant gentry in Ireland may have been encompassed with perils and asperities, but the Protestant government of England, while steadying itself amid the uncertainties and shocks by which a new dynasty was assaulted and tried, could not number Irish tumult amid the adverse elements it had to encounter. What was the effect of the penal laws? They provoked hostile feelings, and frequent aggression against the Protestants who administered them; and they protected the house of Hanover against the danger of conspiracy and rebellion. They relieved legislation from embarrassment, but created difficulties with which law seemed inadequate to contend. Without their interposition, the cabals, which sought to restore the Stuarts to the British throne, would have had far more likelihood of success; and England would have had its full share of the dissension and disorder, which (through their agency, it is said,) have been rendered endemic in Ireland.

* Letter to Duke of Newcastle, Oct. 14th, 1730.

THE GOVERNMENT PACIFICATORS FOR JULY—THE PRESS AND THE POLICE.

"In the country, their adherents are dishonestly active in sowing the seeds of religious intolerance and national discord."—*Lord John Russell.*

WE have taken our motto from the address of Lord John Russell to the electors of Stroud. We believe, with him, that efforts were industriously made, within the past month, to inflame national discord and religious intolerance; we believe them also to have been made dishonestly; and we are not altogether without a hope, that, for some of them at least, the noble Lord and his adherents may be called to account, in the next session of parliament.

We confine ourselves to matters which have come under our own observation, the stimulants which have been administered in Ireland; provocatives to party discord,—incentives to deadly strife between Protestants and Roman Catholics—temptations to Protestants to commit excesses against the law;—and, if aptitude or adaptation argue design, we do not hesitate to affirm, that the late July shall be held memorable, for efforts of unparalleled wickedness, to convulse the country. From the bottom of our hearts we thank God that the flagitious and inhuman endeavours have proved abortive. Protestants and Roman Catholics have not been exasperated into the imbruing their hands in each other's blood.—The month has closed in peace—peace throughout all the land—peace every where, except in the tormented hearts whose abominable purposes have been defeated. We are truly thankful that the enterprise of the wicked has failed, and have no worse wish toward them, than that they may be reclaimed to more humane and Christian dispositions.

The month has closed in peace. It was passed, at least the former portion of it, in trouble and in danger. By whose devices? By the endeavours of those who were "dishonestly active in sowing the seeds of religious intolerance and national discord." By the partizans and functionaries of the existing Irish government. Upon them, and therefore, indirectly, on their patrons or clients, we charge, (whether of set design, or of unpardonable indiscretion, we do not pronounce,) conduct

calculated to inspire hatred of their Protestant brethren into the hearts of Roman Catholics, and to provoke insulted Protestants into turbulence and crime. We proceed with our proofs. Those which we select shall be few, and simple, and cogent.

The night of June 28, was disturbed in the county of Monaghan, by demonstrations more than ordinarily alarming. Fires, in honor of the dawn of Saint Peter's day, were kindled in various directions at midnight, and violent shouting and frequent discharges of musketry caused among all the peaceable inhabitants of the country, disquiet and apprehension. Parties of police patrolled the country—one patrol fell in with a body of men decorated with green hat-bands and scarfs, and made some prisoners;—but the fatal incident of the night was the violent death of two boys who were shot, while standing before a bonfire.* This was, one would have thought, mournful enough; but there is a spirit awake in Ireland, of a malignity which simple affliction cannot propitiate. The dupe who has been taught that it is a fine thing to defraud his creditor, and die in a prison, bequeaths his corse to the dishonest uses of the party by whom his soul had been defiled—the heartless incendiaries who have lured an unthinking wretch to violence and a guilty death, use his fate to gain other tools by parading "the martyr's funeral;" and the cruel artifice was not forgotten, when the calamitous incident of the 28th robbed a broken-hearted father of his children; and offered to any, who were wicked and false enough to use it, an opportunity of more extended evil.

The opportunity was not lost. An apt communication was made, in due season, to the editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*; and on the morning of July 4, the streets of the metropolis were placarded, and in the evening a column of the *Post* was headed with an inscription in capitals—

"HORRIBLE ORANGE MASSACRE—
MURDER OF CHILDREN."

The article which follows after this very unequivocal announcement, re-

* See *Newry Telegraph.*

peats the same gross charge ; but, it is remarkable, does not adduce a single ground of presumption in its favor ; nay, admits that *no clue has yet been reached, which may lead to the discovery of the murderer.* This peculiarity is not so foolish as it may, at first sight, appear. A false statement may be contradicted ; an uncharitable and impudent assumption can only be scorned ; and the confident announcement of it may have weight with those upon whom passion, rather than reason, works conviction.*

In another column of the same day's *Post*, and seemingly by another hand, a menace is inscribed of no trivial character. Alluding to the calamity of the popish bonfires of June 28, and to the harmless display of fires lighted by some Protestants on July 1, the following expressions are employed.

"All these combined insults and wrongs must naturally excite feelings which cannot be described, and which, if repeated we fear," (*fear ?*) "cannot possibly long receive mere verbal revenge."

That is to say, if life be taken from

another Roman Catholic in the district where those poor youths recently met their deaths, and if a base and scurrile tongue charge a Protestant with the murder, all who cannot answer to the Ribbon signals, should prepare themselves for flight or battle. The Irish need not to be instructed in the eccentric atrocities of the French revolution, in order to put this lesson to its proper use. In the meantime, while they are making ready for massacre, they may be practising false witness. The assizes of Longford, and Cork, and Carlow, will teach them what to avoid. Many a case of triumphant perjury has taught them, has made them deplorably expert in, what they are to do.

The *Evening Post* of the 6th July returns to its work.—For the purpose of supplying new evidence that its charge was well-formed ? or to establish its truth by new arguments ? No such thing. It assumes the office of a censor, and pours forth a torrent of vituperative eloquence upon the editor of the *Morning Register*, because, Roman Catholic as he is, he had been naïve

* It will hardly be believed, that, in a country, wherein murders have been committed by Roman Catholics on Roman Catholics, with a frequency, and for considerations at which humanity shudders—where, in one county, in the space of two years, more than six hundred homicides were perpetrated, and where an assassin has taken a stranger's life for a price amounting to less than the wages of one day's labour, a charge like that of the *Evening Post* would be hazarded without some colour of evidence. We therefore subjoin the paragraph from the accusing journal, with the anonymous communication which furnished occasion for it, and content ourselves with quoting, from an old writer, a passage, the truth of which, when applied to the falsehood which provokes to hatred and strife, no man will dispute, that, "the practice of lying is a diabolical exercise, and they that use it are the devil's children."

"HORRIBLE ORANGE MASSACRE—MURDER OF CHILDREN !"

"The following heart-rending communication reached us this morning from a correspondent at Castleblaney, upon whose perfect accuracy the fullest reliance may be placed. Even in the annals of Orange butcheries in Ireland, it would be difficult to find a parallel for this most revolting and cold-blooded murder of innocent and unfending children. It is not a month since the Duke of Cumberland—thank Heaven, he is now, in truth, a Hanoverian—had the hardihood to assert that the Orange system was at an end in Ireland ! The lodges were never more completely organised than at present ; and we have here most lamentable proof that never, at any former period, were they more ready or determined to imbrue their hands in the blood of the people. Truly may it be said, that the peace of Ireland, and the safety of life and property, depend upon the continuance of a government which is determined to vindicate the laws against the blood-hounds. Let the moderate and sensible Conservatives peruse the facts here disclosed, and ask themselves can they conscientiously continue to countenance a faction capable of perpetrating such atrocities—such terrible violations of the laws of God and man, as are here recorded :—

"*Castleblaney, July 3.*—One of the most dreadful and unprovoked massacres on record, even amongst savage tribes, was perpetrated about four or five miles from this town on the night of Wednesday, the 28th ult. It has been an immemorial custom in this part of the country to light bonfires on the eve of St. Peter. On that night, before twelve o'clock, several children, about twelve in number, were quietly seated around a fire they had lighted on the side of the mountain of Mollyash, parish of Muckno, county of Monaghan, when three shots were fired at them—two reports as if together, the third immediately followed. Two of the boys, Michael and Peter Devine, were killed on the spot, by balls passing through their heads. Francis and

enough to intimate an unwillingness to condemn Protestants or Orangemen, unless some proof were adduced to justify the charge preferred against them. Such fastidiousness does not suit the times, and thus the *Post* rebukes it:—

"Oh!" cries the *Register*, in its abundant charity, "there is an absence of all positive proof to that effect. To what effect man? Oh, to the effect that the murderers were orangemen. To be sure there is no positive proof, inasmuch as the murderers are not yet identified. But then, we are not talking of legal proofs, but of vehement probabilities, amounting in our minds, to a thorough conviction, namely, that these dastardly villains were really the members of an orange gang."

And here follows the ground of this conviction—

"It," the *Register*, "should ask itself and its readers, by whom, on the presumption, that the murder was not committed by orangemen—by whom was it committed? It surely was not committed by the popish neighbours of poor De-

vine. They could have no object in embroiling their hands in innocent blood. But indeed they have no fire-arms. They had no muskets, registered or unregistered, in their possession. They are not affiliated; there is no organization amongst them; no lodges, no motive to murder their neighbour's children."

The reader may doubt the correctness of this extract. Let him take up the *Evening Post* of July 6, and be convinced that it is faithful. The argument which brings home to Protestants the guilt of a crime only inferior to the burning of the family of the Sheas, or Scullabogue barn, or Wildgoose lodge, is this—Roman Catholics are unarmed and unorganised—therefore, Protestants perpetrated the late inhuman atrocity.

But why do we weary our readers with this extravagant accusation and the absurdity of the reasoning by which it is recommended? Because we believe the *Dublin Evening Post* to be the favored organ of the Irish government; and because we think it

Patrick Devine were wounded—the latter, it is feared, mortally. Two of those unhappy children were under ten years old! On the following day Captain Roberts, provincial inspector; Captain M'Leod, stipendiary magistrate, and William Hamilton, Esq. a magistrate of Monaghan, attended at the scene of this horrible slaughter, and commenced a diligent inquiry into the circumstances. *It appeared in evidence, that between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the children were seated round the fire, laughing and talking, a party of armed men appeared about one hundred yards above them on the hill. Shortly after, three shots were fired in the direction of the children, two of whom were shot dead, and two others were dangerously—I fear mortally—wounded.* These four children were brothers, and were seated on the side of the fire next the Orange party. They were the sons of Francis Devine, a small farmer holding thirty acres of land on Mollyash, within sight of the spot where the slaughter was committed. This family of Devines are Roman Catholics—quiet, inoffensive, industrious people, as they were described by some Protestant gentlemen of the neighbourhood who attended the inquiry; but nothing could save them from the fury of the Orange party, who are now more violent than ever. *It is quite clear—indeed no one pretends to doubt the fact—that this cruel, premeditated, and cold-blooded murder of innocent children, was perpetrated by a party of Orangemen.*

"The magistrates examined several witnesses, but not the slightest clue to the murderers has yet been discovered. Two men, named Donaldson and M'Cullagh, have been detained in custody for further examination, but only on suspicion. Donaldson is the master of an Orange lodge. On a search of his house, two stand of arms, unregistered, together with the stock and lock of another, and a dagger, were found.

"I have good reason to know that the magistrates, as well as the police authorities, concur in opinion that these murders were the result of the strong party feeling existing amongst Orangemen.

"I visited the house of the bereaved parents on the day after the massacre. Two of the children were lying dead in one bed, another was suffering dreadful torture in a bed adjoining, and the broken-hearted father was a spectacle of hopeless misery. The scene was the most miserable one I ever witnessed. 'The Orangemen, (said the old man) have butchered my poor little children, I wish they had murdered me instead; but I leave them to the judgment of Heaven!'

"An inquest was held on Friday by the coroner, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' was returned.

"I have heard that another of the children has since died. The government have offered a reward of £200."

right that calumnious aspersions of which the natural consequence *must* be an exasperation of religious animosity, *may, very probably, be* perjury and murder, should be made (in consequence of the authority with which they are invested) the subject of more than a passing attention and enquiry. We remember when a motion was made, in the late parliament, in the House of Lords, for returns of crime, in which the religious profession of the convicts should be stated; and we shall not soon forget the virtuous indignation with which her Majesty's ministers rejected a proposal which breathed, as they would represent it, of religious bigotry and party spirit; and we remember, too, how sundry sound conservatives supported ministers, and protested against the making what they considered invidious distinctions between subjects of the same empire. We ask of such, and of all rational men, to reflect on the course which the instruments of the Irish government are upheld in pursuing, and to say whether they will continue to connive at it?

What happens in parliament? Grant me, cries a noble lord, returns which shall state the religious creed of convicts. No, no, say the ministers; it would be invidious, and would excite sectarian acrimony to do so. What occurs in Ireland? A homicide which, if murder, was murder most foul and unnatural, is committed—a murder of a kind to set the hearts of the most sordid, and the most obdurate, and the meekest on fire—one of those crimes for which we feel almost disposed to pray that God's devouring vengeance should be visited—one of those crimes,

accordingly, which imposes restraint, commensurate to the indignation it awakens, and compels every virtuous man, even if he have reasonable suspicions of the perpetrator, to guard them carefully, lest they may cause the innocent to suffer wrong. But what is the conduct of the organ of our Irish government? The crime is perpetrated by a party consisting, it is said, of six men; and, without assigning any ground whatever for suspicion, rendering it more conspicuous, by that grave burlesque on every thing rational which we have quoted, that there was no good ground of suspicion to assign, the press of the Queen's government in Ireland holds up a signal at which the exasperated passions of a people quick to anger, and merciless in their rage, may be precipitated upon any or all of thousands, and tens of thousands of the best and most loyal of her Majesty's subjects. Whose "adherents," good Lord John Russell, are they who "dishonestly excite religious acrimony in the country?" Shall not this question be proposed to the noble lord, and to his partners in the upper house of parliament?

But we must proceed with our task, premising merely, that Mr. O'Connell did not allow the opportunity of a murder, committed in a county where Protestants are numerous, to pass, without the observations which were to be expected from him.* We turn from the partizanship of the opposition and the press, and address ourselves to a matter in which the Irish government was, if not more directly, more obviously inculpated.

*Mr. O'Connell's unscrupulous inculpation of the principles of Orangemen upon a recent occasion, had the effect of producing from the editor of the *Standard* a piece of intelligence in itself of great moment, and which throws much light on the system of calumny which has kept Ireland in soreness and danger. The passage, which the *Standard* quotes from Mr. O'Connell's paper, the *Pilot*, is as follows:—

"We have the ministry with us. (Hear, hear.) Hurra then for the ministry. (Loud and continued cheering.) We have got Lord Mulgrave with us; (cheers) and we have the Queen with us. (Protracted cheers.) The Orangemen used to boast of their loyalty. They used to call us the disaffected and rebels. In their teeth, the vagabonds, I fling the term disaffected and rebels. (Cheers.) Who are the rebels, now, I would ask? *If it were convenient to poison the Queen, she would get her gruel before to-morrow morning.*"

On this passage the *Standard* of July 13, comments in the following terms:

"Justice is due, even to Mr. O'Connell, and in justice to him we are bound to admit, that the execrable suggestion, which we have printed in italic letters, is not a direct revelation to the member for Kilkenny—from the devil, although he is entitled to all the praise of having adopted it, *con amore*. Mr. O'Connell has received the hint at second-hand from his infernal prompter. It first appeared on earth from an infamous French journal, the *National*, which, about three weeks ago, drew up, in

The 12th of July was at hand; military demonstrations must take the place of the exploded Orange processions. When we say that, *notwithstanding* these displays, the July sun went down in peace—we do not use the jargon of party or faction. Again we repeat, that we do not accuse the government of a desire to have blood shed; but we *do* affirm that the arrangements which were made with the professed object of maintaining the law and conserving peace seemed marvellously ill-assorted for such a purpose. A single instance will sufficiently illustrate this truth.

Mr. David Duff was chief constable in the town of Dungannon, in the year 1830, and was instructed by the Irish government to prevent any violation of the law, or breach of the peace on the great anniversaries in July. Agreeably to long established custom, an arch, composed of Orange lilies, was suspended on one of those days, in the great thoroughfare of the town. Mr. Duff naturally, and, we will not presume to deny, wisely, desired to have this arch removed. The parties who had woven it, naturally, though not perhaps with equal wisdom, insisted that it should remain. Mr. Duff said he would cut it down, and threatened that the forces at his command should fire on any who dared to resist him. The patrons of the "Arch" replied, and their looks and words accorded, that they would shoot him if he dared to injure their property. Mr. Duff was not a magistrate, and, in the zeal to discharge his duty, he happily remembered that his powers were limited. He attended, accordingly, a meeting of magistrates, conservative and liberal, held in Northland House,

Earl Ranfurly, we believe, presiding, and requested of them permission just to have the artillery ordered out from Charlemont Fort, to have a gun stationed, so as to command the odious arch and the street it desecrated; and, if necessary, "to make a lane" through the multitude by which the town was crowded; if they would grant him authority to commit this waste of life, he promised that the arch should come down. The magistrates demurred. They had no power to destroy the arch; *it was not prohibited by law*. They were unwilling to obtain an illegal success by an act of massacre, and thought that the glory of prevailing against a few headstrong youths would be too dearly purchased by a promiscuous slaughter of the inhabitants of their town. Accordingly, Mr. Duff was refused permission to storm Dungannon.

The incident we have narrated here does not rest for its evidence on weak or questionable testimony. Mr. Duff is not one of those who hide their merits under their modesty; the measure he proposed to the assembled magistrates in Dungannon he deliberately avowed before a committee of the House of Commons. We subjoin his acknowledgment.

"Did you hear that that individual said that he would have a gun at the end of the street, and make a lane through the crowd?"

"I did not hear it, BUT I MYSELF RECOMMENDED IT TO THE MAGISTRATES, &c."

"Did not the crowd consist of men, women and children? *It consisted of all sorts*. I do not know whether there were women and children about the crowd, but there were in the houses and

the Italian taste, a scheme for the regulation of our succession. *The young Queen was to be poisoned—the murder was to be traced to the King of Hanover, who was, upon this ingenious hypothesis, and upon this hypothesis very properly, to be declared incapable of succeeding to the crown. An illustrious person, whom the National does not scruple to name, as the contriver of the whole scheme of villainy, was then to avail himself of the opportunity to ascend the throne.*"

We are told of engagements entered into during the progress of the French revolution, of one fanatic consenting to throw away his life, and another to take it, for the purpose of rendering a hostile faction odious. Is it uncharitable to suppose that murder would be committed in Ireland with a view to follow out against the Protestants there, the treacherous device elsewhere suggested and exposed, for the ruin of the King of Hanover? Let it be remembered, that the charge for an advertisement in the *Evening Post* is higher than the price of a murder. Is it uncharitable to suppose, that in the working of a system which makes calamity an occasion for venting falsehoods which instigate to crime, less subtle villains will perpetrate the murders which are to be charged upon their adversaries? The halls of anatomy and dissection furnished occupation for Burke and Bishop. Who can say what instances of Burking may had for their end, to furnish subjects for the *Evening Post*.

in the streets."—*Commons Committee on Orange Lodges.*

This was frank and bold. All that is necessary to vindicate Mr. Duff's title to the most exalted recompense, is to show that he was capable of inducing the Orangemen to put up the arch which he aspired to the glory of laying prostrate, and of secretly encouraging them to make the resistance which he would suppress by a general massacre. We dare not and cannot say that this was his conduct. We cannot ascribe to the gentleman so indisputable a title to distinction; but we will not conceal, to his detriment, such of his professions as make the closest approach to it, and come perhaps near enough to justify a powerful party in desiring to see him promoted. Mr. Duff was asked before the Committee on Orange Lodges,

"Was there any hostility between Roman Catholics and Protestants on religious grounds?" He answered, "Not that I am aware of."

"Did any one, to your knowledge, tell the Protestants that they were betrayed by the Roman Catholics? I do not recollect; it might have been."

"Did you yourself say so? I MIGHT HAVE SAID SO."

Is it unreasonable to infer from this answer, that Mr. Duff avowed himself to be a person *capable of doing what he confessed "he might have done"*—that is, of endeavouring to create the hostility, which he did not find existing, between Protestants and their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. Thus, then, according to the testimony of Mr. Duff himself, he is capable of seeking to inflame the passions of men whose indiscretions he would punish by a park of artillery not served with "patent discriminating gunpowder."

After having, by this evidence,

advertised, we do not say designedly, his qualifications, Mr. Duff was promoted to an appointment in Cavan, where he came into collision with the Rev. Dr. Martin. The activities for which he became distinguished in that county, and Dr. Martin's effectual exposure of them, are too well known to require any other notice than that they seem to have procured for Mr. Duff, from the government, a reproof and a promotion. He was appointed a stipendiary magistrate!! and was stationed in Tipperary.

We return now to the 12th of July. After the *Dublin Evening Post* had done its work in marking out Protestants as objects of hatred, and Mr. O'Connell had exerted himself on the same subject, and to the same purpose, and the government proclamation had gone forth requiring magistrates to enforce the law; on the vigil of the anniversary of the Boyne, the inclement functionary, Mr. Duff, (*ουλος αυτης*) who was supposed to be banquetting two hundred miles away, among the "blameless Ethiopians" of Burrisoleagh, reappeared upon the Dungannon horizon. What he did in Dungannon we do not concern ourselves to relate, because the period of his authority was bloodless, and because we can most sincerely affirm that we desire to him no ill whatever; our feelings of disapproval towards the individual of whom we write, being altogether lost in indignation and abhorrence of the government which could select such an instrument to discharge such a duty. In the year 1830, the resolution of seven magistrates interposed between the town of Dungannon and the destructive purposes of Mr. Duff. In 1837 he goes with a commission to supersede the authority which had before controlled him, and has the

* In the course of his examination Mr. Duff gave another proof of his fitness to discharge the duties of a magistrate, by showing that his administration of law should be characterized at least by "indifference."

"Are you aware that that was previous to the act against processions?" "*I do not understand the acts, and I have not the order with me now, but I was ordered to take down all party and triumphal badges, and, in obedience to that order, I said, gentlemen, there is my order, and that I will go through with.*"

To have all knowledge of law discharged from the understanding, and to be resolved to slay every man who does not yield, no matter how just and legal his resistance may be, appears rather soldierly than magisterial, as furnishing matter of qualification. It does not seem that ignorance of the laws should be accepted as among the recommendations of one who is to administer them. The blind beggar's boast was not irrational, that when he wanted to sleep he had not the trouble of winking; but, except the cobbler in the Forty Thieves, and certain votaries of the confessional, we know of no man who has blindfolded himself in order to find his way,

town surrendered to his discretion. When we have added that, in addition to the magistrates of Dungannon and its neighbourhood, there is a stipendiary, the head of the Ulster police, a highly respectable gentleman, (although a liberal, and of Lord Mulgrave's selection,) resident in that town, we think our case may be considered as closed, and our conclusion established, that there was no necessity for sending an additional paid magistrate to Dungannon on the 12th of July, and that, if such a necessity had existed, of all the stipendiaries in Ireland, the last who should have been chosen and sent, was Mr. David Duff.

But this conclusion reaches only to the *fact*, that the Irish government was in the wrong; could it have benefitted by the wrong—its own wrong? Yes; it could have derived a base benefit from the sanguinary harangues of its organ, the *Post*, if they had taken effect; and from the appearance of Duff, armed with authority, in the streets of Dungannon, if the Protestants of that town and neighbourhood had suffered themselves to be exasperated by his presence. If the invectives of the *Post* had had a malignant influence on the minds of the parents or friends of the youths who lost their lives at the bonfires in June, and they had made perjury minister to a wild passion for revenge, and Protestants were exhibited as the murderers of children, would not that fraud tell on elections in England? Or, if a more compendious procedure of vengeance were adopted, and Protestants, forced to fight or to be slain, had defended themselves, to their assailants sore hurt, and if caterers for the *Evening Post* supplied the false version of the disaster, would not that fraud tell on elections in England? Above all, if the Protestants of Dungannon could have been influenced to shew their disapprobation of Mr. Duff, by violating the law, even in the minutest tittle, and giving him the opportunity of which, when he had incurred their thorough disesteem, in a former year, he had not power to take advantage, how would the plausible, and

perhaps just reprehension of the rash and refractory victims tell on elections in England? In time the truth would be known, but not until the mischief had been suffered. We can remember well the injury done to the Conservative cause by calamities less grievous than those which might have rendered the past month fatally memorable; and we feel that, in congratulating one another on our escape from the snares of death which had been spread for us, we have a two-fold cause of thanksgiving—because the peace of the land has not been broken—and because calumny has been disappointed by Protestant principle and moderation.

One word, and we have done. We have always disapproved of the timidity or the forbearance of our Conservatives in Parliament, as exhibited with respect to those outrages through which, in systematic attempts to resist the law, lives have been lost. The power given into their hands to overcome their enemies, becomes, because they shrink back from it, a battery which bold adversaries point against themselves. Because the real homicides at Rathcormick were not prosecuted, and the real contrivers of the harm faithfully exposed, those whose base artifices made parents childless, and children orphans, on that black day, rung through the land, in all varied tones of tenderness and threatening, the cries of the widow over her pale son, and her imprecations against the laws which made her desolate. We have blamed the Conservatives that they did not adopt the proper and the sure mode of putting the lying lips to silence and shame; and we feel that they will merit further censure, if they do not, when opportunity is afforded them in the ensuing session of Parliament,* expose faithfully the artifices from which Irish Protestants have recently been delivered, and compel her majesty's ministers to separate their cause, if they can, from the cause of those who have been in Ireland "dishonestly active in sowing the seeds of religious intolerance and national discord."

* Why should they not be instructed by Mr. O'Connell, who proposes actually to make the melancholy deaths at Castleblaney, the main subject of an address to the Queen? Conservatives should feel shame and degradation when they hear this and remember the martyrs and the murders of the last five years, and their own supineness.

GORDON'S POEMS.*

THE literary world has been for some years lamenting the scarcity of poetry. Some of our critical brethren have even gone so far as to predict that this delightful art will soon be left without a worshipper: that men have grown too wise any longer to waste their energies on a pursuit so unsubstantial in itself, and so ill repaying the trouble required. We confess that we ourselves were somewhat inclined to the same opinion. We even thought we could discover in what manner the faculties and powers, exerted by a former generation in this department, were employed by the present. We believed we could trace the imaginative temperament still "giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," still colouring all things with hues not their own, and discovering even in the commonest and meanest object something to admire and be charmed with. How else, indeed, can we account for the opinions of those, who fancy grievances which have never existed, set aside the realities of experience for the chimerical projects of theorists, and impute purity to the disciples of Peter Dens—love of freedom to the threatener of cross-bones and coffins? The truth is, that the same love of fiction continues, but it is exerted in a different direction: the view is still through a medium that deceives, but the objects of it are altered. He, who of old would have been engaged in the task of writing "sonnets on his mistress's eye-brow," "sighing like furnace" at her cruelty, and making vows of eternal attachment, (the eternity, however, generally being of three weeks' duration,) now discourses with equal sincerity of devotedness to his country and unconquerable zeal for his interests (unconquerable no doubt, so long as her interests and his are identical). He, who of old, would have been from soured temper or mortified vanity a scribbler of lampoons, now struts his little hour as a march-of-intellect man, one of the small vulgar and vulgar small, unable to see merit or excellence in anything—but himself: sneers at the church and the aristocracy, sickens you with the *crambe repetita* of Tom Paine and Co., libels every honest man he has any dealings with, and then,

should he meet with one who will not allow him to do so with impunity, makes an apology as abject, as his calumny was false. We need not remind our readers of that exquisite specimen of the Paliuodia (or full and complete recantation of what, in polite language, is termed a mistake) exhibited lately by the ex-member for the Queen's County,—the now immortal and illustrious Pat Lalor. Neither is it necessary for us to offer any specimens—while the Corn-Exchange parliament is sitting—of maudlin sentiment and verbiage without meaning, that would not disgrace a disciple of the Della Cruscan school.

Such being our view of the state of affairs, we of course had no hope that poetry could rival politics, or win back to their allegiance her rebellious subjects from the scenes of brawling and faction—from aggregate meetings or anti-tithe assemblies. When lo! to disappoint our fears and our predictions—not one poet, but a school of poets—a school original in its view, its method, its versification, and (though not in its subjects) in the motives for choosing them.

"First Bloxham like the star of even
Comes leading on the host of heaven."

And while we are yet entranced in wonder at the appearance of this resplendent luminary above the horizon, behold another and another yet—undoubted forerunners of a new constellation. He was, as he announced himself, the first to tread "that sapphire path to fowl unknown," and after his great success in the adventurous journey, it is not wonderful that others essay it—the new Columbus

"to explore
Seas yet untrodden and an unknown shore."

And he has been followed by rival adventurers in search of its treasures. In plain words, then, our poetic readers cannot but feel peculiarly delighted to find the malevolent anticipations of snarling critics disappointed, and that there are still those who—as one of them has of his own poems with a happy union of alliteration and modesty—"sing a song in solitude to a season."

By what title the professors in the

* Poems by M. Gordon, A.M. London, Painter. 1836.

new school dignify it, we are not aware, and shall therefore take the liberty of naming it, the Bloxham School, from an author, whose writings have attained a celebrity not greater than their merits, and who has given, in his preface to that inimitable production the new *Paradise Regained*, some interesting information as to the views of the new school. In justice, however, to Mr. Robert Montgomery we must declare, that to him is due the merit of being the founder of this school—to Bloxham that of bringing it to perfection. In Satan and the Omnipresence of the Deity may be found passages that possess a felicity of confusedness, absurdity, and unintelligibility, unless by Bloxham, never since equalled—their author has the merit of being the first to show the true method of treating the most serious subjects in the most ludicrous manner, and making the grandest mean. He walks the courts of heaven or the burning marl of hell with all the air of a *petit maitre* or Freuch dancing-master, with neck-cloth—a la Byron, silk stockings and pumps: looks through an opera glass at the most awful mysteries, and while treating the most momentous subjects, never forgets himself and his vanity. We have yet chosen to name the new school from another, because the later writers in it seem to have modelled themselves upon his style; and also lest our readers might, as we have known sometimes to happen, mistake Mr. Robert Montgomery for a very different person, Mr. James Montgomery, the distinguished author of the *Pelican Island*, the *World before the Flood*, and many hymns which will live as long as piety and genius are revered amongst men.

It is our intention at present to bring before our reader's notice, the works of one, who is worthy to be classed as a disciple in this school not inferior to the founders; and we would first admonish him of the process of mental discipline and purgation, necessary to be undergone by all who would enter upon the study of the mysteries in the poetic world about to be revealed. It is then indispensably necessary that all prejudices and preconceived notions should be laid aside, whether resulting from an old fashioned education or a contracted mind—the *idola fori* and *tribus*—such as that Milton, or Shakespeare, or Pope were poets, that there is any excellence in harmony of versification, perspicuity of language, or just-

ness of thought. As to the latter fancies, say these writers, the first is well enough for those who have more ear than soul, the second for those who have dull comprehensions; and the third for unimaginative prosemen. Any man, who has patience enough to reckon on his fingers the number of syllables, may be harmonious, who will condescend to please the majority of men—perspicuous, who is content to plod along the highroad of common sense—wise. But they assert that the true poetic genius never could stoop to such compliances, or endure the restraints of such a system. It delights in the strange, and wild, and visionary—aims above the contemptible vulgar—brings into juxtaposition the most opposed elements, and by its own transmuting power moulds them into a beautiful or wondrous combination. Every one has heard of angels, and Tabor, and gas, but only a Bloxham could think of making the angels lamp-lighters, and illumining Tabor with gas. Many a man has been in love, but only a Gordon could put the following sentiment or express it thus,

Tho' now her lip, a sweet meer's distant trace,
That would all thoughtless rapture laugh to nought.
'Twas but the *apocalypse*
Of feelings most refined.

Timid men would have shrunk appalled from an attempt to describe the place where "the damned do dwell." They would, we say, have shrunk even from the contemplation of it. Not so the poet of the new school. Not so Gordon; where other men faint, he waxes strong; where others are affrighted, he is not only unmoved, but exulting; and accordingly we have from the pen of this astonishing writer, A vision of Hell, of which the following is a specimen—unique, we will venture to assert, of its kind.

A VISION OF HELL.

I had a dream of Hell; and there methought
I saw unbodied souls, that still expect
Asbestos-bodies, which resist the waste,
Not torture of eternal flames, await
Their fiery resurrection,—saw them gasp,
Howling with startling blasphemies, mean time,
Till their gasps drown'd their baffled sighs, and pain
Of body and of mind all utterance chok'd:
Lean Avarice relax'd his gripping fist,
And Superstition was no more;—for men
Were devils, and, like devils, believ'd and trembled;
And truth no more had power to sanctify.
There was no time, no place, or placeless time,
Or place without all time,—a dreary blank,
Where neither past nor future woo'd the gaze
Of mem'ry or of hope, but present ill

Absorb'd all passions in her dreary shroud.
The world that was, was not ; and, God, no more,
Spar'd, for the sake of the incarnate Word,
 His tortures and his anguish, those who sinn'd,
 But in an ocean torrent, gush'd abroad
 His desolating rage, and justice stern
 Launch'd her wild thunders in their mad career :
 With lip voracious, but forbidding, wild,
 They drained the cup of wrath, ev'n till the dregs,
The bitter dregs they wrung, and wash'd their
throats,

Their arid throats, with that which could not slake.
 And O, eternity, illimitable
 Years, and the immortality of death,
 When the past brings regret, the present pain,
The future like the present, still to come,
Still coming, and for evermore to come,
Hopeless and cheerless, vague and undefin'd.

Nothing can be more admirable than this extract, or more calculated to give our readers a clear perception of the immense improvement introduced into poetic literature by this author. Instead of that plain style which any one can understand, that distinctness which brings the idea definitely before you, recommended heretofore, we have a sublime mistiness and mystery of expression, a grand dimness of outline, a mixture of strange notions, and stranger language, which only those who are deeply imbued with the Bloxham spirit can duly appreciate. Nothing can be imagined more appalling than the abrupt burst with which the poem commences. I had a dream of Hell—the accent falls full on the last terrific monosyllable, and the soul, startled and alarmed, is prepared for the announcement—

And there methought
 I saw unbodied souls, that still expect
 Asbestos bodies.

Before it has recovered from this, gasps, sighs, startling blasphemies, men changed into devils, all the phantasmagoria of a hideous dream, are poured in on it, and only cease for one moment to amaze the reader with that subtle conception,

There was no time, no place, or placeless time,
 Or place without all time,

which, with one exception, also to be found in this singular poem, viz.—

The future, like the present, still to come,
 Still coming, and for evermore to come,

is for exquisite unintelligibility without parallel in the whole compass of English literature. Scarcely inferior, though in a different style, is the following passage from the Philosophy of Love, by the same author.

"Ye are fair,
 And fair to win our love, and fain would make

That fairness still more like the tints of air
 By arts to win our hearts ; and, tho' things shake
 Our pride, and startle the still-coiling snake
 Of stubborn feelings, ye have such a grace,
 So studiously embellish'd for our sake,
 That gazing in the mirror of your face,
 We love ourselves anew, and youthful hopes retrace
 And, tho' all flattery is a dangerous charm,
 And of all flatteries, that is most untrue,
 Resulting from the fondness of alarm,
 We see we waken in your cheek's flush'd hue,
 Yet, if one vanity we e'er may view,
 A venial crime, and sure to be forgiv'n,
 'Tis this by Earth, at least, if not by Heaven."

Nor has he who has sung so well of the philosophy of love, left the practice unexperienced and uncelebrated. Many are the heart-breaking and unutterably tear-causing passages descriptive of this passion, and its sweet melancholy madness. Many the moving and irresistible addresses to the beloved maiden. Take the two following as specimens :—

O thou, whate'er thy name, who art
 My dwelling places of delights ;
 My life, my soul, my better part ;
My light of lights.

O come to me, O come to me :
 Ah, would that could I say, for aye ;
 Nor more our hospitality
 Doubt, but say yea."

"O thou, the chaste and free, hard things
 To mingle in this world of ours ;
 Come to this shed, *bone of my bone ;*
 Too long our heart to Meshech clings ;
 Too long we've wasted all our hours
In tabernacles not our own."

He has, however, left the history of his amorous days in great obscurity, and while we acknowledge how much the art, shown in abruptly pausing at the most interesting part of the tale, conduces to increase anxiety, we must deplore, with all the anguish of unsatisfied curiosity, the sparing information conveyed in such stanzas as the following :—

"The blush that innocence derives from blame,
 Suppos'd in wiles, that scarce could such appear,
 Was th' answering look, that shrunk
 From mine, tho' not with pain.

Besides, familiar tones,—the mutual name,—
 With ease repeated, without fault or fear ;
 These prompted by degrees,
 A corresponding sigh.

But, soon, the serpent wove his Gordian twine,
 And made the innocent freshness of the flowers,
 A fragrance, that cannot
 Th' embittered breast suffice."

Nor is this more explicit—

"To lovely S—— each fond remembrance clings,
 Whose kind applauses lent thee stronger win gs ;

Each classic feeling mingles with that name,
Which prudence fixes, and which dunces blame;
For, while to dunces her elation gay
A reckless, airy spirit might betray,
Still, in her cheek's soft flush, 'twas mine to see
All, all a woman's sensibility.

But, vain for me the sighs of beauty rise;
With her's compared. O, what are — — eyes!
Whose too exuberant bosom is supplied
With needful hoards of more exuberant pride,
Her fond good-humour kills me, as I dwell
Upon her settled dulness;—fare-her-well—
Farewell to her, farewell to every snare,
Each vulgar jade, and literary fair:
Full long I've strove, but not in myrtle bowers,
To root up weeds, without effacing flowers."

Mr. Gordon rejects the miserable method of writing epigrams with point and humour, followed by such dull poets as Martial and Prior, and considers they should be simple enunciations of a sentiment or thought. Probably nothing can be imagined more admirable than the following of this kind. The vain folly of seeking for wit or humour is so completely avoided, and a certain quiet simplicity, far more irresistibly producing laughter, (but at what we will not say.) is so well preserved.

"The fool's fat eyes, age, shun, And shut out the
dread gleam
That, from truth's dawning sun, Doth too severely
beam.

"'Tis strange, that Judah's scourge, Nebuchad-
nessar,
(Whom th' Hudibrastic Homer rhymes to Caesar)
And Israel's should end like, in Shalmanezar;
Till Belus, really, ended in Belshazzar."

"Twixt Temperance Clubs, Steam Engines, Omni-
buses—
Cheap trash—Reform—this cent. all time non-
pluses.

Lo, Judah Judas Maccabeus, not
Vainly restored: if him Icarlot
Owns ancestor, on's scutcheon 'tis a blot."

"Let not the empty *retro-junct* of great
Cyprus, or Alexander ev'n, elate;
Herod was call'd so, who, while he rebuilt
Sebaste and the temple, heap'd up guilt;
Antiochus, too, hight Epiphanes,
Was pun'd t' Epimanes, or what you please.

Bally—Ath—Cliath's, th' old name of Eblana,
Or town of hurdles, strown o'er Liffiana:
Bacotians, say, why, among twenty more,
We've Ballyragget, too, and Ballytore!"

"I've one more Epigram: but, Jereboam,
False rhyme, false subject he, to Rehoboam."

We have already had occasion to say that the new school is distinguished from any preceding, not only by the method of treating, but also of choosing

its subjects. Its great founder tells us, that he selected the *Paradise Regained*, because "its grandeur and dignity filled the cravings of his soul," and also because "having been already treated by Milton, it met his views of emulation as a poet."

In the same spirit, the muse of Gordon—*matre filia pulcior*—selected, 1st, Such subjects as were suited to its gigantic powers—Hell, The Philosophy of Love, Calvary, Choruses of Angels and Demons, Grammatical Acrostics, and Desultory Thoughts on every subject; 2dly, Such as met his views of emulation as a poet—Paraphrase on Job, (which might weary even its hero's patience,) Versions of the Psalms, Laments in the manner of Ossian, Canticles in the manner of David. This judicious method of selection has thus caused a very charming variety in the volume, and enabled the author to relieve the mind harassed by deep thought, with carols, lays, and every other form of verse, "historical-pastoral, pastoral-comical, tragical-pastoral, comical-tragical." You pass at once "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" from

The smoke-grimed devils wandering to and fro,

to Lilia's curls, Rosa Matilda's bonnet, or the Printer's Devil. The gloom of Bereavement is relieved by the Raptures of Love, the sorrows of Retrospect cheered by the hopes of enjoyment, and the sparkle of an Epigram agreeably diversifies the tediousness of Desultory Thoughts on Poetry, Solitude, and Human Life. No parts of Milton's works are more generally pleasing, than those which speak of himself and his habits of life, and we are sure of our reader's gratitude for presenting them with Gordon's description of the scenes whence his youthful genius drew inspiration.

"Know'st thou the Brusna, small, but ancient rill,
That rolls its fatt'ning verdure through the meads,
Whose grassy margins drink fresh health and
growth

From that nutritious rivulet that looks
Fresh as young Eve, when one day witness'd both
Her nuptials and her birth, and Earth was young,
And Man was young, and Nature all was youth?

And know'st thou Clara? To indite which name
Makes my heart swell with retrospections sweet;
Clara—the scatter'd hamlet—sprinkled white
O'er bowers, by friendship hallow'd and by love:
Speak not of Tempe, nor the magic isle,
Where slept the sapient lover in the lap
Of the immortal Syren;—tell not of
The Goshen of old Egypt where the seed,
The holy seed, lived pastoral, till a King
Arose, who knew not Joseph nor his line:

Clara!—O Clara!—Erin's loveliest scene,
How ill exchanged for thee were sought that Bards
Image in fable in their idlesse sweet.

Here dwelt the Bard of inspiration full,
Here he would roam;—here the wild scene enjoy,
When the clouds wept in torrents, and the grief
Of the distracted atmosphere in tears
Of sorrow gushed."

We regret our limits oblige us now
to conclude, by congratulating the
public on this singularly original and
ingenious volume. We are sure they
will be delighted to hear that there is
probably a still richer treat preparing for
them, at least if we may venture to
judge from the list of subjects Mr.
Gordon announces are hereafter to be
treated by him—subjects, we will ven-

ture to say, peculiarly suited to his
genius, and that seem, as it were, to
have been reserved for him.

"Come, Muse, I sing no fabled, pains, nor dare
Aspire to themes sublime;—outgoings brief
Best suit th' unpractised wing, till more matured
Some future day may sublimate my strains;
How Macedonia triumph'd, and the last
Darius, Codomannus height, downfell
Th' Emathian great before; or the ten tribes,
How them and their Hoshea's place usurp'd
Cuthceans, or how fell the other twain
With Mattaniah, Zedekiah hight
By Nebuchadnezzar and Jehocakin,
Till Titus made short work o' th' chosen race:
Quadrata, too, may prompt some ancient lay,
Or Herod, trampling on Antigonus."

"THE REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTH IS A SIGH."

(*Saying of Ali, the son of Mahomet.*)

'Twas when the sultry summer sun sunk down the blue hill side,
And lengthened shadows had begun to mark the eventide,
And village bells in sweet-toned chime poured on the still calm air,
The voice of holy peace to man to rest from toil and care,

An aged man sate in the cool and balmy breeze that played
Around the thin white locks that down his time-worn forehead stray'd,
The chilling years had quenched the fire within his glazing eye,
And bowed his form, once straight and proud in manhood's energy.

Fast by his feet in glimmering sheen a streamlet leaped along
Flinging into the ghostly light a gush of wordless song,
While by a cankering dial shaft a fair child stood alone,
And laughed to see the stream run past, the shades flit o'er the stone.

The old man smiled to see the child thus sporting recklessly,
As 'twere with precious time, that led life to eternity,
And then he sighed as memory's tide poured o'er his lone heart fast,
The thoughts of years, as streams long pent burst from their bonds at last.

He sighed, as passed in dim review before his spirit's eye,
The shadows of departed things, the light of joys gone by,
The loved, the true, the fair, the brave, before the mourner stood
Once more as in life's happier day, to mock his solitude.

The child hath crept to where he sate thus musing long and mute,
And struck in childish restlessness against his grandsire's foot—
They're gone!—they're gone!—the vision's fled as ghosts at dawn of morn,
And in the solemn, pale twilight, the old man rose forlorn.

"Sooth hast thou said, thou ancient sage," in bitterness he cried,
For now no more his spirits woe would utterance be denied—
"Sooth hast thou said, when age looks back upon the days gone by,
Time drifted o'er his head he finds their memory a sigh."

"A sigh to think upon the hours of sinless infancy,
When earth seemed strewed with bright-eyed flow'rs and life a revelry.
When sorrow left no sting behind and laughter chased our tears,
And we but smiled as Time coiled round our hearts his chain of years.

"A sigh o'er that sweet spring of life when first the young heart knows
A gush of strange and tender thought that o'er the bosom flows,
The throb of love intensely felt within its bursting core,
When beauty's eye first lights the flood that darkling ran before.

"A sigh o'er manhood's glorious dawn when heart and hope were strong,
And visions bright of high emprise the proud soul lured along ;
When, like a well of quickening spell, life flowed in plenteous stream,
And round its brink we pressed to drink, Love, Friendship, Glory, Fame.

"A sigh o'er manhood's soberer prime, when, dream and passion gone,
The high heart's blood in calmer pace more measuredly flowed on,
Day after day all patiently ambition's paths to roam
And shrink at peaceful eventide to holier joys of home.

"A sigh for these, for each, for all—prime, youth, and childhood gay,
Each dear life-drop that ruthless time drains from our hearts away ;
O'er all we've loved and lost that now like ruins round us lie
And make lone life a wilderness, and memory a sigh.

"Oh, God ! the aged lingerer, thy bitterest dregs, aye, drains
Within that cup that passeth not while one sharp drop remains,
As year by year the friends most dear that on his bosom lay
Like ripples on the ocean's breast, pass one by one away.

"What skills it that his name was high in years that now are gone,
That sculptured fame and dinted mail hang o'er his cold hearth-stone,
The niche that holds some Scion loved, the portrait-clothed walls
But mock him in the solitude of still and childless halls.

"As o'er the tomb, beneath whose pile the once proud spirit sleeps,
The cold stern marble effigy its mocking vigil keeps,
So o'er the palsied soul that toms youth's crushed and perished fires,
The chill dull form of age weighs down, till life itself expires.

"Oh, not to him !—not unto him life wears the brilliant hues
That hope and feelings fresh and strong round all her scenes diffuse,
The sluggish pulse of feeling swells more dull at every heave,
And hope hath *but one* lure in store—the quiet of the grave.

"And is it so—is there no hope beyond this sad world's gloom
Save that the sceptic's frightful creed finds in an endless tomb ?
Is there no life when death is past—no joy when grief is o'er,
No memory of all we loved to cheer the heart once more ?

"A smile passed o'er the old man's lips, he raised his head on high
To where the lustrous stars of heaven hung twinkling silently,
His dim eye seemed to search as if a record true were there
Of all the world had now forgot of perished joy and care.

"There *is* a memory," he cried, "within yon pure world found,
Sweet as the fragrance morning's beams draw from the dew-damped ground,
The memory of days well spent, that costs the heart no sigh,
That lights the close of weary life with hope and bliss on high."

The child hath ta'en his grandsire's hand, now wearied with his play,
And sportively essayed to draw the musing man away,
Then down the silvery streamlet's bank, slow in the gleaming light,
Mourning old age and childhood gay passed from before my sight.

IOTA.

MEMORANDA FROM OUR TABLETS OF THE MONTH.

UNDER this head we intend in future to present our readers with a record of all such passing events as we may deem it of importance should not be forgotten. The design has been suggested to us by observing the number of passing occurrences which are valuable as throwing light upon the history or the designs of parties in Ireland, and of which yet no authentic record of easy reference is preserved. We have resolved in future to devote a few pages of this journal to noting down, in a condensed form, those occurrences which each month presents, worthy of observation. Perhaps we ought to take shame to ourselves for not having earlier commenced a duty which we feel to be an important one. We commence, however, auspiciously, with the accession of a new sovereign, and we shall endeavour that, from the beginning of the reign of Victoria, the examiner of Irish politics will find in our pages a full and convenient survey of the events which throw light upon his study.

The title we have selected may perhaps convey to our readers an accurate notion of our design; we purpose to present at the close of each month just such a summary of its events as might be formed from the memoranda of a close and attentive observer of public events in Ireland—of one anxious to preserve a record of all events affecting the political character of his country—the various shapes and forms under which the anti-Protestant movement is disguised—the conduct of the executive and of its inferior officers—the deportment of the Roman Catholic clergy—the different appearances of insurrection and outrage—all, in a word, that constitutes the internal history of Ireland, shall be faithfully noted down.

We have not space at our disposal to occupy our pages with any introductory observations. Our plan will perhaps be best understood as we proceed with its execution. We have only to observe that the necessities of publication demand that memoranda of each number must close with the 23d of the month. Our next tablets will of course commence where the preceding ones break off.

We ought perhaps to add our expression of regret that our details for this month are not quite so full and comprehensive as we could desire. The difficulty of condensing together a mass of intelligence scattered through various sources of information; the care required in selecting what is of importance, and the trouble of acquiring correct information with regard to any matter on which we hazard a statement, is greater—much greater than our readers might perhaps be inclined to imagine. We feel strongly, however, the importance of furnishing a depository where may be preserved a record of the events to which the politician is necessitated to refer, and we shall use our utmost endeavours to make our memoranda available for the purpose of throwing light on the conduct and progress of parties in Ireland.

We commence our tablets with the accession of our most gracious Queen. It is a good and a fit commencement to the records of her reign over her Irish subjects, to preface it with her gracious declaration to her privy council. On her majesty's solemn promise "to maintain the reformed religion," her loyal Irish subjects rely with affectionate confidence and gratitude.

June 20.—Her majesty, Queen Victoria, ascended the throne of her ancestors. On her accession she made the following gracious declaration to the lords of her privy council.

"The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of his majesty, my beloved uncle, has de-

veloped upon me the duty of administering the government of this empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burthen, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find, in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support, and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age, and to longer experience.

"I place my firm reliance upon the wisdom of parliament, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also a peculiar advantage, that I succeed to a sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his

subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration.

"Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country.

"It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religion, as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote, to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

Alas that we are forced to turn from this gracious declaration of our young

and confiding sovereign, to the conduct of those who are abusing her royal name and prerogative in base subserviency to the designs of those who are bent on the destruction of that reformed religion which our sovereign has thus solemnly pledged herself to defend. But better days, we trust, are coming; her majesty's generous confidence with which she relies on her parliament and people will not be disappointed, and her trusty and loyal subjects will rally round her throne at the ensuing election, and emancipate her from the thralldom of men who call themselves her servants, but are in reality her masters. We will proceed with our memoranda of the proceedings of the month.

MESSAGE FROM THE CROWN TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

June 23.—Lord John Russell in the Commons, and Lord Melbourne in the Lords announced the intentions of her majesty's government. All the

Irish bills postponed—the business of parliament to be brought to a termination as speedily as possible, with a view to dissolution.

POPIISH INTERFERENCE WITH THE WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH.

June 27.—The customary proclamation of the lord lieutenant and council directing the necessary changes in the liturgy, consequent upon the demise of the crown, bears the signature of two popish privy councillors. It is fitting that this first attempt at such an intrusive interference should not pass unnoticed. It now appears that the popish privy councillors have a legal right to interfere with the most purely spiritual concerns of our church, and they have asserted the exercise of that right. Dr. Martin, the ever vigilant champion of the purity of our church, was the first to call attention to this singular, but we conscientiously believe ominous attempt. The feelings with which the popish party regarded this occurrence may be known from the comments of the *Freeman's Journal*.

"'Tis, no doubt, desperately galling to such narrow-minded people as Dr. Martin to see Roman Catholic signatures attached to a proclamation; and it is, no doubt, exquisitely painful to the other sons of the Church to find Roman Catholics privileged to command the law-church clergy to make certain alterations in the Liturgy of the Establishment. The poor devils have reason to be a little out of temper just now. The queen, though head of the church, is not the head of a faction. Clouds and darkness lour over the prospects of the parsons, and it is only natural that a little murkiness should envelope the intellect of the parsons themselves."

If comment were needed to illustrate the design and spirit of the interference, it is supplied here.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND LORD DURHAM CONSERVATIVES.

June 29.—Lord John Russell addressed the electors of the borough of Stroud. The following are the concluding sentences of his address:—

"With respect to other questions of great importance, my opinions and conduct during the past must serve as an indication for the future.

"I have endeavoured to strengthen our

institutions by reforming them; to obtain complete and full liberty for every religious opinion; to give to Ireland the franchises of Great Britain. But in so doing I have been cautious not so to innovate as to admit any principle by which our ancient institutions might themselves be endangered; not so to define religious liberty as to weaken the Established

Church; not so to provide for the wants and wishes of the people of Ireland as to break or disturb the unity of the empire. In this spirit I must always oppose any propositions for the adoption of an elective House of Lords, or of the voluntary principle in religion.

"There is but one subject more to which I shall particularly allude, as it has been little discussed in parliament, I mean the extension of education. The state has in this matter a paramount duty to perform. It was the benevolent wish of George III. that every child in his dominions might be able to read the Bible. May his illustrious descendant see that wish accomplished! May the diffusion of knowledge, the increase of religion and morality, and the augmented happiness of the people, make the present reign more truly glorious than triumphs in the field have rendered those which preceded it, and Peace have her victories no less renowned than war."

I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your obliged and faithful servant,

"J. RUSSELL."

July 8th.—Lord Durham addressed a letter to the electors of the northern division of the county that bears his name. It is a singular coincidence that both Lord John Russell's address to the electors of Stroud, and the letter of Lord Durham breathe a high Conservative spirit—both noble lords profess themselves warmly attached to the Established Church. Lord John indeed concludes with expressions which in his lips can only be regarded as hypocrisy—both are opponents of all organic change. Hypocrisy has been termed the homage that vice pays to virtue and the counterfeit the best test of the value of the thing imitated. Lord John Russell's and Lord Durham's eager protestations of Conservative principles are at least a test of the value of these principles with the sovereign or the people, or perhaps with both. Lord Durham thus concludes—

"As for myself; as you have done me the honour, by desire of the meeting, to ask my advice, I will tell you candidly what my views are. They are what they have ever been, and are neither changed nor modified. I wish to rally as large a portion of the British people as possible around the existing institutions of the country, the throne, lords, commons, and

the Established Church. I do not wish to make new institutions, but to preserve, and strengthen the old. Herein lies the difference between me and my opponents. Some would confine the advantages of those institutions to as small a class as possible; I would throw them open to all who had the ability to comprehend them, and the vigour to protect them. Others, again, would annihilate them, for the purpose of forming new ones on fanciful and untried principles. I would, I repeat, preserve them, but increase their efficiency, and add to the number of their supporters. I have often stated the modes by which, as I imagine, that efficiency can be most readily produced; but I have ever accompanied those declarations, as I do now, with the announcement of my determination never to force them peremptorily or dogmatically on the consideration of the government or the parliament. If they are (as in my conscience I believe them to be) useful and salutary measures, for they are based on the implicit confidence in the loyalty and good feeling of the people, the course of events, and the experience of every day, will remove the objections and prejudices which may now exist, and insure their adoption, whenever they are recommended by the deliberate and determined voice of the people.

"This, in a few words, is my political creed; and no one can look for my co-operation or support on any other grounds. It has been my ruling principle throughout my political life to endeavour to bring all classes, especially the middle and lower, within the pale of the true, not the spurious constitution. I have ever wished to give the latter an interest in the preservation of privileges, which exclusion would no longer render obnoxious to them; to make them feel that whilst the crown enjoyed its prerogatives, and the upper classes their honours, they also were invested with privileges most valuable to them; and, moreover, that all, separately and collectively, rested on the common basis of national utility.

"I remain, sir, with great regard, your most obedient servant,

"DURHAM.

"Russell Bowlby, Esq. &c."

Mr. O'Connell moved at the General Association, that Lord Durham's address be adopted as the political creed of the people of Ireland—carried unanimously.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RADICAL VERACITY.

NO. 1.—MR. GORE JONES.

June 26th.—The trial in the case of "John Gore Jones, v. Cunningham,

Hunter and others," terminated this day by a verdict for the defendants.—The circumstances attending this trial

are so extraordinary, and so illustrative of the nature of the evidence which is considered sufficient to prejudice the cause of loyalty in Ireland, that they demand from us a record.

Mr. John Gore Jones—who was a violent, and indeed we might almost add an outrageous Orangeman in days when high Protestant principles were in favour—has latterly, as our readers are aware, acted a very conspicuous part as a stipendiary magistrate—a situation in which he has exhibited a more than ordinary zeal against his former associates. He was selected as one of the accusing witnesses against the Orange institution in the anomalous proceeding of a committee of the House of Commons, called an enquiry into its character, in the spring of 1835. In the course of his evidence, he brought charges against the magistrates of the county of Derry of being partisans. These charges being made public, drew from certain of the magistrates a requisition to Lord Garvagh, in which they denounced Mr. Jones as having “basely maligned and traduced them;” and in certain resolutions adopted on the 26th February 1836, they alleged that in his evidence before the Orange Committee, Mr. Gore Jones had stated wilful falsehoods. Mr. Jones brought an action against the magistrates who published these resolutions, for libel—the defendants justified the libel—and on Friday the 23d of June, the case came on for trial in the court of Queen’s Bench, before Mr. Justice Crampton and a special jury. The case occupied the court three days—Eight different allegations of the plaintiff before the committee, the defendants asserted in this plea of justification to have been made by that gentleman with a knowledge of their falsehood—the learned judge charged the jury, that except they were satisfied that all of these allegations were false, and uttered by the plaintiff with a knowledge of their falsehood, they were bound to find for the plaintiff. The jury found for the defendants.

We deem it right to put the issue of this trial upon record as a sample of the value of the evidence upon which the character of Irish gentlemen is impugned—before we proceed to record another illustration of its worth—we must only add that it was boasted, we believe untruly, by the radical journals, that after the result of the trial, Mr. Jones

was received with the most marked cordiality by the Irish government.

NO. 2.—MR. PATRICK LALOR.

July 3d.—Mr. Patrick Lalor, who formerly represented the Queen’s County in parliament, thought proper, in a speech which he delivered at the General Association, to charge Mr. Schoales, the assistant-barrister for that county, with gross partiality in the discharge of his judicial duties as registering barrister. Mr. Schoales, in vindication of his character, brought an action for slander against his defamer, and Mr Lalor wrote and published the following document, which requires no comment:—

“To the Editor of the Morning Register.”

“SIR,—Having on the 18th day of August last delivered a speech at the National Association of Ireland, which speech was published in your paper of the 19th of the same month, reflecting on the character of Mr. Schoales, as assistant-barrister of the Queen’s county, and having in the course of that speech charged Mr. Schoales with having one rule for one party, and another rule for another party, and also having charged Mr. Schoales with other undue partiality in his office of assistant-barrister for said county; now I do hereby publicly acknowledge and allow that the whole of the statements reflecting upon the character of Mr. Schoales, as uttered by me in my speech of the above date, were unfounded and unjustifiable, and do hereby retract the same, and declare my regret and apologise to Mr. Schoales for having given utterance to any expressions that could be considered as casting the slightest imputation on his character or conduct; and I thank Mr. Schoales for having agreed to accept this my apology, upon my paying all his costs between attorney and client of the proceedings in the action for slander brought by him against me, and which was to have been tried at the ensuing assizes for the Queen’s County, by a special jury, and upon the further terms of my handing over such sum as he may think reasonable, to be applied to such charitable purposes as he may think proper.

“PAT. LALOR.”

We need only remark that it is upon such evidence as that of Mr. Pat. Lalor and Mr. Gore Jones, and upon such evidence alone, that the characters of Irish magistrates are defamed to the British people.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WHIG PURITY.

NO. 1.—THE DUBLIN ELECTION.

Under their proper head our readers will find Mr. O'Connell's declarations of the agencies upon which he depends for his return for the city of Dublin. He has openly published that the government will employ the influence they derive from their patronage to control the election. Elsewhere our readers will find the agitator's own words recorded. We allude to the matter here, merely that we may place this avowal of bribery in the city of Dublin, in juxtaposition with another attempt to gain a seat by a still more profligate act of corruption.

NO. 2.—THE BOROUGH OF PORTARLINGTON.

July 10th.—The *Evening Mail* of this date discloses the following facts in relation to the borough of Portarlington. The statement of that journal—a statement simultaneously appearing in several of the best informed London journals, is as follows :—

“An offer was made to the Earl of Portarlington, to purchase from him his influence in the borough from which he takes his title, for the sum of £5000, and a British peerage, or the elevation to a marquise in the peerage of Ireland. It is further stated, that this negotiation was carried on through the instrumentality of an Irish solicitor. We do not wish to mention names, as it is not fair, except on the clearest evidence, to inculpate individuals in the guilt of such a traffic. The important point of the statement is, that an attempt was made to purchase the borough of Portarlington from the Whigs—that the purchase money was to be £5000—and THAT THE HONOUR OF THE PEERAGE WAS TO BE THROWN INTO THE BARGAIN.”

That this statement is substantially correct, there can be no reasonable doubt on the mind of any one who reads the following letter from Colonel Damer, the present representative of the borough, and brother to the noble Lord, from whom the friends of reform proposed to purchase the seat. It appeared in the *Evening Mail* of the 12th. In the original statement, Lord Portarlington had been represented as acceding to the terms proposed. This drew from his brother the following—

“To the Editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*.

“SIR,—Your paper of yesterday contains a malicious paragraph, highly injurious to the character of my brother Lord Portarlington.

“Lord Portarlington being in London, I request you will publish, in your earliest number, this my contradiction of such part of your statement as reflects on Lord Portarlington.

“I have reason to think it true that persons were found sufficiently profligate and corrupt to conceive the project, and to hint at its realization to Lord Portarlington; but I beg to assure you that my brother rejected the base proposition with becoming indignation.—I have the honour to be Sir, your obedient servant,

“GEORGE LIONEL DAWSON DAMER.”

NO. 3.—WINDSOR AND WESTMINSTER.

The Radical organs of the ministry boast, that the Queen's personal influence has turned Sir John Elley out of the representation of Windsor. The *True Sun* announces that “the warrants of her Majesty's tradesmen have been all withheld, until after the Westminster election.”

NO. 4.—COUNTY KILDARE.

July 21st.—Mr. Ruthven, the member for the county of Kildare, has addressed his constituents, and announced his intention of again seeking their suffrages at the approaching election. His address contains the following passage :—

“Your votes belong to the people!—in the name of the people I demand them—I seek them not for myself—I have no selfish object to gain. I stand before you the humble, but honest and determined leader of the working and industrious classes in the coming fight! To prove my statement: Learn, then, that every inducement has been held out to prevail on me to retire from the contest. I WAS OFFERED THE PROMISE OF PLACE!—*I was offered money!* A large sum of money was offered me, should I agree to give way to the new Whig candidate. Men of Kildare, I refused both. I had nothing to sell but the rights of the people—I never had any other pretensions to represent Kildare, but that the people chose me. The people never shall be sold by me. I have not yet sold, and never will sell myself, my principles, or my honour.

NEW TREASONABLE SOCIETY.

June 28th.—Mr. O'Connell, under this date, addressed a letter to the General Association, in which he advised the organization of a new treasonable society, under the title of the Friends of the Queen. Among other

expressions, we find the following: "The disaffected party in Ireland, who have hitherto been styled Orangemen, will use every means of effecting their disloyal designs."

THE IRISH EXECUTIVE.

July 11th.—A most important conversation occurred in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Westmeath brought forward the case of the restoration of Sir Richard Nagle to the commission of the peace. It appeared that under the viceroyalty of the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Westmeath, as lieutenant of the county Westmeath, had been directed by Lord Plunkett, then, as now, Lord Chancellor, to remove Sir Richard Nagle from the commission, in consequence of his conduct at an anti-tithe meeting. A letter was addressed by Mr. Drummond to his lordship, desiring him to reinstate Sir Richard Nagle, and in opposition to the strong remonstrances of Lord Westmeath, the step was carried into effect.

"He need not remind the house that such a course of proceeding was, towards him, (Lord Westmeath,) most uncourteous. He was, in the first instance, made the vehicle of a most ungracious communication; he had endeavoured to perform the duty with as little pain to the party principally concerned as possible, and, after the lapse of a very short time, he was, in the most unceremonious way possible, called upon to undo all that he had done. Let the house only look at the effect which this was calculated to produce in Ireland—it had the effect of placing the priests and their party over the head of the representative of the sovereign in Ireland."

In relation to the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, Lord Westmeath brought forward, from many instances, the names of two persons so appointed, who had been active members of the rebellious association. His lordship might have added, that the dissolution of the Orange Institution in April 1836, was preceded by a distinct and positive pledge from Lord Morpeth, that government would use their utmost endeavour to discourage all political associations in Ireland.

Lord Westmeath also stated that 27 persons under sentence of death, had

been discharged by Lord Mulgrave; 33 under sentence of transportation for life; 2 under sentence for fourteen years; 63 for seven years; for minor offences 960; making in all 1086 cases. Out of the 960 minor cases, 5 were persons convicted of perjury; 16 of manslaughter; and 3 of keeping brothels. A number of persons had been discharged out of the Essex hulk, without any reasons assigned for their liberation. Lord Westmeath had given notice of this intended motion on the Friday previous, but Lord Mulgrave found it convenient to say that he was not prepared with documents to answer any of the charges of the noble marquis, but he spoke generally of the increasing tranquillity of the country.

Lord Roden, in reply to the statement of the tranquillity of Ireland, instanced the fact, that between the 7th and the 16th of February, 11 murders were committed. He also referred to the proclamation issued by the Irish government.

"It offered a reward of 100 guineas for the discovery of the armed parties who had attacked seven houses belonging to Roman Catholics in the parish of Killaman." Now he objected to the statement that the houses belonged to Roman Catholics. The object of those words was to make it appear to the country that it was the Protestant people of Ireland who had committed those outrages, and the effect of them had been to make the Roman Catholics of the south of Ireland the inveterate and determined foes of the few Protestants who were scattered among them.

"He held in his hand another proclamation, dated March, 1837, in which expressions equally objectionable were inserted. The preamble commenced by stating, that "whereas a number of individuals sworn to belong to the Orange Lodge, No. 115, had committed such and such offences." Now, how was it that government had so far forgotten the functions which it ought to exercise as to insert in one of its proclamations that individuals belonged to such and such a

party? Did the noble earl ever insert in any of his proclamations that such and such an individual had recently belonged either to the Ribbon or to any other association? If he had not, then the expressions which he had quoted afforded another proof of the partiality of the noble earl, and of his desire to show that the Protestant population embarked as eagerly as the Roman Catholic population in the commission of crime. In both of these cases which he had quoted it was quite unnecessary for the noble earl to enter such expressions in his proclamation."

"Lord Glengall, in reply to the statement of the increasing tranquillity of Tipperary, read a paper, containing the number of committals to the gaol of Tipperary in the years 1835 and 1836 respectively. From this comparison it appeared, that in 1835, there were committed for affrays, 762; in 1836, 1233—for assaults, in 1835, 1436; and in 1836, 2152—for rescue, in 1835, 401; in 1836, 567—for grievous assaults or bodily harm, in 1835, 338; in 1836, 859—for forcible possession, in 1835, 107; in 1836, 262—and for larceny, in 1835, 262; and in

1836, 336. From this statement it appeared, that the grand total of committals in 1835 was 3395, and in 1836 it was 5412. He made this statement upon the authority of returns made to the other house of parliament. He next informed their lordships of the convictions which had followed from these committals, at the assizes and sessions at Clonmel. The convictions in 1835 were 407, and in 1836, 842; for assaults in 1835, 105; and in 1836, 306; and for bodily harm, in 1835, 16; and in 1836, 69. He made that statement upon the authority of returns taken from the county books and published by order of the other house of parliament."

The entire conversation of this evening was most important, in exhibiting the partiality of Lord Mulgrave's government. It is singular that upon a former occasion, when similar charges were preferred, it was complained that they were brought in the absence of Lord Mulgrave; they were now brought in his presence, and he professed himself unprepared to reply to them.

ORANGE PROSECUTIONS AT ARMAGH.

At the Armagh Assizes some persons were convicted for marching in procession on July 12, and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Severe as this punishment is, we do not complain of it, nor do we regret that the disorderly persons who, after repeated admonitions from their best friends, transgressed the law, should suffer. We lament merely that their innocent families shall have to pay the penalty of their obstinacy and indiscretion. There is, however, a circumstance connected with the conviction of these individuals, which we think a matter of much keener regret, than it is a subject of rejoicing that the law has been vindicated. The refractory Orangemen were prosecuted by their Roman Catholic neighbours, some of whom had, themselves, walked in the procession, some had entered the rooms where the offenders were regaling, and had drank of their cup and joined in their conversation, while acting the part of spies upon them that they might afterwards appear as informers and prosecutors. We are far from joining in the cry which the Roman Catholics of this country have raised against all who give information by which offenders may be brought to justice; but we cannot think it well to purchase the discovery of an offence such as the

violation of the procession act, at the cost of a bitter feud between neighbours who had been previously on kindly terms with each other. We object to this the more, because the consequence of which we complain, need not have been risqued. *The duty done by the Roman Catholics might have been discharged by the police*; the offence could have been just as fully proved by persons who would have been looked upon as engaged in the discharge of their proper duty; and the ill-blood which, we fear, may cause strife between parties, previously friends, would not have been created.

We must do the Roman Catholic prosecutors the justice to declare, that they did not volunteer for the service in which they were engaged. *A liberal magistrate, who might have employed the unobjectionable espionage of the police, directed the Roman Catholics to take the invidious office upon themselves.* Such is modern Whig-conciliation.

In various parts of Ulster, and, under very suspicious circumstances, the town of Dungannon, on the evening of the 12th of July, attempts were made by Roman Catholics to create disturbances which would have been stigmatised as Orange riots. They were defeated by the moderation of the Protestants.

MR. O'CONNELL AND CITY OF DUBLIN POLITICS.

NO. 1.—PLEDGE TO KILKENNY.

June 30.—Mr. O'Connell addressed a letter to the constituency of Kilkenny, containing the following passages :

"To the Electors of the city of Kilkenny.

"London, 30th June, 1837.

"Beloved Fellow-Countrymen—I again offer myself for your suffrages at the approaching general election.

"These are times to try men's souls. We have arrived suddenly at the very crisis of that experiment which I have been making for the last two years, to ascertain whether the union between the two countries can operate for the welfare of both, or not.

"I am bound in candour to tell you that my own opinion is that it cannot so operate. I almost hope I may be mistaken ; but full sure I am that the period has come when the trial will be complete, and the people of the entire empire will be able to judge of the value or the evil to Ireland of the present arrangement of her connexion with Great Britain.

"The court hitherto has been hostile to Ireland. It would be criminal to conceal it from ourselves ; and our enemies have long known and enjoyed the fact, that during the three last reigns the court was inimical to the Irish people. I care not whether the prejudice was national or religious, that it existed is plain and undeniable.

"As to Ireland, our duty is to be roused throughout the land. In every borough, city, and county, we must be up and doing. 'Liberty is in every blow.' Your confidence will enable me to devote my time in forwarding the elections of others. For myself, I repose in your kindness. I have pledged myself not to seek the suffrage of any other constituency whilst I possess your confidence. It is to me a source of pride as well as of duty, respectfully to abide by that pledge.

"I have the honour to be, your ever devoted servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

NO. 2.—INTIMIDATION AVOWED.

Friday, July 7.—Mr. O'Connell appeared at the General Association, and declared that—

"He did not intend to stand for the city of Dublin, unless he was compelled (cheers and laughter.) He felt sure that his friend Alderman Smith would vote for him at the next election. He said that the Orange cause was falling, and none but fools would stick to it. Indeed, since there is a lady on the throne, would it not be a shame to send so ugly a fellow

as West to represent them before her Majesty?" (loud laughter.)

The concluding sentences of his speech, we copy from the *Morning Register* :—

"If they do not unite with us—if they still oppose us—we can brand them with the name of rebels. We will brand them as disloyal traitors if they dare to oppose a constitutional Queen and a constitutional ministry (hear and cheers). We shall call them base traitors if they do not vote as they ought. We will have no death's-head and cross-bones, or other such punishment. But I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll write ballads on them (cheers and laughter)—we'll sing them through the country as base and degraded beings. The men will not speak to them, the children will hoot at them, and women will not look at them (cheers)—they will be accursed and degraded as the betrayers of their country, and traitors to their Queen (hear, hear.) We bear as our banners the royal arms, with the harp of Erin at its head. The ministry and the people are united together—liberty and the monarchy go hand in hand. All Ireland is rising as one mighty man, and those few who will not serve her will be treated as those dirty, poisonous, and mephitic animals which were driven forth from the land by our patron saint, or they will find it impossible to breathe the pure air of liberty without participating in the feelings of their countrymen. After a few more words the learned gentleman sat down amid loud and long-continued cheering."

This is Mr. O'Connell's mode of disclaiming intimidation!

NO. 3.—GOVERNMENT BRIBERY AVOWED.

Monday, June 10.—A meeting of the Trades Union was held, at which Mr. O'Connell was announced as the "candidate for the city of Dublin," the learned gentleman attended in person. The following passages we take from the report of his speech in the *Morning Register* :—

"How pliant they will become after a short time ; at the next election the names of voters will be entered in a little dictionary, and when any of them apply at the castle for places in the police, the waterguards, or as stipendiary magistrates, this little book will be referred to, and if their names are found at the wrong side, one will be too short for the police, another too tall for the waterguards ; and as to the stipendiary magistrate, he will not do, as he cannot write his name.

(laughter, and loud cries of hear, hear.) There are no human beings more up to trap than the Orangemen. At the last election they were going to Sir Henry Hardinge at the castle, and congratulating him on the victory of Waterloo, and about putting down the papists. Next election these fellows will be coming to myself with their 'how do you do, Mr. O'Connell?' (laughter.) I will just reply, 'very well I thank you.' (much laughter.)"

We had intended to have copied down some of the elegant sentences in which this scurrilous reviler vents his black malignity against Mr. West; on consideration, however, we will not pollute our pages by recording the gross personalities which, in better times, would have excluded the offender from the pale of civilized society. It is of importance, however, to mark the progress of Mr. O'Connell's canvass, especially the audacious avowal of his dependence on the profligacy of government.

July 18.—A meeting of the General Association was held, at which it was promised that the second radical candidate for the city would be announced. The meeting held, and no candidate named. Mr. O'Connell continued his threats of government intimidation.

"Let me also mention to you that a good many in the police will be able to vote for us, in consequence of the new act being passed (cries of hear, hear.) The old police cannot continue in the situations they hold, and a candidate for a situation won't be worse off because he votes for two honest and independent candidates (laughter.)"

"In the post-office also we shall be able to get some votes, as new arrangements are in contemplation in that department, the quickness of the communication by means of steam having rendered it necessary. That establishment will be remodelled, and people, generally speaking, do not forget themselves. So we shall get some votes there also (loud laughter.)"

"Sir, I wish that every one who is, or may become acquainted with the fact of influence being used by the heads of the different public boards, to make those under them vote against me, would inform me of it. I have eight or ten cases already, of this description, and if I could get some more, we would be enabled to interfere with the government to prevent this malpractice, who would not allow it to be persevered in; and thus persons so liberated from coercion would vote for me. Those exertions must be made,

and a list of persons coerced to vote against me made out, when we shall have it shown in the proper quarter."

At the same meeting an address to the Queen was adopted, complaining that "a malignant faction" pursued in Ireland "a system of oppression, partiality and injustice," and stating that since her majesty's accession to the throne "two facts had occurred most afflictive to the people of Ireland;" the first was, that the bill for regulating polls in Ireland had been rejected by the lords; we will quote the words of the address:—

"The faction of which we complain caused this bill to be rejected by a large majority in the House of Lords."

"The second fact is as simple as it is heart-rending in its details."

"On the evening of the 28th of June, the eve of the holy apostles of St. Peter and St. Paul—it was a lovely evening—and some Catholic children had, at a place called Mollyash, in the county of Monaghan, lighted a bonfire, according to an ancient and innocent practice."

"They were, most gracious lady—the children were in their cheerful gaiety sporting inoffensively and innocently round the fire, when, as the dusk covered the approach of the assassins, a shot was heard, and, behold! one of the children—his name was Devine—fell dead; a second shot, and the brother of the slain lay murdered at his side; a third shot—but we have stated details more than sufficient."

"All that we implore, most gracious sovereign—all that we humbly and most respectfully implore of your majesty, is to protect your most faithful and dutiful people of Ireland and their children from the machinations of that faction whose influence procured the noon-day injustice in the House of Lords, and the evening slaughter of your juvenile subjects in the county of Monaghan."

At the same meeting Mr. O'Connell made use of the following allusion, the application of which he left to others.

"My friend Ray has been furnished with a suggestion by the *Picwick* papers which will be found most useful for the purposes of organization. The education of the London pickpockets is there described as being effected by a species of dumb show—an old Jew representing the victim to be plucked. Our excellent under secretary has taken a hint from *Pickwick*."

The meeting, however, separated

without being able to procure any old Jew to represent the victim to be plucked.

July 19th.—Mr. O'Connell announced, at a meeting of the Trades' Union, the second Radical candidate for the city, Mr. Robert Hutton, "one of the Huttons of Summerhill." The following passages we take from the learned gentleman's speech. The first explains the mode of canvass he recommends—

"Now, at this election, the first thing I have to ask you is, not to come to Green-street till six o'clock in the evening of each day. Come there then, and I'll tell you the state of the poll. Let every man who cannot vote refrain from coming there till six o'clock, but go round amongst your neighbours, and take off your hats and say, 'Will you be so good as to vote for O'Connell and Hutton?' You cannot conceive how coaxing men seem when they go up and say, 'Do me the favour of voting for O'Connell and Hutton.' Talk to their honest wives, and say to them, 'WILL YOU HAVE YOUR HUSBANDS ROOTED THROUGH THE STREETS

OF DUBLIN, and looked on as traitors to their country?' Oh, no! your husbands are honest men, or they would not have such good wives as you are."

After this very manly advice to threaten women, and so engage the fears of the more timid sex in the cause of revolution, the chivalrous speaker very appropriately employs the name of the Queen.

"Now I have good news for you. As soon as we beat the Tories heartily, the Queen will come to Ireland—and the Tories and the Orangemen know right well that the heart of the Queen is with old Ireland—and that, instead of being surrounded with the *élite* of the faction, as the late king, her uncle, was, when he came—oh! by the by, he pretended to be very good-natured when he came here—she will be really so."

In the course of his speech, he said that the watchword of their party must now be—"WE MUST GET RID OF THE HANOVERIANS." And assured the Trades, that the Honourable Randal Plunkett was private secretary to the King of Hanover.

THE COMING ELECTION.

July 17.—Her most gracious Majesty this day prorogued parliament in person—there was nothing remarkable connected with her closing speech except its omissions. *There was not the slightest allusion to the state of Ireland.* Although the growing tranquillity of this country has formed a staple subject of congratulation in the royal speeches since the accession of the Melbourne ministry.

Before these pages can meet the eye of our readers, the elections will in many places have terminated. In all, a very few days more will decide the result. It is therefore needless for us to venture on prophecy or speculation. Had we no better grounds than our opponents have for their boasting calculations, there were little use in stating our opinions.

The time for words is past—that for action is come. Every where the friends of the Queen and the constitution are in good heart. And if the contest be now placed upon its right grounds before the people; and if the Protestant spirit of this mighty empire be aroused to the energy that the greatness of the interests that are at stake demands—the faction that has so long tyrannised over the throne and the people will be crushed for ever.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the struggle of which the notes of preparation are already striking on our ear. The entire policy of the new reign—God grant it may be a long one—will most probably be determined by the character of the first parliament of Queen Victoria.

The question which the people of England, and Ireland, and Scotland must now decide, is simply this. Shall Britain be a Christian state? Let this question be put plainly and distinctly to every constituency in the three kingdoms, and we are far mistaken in our estimate of the British nation, unless they answer by an immense majority that they are not ready to abrogate that national Christianity which has so long been the charter of liberty and the safeguard of our prosperity. The unmanly and ungenerous attempt to mix up the name of our Queen with their own base and selfish objects will aid the Whig ministry but little. The friends of the sovereign know too well how the thralldom of a faction embittered the declining years of the most kind-hearted monarch that ever sat upon the British throne. And in the sacred name of liberty they are resolved that the same dark and ignoble thralldom shall not cast its

shadow upon the fair hopes of his successor.

Never was there a cause more glorious than that which is now confided to the energies of the Conservatives of Britain—the cause of our ancient monarchy—the cause of a free constitution—the cause of the venerable churches of the land. The man whose heart feels no enthusiasm in such a cause—the man who could not make any personal sacrifice to maintain it—has no heart—no heart to be animated by the glorious recollection of the past—no heart to glow with still more glorious anticipations of the future.

Protestants of Ireland—to you the appeal is made upon peculiar grounds. Personally you have been insulted—you have been oppressed. A penal law has been put in force against you—more grievous, because more undefined than the worst statute of exclusion of which Roman Catholics ever complained—your freedom—your religion—your property is at stake. It may be that this is the last opportunity that Providence will ever allow of maintaining your rights in the arena of civil contest. **NOW OR NEVER** be your watchword. The rights which you now abandon, you never will recover.

Protestants of Ireland—shall the faction that has trampled on you crush you for ever?—that is the question that will be put to you. Will you continue to submit to the despotism of an irresponsible dictator, or will you join with the people of England to free

yourselves, your queen, and your country from the thralldom of the base?

Let the issue of this election be what it may, we do not altogether despair of England. There is a renovating power in the spirit of the English nation, which will redeem the constitution from even sorer trials than that by which it is tried; but as to Ireland, the contest for its possession, if now decided, is decided for ever. On the result of the next election the destinies of Ireland depend. If our adversaries now succeed, a popish ascendancy is virtually established—the tyranny of an intolerant church is secured, and in a little time after their triumph, with the extinction of Protestantism will perish every hope of the regeneration of our country.

In the name, then, of that country which, when it is governed by Protestant principles, and not till then will be

“Great, glorious, and free”—

in the name of our religion—our constitution, and our Queen, we are ready for the contest. In the sacred name of liberty—that liberty upon which our enemies have trampled—in the name of the sovereign they would enthral—the constitution they would subvert, and the religion they would destroy. In the name of Ireland we go forward to the contest. It is no impiety in such a cause to inscribe upon our banner the sacred watchword—

“FOR GOD AND FOR OUR NATIVE LAND.”

POSTSCRIPT.

July 24.—We have only just time to add that government are exerting the most profligate influence in the city of Dublin, on behalf of Mr. O'Connell. The officers of Lord Mulgrave's household have been busy as his canvassers—the castle tradesmen have been, in some instances, actually threatened *that, if they vote for West and Hamilton, they will find a difficulty in getting payment of their accounts.* All will not do. More of this next month.

DUBLIN

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DUBLIN

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Mr. SKENE's Article is in type, and shall appear in our next.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1837.

VOL. X.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE first Parliament of Queen Victoria was convened under circumstances of deep anxiety to every true and loyal heart—it will assemble under circumstances calculated to give joy and hope to every lover of his country. We do not say that all cause for apprehension has passed away—the time is not yet come when the patriot can retire to the consciousness of security, and enjoy the peace that can only follow a victory, in the constitutional contest in which we are engaged. But assuredly the results of the late elections are full of cheering confidence and hope; and if they are not such as altogether to banish apprehension, they leave no room for the disheartening presence of fear.

In the spirit, not of triumph—no triumph has as yet been achieved—but in the spirit of confidence emboldened by our success—do we offer our congratulations to the loyal and Protestant people of Britain. The country is saved—the spirit of Revolution, if it be not altogether crushed, has been sorely disabled in the strife—so sorely, indeed, that we may hope he never will recover from the wounds which have been inflicted upon him. Well and truly have the electors of England done their duty by their Queen and their constitution. Nobly have they justified the confidence of those who declared their firm persuasion that they were true of heart. The people—we say emphatically the people—have proved their high devotion to the good old cause, and by their generous exertions in the late struggle, have put to shame, and, we trust, silence for ever, the assertions of those, whether calling themselves Conservatives or not, who have affected to believe that the principles of the people were unsound.

VOL. X.

We trust that no one now will be found hardy enough to deny the truth, that it is in the middle classes, in their attachment to the constitution, that the real strength of Conservative principles lies.

That the ministers are grievously disappointed by the issue of the elections is manifest enough. They calculated on an accession to the ranks of their supporters—they must be prepared to meet with an addition to the number of their opponents. England has pronounced against them by a large majority—by a majority which their small superiority of numbers among the Scotch representatives is by no means sufficient to countervail. It is on Ireland that they lean—on the members returned by O'Connell, and the Romish priests—how far such a dependence will avail them, remains yet to be seen. We suspect that they will find the support they derive from this quarter, like Egypt to the Israelites, “a broken reed, upon which if a man lean, it will even pierce through his hand.”

It may be useful to dwell for a little time on the prospects of ministers with the new parliament.

Sir Robert Peel, in his speech at the public dinner given to him by his constituents at Tamworth, thus declared his confidence in the results of this election:—

“Let me, in the first place, congratulate you cordially on the result of the general election, so far as it has gone. Gentlemen, I have good reason to believe that in the next parliament upwards of 300 men supporting Conservative principle will take their places in the House of Commons—others carry that estimate to the extent of 310 and upwards; but of this I am almost perfectly satisfied that, although the election has taken place

with a government which we do not consider very favourable to Conservative principles at the helm of public affairs, yet that the Conservative interest has not suffered in the slightest degree. This, gentlemen, is a perfectly novel event in politics. If you look at the result of the last general election, you will find that the influence of a government has sufficed to return a considerable number of persons favourable to the interest of that government. When the parliament met in 1833, after the dissolution which had then taken place, our numbers (I speak of the Conservatives) were reduced, I think, from 260 to about 140. For some cause or other, after the elections which took place in 1833, that phalanx of which I had the command, and which numbered about 260 in the field, were reduced on the meeting of parliament to about 140. 1833 and 1834 passed. I was then called, as I remember, to the chief direction of affairs, and a dissolution took place. I knew that a variation in the returns would chiefly be owing to a reaction in public opinion, to a lassitude and weariness with incessant agitation, and to a returning disposition to maintain the ancient institutions of the country. The result of the elections of December, 1834, was that, instead of having only 140 members to cooperate with me in the maintenance of Conservative principles, we divided on the first question which took place respecting the Speakership no less than 306; having, in consequence of that dissolution, swollen our numbers from 140 to 306 or 309. But, gentlemen, that was called the Peel parliament. It was triumphantly said that the dissolution took place under the auspices of a Conservative government; and that such was the influence of government, that they were enabled to make that immense accession to Conservative strength which raised it from 140 to 306. It was then remarked by our opponents, "Wait till we come into office! Let us dissolve, and you then shall find some variation in your numbers! You shall again dwindle to your humble, insignificant minority; and the principles we profess shall predominate at a general election." Well, gentlemen, the experiment was tried. The Peel parliament was dissolved, and I will prophesy, from some cause or other, notwithstanding the influence of government, the Conservative strength shall not be weakened. Now, gentlemen, to what is this to be attributed? How can it be accounted for? When I dissolve the parliament, the numbers increase from about 140 to 306; and when the present government dissolve parliament, they gain not only no additional strength, but find

themselves unable to contend against the power of their opponents."

It is, of course the part of a cautious and prudent general not to overrate the strength at his disposal—but we are inclined to believe that Sir Robert Peel's estimate is considerably within bounds. Ministers will have a majority in the new parliament, but it will be a majority not far exceeding ten, and this measuring cast majority will be annihilated when the false returns are remedied by petitions. We will state our calculations to our readers—a little time will be sufficient to test the accuracy with which they are framed.

If we take Sir Robert Peel's estimate of the numbers of Conservatives which were returned to the Peel parliament—an estimate which supposes the number of Conservatives to have been identical with the voters for Sir Charles Manners Sutton as speaker—we may calculate, that at the commencement of the last parliament, the Whigs had a majority of nearly 50. By the changes which occurred during the sitting of that parliament and the successful prosecutions of petitions—their majority was very considerably reduced. Let us suppose, however, that in the late parliament there was a majority of 50 who preferred the government of Lord Melbourne to that of Sir Robert Peel—and then see how the relative strength of parties has been affected by the recent dissolution.

The English borough elections present a gain of three members to the Conservative cause—the English counties a gain of 22. So far, therefore, as the English elections are concerned, the ministerial majority of 50 is exactly annihilated. Their majority, therefore, in the new parliament, must depend upon their gains in Scotland and Ireland.

In Scotland, the representation remains exactly as it did before. The ministry thus are thrown for their majority on their gains in Ireland, and these are by no means so numerous as their journals seem anxious to represent.

In Ireland, the Conservatives have gained six, and their opponents fourteen seats—the ministerial gain therefore, of eight seats, equivalent to sixteen votes on a division, is just their majority in the new parliament.

This, be it remembered, is estimating their majority in the last parliament as amounting to fifty—an estimate which

the hardest ministerialist will not venture to pronounce as too low. Upon no question, except the Irish Corporation, were they able to command anything like a majority of fifty—upon all other questions, their majority is annihilated; even upon this it is reduced to a shadow.

It must be observed, too, that we estimate the Conservative losses and gains, not from the returns to the last parliament, but from the state of the representation at its close. Had we taken the returns to the last parliament,

the gains to the ministerialists would have appeared much smaller. We have now been calculating the difference between the return made from the hustings, and that return purified and amended by investigations before the tribunals of the House of Commons.

The following tabular view will exhibit at a glance the state of the Irish representation at the opening of the last parliament, at its close, and by the returns to the new one :—

ULSTER.					MUNSTER.				
	Feb. 1835.		June 1837.			Feb. 1835.		June 1837.	
	C.	D.	C.	D.		C.	D.	C.	D.
Antrim . .	1	1	1	1	2	0			
Armagh . .	1	1	1	1	1	1			
Londonderry	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Donegal . .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Fermanagh .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Tyrone . .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Down . .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Monaghan .	1	1	1	1	1	1			
Cavan . .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Derry . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Carrickfergus	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Lisburne . .	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Coleraine .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Dungannon .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Belfast . .	1	1	2	0	0	2			
Enniskillen .	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Armagh . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Downpatrick	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Newry . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
	20	9	21	8	23	6			
LEINSTER.					MUNSTER.				
	Feb. 1835.		June 1837.			Feb. 1835.		June 1837.	
	C.	D.	C.	D.		C.	D.	C.	D.
Louth . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Meath . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Westmeath .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Longford . .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Dublin . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Kildare . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
King's County	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Queen's County	2	0	2	0	1	1			
Wicklow . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Wexford . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Carlow . .	0	2	1	1	0	2			
Kilkenny . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Drogheda . .	0	1	1	0	0	1			
Dundalk . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Dublin City .	0	2	2	0	0	2			
University .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Portarlington	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Athlone . .	1	0	1	0	0	1			
Carlow Borough	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Wexford . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
New Ross . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Kilkenny City	0	1	0	1	0	1			
	9	27	13	23	4	32			
CONNAUGHT.					MUNSTER.				
	Feb. 1835.		June 1837.			Feb. 1835.		June 1837.	
	C.	D.	C.	D.		C.	D.	C.	D.
Cork County	0	2	1	1	0	2			
Waterford Co.	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Tipperary . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Limerick Co.	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Kerry . .	0	2	0	2	1	1			
Clare . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Cork City . .	2	0	0	2	0	2			
Bandon . .	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Mallow . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Youghal . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Kinsale . .	1	0	1	0	0	1			
Waterford . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Dungarvan .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Clonmel . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Cashel . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
Limerick City	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Tralee . .	0	1	0	1	1	0			
Ennis . .	0	1	0	1	0	1			
	4	23	3	24	3	24			
CONNAUGHT.					SUMMARY.				
	Feb. 1835.		June 1837.			Feb. 1835.		June 1837.	
	C.	D.	C.	D.		C.	D.	C.	D.
Galway County	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Mayo . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Leitrim . .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Roscommon .	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Sligo . .	2	0	2	0	2	0			
Galway Town	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Sligo Borough	1	0	1	0	0	1			
	3	10	3	10	2	11			
	36	69	40	63	32	73			

The only points in this table, upon the accuracy of which a question can arise, are our estimating Coleraine and Dungannon as Conservative gains. At heat they were represented by neutrals in the last parliament. The ministerial journals, however, constantly reckoned their members on their list—there can be no question as to either of them now.

Perhaps, too, we do Sir Robert Ferguson injustice in reckoning him among the ministerialists. He belongs to a class of politicians whom it is not easy to assign to any particular denomination. We are inclined to believe that he will oppose ministers in any attempt to secularize the property of the Irish Church.

A glance at the table we have framed will satisfy any reasonable man of the utter extravagance of the hopes of the ministerialists that their losses in England will be counterbalanced by gains in Ireland. From the returns to the Peel parliament, they have gained four seats in Ireland, from the close of that parliament eight—or even if we do not reckon Coleraine and Dungannon as Conservative gains, then the account will stand thus—that in England they have lost 25 seats, in Ireland gained ten, leaving to the Conservative party a gain of 80 votes on a division. By consulting the record of the divisions in the last parliament, it is easy for any person to estimate, not the strength, but the weakness of ministers in the new.

The question now recurs to the mind of every one in the empire, WHAT WILL MINISTERS DO? It is a question to which we confess it is not easy to suggest a satisfactory reply. The answer that would suggest itself to every honourable mind is, they will resign office. We fear, however, this supposition is too favourable to the character of Whiggery. The wretched creatures who have been for two years back prostituting the patronage that they might pocket the pay of ministers of the crown have manifested too inglorious a tenacity of office for us now to suppose that any consideration of honour or honesty will induce them to abandon it. We are rather inclined to believe that they will attempt to carry on the government of the country—if it be correct to apply the expression to a wretched official existence without any of the functions of vitality. But we do think that they will cling to place, and endeavour to accommodate their policy to the altered circumstances of

the times, so as still to receive the salaries which they love.

We know that our calculation in this respect is different from that of most of those upon whose judgment in most matters we would feel inclined to rely. The opinion that the Whigs will retire from office is one in which many very intelligent observers of passing events concur. We are not, however, inclined to give them credit for so much of common honesty as such a step involves. Men whom a long course of official servitude has made familiar with baseness can hardly be supposed possessed, at the termination of it, of much of better feeling. The atmosphere of office has been to the ministers so impregnated with everything that is demoralizing, that it is scarcely possible to hope that any generous feeling could survive the contact with its poisonous contagion. To form our estimate of the probable conduct of ministers, we must remember the discreditable associations with which they have been linked—we must bear in mind that they have been tutored by a course of degradation, that they have been habituated to much that is disgraceful and base. In two years' slavery to Mr. O'Connell we may well believe that every feeling of self-respect has been deadened—they have consented to wear the fetters of the base, and the iron has entered into their soul—they entered office consenting to be slaves—every hour of their servitude, as it sunk their character, debased their mind—made them more and more fit in reputation as well as sentiment for their dishonourable position.

We fear then that those who expect from ministers the only service which it is in their power to render to their country, do not calculate sufficiently upon the demoralizing influences to which they have been exposed. For our parts, we believe that they are ready to keep office on any terms. While there is a job to be done, a sinecure to be created, or a follower to be glutted with pay, they will stick obstinately to their place.

"Non mensura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo."

At the same time, we are perfectly satisfied that Lord Melbourne has made the declaration attributed to him in the *Standard*; but we fear it is too much to expect that he will adhere to it. Those who have so long imposed upon the premier's good-natured indolence will find means to keep him still

their tool. It may be that we do the noble viscount wrong; but unquestionably we will, in future, attribute to him more firmness of purpose, and more manliness of character than we have hitherto been inclined, if he adheres to the resolution of his better moments, and retires from a position which he can no longer hold without guilt.

If ministers meet the parliament, how are they to proceed? they will not be able to carry any one of the measures which, last session, they declared vital ones. On the church-rate question they will have a large majority against them. The appropriation clause—their charter of office—will be indignantly rejected by a majority of the new house. The Irish corporation question they will carry by a small majority, and this only on condition of their securing the Irish church; the very course to which the Conservative leaders, last session, whether right or wrong, assented. Whatever party are in office the policy pursued must be Conservative. The ministers may retain office by abandoning every profession on which they gained it—they may keep the name, and patronage, and pay of her Majesty's ministers by carrying into full effect the policy of her Majesty's opposition.

This is, we confess, the policy which we think it most probable that they will pursue; they will avoid defeat by bringing forward no measure upon which the Conservatives will oppose them; they will abstain from aggression, and calculate upon the timorousness of the Conservatives for security from assault.

In the mean time, however, an important question will arise as to Ireland—while they affect a Conservative policy as regards the empire at large—will they continue to delegate to Mr. O'Connell the government of this country? If they do, the Protestants of Ireland will gain but little by the change; Ireland will still be in the hands of the popish party; the patronage of the crown will still be employed to reward the emissaries of sedition. Protestants will still be oppressed and insulted: and at the very moment that the attack upon Protestantism appears to be discontinued, the deadliest blow will be struck at its existence. The battery of legislative measures—the formidable apparatus of the assault may be removed from before the muniments of Protestantism;

but the mine will be secretly and silently springing beneath the citadel.

We feel it necessary, distinctly, and emphatically to put the Protestants of Ireland on their guard against this dangerous and insidious policy, which we have little doubt will be that pursued towards them by ministers. By a concession to the more Conservative spirit of the age, they will purchase the right of continuing to oppress and insult us. They will make a truce for a moment with the spirit that is too strong for them. They will abstain from legislative attacks upon Protestantism only that they may wield with the more effect the power of the executive for its subversion.

This is the policy which Mr. O'Connell will recommend to the ministers; it is the policy which that master spirit has been endeavouring to impress upon the cabinet which is composed of his tools. He has invariably taught them as far as possible to avoid collision with the Protestant spirit of the British people, and to content themselves with the power of crushing and weakening Protestantism through the corrupt and tyrannical influences of the government in Ireland. His advice to ministers last year was, to accept the tithe bill without the appropriation clause. He sees clearly that the work of destroying Protestantism can be done more surely through the castle than the senate; and while he has a slave of his own on the viceregal throne, he will press no legislative measure to risk the tenure of his power. Hence we have seen him ready to give up the appropriation clause; he is ready tomorrow to give up the corporations, provided that the demanding of them would risk, in the slightest degree, the stability of his administration. All this is perfectly consistent with his ultimate ends—his object is to lower Protestantism, no matter by what means—the great engine which he works for that purpose is the executive influence of government. He would be either very foolish or very honest did he risk the possession of this power for the assertion of any principle whatever. We do not suspect him of being either; and so long as his black mail is paid to him in the disposal of the patronage and the government of Ireland, he will not press his vassal for any legislative services, the exaction of which might prove inconvenient.

This, we repeat, is the policy which we expect ministers to pursue by a tacit, if not an expressed, compromise with the Conservatives in parliament; they will take care to bring forward no measure which will expose them to defeat; the consequence of this compromise will be, that the government of this country will still be left in the hands of Mr. O'Connell. This policy will throw the Conservative party on a line of conduct for which we fear they are not well adapted; they have hitherto acted almost exclusively on the defensive; they must now learn to change their tactics, and no longer content themselves with arresting the progress of evil measures in the senate.

We do not put forward these views as in any wise discouraging—quite the contrary. If we have done nothing but arrest the progress of revolutionary legislation, we have done that which is well worth all the sacrifices and exertions it has cost us. We have gained a respite—we have secured a breathing time; and we can employ the interval of tranquillity to rally our forces for an attack upon the stronghold of our enemies. It is something to have repulsed the assault of the enemy—even though we are not yet ready to drive them from their entrenchments.

It is also possible that ministers might carry their adhesion to Conservative principles a step farther, and throwing Mr. O'Connell overboard altogether, return to the principles of the government of Lord Grey. The recall of Lord Mulgrave would be the first indication of such a direction of their policy; or perhaps our worthy chief governor would be just as ready to assume the character of a Conservative Whig as he has been hitherto to bear that of an O'Connellite. Should the government determine upon this course, Mr. O'Connell may find himself to have been outwitted during the late election by his Whig allies. His tail has been sadly docked; in some instances by the success of a Conservative; but in many more by the return of an aristocratic Whig.

This course is very near a kin to another which it has been confidently said it is the intention of the moderate section of the cabinet to pursue. A coalition between this portion of the ministry and some of the leaders of the Conservatives has been spoken of. A cabinet formed by the union of men of different parties, agreeing in the defence of the institutions of the country, is said

to be a favourite project of our sovereign, as it was certainly of her lamented uncle's, at one period of his reign; we fear, however, that in the present state of parties it is impracticable, and we are inclined to regard the rumour of a coalition between a portion of the Cabinet and the Conservatives as improbable in the extreme.

One other course has been hinted at, but it is one so desperate and so hopeless in its issue, that we cannot believe it to be seriously contemplated. It has been suggested, that after a slight modification of the Cabinet, by the introduction of Lord Durham and Lord Brougham, ministers would venture on a second dissolution. To use a homely expression, we fear that "this is too good news to be true." The inevitable consequence of such a desperate step, would be to alarm all who have any thing to lose, and to return a parliament much more decidedly Conservative than the present.

The difficulties of the Reform Bill are now revolving on its authors; perhaps they can now understand, although certainly not answer the celebrated question of the Duke of Wellington—"How is the Queen's government to be carried on?" Certainly not by the present Cabinet, unless by an abandonment of all the professions on which they have obtained office, and an adoption of the principles of the men whom they exclude.

We have thought it right to raise the voice of warning to the Protestants of Ireland—we have cautioned them that they must be prepared for a policy both dangerous and insidious. The last election has arrested the progress of revolution in the senate; but the Protestants of Ireland must be prepared for the attempt at compromise which we believe in our souls Mr. O'Connell will make; the attempt by abandoning encroachments in parliament to secure to himself a little longer the power of wielding the executive of Ireland to oppress and injure us. This new position will impose new responsibilities on the Protestants and new duties on our representatives in parliament. If our enemies play the game of evading our parliamentary strength, and exercising the power of the executive to forward the designs of Popery—let us recollect how much we have it in our power to embarrass them in their management of this manœuvre. We must watch and hamper them—they will attempt every act of partiality

in the face of a powerful opposition in the House of Commons. Ours be it to bring their deeds before the cognizance of that tribunal—let every wrong be followed by a petition for redress. If this be the policy of the ministers, it is half defeated by exposure; the voice of Protestantism must be heard—the moral power of Irish Protestantism must be set in motion, and Lord Mulgrave himself may very soon be tired of the experiment of attempting to govern Ireland, without a majority in the British House of Commons, and in defiance of the intelligence, the respectability, and the Protestantism of this country.

We write, of course, conjecturally—we presume that it is the intention of ministers to pursue the course which we confess all their past conduct renders probable—but a course which if we had not the experience of that conduct we would pronounce impossible for any ministry to attempt. On this supposition we have a word of advice to offer, to a personage, the last perhaps to whom our readers would expect us to offer it. Lord Mulgrave may honour us by glancing at these pages; perhaps his ear is not so spoiled by the delicate flatteries of the accomplished courtiers by whom he is surrounded, as not to bear with the rough but honest expressions of plain spoken Protestants like ourselves. We will suppose his Excellency to have formed the daring resolution of continuing to govern Ireland as the serf of the Popish party, while his colleagues, by a temporising policy, avoid giving any occasion for a trial of strength in parliament—will his Excellency bear with a word of respectful expostulation before he finally determines on this valorous resolve: “If your Excellency is not yet tired of your peculiar position in Ireland—if you are, indeed, so enamoured of the novel charms with which your new associations have surrounded the viceregal throne—that for their continuance you are ready to forget your obligations to your country, your sovereign, and yourself; pause at least to count the cost—reflect on the inconveniences and annoyances which will attend your hazardous enterprize. The late elections have not raised your Excellency in the estimation of the Protestants of Ireland—you have done that which with freemen is, perhaps, the only crime that can never be forgiven—you have employed the vile agencies of corrup-

tion to purchase away their rights. We have seen your minions unblushingly come forward to offer to the voter the bribe of patronage—we have seen men bearing your commission engaged in the task of coercing the timid and purchasing the venal—the annals of corruption contain no parallel for the boldness with which your Excellency's government have interfered with the freedom of election. The Protestants of Ireland could forgive you for any thing but this—they have despised the meanness of your former acts; they have pitied the degradations of your former associations; they have witnessed with a mixture of sorrow and alarm the circuits through the country in which the representative of royalty has alternately appeared anxious to exhibit himself in the character of madman and fool; sometimes indulging in levities resembling the harmless exhibition of the poor creature whose highest ambition is to win for his grotesque grimaces the plaudits of the village mob; again ascending to the more dangerous sport of the man who “flings about firebrands, arrows, and death.” Yes, we have despised, we have pitied, we have been indignant, we have been alarmed—but let your Excellency know that it was reserved for the proceedings at the late election to make us *hate*. Hatred, bitter unforgiving hatred is reserved by freemen for that worst of tyranny, which employs the agencies of government formed to protect our rights to purchase them. The indignation of all honest men is awake—your Excellency will move in future with the stigma of the late electioneering proceedings indelibly attached to you—your every act will be watched—your every step will be marked with a jealous eye—you will appear to us only as the head of the government that has attempted to purchase our rights; for this offence no personal qualities of your Excellency can atone—we will forget in this the virtues by which you adorn private and dignify public life—we will overlook the proverbial blamelessness of your personal character—we will only recollect that men in your name attempted to make government gold and government patronage the means wherewith to enslave us; we will publish this to the empire—we will prove it before the tribunal where your Excellency can no longer shrink behind the discreditable shelter of a tyrant majority.

Naked and unprotected, with a ministry too weak to offer you any powerful protection—with proofs against you too plain for any chicanery to evade—you must meet the charges of those whose franchise your government has attempted to neutralize by corruption. Let your Excellency be well assured of this—your late interference with the freedom of election has raised a spirit which will soon make Ireland *too hot to hold you.*”

Will Lord Mulgrave believe that we offer him this advice in all sincerity. Happy would we be if we could use to his Excellency the language of sincerity without being forced to severe.

We are anxious to offer a few observations upon the result of some of the Irish elections in detail. Our readers will understand from what we have said, our views as to the prospects which the general returns warrant us in entertaining. We may congratulate every patriot in the land—the country is saved. Most cordially do we join in the noble exultation of Mr. O’Sullivan, with which he concluded his splendid speech at Arunagh:

“Be instant, then, in preparing for the events which are to come, and in redeeming the time which is accorded to you. Revolution, I am persuaded to hope, is yet afar off. England has righted herself; the good ship was hurt among the breakers—it was committed to the waves of popular opinion—the tide has set in—the stranded bark has been floated over shoals and breakers—it has been carried up high on the beach—it is secure—no returning wave shall hurry it back to the hazards of the tempest; and unless the ministers of the Crown resolve to exhibit themselves before their Royal Mistress, not as the guardians of the shore, but as the remorseless felons who hang out false lights to lure gallant barks to destruction, and if the danger has been escaped, rush out with murderous purpose to destroy what the storm and the coast has spared;—unless the Ministers of the Crown exhibit themselves thus in the sight of their Royal Mistress, and make a wreck that they may pronounce one, England is safe, and felon legislators, who would hope to profit by the wreck, are balked of their expected plunder.”

We have already said that we feel confident that the prosecution of petitions will altogether annihilate the ministerial majority. We confine ourselves to the Irish returns. The metropolis, of course, first attracts our attention. That the petition will make

Mr. West and Mr. Hamilton the sitting members there cannot be the slightest doubt. There are, however, some circumstances connected with this contest to which we are anxious to direct special attention.

There never was an occasion on which Protestants of all classes were so firmly and entirely united—men of all ranks and classes seemed bound by some new bond of union—men who had been liberals all their lives now nobly came forward to redeem their characters for consistency by supporting the Conservatives. We say their characters for consistency—for surely the grossest inconsistency is that of the men, who being united with the Roman Catholic party in their professions of 1827, adhere to them in their actions of 1837. There have been many splendid examples of individuals who have broken through the ties of party to preserve their honour, and left their former associates when these associates violated their former professions. Well and truly has Arthur Guinness proved that he was sincere when he advocated the admission of Roman Catholics to equal privileges in the faith that they would ask no more. Every day is detaching from the ranks of revolution the respectable men who were to be found in them.

One, perhaps, of the most gratifying features in the late contest for Dublin was this—that the middle classes made the cause their own. It is to the energy, the devotion, and the untiring exertions of the middling classes that we are indebted for the splendid stand which the Protestants of Dublin made against the combined influences of government and mob intimidation. Never, perhaps, was there a contest in which so much high and generous feeling was called into action. Many in business and in trade were found ready to reject the bribe of the Castle, and to defy the intimidation of the mob. Men in humble circumstances went to the poll in defiance of threats of ruin. Menaces of exclusive dealing were defied by those whose little custom the system might destroy. There is earnest of good hope in all this; the cause in which such noble sacrifices have been made is not one which heaven has yet forsaken.

But let it be remembered, that those who have made these sacrifices deserve to be upheld. A duty is thrown upon the Protestants to support those who have supported their cause. It is a

duty which all honour and all gratitude enforce. We are not the advocates of exclusive dealing ; God forbid : but our enemies act on it—and this we say, that the man is no Conservative, that he has no heart to feel, that he has no conscience to control who will see the poor Protestant shop-keeper suffer by his support of our cause, and not employ all the influence which wealth and station give him to remedy his wrong.

We wish to speak with all plainness—would that we could urge on the Protestants in the higher classes their duty we earnestly as we feel its importance. Perhaps the best way is simply to state what has occurred, what is at this moment occurring, in this city, in a hundred instances. A man in middling circumstances, struggling hard to maintain his family by the gains of his toilsome industry, able by rising up early and taking rest late to keep the honest station of his fathers, and bring up his children to succeed to the same. His bread, his children's bread, depends upon the custom of his shop. Just before the election the servant of the Castle calls on him, he offers him the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant on condition that he votes for the enemy of his religion ; the honest tradesman rejects the tempting bribe ; he is next assailed by the threat of exclusive dealing—he defies the menace ; at the polling booth he does his duty by his country ; he returns home, and now comes the trial ; his liberal customers withdraw in indignation that he has dared to give his vote in opposition to them ; his shop door is deserted ; the magic circle is drawn round it, and his little hopes of prosperity wither in the fatal spell ; beggary stares him in the face. This is no fictitious picture. We could give the names of the voters, and of the liberals who have withdrawn their custom. But we ask of every Protestant will he permit this man to be ruined by his vote ? We put it to the rich man who is loud in his professions of attachment to Protestantism—it is easy to retire to the comfort and security of fashionable elegance and talk Conservatism there ; but the man who will not now act on the only system that can secure the poorer Conservative from ruin—the man who will see the humble Protestant reduced to beggary by his adherence to his religion, may prate about Conservatism in the midst of pampered luxury and ease, but he has no heart to feel the claims of jus-

tice, of honour, or of honesty. The Protestants must now act upon a system of *protective* dealing ; they must see that no man suffers by supporting them, or it is vain to hope that even the spirit of their humbler brethren can long resist the crushing influences to which they are exposed.

It is almost a formal expression to allude to the obligations which we are under to the gentlemen who stood forward as our candidates on this occasion. We once had occasion to differ with regret from Mr. Hamilton, but never did we for an instant forget the debt which Irish Protestantism owes to his noble devotion, to his great talent, his unwearied industry, his uncompromising integrity and fearless boldness in the cause of truth. At this election he has added to that debt, and sincerely do we trust that never will Protestants forget their obligations to him ; but we know that we only do justice to Mr. Hamilton's feelings when we acknowledge that to Mr. West preeminently belongs the title of champion of the independence of Dublin. He it was who first made the attempt to establish, it at a time when it seemed hopeless, and continued his unwearied and disinterested efforts until his perseverance was crowned with success. We say nothing of the pecuniary sacrifices, of the loss of professional emolument, of the sacrifices of personal ease and comfort which this single-minded gentleman has made. The protracted proceedings of the last petition are still in the recollection of our readers ; they remember how Mr. West persevered almost against hope, how his patience was unwearied by the delays by which his opponents sought to turn him from his purpose, how his courage was unshaken by the discouraging predictions of his friends. To Mr. West the citizens of Dublin owe the independence of their city, and we know that we but speak the sentiments of every honest Protestant within its circuit, when we say, that so long as Protestant energy or Protestant influence can command a vote for the representation of the metropolis of Ireland, that vote is at the service of the man who first rescued it from the nomination of O'Connell.

In Youghal, in Carlow, in Longford, in Queen's County, in Kinsale, in Wicklow, and in Belfast, there is, we believe, very little doubt that petitions will seat the Conservatives. The Conservatives of Belfast are proceeding energetically

with the petition. Next to Dublin Belfast should be with the Conservatives a national object. We trust that the funds to carry on both these petitions will be raised by general contributions through the country.

It is a singular incident in the late election, that Kerry is the only one of the southern counties which has asserted its independence of the priests. Out of three members which Kerry returns two are Conservatives. We trust that this is only the setting of an example to the rest of Munster—singular that it should be set by the county of O'Connell.

"Via prima salutis
Quod minime reris Gratia pandetur aburbe."

In the defeat of O'Connell in his own county there is a moral lesson to the rest of Ireland; there is a lesson to his deluded followers that may teach them how little he is respected where he is known; there is a lesson to the landlords of every county in Ireland to teach them what may be done by combination.

Let the Protestants of Ireland take to heart this humiliating lesson—with all the wealth, the intelligence, and the respectability of the country, they have sent to the imperial parliament thirty-two members out of one hundred and five. Let them take this to heart—let them charge the blame where it rests, upon their own cowardice; let them at once prepare to gain the political position to which their strength entitles them. England has declared by a large majority on the side of justice to Ireland, but the Protestants of Ireland have not been true to themselves. The last election, thanks to the people of England, has given us a breathing time; let us remember that the final issue of the contest depends upon the manner in which we employ it.

A high and a sacred duty is thrown upon the Protestants of Ireland; it is not merely that they are called on to defend the rights which they have inherited from their ancestors; they are placed in the front of the battle for their country and for mankind. Ireland has never yet taken her place among the nations of the earth; superstition has cast its darkness over her people; her energies have been blighted by the influence of an unscriptural religion, and every hope of her regeneration which the heart of the Christian patriot will acknowledge, is centred in her Protestantism. If ever her degradation is to pass away—if ever her crimes are to cease, it is Protestant Christianity must work the moral

change. When truth has shed its holy radiance on her glens and valleys, the red stain of blood that dyes them will become discoloured in its light. Nationally as well as individually religion's ways are ways of peace, and peace will only come to this distracted country when the influence of a pure religion is felt throughout the land.

But not merely the interests of our country, the destinies of mankind are entrusted to our care. It seems as if the powers of darkness were gathering all their strength to extinguish for ever truth and religion upon earth. The principles of good and evil are engaged in a struggle throughout the globe. Britain for centuries has been the home of regulated freedom, the altar of a pure and scriptural religion. Long has she raised among the nations the standard of Protestantism, and it seemed as if in the latter day some noble lot awaited her in the destinies of the human race. Is it credulous to believe that it may be therefore, that the fiends of anarchy have been busy with her constitution, and infidelity and superstition have been united to assail her church, that with the downfall of British greatness might perish the citadel of freedom and of truth, and revolution sweep the world unopposed. The destinies of mankind hang upon the contest, and the Protestants of Ireland who guard the Thermopylae by which British greatness is assailed, hold the keys of the Protestantism of the world.

This we believe to be the lot which Providence has assigned to the Protestants of Ireland. It brings with it its fearful responsibilities, but has with it also high and noble associations to cheer and to encourage. It inspires motives, in comparison with which the most hallowed affections of the heart seem allied with selfishness; it points to hopes beside which the mere patriot's most glorious aspirations become little; and it animates and strengthens, by principles, before the loftiness of which all the temptations of self-interest, all the inducements of ambition, sink powerless and abashed.

In the confidence of these high and noble principles, in the solemn consciousness that they are the guardians of the universal cause of freedom and of truth, the Protestants of Ireland must prepare themselves for the struggle, and as their responsibility, if they desert their solemn duty, is fearful, so is their reward, if they acquit themselves of their high obligations, great.

SONGS OF THE GREEKS.—NO. II.

I.

BY BION.

Happiest of happy feelings 'tis, to feel
 Friendship or love for one who can return
 Affection back—alike through woe or weal
 With quenchless and unchanging flame to burn.
 And many a beauteous story bards of old,
 Of such fond lovers, and true friends have told.

Orestes felt not fate's most venom'd dart,
 If Pylades were nigh to soothe his care :
 Not Hades' gloom could sadden Theseus' heart,
 While his dear friend Pirithous was there.
 Patroclus gladly died, as dies the brave,
 Sure that Achilles would avenge his grave.

II.

BY ANACREON.

If gold could give us peace,
 Love or affection buy,
 Bid care and sorrow cease,
 Disease and misery fly.

If gold could bribe grim death,
 And from his talons save :
 Arrest the passing breath,
 Or light the gloomy grave—

I'd think life's only joy
 To get it and to keep ;
 And every hour employ
 To raise the precious heap.

But since the rich must perish,
 What use in toil and care ?
 The wealth you so much cherish,
 Left to some hated heir.

Then give me friends and love,
 Then give me comfort here,
 'Tis only fools would save
 To ornament their bier.

III.

BY LEONIDAS.

Cling to thine home, although it be
 The lowliest of earth's humble homes :
 More real joy 'twill give to thee
 Than all wealth's glittering towers and domes.

Ah, what can gems—ah, what can gold
 Avail disease or pain to heal ?
 Can bracelets still the pulse they fold ;
 Or riches teach us not to feel ?

Vain all the spacious halls of pride
 The sorrows of the heart to quell,
 Unless affection there abide
 And breathe around her blessed spell.

IV.

Nature her brightest beams hath made
 Soonest to be o'ercast in shade ;
 Her sweetest fragrance, too, is given
 But to be exhaled to heaven.

And many a tear, and many a sigh,
 Is shed, alas, for those who die ;
 Snatched from us by some cruel doom
 Ere youth hath ripened into bloom.

And yet we would not bid them stay
 Longer on this weary way,
 We must travel as we go
 To the silent world below.

Better far their quiet sleep
 Than like us to wake and weep
 All life's pleasure, power, and glory,
 Mere shadows vain and transitory.

V.

It is the depth of night,
 No star to light the wave,
 It is the depth of night
 That curtains round the brave.

What heed they though the sky
 Is black with thunder clouds,
 What heed they though the storm
 Howl through the groaning shrouds.

Ay, louder than the thunder peal,
 Than the fierce tempest's cry,
 Comes the shout of men, prepared
 To conquer or to die.

Farewell our happy homes,
 Farewell our native land !
 Our home is now the billowy tide,
 Our friend the trusty brand.

The heroes of old time
 Are beckoning from afar :
 A grim smile lights their cheeks, to see
 Their sons advance to war.

They come, they come, once more
 To ride the thundering wave :
 Hurrah, they cheer us, as we shout
 The war-song of the brave.

On, on, their dark forms stalk
 Across the foam-wreathed sea :
 On, with our good broadswords we'll show
 We're children of the free.

On to the glorious strife,
 On for a deathless name,
 We can but lose a worthless life,
 To win eternal fame.

VI.

'Tis vain to weep, 'tis vain to weep,
 Since we must be as they,
 Must know, like them, the dreamless sleep
 Beneath the damp cold clay.
 A heap of dust, a narrow stone,
 All that we then can call our own.

Alas, the flowers, the leaves return,
 Spring comes as fair and bright
 Stars, that have set, again shall burn,
 And cheer the gloom of night.
 We fade—no more on earth to bloom
 Set—but no dawn illumines the tomb.

Yet still we dream from day to day
 Of wealth, or power, or fame :
 Forgetful of the sure decay
 Time works within our frame.
 Forgetful, that or soon or late,
 Comes upon all one common fate.

J. T. B.

SONNETS

Suggested by revisiting (in August, 1837, after an absence from Ireland) Glendalough
 and other parts of the County Wicklow.

I.

Vales of my country, calm and bloodless yet !
 How oft beneath far skies intensely blue
 Where no dear western tree my childhood knew,
 By a sweet shower of summer freshly wet,
 Glistening and trembling, my lone footsteps met
 As these do now—how many a time to you
 When death-black cypresses the darkness threw
 Of their dense forests round me, while I let
 Insensibly upon my spirit creep
 The solemn shadow of those thousand graves
 Midst which I breathed ;*—from the wide silence deep
 Of that soul-saddening land, across the waves
 Of the wild sea I fled as if in sleep,
 And trod the verdure bright which this fair wood-walk paves.

II.

Beautiful land ! though clouds are in thy skies,
 Floating like silent tears in eyes we love ;—
 Though thou dost need God's rainbow from above
 To shine upon thee oft—for sorrow lies
 Heavy upon thee, and the very sighs
 Of breezes soft that through thy branches move,
 Seem with portentous tones of fear enwove

* The graves of the Turkish burial-grounds in Asia Minor.

To gentle hearts. There are who can despise,
 Yea hate thee, isle of beauty and of woe!
 But, few that ever gazed on thee could keep
 Hatred or scorn ;—thy smiles resistless glow,
 Thy fresh o'erflowing love have won to weep
 Not seldom, some surpris'd, heart-conquered foe
 Who *could not*, from thy shores, all stern and tearless go.

III.

Instinctively my feet a moment shrank
 From the dim windings of that grassy way,
 Where, to an emerald tint, the glow of day
 Was silently subdued, and heath-flowers drank
 The lingering dew-drops on each leaf-veiled bank ;
 Then I remembered I had been away
 (In other lands, in many a crystal bay
 Of Grecian shores whose haunted beauty sank
 Into my soul) from that one Island fair
 Where never serpent lives. How strange the tale
 E'en to a son of Europe wandering there,
 Laden with all high knowledge, study-pale ;
 When I affirmed that it in truth was so
 That aught of serpent-brood my country could not show !

IV.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES, GLENDALOUGH.

There are "seven churches" in the burning East
 Scattered in ruins 'mid the ancient hills
 And cypress-darkened vales : their silence fills
 The very air with awe! the sounds have ceased
 Of old immortal times—nor man nor beast,
 Nor the glad murmur low of running rills
 Pass the grey desolate olives—sadness stills
 The inmost pulses of the thoughtful breast,
 Where martyrs sleep, where the wild myrtle breathes
 Amid a realm of death ; and man's least touch
 Leaves subtle poison on the vine's green wreathes,
 The sun-steeped orange-flowers.* My God! how much
 Of thy rich love dost thou even yet out-pour
 Where once these churches rose, on a saint-trodden shore !

V.

Oh! must thy children leave thee thou beloved!
 Shall all be vain! must the resplendent light,
 Shed from thy "golden candlestick"† in Night
 Dismal and dark, be quenched, or far removed
 To happier lands? Or in the furnace proved
 Shall thou come forth more holy and more bright,
 And rest thee humbly from the weary fight—
 Thy valiant Truth by heavenly hosts approved?
 Alas the dread impenetrable veil
 That shrouds thy Future! yet if thou indeed
 Must only leave the spirit-thrilling tale
 Of all thy griefs for after times to heed—
 Fear not! the mournful record will prevail,
 And sanctify to earth thy every leafy dale !

E. M. H.

* The Plague is communicated (it is believed) by a flower or leaf touched by one even who may not have the disease himself, but has been, though perhaps unconsciously, in contact with it.

† Revelations, i. 20, "the seven golden candlesticks are," &c.

LITERARY REMAINS OF COLERIDGE.*

THE volumes before us are the first of a series of publications directed by the late Mr. Coleridge's will, in which he authorized his executor, Mr. Green, to publish any of the notes or writing made by him in his books, or any other of his manuscripts or writings, or any letters which should be collected from, or supplied by his friends or correspondents. An arrangement was made in pursuance of this authority, for the collection and publication of Coleridge's Literary Remains, under the superintendence of Mr. Green, and such of the recovered papers as related to general literature and criticism, were given, to be prepared for the press, to the nephew and son-in-law of the poet. These volumes come, therefore, before the public with all the authority that a posthumous publication of works, not written for the eye of the world, can have. The voice of the poet himself has designated the persons from whom he wished us to receive such of his papers and letters as might be deemed fit for publication; and we cannot sufficiently reprobate the unauthorized production of many letters written in the careless confidence of friendship, and, in some instances introducing names of the third persons, which have appeared in a volume called "Letters and Conversations of Coleridge." We have seen extracts from another publication which the Dublin booksellers have not been rash enough to order, Mr. Cottle's "Recollections of Coleridge." As we have not seen the volumes themselves, we can only speak of them from such extracts as we have seen. Mr. Cottle, it appears, was his bookseller and publisher when he first became an author. The relation between author and publisher, when a man writes for bread as well as fame, must involve money-dealings of one kind or other, and it is likely enough that a provincial bookseller must be a loser of every guinea he advances on the faith of being able to sell his publications elsewhere than in his own shop. No industry or zeal on his part could give poems, published in Bristol, the same chance of success as if they had been brought out in London, and

to reproach Coleridge, as is, impliedly at least, done by cataloguing against him as debts what must virtually be regarded as advances in the way of a man's business on an unsuccessful speculation, is exceedingly unjust. Enough, however, of works which even the name of the great man, whose struggles they relate, cannot for a moment save from oblivion.

Of the volumes now published under the title of Literary Remains, "the materials," says Mr. Henry N. Coleridge, "were fragmentary in the extreme—Sibylline leaves; notes of the lecturer; memoranda of the investigator; outpourings of the solitary and self-communing student. The fear of the press was not in them. Numerous as they were, too, they came to light, or were communicated at different times, before and after the printing was commenced; and the dates, the occasions, and the references, in most instances remained to be discovered or conjectured. To give to such materials method and continuity, as far as might be—to set them forth in the least disadvantageous manner which the circumstances would permit—was a delicate and perplexing task, and the editor is painfully sensible that he could bring few qualifications for the undertaking, but such as were involved in a many years' intercourse with the author himself, a patient study of his writings, a reverential admiration of his genius, and an affectionate desire to help in extending its beneficial influence."

"It is to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, and to Mr. Green himself, that the public are indebted for the preservation and use of the principal part of the contents of these volumes. The claims of these respected individuals on the gratitude of the friends and admirers of Coleridge and his works, are already well known, and in due season those claims will receive additional confirmation."

The editor closes his preface with the following "L'Envoi":—

"He was one who with long and large arm still collected precious armfuls in whatever direction he pressed forward, yet still took up so much more than he could keep together, that those who fol-

* Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge, collected and edited by H. N. Coleridge, 2 vols. London: Pickering, 1836.

lowed him gleaned more from his continual droppings than he himself brought home;—nay, made stately corn-ricks therewith, while the reaper himself was still seen only with a strutting armful of newly-cut sheaves. But I should misinform you grossly if I left you to infer that his collections were a heap of incoherent *miscellanea*. No! the very contrary. Their variety, conjoined with the too great coherency, the too great both desire and power of referring them in systematic, nay, genetic subordination, was that which rendered his schemes gigantic and impracticable as an author, and his conversation less instructive as a man. *Auditorem inopem ipsa copia fecit*. Too much was given, all so weighty and brilliant as to preclude a chance of its being all received; so that it not seldom passed over the hearer's mind like a roar of many waters."

The first sixty pages of the work contain poems not printed in the late editions of Coleridge's Poetical Works; among these is the *Fall of Robespierre*, a historic drama written in 1794; the joint work of Coleridge and Southey. In explanation of its origin the editor gives an extract from a letter of Mr. Southey.

"This is the history of 'The Fall of Robespierre.' It originated in sportive conversation at poor Lovell's, and we agreed each to produce an act by the next evening; S. T. C. the first, I the second, and Lovell the third. S. T. C. brought part of his, I and Lovell the whole of ours; but L.'s was not in keeping, and therefore I undertook to supply the third also by the following day. By that time, S. T. C. had filled up his. A dedication to Mrs. Hannah More was concocted, and the notable performance was offered for sale to a bookseller in Bristol, who was too wise to buy it. Your Uncle took the MSS. with him to Cambridge, and there rewrote the first act at leisure, and published it. My portion I never saw from the time it was written till the whole was before the world. It was written with newspapers before me, as fast as newspaper could be put into blank verse. I have no desire to claim it now, or hereafter; but neither am I ashamed of it; and if you think proper to print the whole, so be it."

We think it would have been more wise not to have reprinted it. It has none of the peculiarities of Coleridge's genius; we transcribe another poem which we have seen here for the first time; we suppose it to have been printed, as the style then was, as an

introductory compliment to one of Mr. Joseph Cottle's volumes of poetry.

Unboastful Bard! whose verse concise, yet clear,
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as never-seen
The ivy wreathes yon oak, whose broad defiance
Embowers me from noon's sultry influence!
For, like that nameless rivulet stealing by,
Your modest verse to musing quiet dear,
Is rich with tints heaven-borrowed;—the charm'd
eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and loved the soften'd
sky.

Circling the base of the poetic mount,
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
Its coal-black waters from oblivion's fount:
The vapour-poisoned birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet
Beneath the mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
Ere sight of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlabouring
feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and
vast,
That, like some giant king, o'er-gooms the hill;
Nor where the pine-grove to the midnight blast
Makes solemn music! but th' unceasing rill
To the soft wren or lark's descending trill,
Murmurs sweet undersong mid jasmine bowers.
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flowers
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd soldier's tomb
You wove th' undimmed wreath of saddest hues;
And to that holier chaplet added bloom,
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dew.
But lo! your Henderson awakes the Muse—
His spirit beckoned from the mountain's height!
You left the plain, and soar'd mid richer views.
So Nature mourn'd, when sank the first day's
light,
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of
night!

Still soar, my friend! those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing fancy's beam!
Virtue and truth shall love your gentler song;
But poetry demands th' impassion'd theme.
Wak'd by Heaven's silent dews at eve's mild
gleam,
What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!
But if the vext air rush a stormy stream,
Or autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-
honour'd ground! 1795.

The following poems ought not to have been omitted in Coleridge's poetical works:—

TRANSLATION

OF A PASSAGE IN OTTFRIED'S METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE GOSPELS.

"This Paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow, and

a tender enthusiasm in the following lines (at the conclusion of chapter V.) which even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ott-fried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord."—*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 203.

She gave with joy her virgin breast ;
She hid it not, she bared the breast,
Which suckled that divinest babe !
Blessed, blessed were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd ;
And blessed, blessed was the mother
Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed him on her lap,
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,
And soothed him with a lulling motion.
Blessed ! for she shelter'd him
From the damp and chilling air ;—
Blessed ! blessed ! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mother's lie !
Blessed ! blessed evermore,
With her virgin lips she kiss'd,
With her arms and to her breast,
She embraced the babe divine,
Her babe divine the virgin mother !
There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal that can sing her praise.
Mighty mother, virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night
For us she bore the heavenly Lord. 1810.

"Most interesting is it to consider the effect, when the feelings are wrought above the natural pitch by the belief of something mysterious, while all the images are purely natural: then it is that religion and poetry strike deepest."—*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 204.

ISRAEL'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE
OF WALES.

From the Hebrew of Hymna Hurwitz.

Mourn, Israel ! Sons of Israel, mourn !
Give utterance to the inward throes,
As walls of her first love forlorn
The virgin clad in robes of woe !

Mourn the young mother snatch'd away
From light and life's ascending sun !
Mourn for the babe, death's voiceless prey,
Earn'd by long pangs, and lost ere won !

Mourn the bright rose that bloom'd and went,
Ere half disclosed its vernal hue !
Mourn the green bud, so rudely rent,
It brake the stem on which it grew !

Mourn for the universal woe,
With solemn dirge and faltering tongue ;
For England's Lady is laid low,
So dear, so lovely, and so young !

The blossoms on her tree of life
Shone with the dews of recent bliss ;—
Translated in that deadly strife
She plucks its fruit in Paradise.

Mourn for the prince, who rose at morn
To seek and bless the firstling bud
Of his own rose, and found the thorn,
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd ;—
Her daughters wall their dear defence,
Their fair example, prostrate laid,
Chaste love, and servid innocence !

O Thou ! who mark'st the monarch's path,
To sad Jeshurun's sons attend !
Amid the lightnings of thy wrath
The showers of consolation send !

Jehovah frowns !—The Islands bow,
And prince and people kiss the rod !
Their dread chastising Judge wert Thou—
Be Thou their comforter, O God !— 1817.

The next division of the first volume consists of such extracts from a course of lectures on the literature of Europe, and more particularly of England, from the eighth century to the nineteenth, as have been collected from the notes of persons who attended the lectures, and in some cases from the memoranda of the lecturer himself. The lectures were delivered in London in the first months of 1818.

In the first lecture Mr. Coleridge opened his subject by treating of the distinct races of mankind, as descended from Shem, Ham and Japhet. Of this part of the lecture no fragment seems to have been preserved. A note of Mr. Green's, from which the account of the lecture is taken, tells us that he dwelt on the preeminence of the Greeks in Art and Philosophy, and noticed the suitableness of polytheism to small and insulated communities ; that patriotism was in truth the religion of such states ; that the extension of the Roman empire, in which these smaller states were lost, required some coextensive spirit, something to give limits and unity to that great bulk, that this want was, in fact, supplied by Christianity. He stated from Seneca that the overthrow of the empire was distinctly foreseen by many intelligent Romans ; that in fact there was under the empire a German and an Italian party in Rome, and that the German party finally prevailed.

He then proceeded to describe the generic character of the Northern nations, and defined it, "*as an independence* of the whole in the freedom of the individual.*"

"He called our attention," says Mr. Green, "to the peculiarity of their art,

* We suspect a misprint. *Interdependence* was probably Coleridge's thought.

and showed how it entirely depended on a symbolical expression of the infinite; which is not vastness, nor immensity, nor perfection, but whatever cannot be circumscribed within the limits of actual sensuous being. In the ancient art, on the contrary, every thing was finite and material. Accordingly, sculpture was not attempted by the gothic races till the ancient specimens were discovered, whilst painting and architecture were of native growth amongst them. In the earliest specimens of the paintings of modern ages, as in those of Giotto and his associates in the cemetery at Pisa, this complexity, variety, and symbolical character are evident, and are more fully developed in the mightier works of Michel Angelo and Raffael. The contemplation of the works of antique art excites a feeling of elevated beauty, and exalted notions of the human self; but the gothic architecture impresses the beholder with a sense of self-annihilation; he becomes, as it were, a part of the work contemplated. An endless complexity and variety are united into one whole, the plan of which is not distinct from the execution. A gothic cathedral is the petrefaction of our religion. The only work of truly modern sculpture is the Moses of Michel Angelo.

"The Northern nations were prepared by their own previous religion for Christianity; they, for the most part, received it gladly, and it took root as in a native soil. The deference to woman, characteristic of the gothic races, combined itself with devotion in the idea of the Virgin Mother, and gave rise to many beautiful associations.

"Mr. C. remarked how gothic an instrument in origin and character the organ was."

The second lecture is here given from a note of Mr. Hammond. To him we are greatly indebted, for we scarcely know any thing much more beautiful than what he has preserved. It is a sad thing to think by what mere accident this has been preserved—a note of the lecture taken at the delivery. Of Coleridge how much must have for ever perished!

"In my last lecture I stated that the descendants of Japhet and Shem peopled Europe and Asia, fulfilling in their distribution the prophecies of Scripture, while the descendants of Ham passed into Africa, there also actually verifying the interdiction pronounced against them. The Keltic and Teutonic nations occupied that part of Europe, which is now France, Britain, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, &c. They were in general a

hardy race, possessing great fortitude, and capable of great endurance. The Romans slowly conquered the more southerly portion of their tribes, and succeeded only by their superior arts, their policy, and better discipline. After a time, when the Goths, to use the name of the noblest and most historical of the Teutonic tribes, had acquired some knowledge of these arts from mixing with their conquerors, they invaded the Roman territories. The hardy habits, the steady perseverance, the better faith of the enduring Goth rendered him too formidable an enemy for the corrupt Roman, who was more inclined to purchase the subjection of his enemy, than to go through the suffering necessary to secure it. The conquest of the Romans gave to the Goths the Christian religion as it was then existing in Italy; and the light and graceful building of Grecian or Roman-Greek order, became singularly combined with the massy architecture of the Goths, as wild and varied as the forest vegetation which it resembled. The Greek art is beautiful. When I enter a Greek church my eye is charmed and my mind elated; I feel exalted and proud that I am a man. But the gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left, is, 'that I am nothing!' This religion, while it tended to soften the manners of the Northern tribes, was at the same time highly congenial to their nature. The Goths are free from the stain of hero worship. Gazing on their rugged mountains, surrounded by impassable forests, accustomed to gloomy seasons, they lived in the bosom of nature, and worshipped an invisible and unknown deity. Firm in his faith, domestic in his habits, the life of the Goth was simple and dignified, yet tender and affectionate.

"The Greeks were remarkable for complacency and completion; they delighted in whatever pleased the eye; to them it was not enough to have merely the idea of a divinity, they must have it placed before them, shaped in the most perfect symmetry, and presented with the nicest judgment; and if we look upon any Greek production of art, the beauty of its parts, and the harmony of their union, the complete and complacent effect of the whole, are the striking characteristics. It is the same in their poetry. In Homer you have a poem perfect in its form, whether originally so, or from the labour of after critics, I

know not; his descriptions are pictures brought vividly before you, and as far as the eye and understanding are concerned, I am indeed gratified. But if I wish my feelings to be affected, if I wish my heart to be touched, if I wish to melt into sentiment and tenderness, I must turn to the heroic songs of the Goths, to the poetry of the middle ages. The worship of statues in Greece had, in a civil sense, its advantage and disadvantage; advantage, in promoting statuary and the arts; disadvantage, in bringing their gods too much on a level with human beings, and thence depriving them of their dignity, and gradually giving rise to scepticism and ridicule. But no statue, no artificial emblem, could satisfy the northman's mind; the dark wild imagery of nature, which surrounded him, and the freedom of his life, gave his mind a tendency to the infinite, so that he found rest in that which presented no end, and derived satisfaction from that which was indistinct."

"Charlemagne's army, or a large division of it, was utterly destroyed in the Pyrenees, when returning from a successful attack on the Arabs of Navarre and Arragon; yet the name of Roncesvalles became famous in the songs of the gothic poets. The Greeks and Romans would not have done this; they would not have recorded in heroic verse the death and defeat of their fellow-countrymen. But the Goths, firm in their faith, with a constancy not to be shaken, celebrated those brave men who died for their religion and their country! What, though they had been defeated, they died without fear, as they had lived without reproach; they left no stain on their names, for they fell fighting for their God, their liberty, and their rights; and the song that sang that day's reverse animated them to future victory and certain vengeance.

"I must now turn to our great monarch, Alfred, one of the most august characters that any age has ever produced; and when I picture him after the toils of government and the dangers of battle, seated by a solitary lamp, translating the holy scriptures into the Saxon tongue, when I reflect on his moderation in success, on his fortitude and perseverance in difficulty and defeat, and on the wisdom and extensive nature of his legislation, I am really at a loss which part of this great man's character most to admire. Yet above all, I see the grandeur, the freedom, the mildness, the domestic unity, the universal character of the middle ages condensed into Alfred's glorious institution of the trial by jury. I gaze upon it as the immortal symbol of

that age; an age called indeed dark; but how could that age be considered dark, which solved the difficult problem of universal liberty, freed man from the shackles of tyranny, and subjected his actions to the decision of twelve of his fellow-countrymen? The liberty of the Greeks was a phenomenon, a meteor which blazed for a short time, and then sank into eternal darkness. It was a combination of most opposite materials, slavery and liberty. Such can neither be happy nor lasting. The Goths on the other hand said, you shall be our emperor; but we must be princes on our own estates, and over them you shall have no power! The vassals said to their prince, we will serve you in your wars, and defend your castle; but we must have liberty in our own circle, our cottage, our cattle, our proportion of land. The cities said, we acknowledge you for our emperor; but we must have our walls and our strong holds, and be governed by our own laws. Thus all combined, yet all were separate; all served, yet all were free. Such a government could not exist in a dark age. Our ancestors may not indeed have been deep in the metaphysics of the schools; they may not have shone in the fine arts; but much knowledge of human nature, much practical wisdom must have existed amongst them when this admirable constitution was formed; and I believe it is a decided truth, though certainly an awful lesson, that nations are not the most happy at the time when literature and the arts flourish the most amongst them."

A portion of this lecture seems to have been lost. The following account of one of the old mysteries concludes the lecture.

"In this age there was a tendency in writers to the droll and the grotesque, and in the little dramas which at that time existed, there were singular instances of these. It was the disease of the age. It is a remarkable fact that Luther and Melancthon, the great religious reformers of that day, should have strongly recommended for the education of children, dramas, which at present would be considered highly indecorous, if not bordering on a deeper sin. From one which they particularly recommended, I will give a few extracts; more I should not think it right to do. The play opens with Adam and Eve washing and dressing their children to appear before the Lord, who is coming from heaven to hear them repeat the Lord's Prayer, Belief, &c. In the next scene the Lord appears seated like a schoolmaster, with the chil-

dren standing round, when Cain, who is behind hand, and a sad pickle, comes running in with a bloody nose and his hat on. Adam says, 'What, with your hat on! Cain then goes up to shake hands with the Almighty, when Adam says, (giving him a cuff,) 'Ah, would you give your left hand to the Lord?' At length Cain takes his place in the class, and it becomes his turn to say the Lord's Prayer. At this time the Devil (a constant attendant at that time) makes his appearance, and getting behind Cain, whispers in his ear: instead of the Lord's Prayer, Cain gives it so changed by the transposition of the words, that the meaning is reversed; yet this is so artfully done by the author, that it is exactly as an obstinate child would answer, who knows his lesson, yet does not choose to say it. In the last scene, horses in rich trappings and carriages covered with gold are introduced, and the good children are to ride in them and be Lord Mayors, Lords, &c.; Cain and the bad ones are to be made cobblers and tinkers, and only to associate with such.

This, with numberless others, was written by Hans Sachs. Our simple ancestors, firm in their faith, and pure in their morals, were only amused by these pleasures, as they seemed to them, and neither they nor the reformers feared their having any influence hostile to religion. When I was many years back in the north of Germany, there were several innocent superstitions in practice. Among others at Christmas, presents used to be given to the children by the parents, and they were delivered on Christmas day by a person who personated, and was supposed by the children to be, Christ: early on Christmas morning he called, knocking loudly at the door, and (having received his instructions) left presents for the good and a rod for the bad. Those who have since been in Germany have found this custom relinquished; it was considered profane and irrational. Yet they have not found the children better, nor the mothers more careful of their offspring; they have not found their devotion more fervent, their faith more strong, nor their morality more pure."

The third lecture is devoted to the Italian poets, and to Spenser. The fourth, fifth, and sixth, in which Mr. Coleridge discussed the dramatic works of Shakespeare, are reserved for another section of this publication. From the eighth lecture we transcribe Coleridge's account of Don Quixote:—

"Cervantes's own preface to Don Quixote is a perfect model of the gentle, every where intelligible, irony in the best

essays of the Tatler and the Spectator. Equally natural and easy, Cervantes is more spirited than Addison; whilst he blends with the terseness of Swift, an exquisite flow and music of style, and above all, contrasts with the latter by the sweet temper of a superior mind, which saw the follies of mankind, and was even at the moment suffering severely under hard mistreatment; and yet seems every where to have but one thought as the undersong—"Brethren! with all your faults I love you still!"—or as a mother that chides the child she loves, with one hand holds up the rod, and with the other wipes off each tear as it drops!

"Don Quixote was neither fettered to the earth by want, nor holden in its embraces by wealth;—of which, with the temperance natural to his country, as a Spaniard, he had both far too little, and somewhat too much to be under any necessity of thinking about it. His age too, fifty, may be well supposed to prevent his mind from being tempted out of itself by any of the lower passions;—while his habits, as a very early riser and a keen sportsman, were such as kept his spare body in serviceable subjection to his will, and yet by the play of hope that accompanies pursuit, not only permitted, but assisted his fancy in shaping what it would. Nor must we omit his meagreness and entire featurelessness face and frame, which Cervantes gives us at once: "It is said that his surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada*, &c.—even in this trifle showing an exquisite judgment;—just once insinuating the association of *lantern-jaws* into the reader's mind, yet not retaining it obtrusively like the names in old farces and in the Pilgrim's Progress,—but taking for the regular appellative one which had the no meaning of a proper name in real life, and which yet was capable of recalling a number of very different, but all pertinent, recollections, as old armour, the precious metals hidden in the ore, &c. Don Quixote's leanness and featurelessness are happy exponents of the excess of the formative or imaginative in him, contrasted with Sancho's plump rotundity, and recipiency of external impression.

"He has no knowledge of the sciences or scientific arts which give to the meanest portions of matter an intellectual interest, and which enable the mind to decypher in the world of the senses the invisible agency—that alone, of which the world's phenomena are the effects and manifestations,—and thus, as in a mirror, to contemplate its own reflex, its life in the powers, its imagination in the symbolic forms, its moral instincts in the final causes, and its reason in the laws of

material nature : but—estranged from all the motives to observation from self-interest—the persons that surround him too few and too familiar to enter into any connection with his thoughts, or to require any adaptation of his conduct to their particular characters or relations to himself—his judgment lies fallow, with nothing to excite, nothing to employ it. Yet,—and here is the point, where genius even of the most perfect kind, allotted but to few in the course of many ages, does not preclude the necessity in part, and in part counterbalance the craving by sanity of judgment, without which genius either cannot be, or cannot at least manifest itself,—the dependency of our nature asks for some confirmation from without, though it be only from the shadows of other men's fictions.

“ Too uninformed, and with too narrow a sphere of power and opportunity to rise into the scientific artist, or to be himself a patron of art, and with too deep a principle and too much innocence to become a mere projector, Don Quixote has recourse to romances :—

“ ‘ His curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived at that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind ! C. 1.’

“ The more remote these romances were from the language of common life, the more akin on that very account were they to the shapeless dreams and strivings of his own mind ;—a mind, which possessed not the highest order of genius which lives in an atmosphere of power over mankind, but that minor kind which, in its restlessness, seeks for a vivid representative of its own wishes, and substitutes the movements of that objective puppet for an exercise of actual power in and by itself. The more wild and improbable these romances were, the more were they akin to his will, which had been in the habit of acting as an unlimited monarch over the creations of his fancy ! Hence observe how the startling of the remaining common sense, like a glimmering before its death, in the notice of the impossible-improbable of Don Belianis, is dismissed by Don Quixote as impertinent :—

“ ‘ He had some doubt as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received : for he imagined, that notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinished adventure !—C. 1.’

“ Hence also his first intention to turn author ; but who, with such a restless struggle within him, could content himself with writing in a remote village among apathists and ignorants ! During his colloquies with the village priest and the barber-surgeon, in which the fervour of critical controversy feeds the passion and gives reality to its object—what more natural than that the mental striving should become an eddy ?—madness may, perhaps, be defined as the circling in a stream which should be progressive and adaptive : Don Quixote grows at length to be a man out of his wits ; his understanding is deranged ; and hence, without the least deviation from the truth of nature, without losing the least trait of personal individuality, he becomes a substantial living allegory, or personification of the reason and the moral sense, divested of the judgment and the understanding. Sancho is the converse. He is the common sense without reason or imagination ; and Cervantes not only shows the excellence and power of reason in Don Quixote, but in both him and Sancho the mischiefs resulting from a severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral action. Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect ; but they are separated and without cement ; and hence each having a need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other. For the common sense, although it may see the practical inapplicability of the dictates of the imagination or abstract reason, yet cannot help submitting to them. These two characters possess the world, alternately and interchangeably, the cheater and the cheated. To impersonate them, and to combine the permanent with the individual, is one of the highest creations of genius, and has been achieved by Cervantes and Shakespeare, almost alone.”

* * * *

“ SUMMARY ON CERVANTES.

“ A Castilian of refined manners ; a gentleman, true to religion, and true to honour.

“ A scholar and a soldier, and fought under the banners of Don John of Austria, at Lepanto, lost his arm and was captured.

“ Endured slavery, not only with fortitude, but with mirth ; and by the superiority of nature, mastered and overawed his barbarian owner.

“ Finally ransomed, he resumed his native destiny, the awful task of achieving fame ; and for that reason died poor and a prisoner, while nobles and kings over

their goblets of gold, gave relish to their pleasures by the charms of his divine genius. He was the inventor of novels for the Spaniards, and in his *Persilis* and *Sigismunda*, the English may find the germ of their *Robinson Crusoe*.

"The world was a drama to him. His own thoughts, in spite of poverty and sickness, perpetuated for him the feelings of youth. He painted only what he knew and had looked into, but he knew and had looked into much indeed: and his imagination was ever at hand to adapt and modify the world of his experience. Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue."

We pass over the next lecture—chiefly on Rabelais and Sterne—because we think it unequal to the rest, probably from having been less carefully noted down. The tenth lecture, on Dante and Milton, is, we think, that written with most power of any in the series. Our extracts can give but a very imperfect account of Mr. Coleridge's views. We are, of course, compelled to select such passages as are most easily separable from the context; and it is to be remembered that in these, as in all works of a popular character, the parts which are most brilliant are in general those which are least peculiar. The lecturer is compelled to yield somewhat to his audience—the references, for instance, to the learning of the schoolmen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—and to the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the kites and crows of the Italian republics, may be among the things most useful to the student of Dante, while they cannot in a lecture be more than just stated.

"Dante," says Mr. Coleridge, "was the living link between religion and philosophy; he philosophized the religion, and christianized the philosophy of Italy; and, in this poetic union of religion and philosophy, he became the ground of transition into the mixed Platonism and Aristotelianism of the Schools, under which, by numerous minute articles of faith and ceremony, Christianity became a craft of hair-splitting, and was ultimately degraded into a complete *fetisch* worship, divorced from philosophy, and made up of a faith without thought, and a credulity directed by passion. Afterwards, indeed, philosophy revived under condition of defending this very superstition; and, in so doing, it necessarily led the way to its subversion, and that in exact proportion to the influence of the

philosophic schools. Hence it did its work most completely in Germany, then in England, next in France, then in Spain, least of all in Italy. We must, therefore, take the poetry of Dante as christianized, but without the further Gothic accession of proper chivalry. It was at a somewhat later period, that the importations from the East, through the Venetian commerce and the crusading armaments, exercised a peculiarly strong influence on Italy.

"In studying Dante, therefore, we must consider carefully the differences produced, first, by allegory being substituted for polytheism; and secondly and mainly, by the opposition of Christianity to the spirit of pagan Greece, which receiving the very names of its gods from Egypt, soon deprived them of all that was universal. The Greeks changed the ideas into finites, and these finites into *anthropomorphi*, or forms of men. Hence their religion, their poetry, nay, their very pictures, became statuesque. With them the form was the end. The reverse of this was the natural effect of Christianity; in which finites, even the human form, must, in order to satisfy the mind, be brought into connexion with, and be in fact symbolical of, the infinite; and must be considered in some enduring, however shadowy and indistinct, point of view, as the vehicle or representative of moral truth.

"Hence resulted two great effects; a combination of poetry with doctrine, and, by turning the mind inward on its own essence, instead of letting it act only on its outward circumstances and communities, a combination of poetry with sentiment. And it is this inwardness or subjectivity, which principally and most fundamentally distinguishes all the classic from all the modern poetry. Compare the passage in the *Iliad* (*Z. vi. 119, 236*), in which Diomed and Glaucus change arms:

Χειρὰς τ' ἀλλήλων λαβίστην καὶ πιστάσμετο,
They took each other by the hand, and pledged friendship—

with the scene in Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, c. i. st. 20-22,) where Rinaldo and Ferrauto fight, and afterwards make it up:—

"Al Pagan la proposta non dispiacque:
Così fu differita la tenzone;
E tal tregua tra lor subito nacque,
Sì l'odio e l'ira va in obliuione,
Che 'l Pagano al partir dalle fresche acque
Non lasciò a piede il buon figliuol d' Amone:
Con preghi invita, e al fin lo toglie in gropa,
E per l'orme d' Angelica galoppa.

Here Homer would have left it. But

the Christian poet has his own feelings to express, and goes on:—

“ Oh gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui!
Eran rivali, eran di fé diversi,
E si sentian degli aspri colpi iniqui
Per tutta la persona anco dolersi;
E pur per seive oscure e calli obliqui
Insieme van senza sospetto averai.”

And here you will observe, that the reaction of Ariosto's own feelings on the image or act is more fore-grounded (to use a painter's phrase) than the image or act itself.

“ The two different modes in which the imagination is acted on by the ancient and modern poetry, may be illustrated by the parallel effects caused by the contemplation of the Greek or Roman-Greek architecture, compared with the Gothic. In the Pantheon, the whole is perceived in a perceived harmony with the parts which compose it; and generally you will remember that where the parts preserve any distinct individuality, there simple beauty, or beauty simply, arises; but where the parts melt undistinguished into the whole, there majestic beauty, or majesty, is the result. In York Minster, the parts, the grotesques, are in themselves very sharply distinct and separate, and this distinction and separation of the parts is counterbalanced only by the multitude and variety of those parts, by which the attention is bewildered;— whilst the whole, or that there is a whole produced, is altogether a feeling in which the several thousand distinct impressions lose themselves as in a universal solvent. Hence in a Gothic cathedral, as in a prospect from a mountain's top, there is, indeed, a unity, an awful oneness;—but it is, because all distinction evades the eye. And just such is the distinction between the Antigone of Sophocles and the Hamlet of Shakespeare.

“ By way of preparation to a satisfactory perusal of the Divina Commedia, I will now proceed to state what I consider to be Dante's chief excellencies as a poet. And I begin with—

I. Style—the vividness, logical connexion, strength, and energy of which cannot be surpassed. In this I think Dante superior to Milton; and his style is accordingly more imitable than Milton's, and does to this day exercise a greater influence on the literature of his country. You cannot read Dante without feeling a gush of manliness of thought within you.

“ Indeed there was a passion, and a miracle of words in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, after the long slum-

ber of language in barbarism, which gave an almost romantic character, a virtuous quality and power, to what was read in a book, independently of the thoughts or images contained in it. This feeling is very often perceptible in Dante.

“ II. The Images in Dante are not only taken from obvious nature, and are all intelligible to all, but are ever conjoined with the universal feeling received from nature, and therefore affect the general feelings of all men.

“ III. Consider the wonderful profoundness of the whole third canto of the Inferno; and especially of the inscription over Hell gate—

Per me si va, &c.

which can only be explained by a meditation on the true nature of religion; that is—reason *plus* the understanding. I say profoundness rather than sublimity; for Dante does not so much elevate your thoughts as send them down deeper. In this canto all the images are distinct, and even vividly distinct; but there is a total impression of infinity; the wholeness is not in vision or conception, but in an inner feeling of totality, and absolute being.

IV. In picturesqueness, Dante is beyond all other poets, modern or ancient, and more in the stern style of Pindar, than of any other. Michel Angelo is said to have made a design for every page of the Divina Commedia. As super-excellent in this respect, I would note the conclusion of the third canto of the Inferno—

“ Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave
Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo
Gridando: guai a voi anime prave, &c.”
Ver. 82. &c.

* * * *

“ And lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
Crying, Woe to you wicked spirits!”

* * * *

CARY.

“ Very closely connected with this picturesqueness, is the topographic reality of Dante's journey through Hell. You should note and dwell on this as one of his great charms, and which gives a striking peculiarity to his poetic power. He thus takes the thousand delusive forms of a nature worse than chaos, having no reality but from the passions which they excite, and compels them into the service of the permanent.”

* * * *

“ As to going into the endless subtle beauties of Dante, that is impossible,

but I cannot help citing the first triplet of the 29th canto of the *Inferno*:—

La molta gente e le diverse plaghe
Avean le luci mie al inebriate,
Che dello stare a piangere eran vaghe.

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
Disfigur'd, that they long'd to stay and weep.

CARY.

"Nor have I now room for any specific comparison of Dante with Milton. But if I had, I would institute it upon the ground of the last canto of the *Inferno* from the 1st to the 69th line, and from the 106th to the end. And in this comparison I should notice Dante's occasional fault of becoming grotesque from being too graphic without imagination; as in his Lucifer compared with Milton's Satan. Indeed he is sometimes horrible rather than terrible; falling into the *puerili*, instead of the *divini*, of Longinus; in other words, many of his images excite bodily disgust, and not moral fear. But here, as in other cases, you may perceive that the faults of great authors are generally excellencies carried to an excess."

To render intelligible this last passage, and to direct our reader's attention to by far the best translation of any book which we have ever seen, we transcribe from Cary's Dante the last canto of the *Inferno*. In the late editions of Milton we are astonished at finding that his commentators scarcely even refer to his Italian studies. Of this, however, when we have a more natural opportunity of discussing the subject. The passage from the *Inferno* is that in which Dante finds in the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors wholly covered with ice. In the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

"The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth
Toward us; therefore look," so spake my guide,
"If thou discern him." As, when breathes a
cloud

Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night
Fall on our hemisphere, seems view'd from far
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round;
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew
Behind my guide; no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
Whelm'd underneath, transparent, as through
glass

Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid;

Others stood upright, this upon the soles,
That on his head, a third with face to feet
Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we came
Whereat my guide was pleas'd that I should see
The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepp'd and made me pause.
"Lo!" he exclaimed, "lo Dis; and lo the place,
Where thou hadst need to arm thy heart with
strength."

How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not;
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from th' ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be, which
suits

With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our mis'ry flow. Oh what a sight!
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces: one in front
Of hue vermillion, th' other two with this
Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had
they,

But were in texture like a bat; and these
He flapp'd! 't' the air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept; the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd
Bruis'd as with pond'rous engine; so that three
Were in his guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd
By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit,
Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,
"Is Judas, he that hath his head within
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
Who hangs, is Brutus: lo! how he doth writhe
And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that appears
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends;
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

I clipp'd him round the neck; for so he bade:
And noting time and place, he, when the wings
Enough were op'd, caught fast the shaggy sides,
And down from pile to pile descending stepp'd
Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

Soon as he reach'd the point, where at the height
Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,
My leader there, with pain and struggling hard,
Turn'd round his head where his feet stood be-
fore,

And grappled at the fell as one who mounts:
That into hell methought we turn'd again.

"Expect that by such stairs as these," thus
spake

The teacher, panting like a man fore-pent,

"We must depart from evil so extreme."

Then at a rocky opening issued forth,

And plac'd me on the brink to sit, next join'd

With wary step my side. I rais'd mine eyes,
Believing that I Lucifer should see
Where he was lately left, but saw him now
With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,
Who see not what the point was I had passed,
Bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.

"Arise," my master cried, "upon thy feet.
The way is long, and much uncouth the road;
And now within one hour and half of noon
The sun returns." It was no palace-hall
Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,
But natural dungeon where ill footing was
And scant supply of light. "Ere from the abyss
I separate," thus when risen I began,
"My guide! vouchsafe few words to set me free
From error's thralldom. Where is now the ice?
How standeth he in posture thus revers'd?
And how from eve to morn in space so brief
Hath the sun made his transit?" He in few
Thus answering spake: "Thou deemest thou art
still

On th' other side the centre, where I grasp'd
The abhorred worm, that boreth through the
world.

Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
Descended; when I turned, thou did'st o'erpass
That point, to which from every part is dragged
All heavy substance. Thou art now arriv'd
Under the hemisphere oppos'd to that,
Which the great continent doth overspread,
And underneath whose canopy expired
The Man, that was born sinless and so lived.
Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere.
Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn
Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,
Whose shaggy pile we scal'd, yet standeth fixed,
As at the first. On this part he fell down
From heav'n; and th' earth, here prominent be-
fore,

Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,
And to our hemisphere retir'd. Perchance,
To shun him, was the vacant space left here,
By what of firm land on this side appears,
That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,
From Belzebub as distant, as extends
The vaulted tomb; discover'd not by sight,
But by the sound of brooklet, that descends
This way along the hollow of a rock,
Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,
The wave hath cleft. By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter, to return
To the fair world; and heedless of repose
We climb'd, he first, I following his steps,
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave:
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

Mr. Coleridge having pointed out in detail some of the most striking passages from Dante, proceeded to an examination of Milton and the *Paradise Lost*. He commenced by exhibiting in contrast the periods from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of James the First, and that which comprehended the reign of Charles and the republic.

"In the close of the former period, and during the bloom of the latter, the poet Milton was educated and formed;

and he survived the latter, and all the fond hopes and aspirations which had been its life; and so in evil days, standing as the representative of the combined excellence of both periods, he produced the *Paradise Lost* as by an after-throe of nature. 'There are some persons (observes a divine, a contemporary of Milton's) of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good spirit inhabiting them carries them on an even constancy through innocence into virtue, their Christianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reason and religion, like warp and woof running together, make up one web of a wise and exemplary life. This (he adds) is a most happy case, wherever it happens; for, besides that there is no sweeter or more lovely thing on earth than the early buds of piety, which drew from our Saviour signal affection to the beloved disciple, it is better to have no wound than to experience the most sovereign balsam, which, if it work a cure, yet usually leaves a scar behind.' Although it was and is my intention to defer the consideration of Milton's own character to the conclusion of this lecture, yet I could not prevail on myself to approach the *Paradise Lost* without impressing on your minds the conditions under which such a work was in fact producible at all, the original genius having been assumed as the immediate agent and efficient cause; and these conditions I find in the character of the times and in his own character. The age in which the foundations of his mind were laid, was congenial to it as one golden æra of profound erudition and individual genius; that in which the superstructure was carried up, was no less favourable to it by a sternness of discipline and a show of self-control, highly flattering to the imaginative dignity of an heir of fame, and which won Milton over from the dear-loved delights of academic groves and cathedral aisles to the anti-prelatic party. It acted on him, too, no doubt, and modified his studies by a characteristic controversial spirit, (his presentation of God is tinted with it) a spirit not less busy indeed in political than in theological and ecclesiastical disputes, but carrying on the former almost always, more or less in the guise of the latter. And so far as Pope's censure of our poet, that he makes God the Father a school divine, is just, we must attribute it to the character of his age, from which the men of genius, who escaped—escaped by a worse disease, the licentious indifference of a Frenchified court.

"Such was the *nidus* or soil which constituted, in the strict sense of the word, the circumstances of Milton's mind. In

his mind itself there were purity and piety absolute; an imagination to which neither the past nor the present were interesting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal, in which and for which he lived; a keen love of truth, which, after many weary pursuits, found a harbour in a sublime listening to the still voice in his own spirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a disappointment still more depressive, expanded and soared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. These were—these alone could be—the conditions under which such a work as the *Paradise Lost* could be conceived and accomplished. By a life-long study Milton had known—

What was of use to know,

What best to say could say, to do had done.

His actions to his words agreed, his words

To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart

Contain'd of good, wise, fair, the perfect shape;

and he left the imperishable total as a bequest to the ages coming, in the *Paradise Lost*."

Coleridge states Milton's plan and subject. The skill with which the former is framed, so as to keep out of view the difficulties of the subject, is first dwelt on. With reference to both, Coleridge examines the Homeric poems, and shews the great superiority of the English poem—he then proceeds—

"High poetry is the translation of reality into the ideal under the predicament of succession of time only. The poet is an historian, upon condition of moral power being the only force in the universe. The very grandeur of his subject ministered a difficulty to Milton. The statement of being of high intellect, warring against the supreme Being, seems to contradict the idea of a supreme Being. Milton precludes our feeling this, as much as possible, by keeping the peculiar attributes of divinity less in sight, making them to a certain extent allegorical only. Again, poetry implies the language of excitement; yet how to reconcile such language with God? Hence Milton confines the poetic passion in God's speeches to the language of scripture; and once only allows the *passio vera*, or *quasi humana* to appear, in the passage, where the Father contemplates his own likeness in the Son before the battle:—

"Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my
war,
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms

Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king."

* * * *

"The apostrophe to light at the commencement of the third book is particularly beautiful as an intermediate link between Hell and Heaven; and observe, how the second and third book support the subjective character of the poem. In all modern poetry in Christendom there is an under consciousness of a sinful nature, a fleeting away of external things, the mind or subject greater than the object, the reflective character predominant. In the *Paradise Lost* the sublimest parts are the revelations of Milton's own mind, producing itself and evolving its own greatness; and this is so truly so, that when that which is merely entertaining for its objective beauty is introduced, it at first seems a discord.

"In the description of *Paradise* itself you have Milton's sunny side as a man; here his descriptive powers are exercised to the utmost, and he draws deep upon his Italian resources. In the description of *Eve*, and throughout this part of the poem, the poet is predominant over the theologian. Dress is the symbol of the Fall, but the mark of intellect; and the metaphysics of dress are, the hiding what is not symbolic and displaying by discrimination what is. The love of Adam and Eve in *Paradise* is of the highest merit—not phantomatic, and yet removed from every thing degrading. It is the sentiment of one rational being towards another made tender by a specific difference in that which is essentially the same in both; it is a union of opposites, a giving and receiving mutually of the permanent in either, a completion of each in the other.

"Milton is not a picturesque, but a musical, poet; although he has this merit that the object chosen by him for any particular foreground always remains prominent to the end, enriched, but not encumbered, by the opulence of descriptive details furnished by an exhaustless imagination. I wish the *Paradise Lost* were more carefully read and studied than I can see any ground for believing it is, especially those parts which, from the habit of always looking for a story in poetry, are scarcely read at all,—as for example, Adam's vision of future events in the 11th and 12th books. No one can rise from the perusal of this immortal poem without a deep sense of the grandeur and the purity of Milton's soul, or without feeling how susceptible of domestic enjoyments he really was, not-

withstanding the discomforts which actually resulted from an apparently unhappy choice in marriage. He was, as every truly great poet has ever been, a good man; but finding it impossible to realize his own aspirations, either in religion, or politics, or society, he gave up his heart to the living spirit and light within him, and avenged himself on the world by enriching it with this record of his own transcendent ideal."

The next lecture discusses the origin of polytheism, and the Samothracian or Cæbeiric mysteries, as the links between the Asiatic and Greek popular schemes of mythology. These mysteries continued in celebrity for some time after the commencement of the Christian era, and then gradually died away.

"The peculiar doctrines, however," says Mr. Coleridge, "were preserved in the memoirs of the initiated, and handed down by individuals. No doubt they were propagated in Europe, and it is not improbable that Paracelsus received many of his opinions from such persons, and I think a connection may be traced between him and Jacob Behmen."

The Arabian Nights, and Crusoe lead the lecturer to discuss the education of children; and it would be injustice both to our readers and our author, to omit the following passage:

"In the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed. Then impulse and power should be given to the intellect, and the ends of a moral being be exhibited. For this object thus much is effected by works of imagination;—that they carry the mind out of self, and show the possible of the good and the great in the human character. The height, whatever it may be, of the imaginative standard will do no harm: we are commanded to imitate one who is inimitable. We should address ourselves to those faculties in a child's mind, which are first awakened by nature, and consequently first admit of cultivation, that is to say, the memory and the imagination. The comparing power, the judgment, is not at that age active, and ought not to be forcibly excited, as is too frequently and mistakenly done in the modern systems of education, which can only lead to selfish views, debtor and creditor principles of virtue, and an inflated sense of merit. In the imagination of man exist the seeds of all moral and scientific improvement; chemistry was first alchemy, and out of astrology sprang astronomy. In the childhood of those sciences the ima-

gination opened a way, and furnished materials, on which the ratiocinative powers in a maturer state operated with success. The imagination is the distinguishing characteristic of man as a progressive being; and I repeat that it ought to be carefully guided and strengthened as the indispensable means and instrument of continued amelioration and refinement. Men of genius and goodness are generally restless in their minds in the present, and this, because they are by a law of their nature unremittingly regarding themselves in the future, and contemplating the possible of moral and intellectual advance towards perfection. Thus we live by hope and faith; thus we are for the most part able to realize what we will, and thus we accomplish the end of our being. The contemplation of futurity inspires humility of soul in our judgment of the present.

"I think the memory of children cannot, in reason, be too much stored with the objects and facts of natural history. God opens the images of nature, like the leaves of a book, before the eyes of his creature, Man—and teaches him all that is grand and beautiful in the foaming cataract, the glassy lake, and the floating mist.

The common modern novel, in which there is no imagination, but a miserable struggle to excite and gratify mere curiosity, ought, in my judgment, to be wholly forbidden to children. Novel-reading of this sort is especially injurious to the growth of the imagination, the judgment, and the morals, especially to the latter, because it excites mere feelings without at the same time ministering an impulse to action. Women are good novelists, but indifferent poets; and this because they rarely or never thoroughly distinguish between fact and fiction. In the jumble of the two lies the secret of the modern novel, which is the *medium aliquid* between them, having just so much of fiction as to obscure the fact, and so much of fact as to render the fiction insipid. The perusal of a fashionable lady's novel is to me very much like looking at the scenery and decorations of a theatre by broad daylight. The source of the common fondness for novels of this sort rests in that dislike of vacancy and that love of sloth, which are inherent in the human mind; they afford excitement without producing reaction. By reaction I mean an activity of the intellectual faculties, which shows itself in consequent reasoning and observation, and originates action and conduct according to a principle. Thus, the act of thinking presents two sides for contemplation,—that of external causality, in which the

train of thought may be considered as the result of outward impressions, of accidental combinations, of fancy, or the associations of the memory,—and on the other hand, that of internal causality, or of the energy of the will on the mind itself. Thought, therefore, might thus be regarded as passive or active; and the same faculties may in a popular sense be expressed as perception or observation, fancy or imagination, memory or recollection."

The next section of the first volume contains notes on Browne's *Religio Medici*, and on Chapman's translation of Homer, communicated by Mr. Wordsworth; on Barclay's *Argenia*, an exceedingly interesting and instructive paper communicated by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge—notes on Junius, written in his copy of the letters in 1807—essays on Beauty and on Taste; the former written in 1818, the latter in 1810; and some notes written in the margin of his copy of Baxter's *Life of Himself*. The next division of the volume contains a few poems—one a spirited translation from Stolberg—like every one of Coleridge's translations, better than the original. It, however, has manifestly not had the last hand of the poet, and must be read with the indulgence due to a ballad no doubt hastily written, and, as it does not appear in his collected poems, probably forgotten altogether by the translator.

THE STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG.

Imitated from Stolberg.

My noble old warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen
wrought;

Ah! give me the sabre which hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought.

O, despise not my youth! for my spirit is steel'd,
And I know there is strength in the grasp of my
hand;

Yes, as firm as thyself would I move to the field.
And as proudly would die for my dear father-
land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimick'd the
fight,—

The shrill of a trumpet suspended my breath;
And my fancy still wander'd by day and by night
Amid tumult and perils, 'mid conquest and death.

My own eager shout in the heat of my trance,
How oft it awakes me from dreams full of glory,
When I meant to have leapt on the hero of
France,
And have dash'd him to earth pale and deathless
and gory!

As late through the city with bannerets streaming,
And the music of trumpets the warriors flew by—
With helmet and scymetar naked and gleaming
On their proud trampling thunder-hoof'd steeds did
they fly,—

I sped to yon heath which is lonely and bare—
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in alarm—
I hurl'd my mock lance through the objectless air,
And in open-eyed dream prov'd the strength of my
arm.

Yes, noble old warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen
wrought;

Ah! give me the falchion that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought!

We cannot give in a more appropriate place to the following remarks on the German language and ours, which occur in the next section of this agreeable miscellany:

GERMAN LANGUAGE.

"The real value of melody in a language is considerable as subadditive; but when not jutting out into consciousness under the friction of comparison, the absence or inferiority of it is, as privative of pleasure, of little consequence. For example, when I read Voss's translation of the *Georgics*, I am, as it were, reading the original poem, until something particularly well expressed occasions me to revert to the Latin; and then I find the superiority, or at least the powers, of the German in all other respects, but am made feelingly alive, at the same time, to its unsmooth mixture of the vocal and the organic, the fluid and the substance, of language. The fluid seems to have been poured in on the corpuscles all at once, and the whole has, therefore, curdled, and collected itself into a lumpy soup full of knots of curds insided by interjacent whey at irregular distances, and the curd lumps of various sizes.

"It is always a question how far the apparent defects of a language arise from itself or from the false taste of the nation speaking it. Is the practical inferiority of the English to the Italian in the power of passing from grave to light subjects, in the manner of Ariosto, the fault of the language itself? Wieland in his *Oberon*, broke successfully through equal difficulties. It is grievous to think how much less careful the English have been to preserve than to acquire. Why have we lost, or all but lost, the *ver* or *for* as a prefix,—*fordone*, *forwearied*, &c.; and the *zer* or *to*,—*zerreissen*, *torend*, &c. *Jugend*, *Jüngling*: *youth*, *youngling*; why is that last word now lost to common use, and confined to sheep and other animals?"

To affect any arrangement in our

selections from a part of the work put together almost accidentally, is of course quite out of the question; but we interpose the following extract to make the transition from criticism on the powers of language, to the most awful subjects which can engage the mind, less startlingly abrupt than it would otherwise be:

M. DUPUIS.

"Among the extravagancies of faith which have characterized many infidel writers, who would swallow a whale to avoid believing that a whale swallowed Jonas,—a high rank should be given to Dupuis, who, at the commencement of the French Revolution, published a work in twelve volumes, octavo, in order to prove that Jesus Christ was the sun, and all Christians, worshippers of Mithra. His arguments, if arguments they can be called, consist chiefly of metaphors quoted from the Fathers. What irresistible conviction would not the following passage from South's sermons (vol. v. p. 165.) have flashed on his fancy, had it occurred in the writings of Origen or Tertullian! and how complete a confutation of all his grounds does not the passage afford to those humble souls, who, gifted with common sense alone, can boast of no additional light received through a crack in their upper apartments:—

"Christ the great sun of righteousness and saviour of the world, having by a glorious rising, after a red and bloody setting, proclaimed his deity to men and angels; and by a complete triumph over the two grand enemies of mankind, sin and death, set up the everlasting gospel in the room of all false religions, has now changed the Persian superstition into the Christian doctrine, and without the least approach to the idolatry of the former, made it henceforward the duty of all nations, Jews and Gentiles, to worship the rising sun."

"This one passage outblazes the whole host of Dupuis' evidences and extracts. In the same sermon, the reader will meet with Hume's argument against miracles anticipated, and put in Thomas's mouth."

The passage which follows was written in the year 1816. In it are anticipated some of the views afterwards exhibited in detail in the *Aids to Reflection*. We think the statement as here given more striking than in the expanded form which it assumed in Mr. Coleridge's own publication. Our copy of the *Aids to Reflection* is of the first edition; but we believe there are few alterations in the after editions. A fault of the work is occa-

sioned by so much of it being comments on passages of the old divines whom it was Mr. Coleridge's delight to quote, altering their language occasionally so as to make it more easily fall in with his views. The necessity of communicating to his readers these changes gives to the book a disputatious air, and makes the eloquent expositions of Coleridge's own faith, which these discussions interrupt, seem accidental additions to the work, like the noble bursts of something more than poetry, that every now and then burn through Milton's controversial writings. The humble yet elevated tone of the confessions of faith which we transcribe is, that natural to a man kneeling in prayer, alone with his own soul, and with God. We know nothing like it in human language. There is a passage in one of the Catholic Mystic writers, which we are reminded of when we read this and such passages. "Speak," said the pious man of whom we think, "in your conversation, as if you were addressing those, to whom you speak, in the presence of their guardian angels."

CONFESSIO FIDEL. NOV. 3, 1816.

I.

I. "I believe that I am a free-agent, inasmuch as, and so far as, I have a will, which renders me justly responsible for my actions, ommissive as well as commissive. Likewise that I possess reason, or a law of right and wrong, which, uniting with my sense of moral responsibility, constitutes the voice of conscience.

II. "Hence it becomes my absolute duty to believe, and I do believe, that there is a God, that is, a Being, in whom supreme reason and a most holy will are one with an infinite power; and that all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its ultimate consequences by His omnipotence;—having, if such similitude be not unlawful, such a relation to the goodness of the Almighty, as a perfect time-piece will have to the sun.

COROLLARY.

"The wonderful works of God in the sensible world are a perpetual discourse, reminding me of his existence, and shadowing out to me his perfections. But as all language presupposes in the intelligent hearer or reader those primary notions, which it symbolizes; as well as the power of making those combinations of these primary notions, which it represents and excites us to combine,—even so I believe, that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is

called forth into distinct consciousness principally by the conscience, and auxiliary by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture has so represented it. For it commands us to believe in one God. *I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt have none other gods but me.* Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is apodictic or demonstrative only as far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem, nolentem.*

III. "My conscience forbids me to propose to myself the pains and pleasures of this life, as the primary motive, or ultimate end, of my actions;—on the contrary, it makes me perceive an utter disproportionateness and heterogeneity between the acts of the spirit, as virtue and vice, and the things of the sense, such as all earthly rewards and punishments must be. Its hopes and fears, therefore, refer me to a different and spiritual state of being: and I believe in the life to come, not through arguments acquired by my understanding or discursive faculty, but chiefly and effectively, because so to believe is my duty, and in obedience to the commands of my conscience.

"Here ends the first table of my creed, which would have been my creed, had I been born with Adam; and which, therefore, constitutes what may in this sense be called natural religion, that is, the religion of all finite rational beings. The second table contains the creed of revealed religion, my belief as a Christian.

II.

IV. "I believe, and hold it as the fundamental article of Christianity, that I am a fallen creature; that I am of myself capable of moral evil, but not of myself capable of moral good, and that an evil ground existed in my will, previously to any given act, or assignable moment of time, in my consciousness. I am born a child of wrath. This fearful mystery I pretend not to understand. I cannot even conceive the possibility of it, —but I know that it is so. My conscience, the sole fountain of certainty, commands me to believe it, and would itself be a contradiction, were it not so —and what is real must be possible.

V. "I receive with full and grateful faith the assurance of revelation, that the Word, which is from all eternity with God, and is God, assumed our human nature in order to redeem me, and all mankind from this our conuate corruption. My reason convinces me, that no

other mode of redemption is conceivable, and, as did Socrates, would have yearned after the Redeemer, though it would not dare expect so wonderful an act of divine love, except only as an effort of my mind to conceive the utmost of the infinite greatness of that love.

VI. "I believe, that this assumption of humanity by the Son of God, was revealed and realized to us by the Word made flesh, and manifested to us in Christ Jesus; and that his miraculous birth, his agony, his crucifixion, death, resurrection, and ascension, were all both symbols of our redemption (*παύσις τῶν νοσημάτων*) and necessary parts of the awful process.

VII. "I believe in the descent and sending of the Holy Spirit, by whose free grace obtained for me by the merits of my Redeemer, I can alone be sanctified and restored from my natural inheritance of sin and condemnation, be a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of God.

COROLLARY.

"The Trinity of persons in the Unity of the God would have been a necessary idea of my speculative reason, deduced from the necessary postulate of an intelligent creator, whose ideas being anterior to the things, must be more actual than those things, even as those things are more actual than our images derived from them; and who, as intelligent, must have had co-eternally an adequate idea of himself, in and through which he created all things both in heaven and earth. But this would only have been a speculative idea, like those of circles and other mathematical figures, to which we are not authorized by the practical reason to attribute reality. Solely in consequence of our Redemption does the Trinity become a doctrine, the belief of which as real is commanded by our conscience. But to Christians it is commanded, and it is false candour in a Christian, believing in original sin and redemption therefrom, to admit that any man denying the divinity of Christ can be a Christian. The true language of a Christian, which reconciles humility with truth would be;—God and not man is the judge of man; which of the two is the Christian, he will determine; but this is evident, that if the theanthropist is a Christian, the psilanthropist cannot be so; and vice versa. Suppose, that two tribes used the same written characters, but attached different and opposite meanings to them, so that *niger*, for instance, was used by one tribe to convey the notion *black*, by the other; *white*;—could they, without absurdity, be said to have the same language? Even so, in the instance of the crucifixion, the

same image is present to the theanthropist and to the psilanthropist or Socinian—but to the latter it represents a mere man, a good man indeed and divinely inspired, but still a mere man, even as Moses or Paul, dying in attestation of the truth of his preaching, and in order by his resurrection to give a proof of his mission, and inclusively of the resurrection of all men:—to the former it represents God incarnate taking upon himself the sins of the world, and himself thereby redeeming us, and giving us life everlasting, not merely teaching it. The same difference, that exists between God and man, between giving and the declaration of a gift, exists between the Trinitarian and the Unitarian. This might be proved in a few moments, if we would only conceive a Greek or Roman, to whom two persons relate their belief, each calling Christ by a different name. It would be impossible for the Greek even to guess, that they both meant the same person, or referred to the same facts."

How impossible it is through the works of Coleridge ever to forget the man! Never surely was there one who, with more singleness of heart, pursued, through a life, which his very selflessness rendered peculiarly helpless—a life, too, disturbed by sad visitations from without—the objects, which must be the appropriate ones of the human mind in life and after life. His earliest poetry—his last thoughtful meditations still breathe every where the same spirit—the same yearning for love—the same instinctive longing for truth—the same recognition of every thing heavenly that still lingers in a world, which was once the garden of God. We close our selections from the first volume of his *Literary Remains* with a few lines from his poetry, chiefly because though we knew the poems before, we first learned

their dates from this volume, and because, written at a period, when we believe he was chiefly occupied with the discussion of temporary politics, as a writer in the London newspapers, and seeking in this ungenial occupation the means of calling his countrymen to the view of permanent truths through the incidents that most engaged their attention, while he provided for the day which was passing over his head its necessary supplies, these little poems shew where the angelic soul of this great man had indeed its home—where his treasure was and his heart also.

PSYCHE.

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But of the soul, escap'd the slavish trade
Of mortal life!—For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereupon we
feed. 1806.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting
strain!
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!—
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man!—three treasures, love and
light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. 1806.

LITERÆ ORIENTALES.

PERSIAN AND TURKISH POETRY.—FIRST ARTICLE.

I.

"Ce n'est pas la route ordinaire de l'esprit humain de voyager vers le nord," observed Count Segur, when Napoleon's troops caught cold and died off in Russia. Looking at the disastrous result of the Russian expedition, no intelligent person will dissent from the Count. In reality, the great art of securing a triumph in reasoning is to make your conclusions wait upon your facts. A conjuror who jumps down his own throat sets no heads shaking except the very woodenest; all the philosophers proceed immediately to prove the possibility of the Impossible. It is well to be ingenuous, but better to be ingenious. Of all begetters of theories, commend us to events: a mere hypothesis wants bulk, muscle, marrow; it is an impalpability, an *ens rationis*, a ghost that one may evoke, and again lay in the Red or Black Sea of his inkstand at his leisure or pleasure; but a principle grounded on a fact is Pelion based upon Ossa, is a fixture in the great Warehouse of Argument, a Cheops' Pyramid stereotyped. The safest of all inferences deducible from the occurrence of a circumstance is the antecedent necessity of that occurrence. If a million Frenchmen march into Russia, conquer the country, and come home again laden with trophies and triumphs, this is natural; cold, according to Beaupré, renders men capable of extraordinary exertion. If the same million are killed by the Cossacks, this also is natural; frost destroys French enthusiasm as infallibly as Irish potatoes. To shew, when any thing is, that it should be as a consequence of course, is the business of the theorist. So in *Candide*, when the academician is asked why the Eldoradian sheep was red, and why it had died on leaving Eldorado, he is considered as giving a praiseworthy and prizeworthy explication in demonstrating by $a+b-c=$ that the animal must have been of that color, and could not have lived in Europe.

The Count's opinion, however, chances to be right in the abstract; and we should have said so at once. Warm and bright climes are preferable to chilly and cloudy. Poussin thought it essential to the effective development

of his Arcadia to represent the sunset as illumining the looks of his shepherds. We even bury our dead with their faces towards the Orient. The Greater and Lesser Lights of Dante's *Paradiso* were never borrowed from Northern skies. "The savage loves his native shore;" so at least saith the ballad; but nationality is not always rationality, and taste is confessedly questionable where its canons cannot be made answerable. Some difference may be presumed to exist between Italy and Iceland. No soil not classic is consecrated ground; we may believe the contrary when we are satisfied to refer the question to the arbitration of the Houzouana or the Troglodyte, for a tedious and excellent account of whom, consult, inquisitive reader, the pages of that respectable traveller, La Vaillant.

The mind, to be sure, properly to speak, is without a home on the earth. Ancestral glories, genealogical charts, and the like imprescriptible indescriptibles are favorite subjects with the composite being Man, who also goes now and then the length of dying in idea for his fatherland—but for Mind—it is restless, rebellious—a vagrant whose barren tracts are by no means confined to the space between Dan and Beersheba. It lives rather out of the world. As the stranger said at the sermon, when asked why he did not weep with the rest of the congregation, it "belongs to another parish." It is apt, when in quest of its origin, to remount quite as far as the Welshman who across the middle of his pedigree wrote, *About this time the earth was created*. It is a Cain that may build cities, but can abide in none of them. It repudiates every country on the map; it must do so; it should; it would not be Mind if it did otherwise. But, all this notwithstanding, matters as they regard the general truth advocated by Segur and ourself remain where they were. No private principle worth preserving is interfered with by reason of the dominance of a certain great catholic feeling in the human spirit. Abstract in its nature, such a feeling is ever compatible with the co-existence of particular and temporary preferences and prejudices. We do

confess that the Mind, with all its indifferencism, looks rather Eastward than Northward; do acknowledge, are proud to acknowledge, that, whatever the human sympathies it has, they are with the East, or with its conceptions of the East. That shadowy species of affinity which the Mind in its complacent moods delights to assume as subsisting between the Orient and its own images of Genii-land possesses rich and irresistible charms for human contemplation. Imagination feels averse to surrender the paramount jewel in the diadem of its prerogatives—a faith, to wit, in the practicability of at some time or another realizing the Unreal. If the East is already accessible, so may be at last—the reverse who dares prophesy?—"the unreached Paradise of our despair;" and so long as the Wonderful Lamp, the dazzler of our boyhood, can be dreamed of as still lying *perdu* in some corner of the Land of Wonders, so long must we continue captives to the hope that a lovelier light than any now diffused over the dusky pathway of our existence will yet be borne to us across the blue Mediterranean. Alas! wanting that which we have not, cannot have, never shall have, we mould that which we really have into an ill-defined counterfeit of that which we want; and then, casting a veil over it, we contemplate the creature of our own fancy with much the same sort of emotion that may be supposed to have dilated the breast of Maresca, the artist of Sais, when he first surveyed the outlines of the gigantic statue himself had curtained from human view. Yet it is on the whole fortunate that Speculation can fall back upon such resources. Slender and shifting though they seem, they serve as barriers against Insanity. From amid the lumber of the actual world prize is made of a safety-valve which carries off from the surface of our reveries the redundant smoke and vapour that, suffered to continue pent up within us, would suffocate every healthier volition and energy of the spirit.

When we speak of Mind, readers must understand us to mean Mind *par excellence* Mind. Visions of lovers and poets, and lonely *reueurs*, who have read no metaphysics, and are therefore best qualified to become original metaphysicians, subtlest of the subtle, flit before us as the word assumes shape under our quill. Of

mathematicians one perhaps in a thousand comes, but even that one hardly lingers. Few ploughmen dazzle us, and no *millionaires*. But the absence of these last is of small import, nor are we now quarrelling for the assertion of any principle. Power and Beauty best vindicate themselves. Multiform and omnipresent in their manifestations have they ever been; and he who passes ninety-nine altars without worshipping must perforce kneel before the hundredth. There is a reverence independent and apart which neither poet nor man of the world can well refuse to the East. The universal consent of nations assigns to Asia a character it assigns to no other portion of the globe. The title of Rome herself to any celebrity beyond that derivable from her military triumphs must be shared with Asia, the "mother of science, and the house of gods." Asia was the cradle of the human race, was man's primeval world. We look to it from childhood as "the land of the sun;" our young ideas of glory, antiquity and enchantment are associated with it. The coldest of cosmopolites must feel that it is the Great Caravanserai at which he is oftenest disposed to put up in the resting pauses of his pilgrimage. To trace with effect the revolutions of centuries to their source he must turn to Asia. If he would know how empires were founded, how society was formed, how civilization originated, Asia must be his book of reference. If he be desirous of an acquaintance with the history of the establishment of governments and legislatures, with the history of the earliest discoveries, with the history of the first wars and the first conquests, he must seek them in Asia. Picture to yourselves, you who think but travel not,—behold, you who travel and think not, those monumental miracles of ancient conception, those stupendous relics of the Past, which seem to have been bequeathed to the Present as much in defiance of the comparative labours of all succeeding generations as in a sublime despair of rivalling Deity. Look upon these as they are; reflect on what these were; and wonder, if you can, that the traveller of old, treading the earth of the East for the first time, should have fancied himself half-restored to Eden, and that even the sword of the seraph over the Prohibited Walls should have appeared to gleam from afar less in

menace than in invitation. Where flourished gardens then, it is true, we stray in wildernesses now; where palaces rose we find roofless walls and broken columns. But the justness of the trite remark, that Greatness though in decay is Greatness still, is nowhere more fully exemplified than in the East. Amid the ruins of Palmyra, and Balbec, and Babylon, and above all of Persepolis,* the wanderer becomes deeper convinced than ever of its truth. Tabor is to-day the holiest of mounts. The name of Galilee remains eternal. In the shrouded and tabular inscriptions of Egypt we meet still those mysterious hieroglyphs, of whose less unfamiliar counterparts, "the *Mythi* of the breast," we are suffered to gain glimpses when the lightning of Inspiration and Genius plays over their surface. Our conclusion, then, is not an idle one. Poet, artist, archaeologist, philosopher, philanthropist, warrior, mystic, religionist—all may meet in Asia, as on ground common to all. Each will be acquitted of all supererogatory enthusiasm, even if, as he looks around him and exclaims, "This is my own, my native land!" every responsive chord in his heart vibrates to the utterance of the sentiment.

11.

The literature of such a country, as well modern as ancient, must be supposed to comprehend a variety of knowledge in the highest degree interesting to investigators. It is not wonderful, therefore, that attempts should have been from time to time made in Europe to obtain for it the publicity it deserves. But although from the fifteenth century to the present period there has been no deficiency in the number of minds willing to devote their energies to the task, it is only within the last two-score years that any progress in it worth noticing has been made. It is matter for regret that the old Orientalists entered upon their labours without any distinct notion of the nature of them. They were alike ignorant

of their own, of Asiatic, of human nature; they saw not the multitudinous difficulties opposed to the successful prosecution of their undertaking, and they wanted the comprehensiveness of judgment which could alone have enabled them to grapple with those difficulties when encountered. They were men who had been taught to think, rather than men who had learned to think; and, stopping short in their researches where Custom and Indolence dictated, it probably never occurred to them that any further advance, even if practicable, could be regarded as necessary. They had acquired, perhaps, a knowledge of history, but they had not acquired any knowledge of the principles upon which the great events and great characters of history should be judged; and an attempt to blend the conflicting and discordant elements of the Past and Present, of the Remote and Proximate into one harmonious total was as far beyond their ability as the idea of it was beyond their capacity. They regarded the Asiatics as a subordinate and degraded caste of mortals, without troubling themselves to anatomise with too much curiousness the reasonings they had arrived at their conclusions by. Europe stood with her face to the light; Asia lay buried in shadow; the contrast was undeniable and was made the most of. It would indeed appear a habit inseparable from the constitution of many minds to estimate all things, all peoples even, at the worth which they assume in the eye while they are immediately under survey. "Goethe," observes Carlyle, "reckoned Schiller happy that he died young, *that we might figure him to ourselves as a youth for ever*;" and with the memory of Goethe himself few, possibly, will ever associate any image but that of the octogenarian. The old Roman, as he looked with contempt on the barbarian Teuton and Briton, could scarcely have imagined a period when Germany and England would contest the victory of intellectual pre-eminence with the majestic Mistress of the

* "Les ruines de Tchêhel-minar," writes Le Blonde, (Chelminar, the Forty Pillars, is the native name of Persepolis,) "présentent aujourd'hui les débris de plus de deux cents colonnes et de treize cents figures d'hommes ou d'animaux. Deux siècles auront-ils suffi pour exécuter des travaux aussi multipliés? On ne trouve dans le monde connu que les pyramides d'Egypte qui puissent être comparées à la majesté de ces ruines. En se rappelant cependant que les Egyptiens n'eurent pour construire les pyramides qu'à employer une multitude d'ouvriers peu instruits, et que ces vastes amas de pierres n'offrent aucun relief, aucune figure, hésitera-t-on à les placer au-dessous des monuments de Tchêhel-minar?"

World. Voltaire, forgetful of the palmy days of Jerusalem, doubts that the Deity could have selected a nation of east-clothes-men as the repository of his favors, and Hume condemns the whole colored population of the earth to imbecility perpetual. The old Orientalists were unfortunately so organized as to be incapable of viewing the existing condition of Asia as it stood in relation to the system of the world from its beginning. They could not have anticipated the excellent remark of Wieland, that "to understand human affairs and human beings aright, we must scrutinize them, not in detail, or as they appear in single places or epochs, or as they stand in connection with this odd thing or that, or as they lose or gain by being involved in the clouded atmosphere of opinions and passions, but as they refer to the Whole, in its origin, progress and termination, and in all its forms, movements, ramifications, and consequences." Their error was involuntary. But the result was that they communicated few or no impressions of Asia that were not imperfect and unsatisfactory. They tested the genius, habits, and prejudices of one continent by the genius, habits and prejudices of another; and because the two continents differed—because the moral character of Europe was reckoned austerer than that of Asia—because Asia was not Europe, the literature of Asia was pronounced unworthy of a comparison with the literature of Europe. The inference was mysterious, but not more than two-thirds a *non-sequitur* after all, and drawn with all imposing gravity besides; and so, many believed, and few questioned, and none contradicted. Writers and readers were alike misled—the writers by their own convictions—the readers by the plausibility of the writers.

But enough and too much of these men. Time has trodden them down, them, their works, their memory; their light, like the lamp in the tomb of Cicero's daughter, could burn only in an atmosphere of darkness;—directly the *Appian Way* of the human mind was upbroken by the first pickaxes and crowbars of the French Revolutionists, it died, day-extinguished, storm-destroyed. They have passed away, and bolder enquirers occupy their places. Fairer views, prospects worthy of the name at length begin to open upon the admirers of Orientalism. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

The dawning of a new era is heralded by many a rising star and gilded cloud.

We begin to perceive how much we have hitherto been in the dark, and how much we are still. Even such a perception is no insignificant advantage. Knowledge is not Power, but Knowledge readily suggests a mode for the acquisition of Power. We have gained an accurate insight into the extent of our deficiencies. To this naturally succeeds the decisiveness of action which will soonest enable us to supply those deficiencies. Supplied, they must be, or else any important, any available progress towards the attainment of our object, the publication, that is, of the worthier portions of Eastern Literature, ceases to be matter of reasonable hope. Of course, therefore, we should be zealous and indefatigable in our endeavours to supply them.

"Contarini Fleming," says the Younger D'Israeli, "wrote upon the wall, *Time*."

Our inscription would have been, *Hope and Exertion*.

III.

Our chief desideratum is undoubtedly a Literary History of the Oriental Nations, but more particularly of Persia and the Arabias.

The question then is, Whether the compilation of such a work be practicable. We hesitate not in pronouncing it to be quite practicable. Considerable industry, calm patience, unremitting perseverance, a little discriminating power, a talent for collocating, selecting, arranging and distributing, these are essential to the accomplishment of the task; but, apart from these, nothing. An exception, on second thoughts, may be made in favour of the *con amore* feeling which usually accompanies literary drudgery of all kinds. This included, we need no other requisites. It were disingenuous, however, to omit acknowledging that the laborer, whoever he be, will have much up-hill work to achieve. There are difficulties in his way, and their name is Legion, for they are many. He may be young; all the better; his youth is no objection; he will grow old enough over his desk, for years must elapse, a quarter of a century perhaps, perhaps more, before he will have reduced his chaos to order. The merit of his undertaking will, perhaps, be better appreciated when we have embodied in a rapid *esquisse* a state-

ment of the peculiar nature and character of the obstacles that will contribute to retard him.

The primary difficulty to be confronted is confessedly in the materials from which the required information is to be derived. All are of course MSS. Of these comparatively few have reached Europe; and those few are productions of different eras, penned in differing dialects, and abounding in provincialisms, local allusions, idioms, word-abbreviations and the duskest ambiguities of expression. A leaf-by-leaf examination of one of them never fails to dishearten a tyro. But as we suppose our drudge to be no tyro—as we suppose him an indifferent proficient in the Eastern tongues, and as the time, toil and thought he might expend in perfecting his proficiency, would not be ultimately thrown away, we refrain from directing attention more pointedly to this difficulty. We draw upon our fancy, and imagine it mastered in the first month of a brain-bracing Winter.

A more dubious result would possibly succeed the attempt to collect, collate, compare and classify the variorum copies of the same MSS. scattered abroad as they are, and parcelled out among the libraries and public institutions of Europe. If we presume that our historian elect visits the East in person, the objection drawn from this second difficulty, it is true, in a great measure vanishes. But upon such a presumption he is, on the other hand, likely to be affrighted from his propriety altogether, by new considerations, and those of a very embarrassing description. What they are we hasten to explain.

In the East, be it noted, there are two sorts of Annals—Public Annals and Private Annals.

The Public Annals are chiefly those of the Arabian Chroniclers, Ebn Aher, Ahulfeda, Makrizi, Abulmahassan and others. They are made up of records of the political events of each successive year, interspersed with brief notices, in the manner of our newspaper obituaries, of the remarkable men who have died within the year. Beyond their exactitude these annals have no recommendation. In style and matter they are contemptible. They are dull, drowsy and monotonous, or rather have no tone whatever. We cannot call them literary. They could be of no service to the literary historian.

The Private Annals are pure bio-

ographies. They are narratives of the sayings, and doings, dreamings and schemings, lives, fortunes and misfortunes of such men of all grades and calibres, lettered and unlettered, officials and expectants, as had in their day any pretensions to wear pantoufles an inch higher in the heels than the mere rabble wore them. Throughout most towns of the East, but principally in Mecca, Medina, Bagdad, Damascus, Ispahan and Bassorah, these Annals abound and superabound in piles of volumes, "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands." From the age of the Hejira to the present times, Renown has enacted the part of an auctioneer in the East; and every Mussulman has had assigned to him an immortal lot who has been able to bid up to the price of it. It is a great mistake to fancy that the Orientals know nothing about any body except Haroun Alraschid and Sinbad the Sailor. They shew you the written lives—half of which were first taken and then undertaken—of "small poets and great prozers," period-rounders, law-expounders, harem-founders, and theologians whose *hue* and *cry* were White and Omar, or Green and Ali. You have the lives of Muftis, Cadis, Hakems, Agas, and Effendis, and, in the same volume with these perhaps, the lives of the fathers, mothers, brothers, wives and children, aunts, uncles, and cousins by dozens of the same Muftis, Cadis, Hakems, Agas, and Effendis. Even the grammar-school-masters, and the quack-physicians, and the country-jugglers, and the town-criers, and the court-buffoons, and the fig-and-date hawkers, and a host of the like illustrious obscures have been made welcome to hide their undiminished heads for an eternity in the sepulchres of the Great Biographical Cemetery.

Now the literary history of a country, though it may be said to properly consist of two parts, the history of its literature *per se*, and the history of the lives of its literary men, rests its chief claim to importance on the history of its literature *per se*. If we take both parts in conjunction as a circle we shall find that the first part embraces about three hundred degrees, and the second part the remaining sixty. Of these two parts, therefore, the first part is of a magnitude and moment far transcending the second. Its business is to acquaint us with the

state of literature generally and particularly, its origin, its growth, its influence on society and the arts, its various revolutions and the causes that may have operated to accelerate or retard its progress. It is obvious that although in this history, this first part, mention may incidentally occur of literary writers, they should appear, wherever they are introduced, only as accessories; the types are not licensed to "prate of their whereabouts;" they are not the staple of the work; they "come like shadows, so depart;" their successes or disasters are affairs with which we have no immediate concern. It is in the second part of the literary history, that is, in the literary biographies that we look for these; and even there we expect to find that the biographer has allotted to the portrait of each writer a wider or narrower space in the literary gallery as the writer himself was more or less distinguished in his rôle. Such biographies are unquestionably of some collateral utility to the literary historian. But they do not in the most latitudinarian sense of the term constitute literary histories. They are histories of the lives and labors of men whose lives and labors have been subservient to the advancement of literature, and they are nothing more. They can scarcely of themselves answer all the purposes of the literary historian.

Unfortunately, however, it happens that throughout the East few or no sources of information besides these are discoverable. The single basis whereon to rear the superstructure of a literary history of the East may be said to be the literary biographies.

Here, then, is a formidable difficulty, and, attaching to it all the importance that really invests it, we should at once admit that the compilation of a *perfect* literary history of the East cannot be hoped for. But the truth is, that we never dreamed of such a chimera as a *perfect* history. We are satisfied to have the best history that can be given us, "with all its imperfections on its head" and the compiler's. The difficulty we have just dwelled upon does not we think interpose an insurmountable wall of separation between our wishes and their final accomplishment. Viewed, however, even with reference to stipulations as moderate as ours, we still acknowledge it to be, as we have said, formidable in its way; and it were wise to weigh and ponder it fully before hand.

We now come to and we shall conclude with an embarrassment, which though of a minor order, comprehends in itself such a number of annoyances that the historian, even if he had none other to make head against, might feel tempted to abandon his pen in despair when considering it.

In the East there are but a few proper names of individuals. Abdallah, Ali, Hassan, Mohammed, Hussein, for example, are common to thousands. To remedy the inconvenience that might be supposed to result from this tendency to homonymousness the Orientals annex to the family-name of the chronicled person, 1, a *conya*, or surname, taken from the name of his eldest son, as *Abu-Mohammed*, *Abu'l-Hassan* (father of Mohammed, father of Hassan). 2, the name of his father and often the name of his grandfather. 3, a name taken from his place of residence. 4, a name taken from his birth-place. 5, an honorary title, chiefly appended to the names of cadis, sheikhs and imams, monks and doctors, as *Bohal-eddin*, Splendor of Religion, *Djelal-eddin*, Glory of Religion, *Tadj-eddin*, Crown of Religion; and in the order of this nomenclature the last name is put first. Thus to designate aright the famous physician Abd-alladif we must call him Mouwaffik-eddin Abu-Mohammed Abdalladif Ben Yusuf Mousouli Bagdadi, viz: The Protector of Religion, father of Mohammed, Abd-alladif, son of Joseph, living at Mossoul, born at Bagdad. Yet this is by no means an exaggerated specimen; several other surnames of the same kind are frequently added. The perpetual recurrence of such a multiplicity of names and titles must tend in many ways to confuse a literary historian; and the more naturally when he finds the same individual chronicled in one page under his honorary title only, as *Djelal-eddin*, in another under his family-name, as *Adberaman*, in a third under his father's name, as *Ebn-Arabshah*, some where else under the name of his son, as *Abu'l-Abbas*, and perhaps again, and where one would least look for it, under the name of his native province, as *Scheherestani*. D'Herbelot has recorded no fewer than fourteen Persian writers, all of whom pass under the common cognomen of Karamani, from their province, Karaman. Here is perspicuity! But this is not all. The transcribers of the MSS.

have frequently confounded the titles *Abu* and *Êbn*, or else, for abbreviation-sake, have omitted them altogether, and written down as Abd-alla or Abd-eraman him who was in fact the father or the son of Abd-alla or Abd-eraman. Then there are a great many authors whom public celebrity has been accustomed to distinguish so exclusively by one only of their adjunctive titles that even the native biographers find it impossible to trace either their family names or their other surnames. Lastly, many hundreds of books bear the same name, and the names of most books are conceived after such a many-worded and no-meaning fashion that even de Sacy, Schlegel, Casiri and Von Hammer, to mention but a few investigators out of many, have been failed in the attempt to establish their signification.

For the dryness of these details we should deem it our duty to apologize, if we did not feel convinced that those who have accompanied us thus far will agree with us that notwithstanding their dryness they are not destitute of a certain degree of interest. We have been desirous to specify the nature of the preliminary step towards rendering available, that is, transferable into our own land's language, all that may be really valuable in the literature of the East. There is nothing like knowing where we are, what we are doing, how we are circumstanced and whether and when the exertions we are engaged in are likely to be successful. Exceedingly satisfactory would it be to us if we could encourage the hope that in, say, thirty years hence, supposing the many-colored thread that binds our nights to be spun out through that period, we should witness in the publication of such a history as we have adverted to a proof that our suggestion had been acted on. The work need not be more voluminous than the *Bibliothèque Orientale*, which, by the way, has long called for a companion, perhaps we should say a substitute, considering that D'Herbelot, after all, was able to do little more than catalogue some thousands of names, and that since the completion of his catalogue a century and a half have passed over. We have mentioned the sort of compilation that we regard as indis-

passable and we have enumerated the principal obstacles that will embarrass the compiler. We have said and we again say that those obstacles appear surmountable by time, zeal, and steadiness. We have merely to add that when surmounted, we, or those who shall come after us, will be at length enabled to deal out to the Oriental Muse that full measure of justice which the limitedness of our views at present with respect to the true merits of the poetry of the East must prevent us for a season longer from according her.

In the meantime we, whose motto was always *Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*, must do the best for ourselves that circumstances will permit. Our business just now is with Persian and Turkish Poetry merely, the merits of which we shall endeavour to discuss as concisely as possible.

IV.

It is rather remarkable that nobody should know with any certainty to which country of Asia the oldest poetry belongs. Augustus Schlegel is disposed to advocate "the great priority" of the Sanscrit, though he allows the powerful rival title of the Arabic. Sir William Jones patronizes equally the Indian, Arabic, and Tartarian; Langlès the Manchew-Tartarian alone. Abel-Remusat appears to support his own arguments in favour of the Chinese with considerable effect, while Von Hammer exalts the Ancient Persian, albeit he, too, somewhat like Schlegel, pronounces the Arabic "a venerable dialect, whose poetry is allied to the Hebrew, and owes its origin to an immemorial epoch." It would be foreign from our purpose to enter into any discussion upon these conflicting theories. If, however, we were to hazard a conjecture, it would be in favour of Von Hammer. The works of that accomplished scholar we have attentively perused and studied; and, after as impartial a comparison between his arguments and those of his opponents as we were capable of, our conviction is that although many extravagant assertions have been advanced with reference to the peculiar antiquity of the Old Persian,* there is evidence enough to satisfy a rational mind that it is a language and can boast a poetry coeval with the earliest dawn of civilization among mankind. Our decision

* Sir William Jones, we may as well observe here, has fallen into a strange error, as to the time of the introduction of the Persian language into Hindostan. He states that "the descendants of Tamerlane carried into India the language and poetry of the Persians." This was not the case; long antecedent to the birth of Tamerlane,

with respect to the Arabic would be less positive. That the Arabic, as a language, is entitled to every deference, we at once concede, but its poetry is far from striking us as being of a very elevated order. Elsewhere, indeed, Von Hammer himself confesses that "*die höchste Poesie des Arabers ist das Werk des arabischen Propheten, der Koran*,"† the sublimity of which in his opinion transcends that of the *Moallakat* itself, but which in our opinion, and we really think in the opinion of any unprejudiced proficient in Arabic and judge of poetry, is about as paltry and bombastic a budget of rhapsodies as exists on a shelf. Mohammed in truth hated poetry and poets. He is candid enough to admit his own total want of "the vision and the faculty divine." *We have not taught Mohammed the art of Poetry, says the Koran, nor is it expedient for him to be a poet.* And again, *I swear to ye by that which ye see, and that which ye see not, that this is the discourse of an honourable apostle, and not of a poet.* The concluding verses of the twenty-sixth chapter of the *Koran* contain a very drawling and stupid tirade against poets in general, for which we refer to the book itself. The following also are a few of the elegant sayings current among the Arabians as having been uttered by its author. *Poetry is the devil's horn-book. § Better for thee to fill thy stomach with garbage from a dunghill, than with poetry. || Cast mud in the face of the poet. ¶* There was no necessity for Von Hammer to rest his appeal in behalf of the merits of Arabian poetry on the *Koran*; (in fact the romance of *Antar*, also an Arabian production and of comparatively modern origin, is alone worth a dozen *Korans*.) But when of his own accord he chooses to do so, and declares that he has nothing nobler to back his argument with, he may be assured that if even the disciples of his own school appear to swallow openmouthed every proposition he lays down for them on the subject, it will be *cum grano salis*.

That which is certain at all events is, that the poetry of Persia ranks much higher in critical and popular esteem at the present day than the poetry of Arabia, or, indeed, the poetry of any of the many other lands of the Orient. Its pre-eminence over that of Arabia is disputed in Europe with little plausibility and less reason. The rich raciness, the terrible strength, and undenied beauty of some kinds of the Bedouin poetry have earned for the poetry of Arabia a celebrity to which it is not in strict right entitled. The poets of Yemen, or Arabia Felix, have little to recommend them; and in fact, the productions of the Arabian poets generally, as they were, for the most part, penned at the courts of the khalifs, exhibit just such a nervelessness and absence of character as might have been expected from men "thus trammelled and condemned to Flattery's treblea." If now and then, at intervals a century apart, some gifted Bedouin started up and electrified his countrymen with strange melody the very singularity of the phenomenon operated to prevent it from being referred to as an evidence of national genius: the poet, it is true, was apotheosised, was elevated to the sphere of a demigod, but a barrier so much the more impassable was therefore supposed to sunder him from the multitudes below, "the common growth of Mother Earth." When Volney visited the East, he did not forget the Arabs of the Desert, and his testimony as to them is, that, "*Toute leur littérature consiste à récrire des contes et des histoires dans le genre des Mille et une Nuits.*" The Arabs, however, it is to our purpose to remark, are well aware that even this work is of Persian origin; and the supremacy which Persian poetry assumes over every other is but feebly contested by them. That supremacy is ceded with still less reluctance by other nations. It is acknowledged that no poet has as yet made his appearance in Arabia, China, Tartary, India, or the Ottoman Empire, who has succeeded in transferring

that language and poetry had been introduced into India by the Patan princes of Delhi and the Deccan; and the works of the Indian poet, Mir Khosru, who flourished a century before Tamerlane, and yet wrote in Persian, are still extant.

† The *Koran*, the production of the Arabian prophet, embodies the loftiest poetry of Arabia.

‡ The Seven Poems which were suspended in the Temple of Mecca. They belong to an age anterior to Mohammed.

§ *Mismar min mesamiri Ibbis.*

|| *Lienne jomtela djuf ahadikim kihen chairen lehu min in jomtela djuren.*

¶ *Ahassu et-turab si wudjuhul-meddahin.*

the laurel from the brows of SHEMSEDDIN MOHAMMED HAFIZ to his own.

With regard to Turkish poetry, its excellences and defects, whatever they are, belong to a modern epoch: it is an imitation, an echo of Persian poetry. *Die persische Poesie*, writes Von Hammer, *ist die Sonne, welcher die Sonnenblume osmanischer Dichtkunst zugewendet, Farbe und Wachsthum danket*.* Drechsler has confirmed our conviction of his utter incompetency to assume the criticaster by his contemptuous condemnation of this poetry in the gross. Goethe rather sneers at it—the poetry, that is:—he seems to forget that a nation which may be said to have itself sprung up on the borders of the Caspian but six hundred years ago cannot be expected to exhibit a literature characterised by a very marked degree of individuality. Rückert and some other busy bodies have been at a world of unnecessary trouble to depreciate the Ottoman poetry, as owing what little notoriety it has acquired to an extraneous source. “The poetry of Turkey,” says the *Leipsic Handbuch einer allgemeinen Geschichte der Dichtkunst*, “possesses no intrinsic force, beauty or merit of its own; all its harmony and vigour are borrowed from the Persian and Arabic. There may be one exception in the compositions of BAKI, who died in the year 1600, and who acquired a very extensive reputation as a lyrist of peculiar powers.” This, though meant to be severe, is half panegyrical, Nobody ever dreamed of claiming originality for the poetry in question; nor need we care whether it be original or not. If it really possess beauty, harmony, and vigour, it is of no consequence whatever to us or any body, whether they are borrowed or inherent. It would certainly be a novelty in the prize-ring if the claims of the pugilistic victor to the championship of an hour were rejected on the ground that his father was as hard-fisted a punisher as he. It is to be lamented, meanwhile, that these shadowy attacks by nobodies upon an imaginary citadel, have not been productive of some substantial advantage, by at least awakening curiosity. More than once it has been proposed to give all parties fair play by shewing through

the medium of a Turkish Literary History how far either party may be under a mistake; and some left-handed attempts have been made at getting up such a history, but of course, without success. One Introductory Part of the *Literaturgeschichte des Osmanen* has, it is true, been given to the world by Eichhorn; but the second and more important portion, that which moots the question of the poetry and oratory of the Turkish nation, though it has been twenty years printed, seems to be much less nearer publication now than when the author first took it in hand. The publisher, who, it seems, like Philosopher Square, does everything according to a certain system, originally decided on bringing out the *Turkish History* in the same volume with an embryo *Hungarian* and *Polish History*; and for twenty years no German has been found willing to undertake the latter. The fact that in Germany it has been proved an easier matter to procure a compiler of Turkish songs and speeches than a compiler of Polish and Hungarian does not astonish us. The Poles and Huns, we believe, never sing or speak upon any occasion; and he who should undertake to furnish a list of their poets and prosers would find himself pretty much in the situation of the gentleman who proposed to write a *Treatise on the Rats of Iceland*, and was obliged to begin and end his work thus:—*There are no rats in Iceland*. But we cannot help regretting that Eichhorn should persist in adhering to a foolish resolution formed a score of years back, when his adherence to it is so prejudicial to the interests of the cause that he wishes to forward. May his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns turn out more enlightened than he, and agree among themselves that even the literary world can manage to subsist and grow robustuous “without either rhyme or reason” from Poland or Hungary!

We are wandering, we fear, beyond the strict boundary-lines of our applotted territory. Let us pause. We pause, therefore. A sea of argument stretches out before us and the waves thereof curl about our feet. But we forbear to plunge in. Reflection recurs, and we receive a *check* on the bank. We advance no further. And

* Persian Poetry is the sun, Turkish the sun-flower; the last naturally turns towards the first, and is indebted to it for its hues and growth.

yet we stop not—to apologise. Least said, quoth the proverb, is soonest mended. At all events, it is soonest ended.

v.

To resume, then.

But, no ; we shall not resume. For even now we can perceive that many fair—no, not fair, but red—lips are beginning to open in qualified commendation of us. And qualified commendation, be it noted, in lieu of growing “fine by degrees, and beautifully less,” too often encreases until it terminates in unqualified condemnation.

A basket of flowers lies before us. Will your ladyship do us the high honor of accepting a bouquet from our hands? Many thanks—oh, that finger!—surely it was a Peri’s! Madam, the selection has been made with some taste,—this moss-rose strikes us as exceedingly beautiful. Pray, young lady, take a passion-flower—do. O! you’ve got one already, have you? Sir, we can supply you with some heart’s ease. You shake your head—ah! well,—which means ill. Sir, sir, don’t crush the poor flowers, they have done you no harm—see, now, you have torn all the leaves to pieces! Come, honest man, keep off. Ho, there! you with the forty fingers, what are you running away with? Do not, do not, ladies and gentlemen, do not, for charity’s sake, crowd upon us so! What! more, twenty more, fifty, five hundred, ten thousand, millions, trillions, octillions! We shall

be stifled, smothered, trampled into powder! Mercy! Mercy!

We are “alone once more.” The crowds are gone; are gone in chase of butterflies. But the flower-basket is here still. And the flowers are fresh and blooming and innocent as ever. They look, many of them, for all their youthfulness, like ancient acquaintances. Wherefore a misgiving masters us, on the sudden, that not all are exotics. The deuce a matter, natbless, good folks. We shall await with decorous gravity the decision of the horticulturists. They know a vast deal about the matter indeed. Meanwhile, here are the flowers, laughing in our faces, as though to rebuke our solemnity. Come, cull and choose, you who will, for you are welcome.

Dropping metaphor, for the management of which our Aristotelian intellect ill qualifies us, we conceive it to be time to introduce to the notice of our readers a few first-rate samples of Persian and Ottoman Poetry. More than a few the length to which our preliminary remarks have extended precludes us from offering in this article; but we shall at least make a beginning; and here, now, at the outset, we request it to be understood, that we shall avail ourselves of all such sources of information as may be open to us,—premissing only this, that we shall hold ourselves responsible for all that we may here or hereafter assert, and that our translations shall be our own and our own only.

I.

Lament

FROM THE FIRAK-NAMEH* OF AHI, i. e. THE SIGHER.

OR. 1520.

Like a cypress-tree,
Mateless in a death-black valley,
Where no lily springeth,
Where no bulbul† singeth,
Whence gazelle is never seen to sally,
Such am I; Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a wandering bee,
Alien from his hive and fellows,
Humming moanful ditties;—
Far from men and cities
Roaming glades which Autumn rarely mellows,
Such am I; Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

* Farewell-book.

† Nightingale.

Like a bark at sea,
 All whose crew by night have perished,
 Drifting on the ocean
 Still with shoreward motion,
 Though none live by whom Hope's throb is cherished
 Such am I; Woe is me!
 Poor, sad, all unknown,
 Lone, lone, lone!

So I pine and dree
 Till the night that knows no morrow
 Sees me wrapped in clay-vest:
 Thou, chill world, that gavest
 Me the bitter boon alone of Sorrow,
 Give, then, a grave to me,
 Dark, sad, all unknown,
 Lone, lone, lone!

Night, in the third stanza, is symbolical of the dark experiences of Life—the bark representing Youth, and the wrecked mariners the hopes of Youth.

The image is not forcible. That in the opening stanza is more graphic. In general, however, we have no objection to the imagery of Eastern Poetry. And in any instance but one objection. It is here and there obscure, without being original. The poet is too fond of ellipsis; he occasionally leaves so much to be comprehended, such reasonings to be supplied, that one grows sceptical of the existence of a meaning at all under his phraseology. Saadi relates that a sage met with an old man who was bewailing the death of his

son. "Why weepest thou?" demanded the sage. "When a pearl, yesterday, fell from my hand into the sea, no man said to me, That should have floated on the surface." And he pauses for no reply. If the syllogism be not obvious here it will seem odd that one man should be expected to cease weeping because another has dropped a pearl into the sea. But while we cannot help considering this tendency to obscurity a fault we must confess on the other hand that the condensation of expression it induces is sometimes in skilful hands very impressive and striking. As an example take those lines of one of the Ottoman poets:

II.

Saying

OF NEDSCHATI.

OR. 1506.

The world is one Vast Caravanserai,
 Where none may stay,
 BUT WHERE EACH GUEST WRITES ON THE WALL THIS WORD,
 O, MIGHTY LORD!

It should be remembered that throughout the East it is customary for dervishes and other guests, when entertained at an inn or a monastery, to pencil upon the walls of their apartments a short verse in honor of their

entertainer. It should also be borne in mind that the words, *My Mighty Lord*, are a form of speech expressive of the complete submission and subjection of the speaker to the person addressed. Thus, in the *Hitopadésa*,*

* V. the tale of *The Falconer*. We must here correct an error of Sir William Jones, with regard to the authorship of the *Hitopadésa*. "Vishnuarman," says Sir William, "the author of the *Hitopadésa*, the most beautiful collection of apologues in the world, we ridiculously call *Pilpay*. In Persian *Bidpai* means willow-footed, which is nonsense, and *Pilpai*, elephant-footed, which is not much better; but in Sanscrit a beloved physician is called *baidya priya*, and the author of these fables, it is supposed, belonged to the medical tribe, and was a great favourite of his Rajah."—An "answer answerless" to this would be that Vishnu-Sarma was notoriously a *Brahmin*, and, therefore, could not have been a *physician*, for in India, a physician

when a certain Rajah sends a messenger to his wife, with directions to her to prepare for immediate death, she merely replies, in token of obedience, "Go to the Rajah, and say to him from me, *My Mighty Lord and Master!*" Taken in conjunction with these explanations the Saying of Nedschati appears a grand and truly poetical conception. As a metaphor it is perfect. *The existence of the individual, as he*

passes from the cradle to the grave, is the handwriting on the wall. Any comment on this fine thought would be superfluous. Its beauty and majesty speak for themselves.

Some of those shorter compositions have been handed down from an era so remote that the names of their authors are lost. The following are rather proverbs than poems, but characteristic in their way.

III.

An hour of Good, a day of Ill,
This is the lot of mourning Man,
Who leaves the world whene'er he will,
But goes to Heaven whene'er he—can.

IV.

The steed to the man who bestrides it newly,
The sabre to him who best can wield it,
The damsel to him who has wooed her truly,
And the province to him who refuses to yield it.

V.

Thy thoughts are but Silver when told;
Locked up in thy breast they are Gold.

VI.

Nought, I hear thee say,
Can fill the greedy eye;
Yet a little clay
Will fill it by and by.

VII.

Touch all that falls under thine eyes;
And beware
That thou buy not thy bird while he flies
In the air.

VIII.

The Arab eats and drinks enough
And plenty;
The Greek is wont to swill and stuff
Like twenty.

IX.

Cast thy substance in the sea;
Though the fish know not the caste
Their and thy and mankind's Mast
Will requite thine act and thee.

X.

One black pot one day said to another
Clean thy smutty visage, ugly brother.

has always been of an inferior caste. Galland, the translator of the Arabian Nights, tells us, besides, that in Persia, a *club-footed* person is popularly called *Pispat*. But the truth is that the *Hitopadésa* is merely a *compilation*; and it has quite escaped the notice of Sir William that in the original introduction to the work the fables are stated to be borrowed from the *Panch Tantra*, a still more venerable production, the authorship of which may probably be traced up to one of the Pre-Adamites.

In a particular quatrain bequeathed to us by a Persian poet we find a tribute of respect paid to the power of Opinion, in combination as we fancy with a presentiment that the thrones of the East must one day cease to be based upon the ignorance and wretchedness of the people.

XI.

Sayings

OF KEMALLEDIN KHOGENDL.

OR. 1414.

The words of the Wise and Unknown, quoth ZEHIR, are buds in a garden,
Which flower when Summer is come, and are culled for the Harem by girls;
Or drops of water, saith SAADI, *which silently brighten and harden,*
Till khalifs themselves exclaim, They blind me, those dazzling pearls!

"In the East," says Sir William Ouseley (*v. his Asiatic Researches*) "it is the belief of the commoner sort that pearls are formed in the shells of fish from drops of rain which they absorb." No. 298 of the Spectator furnishes a story illustrative of this belief. In one of Lopé de Vega's Pastorals there is a shepherdess who weeps by some sea-shore or other; and, says the poet very old-schoolishly,—

El mar, como invidioso,
A tierra por las lagrimas sali,
Y alegre de cogerlas,
Las guarda en conchas y convierte en perlas.

The tears of Oriental skies, however, it would appear from the testimony of another poet, have generally but a remote prospect of falling at last into the hands of the jeweller. Oysters are often in love, and, we suppose, drink deeply to stupify their feelings; and hence a scarcity of Pearl Necklaces, and thence French Revolutions and a variety—we beg pardon, a number—of odd volumes on the same.

XII.

Sayings of Djelîm,

FROM THE FAZEL-NAMEH* OF SCHINASI, OR THE KNOWING ONE.

OR. 1627.

I, too, was reared in DJELIM's house; and thus his precepts run and are:
When Folly sells thee Wisdom's crown† 'tis idly gained and dearly bought:
O! foremost man of all his race, born under some diviner star,
Who, early trained, self-reined, self-chained, can practice all that LOKMAN ‡ taught.

* Book of Virtue.

† When thou becomest wise only through the sad experience of thy past folly.

‡ Lokman flourished about a thousand years before the Christian era. He is the greatest of the Oriental moralists; even Mohammed speaks of him in the Koran with profound reverence. Lokman's wisdom, like Solomon's, is supposed to have been of divine origin. One day, say the Arabian Chroniclers, as he was in his room, working at his trade (he was a carpenter) several angels invisibly entered and saluted him. Lokman, hearing voices, looked around him, but, not seeing any one, made no reply. The angels then said: We are messengers from God, thy Creator and ours, who hath sent us to thee to inform thee that He designs to make thee a monarch and His Vicegerent on earth. Lokman immediately answered: If it be the absolute will of God that I shall become a monarch, that will must be accomplished; and I trust that He will grant me grace to execute His commands faithfully; but if the liberty of choice be given me, I should prefer abiding in my present condition; the only favour that I ask from God being that He would preserve me from offending Him, for were I to offend him all the dignities of the earth would be but a burden to me. This reply, observe the Chroniclers, was so agreeable to God that he at once bestowed on Lokman the gifts of Knowledge and Wisdom to a degree thitherto unparalleled. The maxims of Lokman are ten thousand in number; and "any one of these," says an Arabian commentator, "is of much greater value than the whole world."

The joys and cares of Earth are snares : Heed lest thy soul too late deplore
 The power of Sin to wile and win her vision from the Eight and Four.*
 Lock up thyself within thyself ; distrust the Stranger and the Fair ;
 The fool is blown from whim to whim by every gust of Passion's gales ;
 Bide where the lute and song are mute ; and,—as thy soul would shun
 despair,—

Avert thine eyes from Woman's face when Twilight falls and she unveils.
 Be circumspect ; be watchmanlike ; put pebbles in thy mouth each day ;
 Pause long ere thou panegyricize ; pause doubly long ere thou condemn.
 Thy thoughts are Tartars, vagabonds ; imprison all thou canst not slay ;†
 Of many million drops of rain perchance but one turns out a gem.

It is our policy, roamers as we are through the Enchanted Caverns of Oriental Poetry, to commence our scheme of operations, like the pupil of the Dervish Nouredin in the tale, by picking up from the ground a few stray jewels of slight weight and no very brilliant water, before we proceed to ransack the coffers and carry off the ponderous golden vases that lie piled about us. So opens an Indian juggler his exhibition by tossing two or three small brass balls into the air, yet by and by brings down more stars than pave the visible heaven to play in daz- zling dance around his head. It is in

harmony with order to preface great achievements by little : thus the Russian Gastronomer, Alexis Ruganoff, when about to devour a hog, a sheep, and an ovenful of loaves, regularly introduced his three courses by one horn of brandy. We need not therefore, we hope, offer any formal apology for confining ourselves in this leading, but we trust, not leaden, article of ours, to those terse and laconic pieces of poetry whose brevity, when it fails to display the soul of wit, will at least make dulness more endurable.

To resume, then, with an epigram or two.

XIII.

Epigram

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD INVITED THE AUTHOR TO SUPPER AND READ TO HIM
 A BOOK OF HIS GHAZELS.‡

FROM THE POEMS OF DJERRI KASIM-PASHA, SURNAMED SAPI, OR THE SPECKLED.

OR. 1518.

Thine entertainment, honest friend, had one insufferable fault ;
 Too little salt was in thy songs, too much about thy meats and sallads ;
 In future shew a better taste ; take from thy table half the salt ;
 And put it where 'tis wanted more, in thine insipid batch of ballads.

XIV.

Epigram

TO YUSUF BEN ALI BEN YACOOB.

FROM THE POEMS OF SCHERIKI II. SURNAMED DJAGHIDHURDSHI.

OR. 1526.

I wrote, Y**** is a wretched proser,
 Though tolerable verse-composer ;
 But 'twas not *thee* I satirised ;
 And I confess I feel surprised
 To see thee thus take fire like nitre ;
 For thou art wrong, and thou should'st know it ;
 Thou *art*, indeed, a poor prose-writer,
 But *not* a tolerable poet.

* To wile and win her vision from the Eight and Four ; *i. e.* to withdraw her attention from the consideration of the Eight Signs that are to precede the Day of Doom (See Sale's Koran. Prelim. Disc. Sect. IV.) and the Four Final Things,—Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell.

† Keep to thyself such as thou canst not stifle.

‡ A Ghazal is a short piece of Oriental poetry, rarely consisting of more than twenty lines, and usually limited to ten. It is distinguished by the recurrence of one particular rhyme from beginning to end ; in most instances also the name of the poet is introduced into it.

XV.

A Triplet

ON THE REIGN OF THE GREAT SULTAN.

BY NEDJCHATI.

Such are the stillness and peace that prevail through the Sultan's dominions
That the dread Angel of Death, when he startles thy couch with his pinions,
Can bring thee no stiller peace than is found in the Sultan's dominions.

To "make a solitude and call it peace" is so frequent a mistake with sovereigns that we were at first inclined to scrawl the word *Epigram* over this too. But the Sultan alluded to was Bajazet, who had conferred many favors on the poet, and repeatedly entertained him at dinners; and so the thing, we take it, must have passed in its day for a compliment.

No. XVI. is in the true spirit of Oriental hyperbole.

XVI.

To Hürüm, on her hair.

BY SELMAN.

OR. 1530. FROM THE AKAD* OF KINALISADH.

Ethiopians are thy locks ;
 In each hair
 Lurks a snare
 Worse than Afric's gulfs and rocks ;
 They who swear
 By that hair
 Swear the Koran's oath aright :
By the black Abyss of Night !

This is even more heinous than Shelley's couplet—

Roses such as maidens wear
 In the deep midnight of their hair.

We find in the same MS. an exquisite little Leigh-Huntish conceit.

XVII.

A Passage

TRANSCRIBED BY GHALIB FROM THE KAFWUT-NAMEH.†

I see not the strand,
 For you all understand
 That I pass for a mariner :‡
 None can be barterer
 Either of houses or land :
 But I sail up and down a Red Sea ;
 For the wine that I lift to a lip
 Rather given to curl in the way called derisive,
 Whenever a brute is disposed to dispute
 My pretensions to sip
 Everlastingly, is, I've
 A notion,
 An ocean
 To me and to all jolly bibbers like me ;
 And the glass is my ship.

Our next specimen affords an example of a marked ellipsis :—

* String of Pearls.

† Book of Rubics.

‡ He had made several voyages.

XVIII.

Saying

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY OF DAAJI.

OR. 1610.

The Fabric of the Earth was builded of the Clay of Sorrow :

Four are its pillars, Grief and Woe, Calamity and Pain ;

The gladness of to-day becomes the sadness of to-morrow

And all at last proves dross and loss which promised gold and gain.

Wear iron gloves among the snakes, for many a trusting shepherd

Hath, while he thought he nursed a lamb, been strangled by a leopard.

That is, for the first quatrain, Man is born to trouble and disappointment. Then, the omitted matter, [How, therefore, shouldst thou conduct thyself?] To which the reply is, *Wear iron gloves among the snakes*—in other words, Be on thy guard against the wily ones of the world.

We propose in our next article giving some account of the *Iskander Nameh*, or Book of Alexander, by the celebrated Ottoman poet AHMED I, viz. Most Praiseworthy. From his poems in Nasmi's Anthology we at present extract the Ghazel beginning,

Shoile alem tab olur ruchsari djanan her gedji.

XIX.

Ghazel

FROM THE POEMS OF AHMED I.

OR. 1412.

Red are her cheeks like rubies, so red that every night,

Despairing to outglow them, the sun withdraws from sight.

All day I drink this ruby wine, those rubies rich and bright,

But these distil in pearls that fill my dim eyes every night.

The nightingale rebukes me ; he says my song is trite ;*

But can I sing when tortures wring my bosom night by night ?

While others woo her in their dreams and slumbers of delight,

I groan and weep, I cannot sleep, I weep the livelong night.

Oh ! I am slain with deadly pain—slain, slain with pain outright,

That on her breast her locks should rest so softly all the night.

Of AHMED's tears and torments, and love's unhappy blight

The lamp will tell that in his cell† burns lower night by night.

Another, from one of the Sachajis, affords a fair and easy specimen of the ludicro-serious in Turkish.

XX.

Ghazel

FROM THE POEMS OF SACHAJI II.

OR. 1524.

Gone, gone, SACHAJI, for ever are gone
heard

the nights when thy song was

In the festive hall the merriest one,
beard.

and oil was no treat to thy

The years are away, are vanished for aye,
Preferred

when thou wert the Dear

Of beauties now mouldering low in the clay :
beard !

Ah, dotard, abolish thy

* I. e. The song of the nightingale makes mine seem trite by comparison.

† His dwelling was a cave at the foot of Mount Olympus.

Folk sneer at thy chin in a million of modes : How grossly that dunderhead
 erred
 Who scribbled in one of his ode-i-ous odes ; *Men honor a flowing grey*
 beard !
 Give over thy revels, thou muddled old ass ! 'Twere time that reflection
 deterred
 Thy paralysed fingers from grasping the glass, and coaxing thy rascally beard.
 Go howl thee the funeral dirge of thy youth ! Thy pleasures lie dead and in-
 terred ;
 Age gnaws at thy heartstrings with tigerly tooth. Clip, wretch, thy preposterous
 beard !
 The tower of thy pride is a ruin at length. What devil provokes thee to
 gird
 Thy loins for thy juvenile triumphs of strength ? Go, scrub the oil out of thy
 beard !
 Or hang o'er thy visage the veil of MOKANN,* and let it be rather inferred
 Than seen that thou art but the wreck of a man, and wearest that damnable
 beard.

"My adversary," says Scaliger, in one of his controversial folios, "*ought to blush when he sees the lengthiness and tediousness of my work, which he hath in some sort necessitated me to write, that so I might put him down.*" Now, we are anti-Scaligerian, take us generally, and by the mustachios of Mohammed himself we swear that with the brevity and beauty of this article the public must be enchanted to a degree rather, to say the truth, too painful to be dwelt on ; and with respect to which, therefore, propriety dictates to us the preservation of a dignified, we will not add, a stern, silence. They, the said public, shall not feel otherwise, on penalty of being fiercely cut, every anti-human soul of them, wherever we encounter them, at home and abroad, in street and square, north, south, east, west, at church, mart, levee, and theatre. Let them, and they may abide by the consequence. We know how to "shame the fools." Our native city shall be in our eyes as a City of the Dead, and We, agreeably to the Fichteian philosophy, the only existent individual in town. We shall pace the *trottoirs*, perceiving nobody, astounded at our own solitariness, and musing, with Baconian

profundity, over that instability of human affairs which in the space of thirty days has removed from the metropolis a population so celebrated for its singular dissensions, to substitute in its stead a type of plural unity—to wit, Ourselves. Like Alexander Selkirk, we shall be "out of humanity's reach, and must finish our journey (to the suburbs) alone. WE in short, shall be everything and the public nothing, after the manner of the Second and Third Estates of the Abbé Sieyès. Till, upon some bland morning in October, weary of wandering hither and thither in this astounded, musing, and misty-eyed state, we shall at once halt, and proceed, with a majesty of manner worthy of the world's wonder, to appropriate to our own use all such cash and portable valuables as may have been thoughtfully left in our way throughout the wilderness around us ; chanting, the while, sundry snatches of songs and songs of snatches by the Arab Robbers of the Desert.

In the meantime we think that after all we have sung we are entitled to a call ; and so we call for a series of rounds of applause, to be repeated and renewed until our further pleasure be signified, for our concluding ditty.

XXI.

The Time of the Roses.

FROM THE TURKISH OF MEHINI.

OB. 1512.

Morning is blushing ; the gay nightingales
 Warble their exquisite songs in the vales ;

* AL MOKANNA, the Veiled Impostor of Khorassan.

Spring, like a spirit, floats everywhere,
 Shaking sweet spice-showers loose from her hair ;
 Murmurs half-musical sound from the stream,
 Breathed in the valley and shined in the beam.
 In, in at the portals that Youth uncloses,
 It hastes, it wastes, the Time of the Roses !

Meadows, and gardens, and sun-lighted glades,
 Palaces, terraces, grottoes, and shades
 Woo thee ; a fairy-bird sings in thine ear,
 Come and be happy !—an Eden is here !
 Knowest thou whether for thee there be any
 Years in the Future ? Ah ! think on how many
 A young heart under the mould reposes,
 Nor feels how wheels the Time of the Roses !

In the red light of the many-leaved rose,
 Mahomet's wonderful mantle re-glow's.†
 Gaudier far, but as blooming and tender,
 Tulips and martagons revel in splendour.
 Drink from the Chalice of Joy, ye who may !
 Youth is a flower of early decay,
 And Pleasure a monarch that Age deposes,
 When past, at last, the Time of the Roses !

See the young lilies, their scymitar-petals
 Glancing like silver 'mid earthier metals :
 Dews of the brightest in life-giving showers
 Fall all the night on these luminous flowers.
 Each of them sparkles afar like a gem.
 Wouldst thou be smiling and happy like them ?
 O, follow all counsel that Pleasure proposes ;
 It dies, it flies, the Time of the Roses !

Pity the roses ! Each rose is a maiden,
 Prankt, and with jewels of dew overladen :
 Pity the maidens ! The moon of their bloom
 Rises, to set in the cells of the tomb.
 Life has its Winter :—When Summer is gone,
 Maidens, like roses, lie stricken and wan.
 Though bright as the Burning Bush of Moses,
 Soon fades, fair maids, the Time of your Roses !

Lustre and odours and blossoms and flowers,
 All that is richest in gardens and bowers,
 Teach us morality, speak of Mortality,
 Whisper that Life is a swift Unreality !
 Death is the end of that lustre, those odours ;
 Brilliance and Beauty are gloomy foreboders
 To him who knows what this world of woes is,
 And sees how flees the Time of the Roses !

Heed them not, hear them not ! Morning is blushing,
 Perfumes are wandering, fountains are gushing.
 What though the rose, like a virgin forbidden,
 Long under leafy pavilion lay hidden ;
 Now far around as the vision can stretch,
 Wreaths for the pencils of angels to sketch,
 Festoon the tall hills the landscape discloses.
 O ! sweet, though fleet, is the Time of the Roses !

† When Mohammed, says tradition, covered his head with the hood of his mantle, the covering shone like bright crimson wool steeped in oil.

Now the air—drunk from the breath of the flowers—
Faints like a bride whom her bliss overpowers ;
Such and so rich is the fragrance that fills
Æther and cloud that its essence distils,
As through thin lily-leaves earthward again,
Sprinkling with rose-water garden and plain.

O! joyously after the Winter closes,
Returns and burns* the Time of the Roses!

O! for some magical vase to imprison
All the sweet incense that yet has not risen !
And the swift pearls that, radiant and rare,
Glisten and drop through the hollows of Air !
Vain ! they depart, both the Beaming and Fragrant !
So, too, Hope leaves us, and Love proves a vagrant.
Too soon their entrancing illusion closes,
It cheats, it fleets, the Time of the Roses !

Tempest, and Thunder, and War were abroad ;
Riot and Turbulence triumphed unawed ;
SOLIMAN rose, and the thunders were hushed,
Faction was prostrate, and Turbulence crushed ;
Once again Peace in her gloriousness rallies ;
Once again shine the glad skies on our valleys ;
And sweetly anew the poet composes
His lays in praise of the Time of the Roses !

† I, TOO, MESIHI, ALREADY RENOWNED,
CENTURIES HENCE BY MY SONGS SHALL BE CROWNED ;
FAR AS THE STARS OF THE WIDE HEAVEN SHINE,
MEN SHALL REJOICE IN THIS CAROL OF MINE.
LEILA ! THOU ART AS A ROSE UNTO ME :
THINK ON THE NIGHTINGALE SINGING FOR THEE ;
FOR HE WHO ON LOVE LIKE THINE REPOSES,
LEAST NEEDS HOW SPEEDS THE TIME OF THE ROSES !

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

HAVING traced Sir Walter from infancy to full-grown manhood, and minutely detailed the circumstance which tended to the formation of his character, and gave its peculiar complexion to his mind, we shall be less particular in our analysis of the succeeding volumes, and merely refer to such events in his history, as are necessary to be known in order that the reader may have a connected idea of his various productions.

We must not, however, omit to state, that he was one of those who were stirred by a military ardour, when, in 1798, England was threatened with invasion by France ; and that, maugre his lameness, he exhibited no little alertness and vigour, as quartermaster of a troop of yeomen cavalry, which, as it

was raised originally by his zeal, so it long continued to be animated by his example. If there was any feeling in Sir Walter's nature, which contended for rivalry with his master passion, a love for the chivalrous and romantic, in incident and character, it was an enthusiastic loyalty, by which he was wedded to the ancient institutions of his country, and led to regard, with a passionate disdain, all those movers of sedition, by whose machinations, if unrestrained, it seemed to him they must be subverted. He, therefore, entered upon his military duties with an impassioned and devoted ardour, which clearly proved, that, had any occasion of actual service arisen, he would have been foremost in the conflict. Fortunately the impending clouds passed

* And still when the merry date-season is burning.—*Lalla Rookh*.

† In the MS. of Nasmi's Anthology this stanza is written in large and gorgeous characters.

away without bursting in thunder over our heads, and it soon appeared that our brave volunteers were not likely to be exposed to any real danger. But, had the hour of trial arrived, it would not have found them unprepared; and the gallant demonstrations which they made of a readiness, if necessary, to take the field, was, no doubt, one of the causes by which such a necessity was prevented.

It was because his military duties were supposed, by the Lord Lieutenant of his county, to interfere with his duties as Sheriff, (in which capacity residence at least four months in the year, within his jurisdiction, is required,) that Scott determined upon a residence by which he might be enabled to comply more strictly with the letter of the law, the spirit of which, notwithstanding his other active avocations, never had been, in reality, neglected.

"Just at this time, the house of Ashiestiel, situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, a few miles from Selkirk, became vacant by the death of its proprietor, Colonel Russell, who had married a sister of Scott's mother, and the consequent dispersion of the family. The young laird of Ashiestiel, his cousin, was then in India; and the sheriff took a lease of the house and grounds, with a small farm adjoining. On the 4th May, two days after the *Tristrem* had been published, he says to Ellis: 'I have been engaged in travelling backwards and forwards to Selkirkshire upon little pieces of business, just important enough to prevent my doing any thing to purpose. One great matter, however, I have achieved, which is, procuring myself a place of residence, which will save me these teasing migrations in future, so that though I part with my sweet little cottage on the banks of the Esk, you will find me this summer in the very centre of the ancient Reged, in a decent farnhouse overhanging the Tweed, and situated in a wild pastoral country.' And again, on the 19th, he thus apologises for not having answered a letter of the 10th:—'For more than a month my head was fairly tenanted by ideas, which, though strictly pastoral and rural, were neither literary nor poetical. *Long sheep*, and *short sheep*, and *tups*, and *gimmers*, and *hogs*, and *dinmonts*, had made a perfect sheepfold of my understanding, which is hardly yet cleared of them.'"

A temptation to change his residence was soon presented to him, by the death of his affectionate uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who left him his

villa, with thirty acres of excellent land, in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful village of Kelso;—but it was resisted. Scott loved domination over wildness and solitude, more than any position which implied either the tameness or the restraints of civilization.

"Rosebank," he thus writes to his friend George Ellis, "is situated so near the village of Kelso, as hardly to be sufficiently a country residence; besides it is hemmed in by hedges and ditches,—not to mention Dukes and Lady Dowagers, which are bad things for little people. It is expected to sell to great advantage. I shall buy a mountain farm with the purchase money, and be quite the Laird of the Cairn and the Scaur."

It was during the autumn of this year (1804,) that he formed his acquaintance with the celebrated Mungo Park, whom he ever continued to regard with interest and affection. The following particulars of the adventurous traveller, just previous to his last and fatal enterprise, will not be unacceptable to the reader—

"On his return from his first expedition, Park endeavoured to establish himself as a medical practitioner in the town of Hawick, but the drudgeries of that calling in such a district soon exhausted his ardent temper, and he was now living in seclusion in his native cottage at Fowlshells on the Yarrow, nearly opposite Newark Castle. His brother, Archibald Park, a man remarkable for strength both of mind and body, was the sheriff's officer of that district, and introduced the traveller to his principal. They soon became much attached to each other; and Scott supplied some interesting anecdotes of their brief intercourse, to the late Mr. Wishaw, the editor of Park's *Posthumous Journal*, with which I shall blend a few minor circumstances, which I gathered from him in conversation long afterwards. 'On one occasion,' he says, 'the traveller communicated to him some very remarkable adventures which had befallen him in Africa, but which he had not recorded in his book.' On Scott's asking the cause of this silence, Mungo answered,—'that in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances, which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal

adventures and escapes.' This reply struck Scott as highly characteristic of the man; and though strongly tempted to set down some of these marvels for Mr. Wishaw's use, he on reflection abstained from doing so, holding it unfair to record what the adventurer had deliberately chosen to suppress in his own narrative. He confirms the account given by Park's biographer of his cold and reserved manners to strangers; and in particular, of his disgust with the indirect questions which curious visitors would often put to him upon the subject of his travels.—'This practice,' said Mungo, 'exposes me to two risks; either that I may not understand the questions meant to be put, or that my answers to them may be misconstrued;' and he contrasted such conduct with the frankness of Scott's revered friend, Dr. Adam Ferguson, who, the very first day the traveller dined with him at Hallyards, spread a large map of Africa on the table, and made him trace out his progress thereupon, inch by inch, questioning him minutely as to every step he had taken. 'Here, however,' says Scott, 'Dr. F. was using a privilege to which he was well entitled by his venerable age and high literary character, but which could not have been exercised with propriety by any common stranger.'

"Calling one day at Fowlsheils, and not finding Park at home, Scott walked in search of him along the banks of the Yarrow, which in that neighbourhood passes over various ledges of rock, forming deep pools and eddies between them. Presently he discovered his friend standing alone on the bank, plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface. 'This,' said Scott, 'appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much stirring adventure.' 'Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose,' answered Mungo. 'This was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it—judging whether the attempt would be safe, by the time the bubbles took to ascend.' At this time Park's intention of a second expedition had never been revealed to Scott; but he instantly formed the opinion that these experiments on Yarrow were connected with some such purpose."

Park soon departed, never to return. Had he been of a superstitious temperament, like his distinguished friend, whose mind was habitually in the misty region of border romance, and the cloud land of highland superstition, the following little incident might have

shaken him in his purpose. But he was not to be so daunted.

"Towards the end of the autumn, when about to quit his country for the last time, Park paid Scott a farewell visit, and slept at Ashestiel. Next morning his host accompanied him homewards over the wild chain of hills between the Tweed and the Yarrow. Park talked much of his new scheme, and mentioned his determination to tell his family that he had some business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and send them his blessing from thence, without returning to take leave. He had married, not long before, a pretty and amiable woman; and when they reached the *Williamhope Ridge*, 'the autumnal mist flowing heavily and slowly down the valley of the Yarrow,' presented to Scott's imagination 'a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect which his undertaking afforded.' He remained, however, unshaken, and at length they reached the spot at which they had agreed to separate. A small ditch divided the moor from the road, and, in going over it, Park's horse stumbled, and nearly fell. 'I am afraid, Mungo,' said the Sheriff, 'that is a bad omen.'—To which he answered, smiling, '*Freits* (omens) follow those who look to them.' With this expression Mungo struck the spurs into his horse, and Scott never saw him again. His parting proverb, by the way, was probably suggested by one of the Border ballads, in which species of lore he was almost as great a proficient as the Sheriff himself, for we read in '*Edom o' Gordon*,'—

"Them look to freits, my master dear,
Then freits will follow them."

Scott was now intently engaged upon his "*Lay, &c.*" As the reader will be better pleased with his own account of its origin and progress, than with any which we could give, we shall content ourselves with transcribing the following letter to Miss Seward, who continued, to the latest period of her life, to be one of his most constant and voluminous correspondents.

"Edinburgh, 21st March, 1805.

"MY DEAR MISS SEWARD,—I am truly happy that you found any amusement in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It has great faults, of which no one can be more sensible than I am myself. Above all, it is deficient in that sort of continuity which a story ought to have, and which, were it to write again, I would endeavour to give it. But I began and wandered forward, like one in a pleasant country, getting to the top of one hill to see a prospect, and to the bottom

of another to enjoy a shade, and what wonder if my course has been devious and desultory, and many of my excursions altogether unprofitable to the advance of my journey. The Dwarf Page is also an excrescence, and I plead guilty to all the censures concerning him. The truth is, he has a history, and it is this: The story of Gilpin Horner was told by an old gentleman to Lady Dalkeith, and she, much diverted with his actually believing so grotesque a tale, insisted that I should make it into a Border ballad. I don't know if ever you saw my lovely chieftainess—if you have, you must be aware that it is impossible for any one to refuse her request, as she has more of the angel in face and temper than any one alive; so that if she had asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick I must have attempted it. I began a few verses, to be called the Goblin Page; and they lay long by me, till the applause of some friends whose judgment I valued induced me to resume the poem; so on I wrote, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end. At length the story appeared so uncouth, that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my own minstrel—lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance the page, intended to be a principal person in the work, contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities I suppose) to slink down stairs into the kitchen, and now he must e'en abide there.

"I mention these circumstances to you, and to any one whose applause I value, because I am unwilling you should suspect me of trifling with the public in *malice prepense*. As to the herd of critics, it is impossible for me to pay much attention to them; for, as they do not understand what I call poetry, we talk in a foreign language to each other. Indeed, many of these gentlemen appear to me a sort of tinkers, who, unable to make pots and pans, set up for menders of them, and, God knows, often make two holes in patching one. The sixth canto is altogether redundant; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels.—I will now descend from the confessional, which I think I have occupied long enough for the patience of my fair con-

fessor. I am happy you are disposed to give me absolution, notwithstanding all my sins."

Such is his own modest estimate of a production, which placed him at once in the very foremost rank of the living poets of Great Britain. It is not for us, on the present occasion, to enter into any analysis of its merits, or to explain the causes of its success, which was such, as far to surpass the author's most sanguine expectations. But the romantic spirit which it breathed—the striking incidents which it detailed—the vivid pictures which it presented—of transactions relating to an age, both sufficiently near and sufficiently distant to make reality blend harmoniously with fiction; the varied beauty, as well as the wild and marshal melody of the verse, and the bold and happy touches, by which his characters stood revealed, as the living impersonations of border chivalry, all these caused "the Lay of the Last Minstrel," to be received, by the readers of poetry, who had been long athirst for some great production, with a tumult of delight, and Scott found himself suddenly in possession of extended and brilliant literary reputation. Many men would have been upset by the admiration with which he was now regarded, and deemed that they had already realized distinction enough to subsist upon, in splendour, for the rest of their lives. But not so our author. Although his poem was, by some, severely criticised, yet he, himself, entertained, perhaps, an humbler idea of its merits, than the most censorious of his reviewers; and, while applauses met him in almost every direction, of which he might have well been vain; yet he was never so intoxicated by them as to forget the difference between popularity and fame, or to relax, even for a moment, in his efforts to place his claims to eminence upon a more enduring basis. Besides, he enjoyed his literary labours. He found the same pleasure in the means, that other writers would have experienced in the end, even when they were most successful. Scott's world was fully as much *within* as *without* him; and his converse with border bards and chiefs, in which he indulged in the solitude of his study, was, doubtless, a source of as real enjoyment, as he ever derived from the praises of the world, in the full maturity of his literary glory. This alone would have sufficed to keep his mind actively employed upon the themes of

which he loved to treat, even if honour and emolument were not sure to attend upon such an exercise of his peculiar powers; and although few men have ever lived who were less sordidly regardful of worldly pelf, yet a national shrewdness also formed a part of his character, and solid pecuniary gains were as agreeable a consequence, as the passionate ardour of his temperament caused the subjects which he chose to be an inspiring cause of his literary labours.

The individuals by whose advice he was chiefly guided, whenever he had occasion to consult the judgment of others, were worthy of his esteem and confidence. These were James Ballantyne and William Erskine. He at first seems to have freely communicated his poems, both in their origin and progress, not only to his familiar friends, but even to casual acquaintances; less, we may be sure, for the indulgence of vanity, than in the hope of being benefitted by their advice. This course he followed, Mr. Lockhart tells us, down to the publication of his *Marmion*, but not with any of his subsequent works.

"His determination to consult the movements of his own mind alone in the conduct of his pieces was probably taken before he began the *Lay*; and he soon resolved to trust for the detection of minor inaccuracies to two persons only.—James Ballantyne and William Erskine. The printer was himself a man of considerable literary talents; his own style had the incurable faults of pomposity and affectation, but his eye for more venial errors in the writings of others was quick, and, though his personal address was apt to give a stranger the impression of insincerity, he was in reality an honest man, and conveyed his mind on such matters with equal candour and delicacy during the whole of Scott's brilliant career. In the vast majority of instances he found his friend acquiesce at once in the propriety of his suggestions; nay, there certainly were cases, though rare, in which his advice to alter things of much more consequence than a word or a rhyme, was frankly tendered, and on deliberation adopted by Scott. Mr. Erskine was the referee whenever the poet hesitated about taking the hints of the zealous typographer, and his refined taste and gentle manners rendered his critical alliance highly valuable. With two such faithful friends within his reach, the author of the *Lay* might safely dispense with sending his MS. to be revised even by George Ellis."

The profits attending this first great

effort of the bard, were sufficiently encouraging. They amounted, on the whole, to £769 6s.: a large sum, if compared with what literary men were, at that time, accustomed to obtain, but small if considered with reference to the prodigious circulation of this brilliant production; of which, edition after edition continued to be put forth, in a manner that would seem to indicate that the public appetite grew by what it fed on.

"The first edition of the *Lay* was a magnificent quarto, 750 copies; but this was soon exhausted, and there followed an octavo impression of 1500; in 1806, two more, one of 2000 copies, another of 2250; in 1807, a fifth edition of 2000, and a sixth of 3000; in 1808, 3550; in 1809, 3000—a small edition in quarto (the ballads and lyrical pieces being then annexed to it)—and another octavo edition of 3250; in 1811, 3000; in 1812, 3000; in 1816, 3000; in 1823, 1000. A fourteenth impression of 2000 foolscap appeared in 1825; and besides all this, before the end of 1836, 11,000 copies had gone forth in the collected editions of his poetical works. Thus, nearly forty-thousand copies had been disposed of in this country, and by the legitimate trade alone, before he superintended the edition of 1830, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. In the history of British Poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*."

But that which was most gratifying to the author, was undoubtedly the fact, that "among those who smiled on the adventurous minstrel, were the great names of Pitt and Fox."

"Through what channel or in what terms Fox made known his opinion of the *Lay*, I have failed to ascertain. Pitt's praise, as expressed to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, within a few weeks after the poem appeared, was repeated by her to Mr. William Stewart Rose, who, of course, communicated it forthwith to the author; and not long after, the minister, in conversation with Scott's early friend, the Right Hon. William Dundas, signified that it would give him pleasure to find some opportunity of advancing the fortunes of such a writer. 'I remember,' writes this gentleman, 'at Mr. Pitt's table in 1805, the Chancellor asked me about you and your then situation, and after I had answered him, Mr. Pitt observed—'he can't remain as he is,' and desired me to 'look to it.' He then repeated some lines from the *Lay*, describing the old harper's embarrassment when

asked to play, and said—'This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry.'

It was about the period of the publication of the *Lay*, that he formed that commercial connection with the Ballantynes, which proved, ultimately, so disastrous to his fortunes. His hopes of rising in his profession had at that time waxed faint, and the literary prospects that began to open upon him, were such as to console him for his disappointment. He there saw a prospect of ease and affluence, from a pursuit in itself a source of great enjoyment, which not the most successful prosecution of irksome and ungrateful professional labours could afford; and if to this he could add the profits of a gainful trade, he would soon, he thought, be beyond the caprice of fortune. Never was a wise man more deceived in his calculations.

But he did not meditate retiring from his profession, without having secured for himself some substantial advantages. The office of clerk in the supreme court of Edinburgh, is one which affords an honourable retreat to advocates, who, at a certain standing, give up all hope of reaching the bench, and one of these, it was Scott's intention to make every effort to obtain.

"I determined," he says, "that literature should be my staff but not my crutch, and that the profits of my literary labour, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. I possessed so many capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly over-rate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

Before twelve months he was in possession of the object of his wishes; although, owing to the nature of his arrangement with his predecessor, he had to wait for the emoluments of his office for a considerable period after he had entered upon the discharge of its duties. Meanwhile his connection with Ballantyne involved him in many and laborious engagements. The in-

terest which he took in the concerns of the printing office was as keen and eager as though he had been brought up to the business and depended altogether upon it for his subsistence.

"With what zeal he proceeded in advancing the views of the new copartnership, his correspondence bears ample evidence. The brilliant and captivating genius now acknowledged universally, was soon discovered by the leading booksellers of the time to be united with such abundance of matured information in many departments, and, above all with such indefatigable habits, as to mark him out for the most valuable workman they could engage for the furtherance of their schemes. He had, long before this, cast a shrewd and penetrating eye over the field of literary enterprise, and developed in his own mind the outlines of many extensive plans, which wanted nothing but the command of a sufficient body of able subalterns to be carried into execution with splendid success. Such of these as he grappled with in his own person were, with rare exceptions, carried to a triumphant conclusion; but the alliance with Ballantyne soon infected him with the proverbial rashness of mere mercantile adventure—while, at the same time, his generous feelings for other men of letters, and his characteristic propensity to over-rate their talents, combined to hurry him and his friends into a multitude of arrangements, the results of which were often extremely embarrassing, and ultimately, in the aggregate, all but disastrous. It is an old saying, that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve this transaction. It was his rule, from the beginning, that whatever he wrote or edited must be printed at that press; and had he catered for it only as author and sole editor, all had been well; but had the booksellers known his direct pecuniary interest in keeping up and extending the occupation of those types, they would have taken into account his lively imagination and sanguine temperament, as well as his taste and judgment, and considered, far more deliberately than they too often did, his multifarious recommendations of new literary schemes, coupled though these were with some dim understanding that, if the Ballantyne press were employed, his own literary skill would be at his friend's disposal for the general superintendence of the undertaking. On the other hand, Scott's suggestions were, in many cases, perhaps in the majority of them, conveyed through Ballantyne, whose habitual deference to his opinion

induced him to advocate them with enthusiastic zeal; and the printer, who had thus pledged his personal authority for the merits of the proposed scheme, must have felt himself committed to the bookseller, and could hardly refuse with decency to take a certain share of the pecuniary risk, by allowing the time and method of his own payment to be regulated according to the employer's convenience. Hence, by degrees, was woven a web of entanglement from which neither Ballantyne nor his adviser had any means of escape, except only in that indomitable spirit, the mainspring of personal industry altogether unparalleled, to which, thus set in motion, the world owes its most gigantic monument of literary genius."

His edition of Dryden may be considered one of the first fruits of the partnership concern. He also about this period contributed sundry papers to the *Edinburgh Review*, then in the meridian of its reputation. And he had actually composed the first seven chapters of his novel of *Waverley*, which he threw aside, because, in the judgment of his friend Erskine, it fell below the level of his poetical reputation—a judgment which, doubtless, was afterwards reversed, when that splendid production was completed, and given to the world.

And here we cannot resist the temptation to insert at length the following letter to Miss Seward, in which Scott states his opinion respecting the authenticity of Macpherson's *Ossian*. The poems, he observes, had been, at a very early period of his life, put into his hands by Dr. Blacklock, and were devoured rather than perused; but as his taste improved, his enjoyment of such a style of composition experienced a very sensible abatement.

"*Ossian's* poems, in particular, have more charms for youth than for a more advanced stage. The eternal repetition of the same ideas and imagery, however beautiful in themselves, is apt to pall upon a reader whose taste has become somewhat fastidious; and, although I agree entirely with you that the question of their authenticity ought not to be confounded with that of their literary merit, yet scepticism on that head takes away their claim for indulgence as the productions of a barbarous and remote age; and, what is perhaps more natural, it destroys that feeling of reality which we should otherwise combine with our sentiments of admiration. As for the great dispute,

I should be no Scottishman if I had not very attentively considered it at some period of my studies; and, indeed, I have gone some lengths in my researches, for I have beside me translations of some twenty or thirty of the unquestioned originals of *Ossian's* poems. After making every allowance for the disadvantages of a literal translation, and the possible debasement which those *now* collected may have suffered in the great and violent change which the Highlands have undergone since the researches of Macpherson, I am compelled to admit that incalculably the greater part of the English *Ossian* must be ascribed to Macpherson himself, and that his whole introductions, notes, &c. &c. are an absolute tissue of forgeries.

"In all the ballads I ever saw or could hear of, *Fin* and *Ossian* are described as natives of Ireland, although it is not unusual for the reciters studiously to maintain that this is a corruption of the text. In point of merit I do not think these Gaelic poems much better than those of the Scandinavian Scalds; they are very unequal, often very vigorous and pointed, often drivelling and crawling in the very extremity of tenuity. The manners of the heroes are those of Celtic savages; and I could point out twenty instances in which Macpherson has very cunningly adopted the beginning, the names, and the leading incidents, &c. of an old tale, and dressed it up with all those ornaments of sentiment and sentimental manners, which first excite our surprise, and afterwards our doubt of its authenticity. The Highlanders themselves, recognising the leading features of tales they had heard in infancy, with here and there a tirade really taken from an old poem, were readily seduced into becoming champions for the authenticity of the poems. How many people, not particularly addicted to poetry, who may have heard *Chevy-Chase* in the nursery or at school, and never since met with the ballad, might be imposed upon by a new *Chevy-Chase*, bearing no resemblance to the old one, save in here and there a stanza or an incident? Besides, there is something in the severe judgment passed on my countrymen—that if they do not prefer Scotland to truth, they will always prefer it to enquiry.' When once the Highlanders had adopted the poems of *Ossian* as an article of national faith, you would far sooner have got them to disavow the Scripture than to abandon a line of the contested tales. Only they all allow that Macpherson's translation is very unfaithful, and some pretend to say inferior to the original; by which they can only mean, if they mean any thing,

that they miss the charms of the rhythm and vernacular idiom, which pleases the Gaelic natives; for in the real attributes of poetry Macpherson's version is far superior to any I ever saw of the fragments which he seems to have used.

"The Highland Society have lately set about investigating, or rather, I should say, collecting materials to defend, the authenticity of Ossian. Those researches have only proved that there were no real originals—using that word as is commonly understood—to be found for them. The oldest tale they have found seems to be that of *Darthula*; but it is perfectly different, both in diction and story, from that of Macpherson. It is, however, a beautiful specimen of Celtic poetry, and shows that it contains much which is worthy of preservation. Indeed, how should it be otherwise, when we know that, till about fifty years ago, the Highlands contained a race of hereditary poets? Is it possible to think, that, among perhaps many hundreds, who, for such a course of centuries have founded their reputation and rank on practising the art of poetry in a country where the scenery and manners gave such effect, and interest, and imagery to their productions, there should not have been some who attained excellence? In searching out those genuine records of the Celtic Muse, and preserving them from oblivion, with all the curious information which they must doubtless contain, I humbly think our Highland antiquaries would merit better of their country, than by confining their researches to the fantastic pursuit of a chimera.

"I am not to deny that Macpherson's inferiority in other compositions is a presumption that he did not actually compose these poems. But we are to consider his advantage when on his own ground. Macpherson was a Highlander, and had his imagination fired with the charms of Celtic poetry from his very infancy. We know, from constant experience, that most Highlanders, after they have become complete masters of English, continue to *think* in their own language; and it is to me demonstrable that Macpherson *thought* almost every word of Ossian in Gaelic, although he wrote it down in English. The specimens of his early poetry which remain are also deeply tinged with the peculiarities of the Celtic diction and character; so that, in fact, he might be considered as a Highland poet, even if he had not left us some Earse translations (or originals of Ossian) unquestionably written by himself. These circumstances gave a great advantage to him in forming the style of Ossian, which, though

exalted and modified according to Macpherson's own ideas of modern taste, is in great part cut upon the model of the tales of the Sennachie and Bards. In the translation of Homer, he not only lost these advantages, but the circumstances on which they were founded were a great detriment to his undertaking; for although such a dress was appropriate and becoming for Ossian, few people cared to see their old Grecian friend disguised in a tartan plaid and philabeg. In a word, the style which Macpherson had formed, however admirable in a Highland tale, was not calculated for translating Homer; and it was a great mistake in him, excited, however, by the general applause his first work received, to suppose that there was any thing homogeneous betwixt his own ideas and those of Homer. Macpherson, in his way, was certainly a man of high talents, and his poetic powers as honourable to his country, as the use which he made of them, and I fear his personal character in other respects, was a discredit to it.

"Thus I have given you, with the utmost sincerity, my creed on the great national question of Ossian; it has been formed after much deliberation and enquiry. I have had for some time thoughts of writing a Highland poem, somewhat in the style of the *Lay*, giving as far as I can a real picture of what that enthusiastic race actually were before the destruction of their patriarchal government. It is true I have not quite the same facilities as in describing Border manners, where I am, as they say, more at home. But to balance my comparative deficiency in knowledge of Celtic manners, you are to consider that I have from my youth delighted in all the Highland traditions which I could pick from the old Jacobites who used to frequent my father's house; and this will, I hope, make some amends for my having less immediate opportunities of research than in the Border tales."

Scott was now in possession of as much personal reputation, social enjoyment, and domestic happiness, as often falls to the lot of the most favoured mortals. He had the happy art of rendering all about him happy; and those who were privileged as friends or visitors, to be the companions of his rambles, or share the hospitality of his roof, all recall the hours or days of their intercourse with him, as sunny spots in their existence, deserving of perpetual remembrance.

The throng of visitors whom his fame attracted round him, would have

severely taxed the tempers of most other literary men, whose time was their property, and was then most valuable to themselves, when they were called upon to bestow it upon others. But Scott's unaffected good nature and *bonhomie*, never suffered his guests to feel as if they were intruders, even at those moments when the calls upon him by his publishers could only be answered by trenching deeply upon the hours of needful repose; and he was still the same disengaged, agreeable, happy creature, full of anecdote, alive to pleasantry, and up to every innocent amusement, while the press was groaning beneath his daily or nightly labours, as he had been during the most disengaged period of his existence.

One important change, however, was soon discovered by his friends, in the distribution of his time.

Previously it had been his custom, whenever professional business or social engagements occupied the middle part of his day, to seize some hours for study after he was supposed to have retired to bed. His physician suggested that this was very likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, the only malady he was subject to in the prime of his manhood; and, contemplating with a steady eye a course not only of unremitting but of increasing industry, he resolved to reverse his plan, and carried his purpose into execution with unflinching energy. In short, he had now adopted the habits in which, with very slender variation, he ever after persevered when in the country. He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation—for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumscription. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) '*to break the neck of the day's work.*' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to

his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, '*his own man.*' When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness.

"It was another rule that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communications that in the sequel put his good nature to the severest test—but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he included attention to them among the necessary business which must be dispatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or as he phrased it, '*to say out damned spot, and be a gentleman.*' In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have almost invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for enquiry or deliberate consideration."

His friend, Mr. Skene, the Laird of Rubislaw, gives a very pleasing account of the joyous hilarity with which he entered, with his friends, into country amusements.

"Every day," says Mr. Skene, "we had some hours of courting with the greyhounds, or riding at random over the hills, or of spearing salmon in the Tweed by sunlight: which last sport, moreover, we often renewed at night by the help of torches. This amusement of *burning the water*, as it is called, was not without some hazard, for the large salmon generally lie in the pools, the depths of which it is not easy to estimate with precision by torchlight—so that not unfrequently, when the sportsman makes a determined thrust at a fish apparently within reach, his eye has grossly deceived him, and instead of the point of the weapon encountering the prey, he finds himself launched with corresponding vehemence heels over head into the pool, both spear and salmon gone, the torch thrown out by the concussion of the boat, and quenched in the stream, while the boat itself has of course receded to some distance. I remember the first time I accompanied our friend, he went right over the gunwale in this manner, and had I not accidentally been close at his side, and made a successful

grasp at the skirt of his jacket as he plunged overboard, he must at least have had an awkward dive for it. Such are the contingencies of *burning the water*. The pleasures consist in being penetrated with cold and wet, having your shins broken against the stones in the dark, and perhaps mastering one fish out of every twenty you take aim at.

"In all these amusements, but particularly in the *burning of the water*, Scott's most regular companion at this time was John Lord Somerville, who united with many higher qualities a most enthusiastic love for such sports, and consummate address in the prosecution of them. This amiable nobleman then passed his autumns at his pretty seat of Allwyn, or the Pavilion, situated on the Tweed, some eight or nine miles below Ashestiel. They interchanged visits almost every week; and Scott did not fail to profit largely by his friend's matured and well-known skill in every department of the science of rural economy. He always talked of him, in particular, as his master in the art of planting.

"The laird of Rubislaw seldom failed to spend a part of the summer and autumn at Ashestiel, as long as Scott remained there, and during these visits they often gave a wider scope to their expeditions. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Skene, 'there are few scenes at all celebrated either in the history, tradition, or romance of the Border counties, which we did not explore together in the course of our rambles. We traversed the entire vales of the Yarrow and Ettrick, with all their sweet tributary glens, and never failed to find a hearty welcome from the farmers at whose houses we stopped, either for dinner or for the night. He was their chief-magistrate, extremely popular in that official capacity, and nothing could be more gratifying than the frank and hearty reception which every where greeted our arrival, however unexpected. The exhilarating air of the mountains, and the healthy exercise of the day, secured our relishing homely fare, and we found inexhaustible entertainment in the varied display of character which the affability of the *Sheriff* drew forth on all occasions in genuine breadth and purity. The beauty of the scenery gave full employment to my pencil, with the free and frequent exercise of which he never seemed to feel impatient. He was at all times ready and willing to alight when any object attracted my notice, and used to seat himself beside me on the brae to con over some ballad appropriate to the occasion, or narrate the tradition of the glen—sometimes, perhaps, to note a passing idea in his pocket-book; but this

was rare, for in general he relied with confidence on the great storehouse of his memory. And much amusement we had, as you may suppose, in talking over the different incidents, conversations, and traits of manners that had occurred at the last hospitable fire-side where we had mingled with the natives. Thus the minutes glided away until my sketch was complete, and then we mounted again with fresh alacrity."

All Mr. Skene's notices of Scott are given with a vigour and a felicity which proves him worthy the distinguished companionship which he then enjoyed. By the following, we are transported by him into the heart of the highlands, and not only made partakers of the perils and the pleasures of the wanderers, but acquainted with that secret hoard of imagery and of incident, from which the author of *Waverley* enriched his pages, by touches of character and sketches of scenery, which make them breathe the very poetry of romantic inspiration.

"One of our earliest expeditions was to visit the wild scenery of the mountainous tract above Moffat, including the cascade of the 'Grey Mare's Tail,' and the dark tarn called 'Loch Skene.' In our ascent to the lake we got completely bewildered in the thick fog which generally envelopes the rugged features of that lonely region; and, as we were groping through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down went horse and horsemen pell-mell into a slough of peaty and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farm-house below, and borrowed hill ponies for the occasion, the result might have been worse than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bog, covered *cap-à-pie* with slime, to free themselves from which, our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge eagle heaved himself from the margin and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders; and altogether it would be impossible to picture any thing more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye; thick folds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the inky waters, but rent asunder now in one direction, and then in another—so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting

rock or naked point of land, or island bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine—and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of Old Mortality was drawn from that day's ride.

"It was also in the course of this excursion that we encountered that amusing personage introduced into Guy Mannering as 'Tod Gabbie,' though the appellation by which he was known in the neighbourhood was 'Tod Willie.' He was one of those itinerants who gain a subsistence among the moorland farmers by relieving them of foxes, polecats, and the like depredators—a half-witted, stuttering, and most original creature.

"Having explored all the wonders of Moffatdale, we turned ourselves towards *Blackhouse Tower*, to visit Scott's worthy acquaintances the Laidlaws, and reached it after a long and intricate ride, having been again led off our course by the greyhounds, who had been seduced by a strange dog that joined company, to engage in full pursuit upon the track of what we presumed to be either a fox or a roe-deer. The chase was protracted and perplexing, from the mist that skirted the hill tops; but at length we reached the scene of slaughter, and were much distressed to find that a stately old he-goat had been the victim. He seemed to have fought a stout battle for his life, but now lay mangled in the midst of his panting enemies, who betrayed, on our approach, strong consciousness of delinquency and apprehension of the lash, which was administered accordingly to soothe the manes of the luckless Capricorn—though, after all, the dogs were not so much to blame in mistaking his game flavour, since the fogs must have kept him out of view till the last moment. Our visit to Blackhouse was highly interesting;—the excellent old tenant being still in life, and the whole family group presenting a perfect picture of innocent and simple happiness, while the animated, intelligent, and original conversation of our friend William was quite charming.

"Sir Adam Fergusson and the Ettrick Shepherd were of the party that explored Lock Skene and hunted the unfortunate he-goat.

"I need not tell you that Saint Mary's Loch, and the Loch of the Lowes, were among the most favourite scenes of our excursions, as his fondness for them continued to his last days, and we have both visited them many times together in his company. I may say the same of the Teviot, and the Aill, Borthwick-water, and the lonely towers of Buccleuch and Harden, Minto, Roxburgh, Gilnockie, &c. I think it was either in 1805 or

1806 that I first explored the Borthwick with him, when on our way to pass a week at Langholm with Lord and Lady Dalkeith, upon which occasion the otter-hunt, so well described in *Guy Mannering*, was got up by our noble host; and I can never forget the delight with which Scott observed the enthusiasm of the high-spirited yeomen, who had assembled in multitudes to partake the sport of their dear young chief, well mounted, and dashing about from rock to rock with a reckless ardour which recalled the alacrity of their forefathers in following the Buccleuchs of former days through adventures of a more serious order.

"Whatever the banks of the Tweed, from its source to its termination, presented of interest, we frequently visited; and I do verily believe there is not a single ford in the whole course of that river which we have not traversed together. He had an amazing fondness for fords, and was not a little adventurous in plunging through, whatever might be the state of the flood, and this even though there happened to be a bridge in view. If it seemed possible to scramble through, he scorned to go ten yards about, and in fact preferred the ford; and it is to be remarked, that most of the heroes of his tales seem to have been endued with similar propensities—even the White Lady of Avenel delights in the ford. He sometimes even attempted them on foot, though his lameness interfered considerably with his progress among the slippery stones. Upon one occasion of this sort I was assisting him through the Ettrick, and we had both got upon the same tottering stone in the middle of the stream, when some story about a kelpie occurring to him, he must needs stop and tell it with all his usual vivacity—and then, laughing heartily at his own joke, he slipped his foot, or the stone shuffled beneath him, and down he went headlong into the pool, pulling me after him. We escaped, however, with no worse than a thorough drenching and the loss of his stick, which floated down the river, and he was as ready as ever for a similar exploit before his clothes were half dried upon his back."

Such were the scenes in which Scott used to unbend his mind, while he was engaged in the production of "*Marmion*." This poem was published on the 23d of February, 1808, and was received by the readers of poetry even as the Lay had been received, with a burst of rapturous admiration. Jeffrey wrote an able depreciatory review of it, in which his spleen was at least as manifest as his critical powers. It

had, however, but little effect in reducing its estimation with the public, and is now, chiefly, remarkable for having led to the first coolness between these distinguished men, and been one, amongst many causes, which induced Scott to turn his back upon the Edinburgh Review, and contemplate the establishment of that other great periodical, which has almost ever since been its formidable literary rival. But upon that subject, more by and by.

In estimating the causes of the rapid success of this striking poem, we must not leave out of account that the field of literary enterprise was then almost wholly unoccupied, and the border ballads and the Lay had already excited an appetite for the romantic and the marvellous, which could not fail to cause a welcome reception of just such a depiction of scenes and manners as the genius of Scott presented in *Marmion*. The story was more curiously involved, the characters more boldly conceived, the incidents more various and striking, than those contained in the Lay; and the melo-dramatic interest by which it is sustained from the beginning to the end, and which constitutes the chief distinction between it and a regular epic, was, it may be, not among the least of the causes of its very universal acceptance. Southey's *Madoc* was, at that time, in the hands of a few select admirers, and was rendered, by its lofty enthusiasm, and the very depth and finish of its portraiture, "*caviare*" to the general tribe of readers. Byron had not as yet appeared, and Scott thus had the good fortune to alight upon a theme that was popular, at a time when there was no competitor who might divide with him the public admiration. He profited accordingly.

"*Marmion* was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month, when a second of 3000 copies, in 8vo. was sent to press. There followed a third and a fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1809; a fifth of 2000, early in 1810; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, crown 8vo. with twelve designs by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 4000, and an eighth of 5000 copies 8vo. in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1815; a tenth of 500, in 1820; an eleventh of 500, and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in foolscap, both in 1825. The legitimate sale in this country, therefore, down to the time of its being included in the first col-

lective edition of his poetical works, amounted to 31,000; and the aggregate of that sale, down to the period at which I am writing (May, 1836), may be stated at 50,000 copies."

About the same period his edition of Dryden appeared; an undertaking which exhibits his great critical sagacity, and his unwearied industry, although his labours have not as yet succeeded, in placing that great poet in what Mr. Lockhart considers "his rightful station." We make the following extract from a letter, written to him by his friend, George Ellis, in which, in our judgment, the merits of his performance are justly and happily commended.

"Claremont, 23d Sep. 1806.

"I must confess that I took up the book with some degree of trepidation, considering an edition of such a writer as on every account *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ*; but as soon as I became acquainted with your plan I proceeded boldly, and really feel at this moment sincerely grateful to you for much exquisite amusement. It now seems to me that your critical remarks ought to have occurred to myself. Such a passionate admirer of Dryden's fables, the noblest specimen of versification, in my mind, that is to be found in any modern language, ought to have perused his theatrical pieces with more candour than I did, and to have attributed to the bad taste of the age, rather than to his own, the numerous defects by which those hasty compositions are certainly deformed. I ought to have considered that whatever Dryden wrote must, for some reason or other, be worth reading; that his bombast and his indelicacy, however disgusting, were not without their use to any one who took an interest in our literary history; that—in short, there are a thousand reflections which I ought to have made, and never did make, and the result was that *your* Dryden was to me a perfectly new book. It is certainly painful to see a race-horse in a hackney-chaise, but when one considers that he will suffer infinitely less from the violent exertion to which he is condemned, than a creature of inferior race—and that the wretched cock-tail on whom the same task is usually imposed, must shortly become a martyr in the service, one's conscience becomes more at ease, and we are enabled to enjoy Dr. Johnson's favourite pleasure of rapid motion without much remorse on the score of its cruelty. Since, then, your hackneyman is not furnished with a whip, and you can so easily canter from post to post, go on and prosper!"

He had now, in his own judgment, *done* with poetry for some little time. "It is a scouring crop," he writes to Ellis, "and ought not to be hastily repeated. Editing, therefore, may be considered a green crop of turnips or of peas, extremely useful for those whose circumstances do not admit of giving their farm a summer fallow." Accordingly, he announces that his *grande opus*, at that present, was an edition of Swift, that he was under engagements of old standing, to write a life of Thomson, that he had completed an edition of the state papers of Sir Ralph Sadler, and that he had already arranged, for republication, some of the more early volumes of Lord Somers's tracts. These, he adds, were neither toilsome nor exhausting labours. He also, about the same period published his edition of Strutt's unfinished romance of Queenhoo-Hall, "and equipped the fourth volume with a conclusion in the fashion of the original." This was preceded by an edition of Captain Carlton's memoirs of the War of the Spanish Succession, and followed by an edition of the Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth. Of this point of time in his life, Mr. Lockhart observes,

"The eager struggling of the different booksellers to engage Scott at this time, is a very amusing feature in the voluminous correspondence before me. Had he possessed treble the energy for which it was possible to give any man credit, he could never have encountered a tithe of the projects that the post brought day after day to him, announced with extravagant enthusiasm, and urged with all the arts of conciliation. I shall mention only one out of at least a dozen gigantic schemes which were thus proposed before he had well settled himself to his Swift; and I do so, because something of the kind was a few years later carried into execution. This was a General Edition of British Novelists, beginning with De Foe and reaching to the end of the last century; to be set forth with biographical prefaces and illustrative notes by Scott, and printed of course by Ballantyne. The projector was Murray, who was now eager to start on all points in the race with Constable; but this was not, as we shall see presently, the only business that prompted my enterprising friend's first visit to Ashestiel."

"Conversing with Scott, many years afterwards, about the tumult of engagements in which he was thus involved, he

said, 'Ay, it was enough to tear me to pieces, but there was a wonderful exhilaration about it all: my blood was kept at fever-pitch—I felt as if I could have grappled with any thing and every thing; then, there was hardly one of all my schemes that did not afford me the means of serving some poor devil of a brother author. There were always huge piles of materials to be arranged, sifted, and indexed—volumes of extracts to be transcribed—journeys to be made hither and thither, for ascertaining little facts and dates,—in short, I could commonly keep half-a-dozen of the ragged regiment of Parnassus in tolerable case.' I said he must have felt something like what a locomotive engine on a railway might be supposed to do, when a score of coal waggons are seen linking themselves to it the moment it gets the steam up, and it rushes on its course regardless of the burden. 'Yes,' said he, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe (for we were felling larches); 'but there was a cursed lot of dung carts too.' He was seldom, in fact, without some of these appendages; and I admired nothing more in him than the patient courtesy, the unwearied gentle kindness with which he always treated them, in spite of their delays and blunders, to say nothing of the almost incredible vanity and presumption which more than one of them often exhibited in the midst of their fawning; and I believe, with all their faults, the worst and weakest of them repaid him by a canine fidelity of affection. This part of Scott's character recalls by far the most pleasing trait in that of his last predecessor in the plenitude of literary authority—Dr. Johnson. There was perhaps nothing (except the one great blunder) that had a worse effect on the course of his pecuniary fortunes, than the readiness with which he exerted his interest with the booksellers on behalf of inferior writers. Even from the commencement of his connexion with Constable in particular, I can trace a continual series of such applications. They stimulated the already too sanguine publisher to numberless risks; and when these failed, the result was, in one shape or another, some corresponding deduction from the fair profits of his own literary labour. 'I like well,' Constable was often heard to say in the sequel, 'I like well Scott's *ein beirn*—but heaven preserve me from those of his fathering!'"

But it is time to give the reader some insight into the domestic life of the poet, and for that purpose we extract, from the work before us, the following pleasing picture—

"He had now two boys and two girls; and he never had more. He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as they pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and 'to sit up to supper' was the great reward when they had been 'very good bairns.' In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind informal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull so he were at home.

"Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with considerable regret, in the autobiographical fragment written this year at Ashestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind;—for he never did show much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called education in the case of his own children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to any thing else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiae; delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. He exercised the memory, by selecting for tasks of recitation passages of popular verse the most likely to catch the fancy of children;

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and gradually familiarized them with the ancient history of their own country, by arresting attention, in the course of his own oral narrations, on incidents and characters of a similar description. Nor did he neglect to use the same means of quickening curiosity as to the events of sacred history. On Sunday he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their sabbath of rest; but after he had read the church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing too;—how different that would have been from our thousand compilations of dead epitome and imbecile cant! He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inwove the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did, in his week-day tales, the quaint Scotch of *Pitscottie*, or some rude romantic old rhyme from *Barbour's Bruce*, *Blind Harry's Wallace*.

"By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughter sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. There was one thing, however, on which he fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians of the *Cyropædia*; like them, next to love of truth, he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit on a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses—as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reve-

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rence for the more important article of that Persian training. 'Without courage,' he said, 'there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue.'

While the materials of fame and of happiness were thus within and around him, the seeds were being sown of the troubles and perplexities, which chequered all the remainder of his life, and brought him, in the end, to an untimely grave. The reader has been already apprised of his mercantile connection with the printing establishment of the Ballantynes, and that he early formed the notion that something might be done in that line, which should speedily realize a splendid fortune. It is now to be observed, that his literary connection with the house of Constable was by no means of so pleasant a nature as to promise any long continuance. Constable's partner was a man of rude manners and unaccommodating temper, by whose demeanour Scott was more than once seriously offended; and it was not unnatural that he should have felt a strong wish to be rid of the annoyances which were inseparable from any dealings with one whose over-estimate of himself led him too frequently to forget what was due to a man of genius and a gentleman. But Scott's feelings went farther than that. He condescended to feel resentment where he should have only entertained contempt; and he felt no small pride in the project of setting up a rival house, by which the old firm might be made to feel that, in treating him with studied disrespect, they were at least as unwise as they were contumelious.

Scott might, at that time, have commanded his own terms from the highest of the London booksellers. His name was up, and they would have contended for the honor and the advantage of giving his productions to the world. And to entertain the idea of resenting the impertinence of Constable's partner, by setting up, in conjunction with the Ballantynes, a rival establishment, and thus exposing himself to all the perplexities, and rendering himself liable to all the embarrassments of trade, appears to us, we confess, just as preposterous and absurd, as if a man who had been kicked by an ass, had himself shod with iron, and got upon all fours, in order to repay in kind the bruises which he received from his long-eared assailant.

The individuals with whom he now so closely connected himself, are, by Mr. Lockhart, thus happily described:

"John Ballantyne, a younger brother of Scott's school-fellow, had been originally bred to their father's trade of a *merchant*—(that is to say, a dealer in everything from broadcloth to children's tops,) at Kelso; but James's rise in the world was not observed by him without ambitious longings; for he too had a love, and he at least fancied that he had a talent for literature. He left Kelso abruptly for the chances of the English metropolis. After a short residence in London, where, among other things, he officiated for a few months as clerk in a banking house, the continued intelligence of the printer's prosperity determined him to return to Scotland. Not finding any opening at the moment in Edinburgh, he again tried the shop at Kelso; but his habits had not been improved by his brief sojourn in London, and the business soon melted to nothing in his hands. His goods were disposed of by auction for the benefit of his creditors—the paternal shop was finally closed, and John again quitted his birthplace, under circumstances which, as I shall show in the sequel, had left a deep and painful trace even upon that volatile mind.

"He was a quick, active, intrepid little fellow; and in society so very lively and amusing, so full of fun and merriment, such a thoroughly light-hearted droll, all-over quaintness and humorous mimicry; and, moreover, such a keen and skillful devotee to all manner of field-sports, from fox-hunting to badger-baiting inclusive, that it was no wonder he should have made a favourable impression on Scott, when he appeared in Edinburgh in this destitute plight, and offered to assist his brother in the management of a concern by which James's comparatively indolent habits were now very severely tried. The contrast between the two brothers was not the least of the amusement; indeed that continued to amuse him to the last. The elder of these is painted to the life in an early letter of Leyden's, which, on the doctor's death, he, though not (I fancy) without wincing, permitted Scott to print:—'Methinks I see you with your confounded black beard, bull-neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great gloating eyes, and crying—*But Leyden !!!*' James was a short, stout, well-made man, and would have been considered a handsome one, but for these grotesque frowns, starts, and twistings of his features, set off by a certain mock majesty of walk and gesture, which he had perhaps contracted

from his usual companions, the emperors and tyrants of the stage. His voice in talk was grave and sonorous, and he sung well (theatrically well,) in a fine rich bass. John's tone in singing was a sharp treble, in conversation something between a croak and a squeak. Of his style of story-telling it is sufficient to say that the late Charles Matthews's 'old Scotch lady' was but an imperfect copy of the original, which the inimitable comedian first heard in my presence from his lips. He was shorter than James, but lean as a scarecrow, and he rather hopped than walked; his features, too, were naturally good, and he twisted them about quite as much, but in a very different fashion. The elder brother was a gourmand—the younger liked his bottle and his bowl, as well as, like Johnny Armstrong, 'a hawk, a hound, and a fair woman.' Scott used to call the one *Aldihorontiphoscophornio*, the other *Rigdumfunnidos*. They both entertained him; they both loved and revered him; and I believe would have shed their heart's blood in his service; but they both, as men of affairs, deeply injured him—and above all, the day that brought John into pecuniary connexion with him was the blackest in his calendar. A more reckless, thoughtless, improvident adventurer never rushed into the serious responsibilities of business; but his cleverness, his vivacity, his unaffected zeal, his gay fancy always seeing the light side of every thing, his imperturbable good humour and buoyant elasticity of spirits, made and kept him such a favourite, that I believe Scott would have as soon ordered his dog to be hanged, as harboured, in his darkest hour of perplexity, the least thought of discarding 'jocund Johnny.'

There was another object upon which Scott had set his heart, and in the prosecution of which he was stimulated, at the same time, by personal, literary, and political considerations. The Edinburgh Review, it will have been perceived, regarded *Marmion* with a severity of criticism that must have been distasteful to the author; and it was, moreover, the great staple in the articles of literary trade, by which the offending house of Constable had been enriched and distinguished. Scott was, all his life, an ardent and uncompromising Tory, and the tone of the political articles in that distinguished journal had begun to assume a character of low and bitter whiggism, which was totally uncongential with all his predilections. He was, in particular, disgusted

with a paper of Brougham's, on the Spanish war, which appeared in the 26th number;* and directly upon reading it gave orders to have his name erased from the list of subscribers.

Nor was he content with merely thus passively resenting this outrage upon his feelings as a writer, and his principles as a patriot; he earnestly set himself about the task of raising up a rival publication, by which both Jeffrey and Constable might be made to feel that their literary autocracy was in danger.

A visit from John Murray, who then had a shop in Fleet Street, and who entered warmly into his plan, if, indeed, he did not anticipate the poet in the project which he had then at heart, served materially to mature, and to quicken his arrangements. Murray, with characteristic sagacity, foresaw the split that was likely to be the consequence of the envenomed politics in which the reviewers now indulged, and of the depreciatory criticism by which his fame was wounded.

"Walter Scott," he said to himself; "has feelings, both as a gentleman and a tory, which these people must now have wounded. The alliance between him and the whole clique of the Edinburgh Review, Constable included, is shaken."

And he arrived at the residence of Scott just in time to witness the correctness of his judgment, and to take advantage of the schism which he had predicted. But we must suffer the author of *Waverley* himself to describe the motives which led him to form the first conception of the *Quarterly Review*.

"Ashestiel, Nov. 2d, 1808.

"DEAR ELLIS—We had, equally to our joy and surprise, a flying visit from Heber, about three weeks ago. He staid but three days—but, between old stories and new, we made them very merry in their passage. During his stay, John Murray, the bookseller in Fleet Street, who has more real knowledge of what concerns his business than any of his brethren—at least than any of them that I know—came to canvass a most important plan, of which I am now, in 'dern privacie,' to give you the outline. I had most strongly recommended to our Lord Advocate to think of some counter measures against the *Edinburgh Review*, which, politically speaking, is doing incalculable damage. I do not mean this in a mere party view;

* Don Cevallos on the Usurpation of Spain.

the present ministry are not all that I could wish them—for (Canning excepted) I doubt there is among them too much *self-seeking*, as it was called in Cromwell's time; and what is their misfortune, if not their fault, there is not among them one in the decided situation of paramount authority, both with respect to the others and to the Crown, which is, I think, necessary, at least in difficult times, to produce promptitude, regularity, and efficiency in measures of importance. But their political principles are sound English principles, and compared to the greedy and inefficient horde which preceded them, they are angels of light and purity. It is obvious, however, that they want defenders both in and out of doors. Pitt's

—'Love and fear glued many friends to him;
And now he's fallen, those tough commixtures
melt.'

Were this only to effect a change of hands, I should expect it with more indifference; but I fear a change of principles is designed. The Edinburgh Review tells you coolly, 'We foresee a speedy revolution in this country as well as Mr. Cobbett;' and, to say the truth, by degrading the person of the Sovereign—exalting the power of the French armies, and the wisdom of their counsels—holding forth that peace (which they allow can only be purchased by the humiliating prostration of our honour) is indispensable to the very existence of this country—I think, that for these two years past, they have done their utmost to hasten the accomplishment of their own prophecy. Of this work 9000 copies are printed quarterly, and no genteel family can pretend to be without it, because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with. Consider, of the numbers who read this work, how many are there likely to separate the literature from the politics—how many youths are there upon whose minds the flashy and bold character of the work is likely to make an indelible impression; and think what the consequence is likely to be.

"Now, I think there is balm in Gilead for all this; and that the cure lies in instituting such a Review in London as should be conducted totally independent of bookselling influence, on a plan as liberal as that of the Edinburgh, its literature as well supported, and its principles English and constitutional. Accordingly, I have been given to understand that Mr. William Gifford is willing to become the conductor of such a work, and I have written to him, at the Lord Advocate's desire, a very voluminous letter on the subject. Now, should this plan succeed, you must hang your birding-piece on its hooks, take down your old Anti-jacobin armour, and 're-

member your swashing blow.' It is not that I think this projected Review ought to be exclusively or principally political—this would, in my opinion, absolutely counteract its purpose, which I think should be to offer to those who love their country, and to those whom we would wish to love it, a periodical work of criticism conducted with equal talent, but upon sounder principle than that which has gained so high a station in the world of letters. Is not this very possible? In point of learning, you Englishmen have ten times our scholarship; and as for talent and genius,—'Are not Abana and Parpar, rivers of Damascus, better than any of the rivers in Israel?' Have we not yourself and your cousin, the Roses, Malthus, Matthias, Gifford, Heber, and his brother? Can I not procure you a score of blue-caps who would rather write for us than for the Edinburgh Review if they got as much pay by it? 'A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation—an excellent plot, excellent friends.'"

The project having been resolved on, Gifford was chosen as editor, and Scott wrote to him fully and confidentially, for the purpose of declaring the views and the principles according to which, in his judgment, the new publication should be conducted. His letter is replete with sagacity and wisdom, and shows that he duly estimated the exigencies of the time, and exactly understood the temper of the public mind. But in the following still more confidential communication to George Ellis, he appears, if possible, to more advantage. Having given him a draft of his letter to Gifford, he proceeds as follows:—

"Supposing you to have read said scroll, you must know further, that it has been received in a most favourable manner by Mr. Gifford, who approves of its contents in all respects, and that Mr. Canning has looked it over, and promised such aid as is therein required. I therefore wish you to be apprised fully of what could hardly be made the subject of writing, unless in all the confidence of friendship. Let me touch a string of much delicacy—the political character of the Review. It appears to me that this should be of a liberal and enlarged nature, resting upon principles—indulgent and conciliatory as far as possible upon mere party questions—but stern in detecting and exposing all attempts to sap our constitutional fabric. Religion is another slippery station; here also I would endeavour to be as impartial as the subject will admit of. This character of impartiality, as well as

the maintenance of a high reputation in literature, is of as great consequence to such of our friends as are in the ministry, as our more direct efforts in their favour; for these will be successful in proportion to the influence we shall acquire by an extensive circulation; to procure which, the former qualities will be essentially necessary. Now, *entre nous*, will not our editor be occasionally a little warm and pepperish?—essential qualities in themselves, but which should not quite constitute the leading character of such a publication. This is worthy of a *momento*.

"As our start is of such immense consequence, don't you think Mr. Canning, though unquestionably our Atlas, might for a day find a Hercules on whom to devolve the burthen of the globe, while he writes us a review? I know what an audacious request this is; but suppose he should, as great statesmen sometimes do, take a political fit of the gout, and absent himself from a large ministerial dinner, which might give it him in good earnest,—dine at three on a chicken and a pint of wine,—and lay the foundation at least of one good article? Let us but once get afloat, and our labour is not worth talking of; but, till then, all hands must work hard.

"Is it necessary to say that I agree entirely with you in the mode of treating even delinquents? The truth is, there is policy, as well as morality, in keeping our swords clear as well as sharp, and not forgetting the gentlemen in the critics. The public appetite is soon gorged with any particular style. The common Reviews, before the appearance of the Edinburgh, had become extremely mawkish; and, unless when prompted by the malice of the bookseller or reviewer, gave a dawdling, maudlin sort of applause to every thing that reached even mediocrity. The Edinburgh folks squeezed into their sauce plenty of acid, and were popular from novelty as well as from merit. The minor Reviews and other periodical publications, have *outrèd* the matter still farther, and given us all abuse, and no talent. But by the time the language of vituperative criticism becomes general—which is now pretty nearly the case—it affects the tympanum of the public ear no more than rogue or rascal from the cage of a parrot, or blood-and-wounds from a horse-barrack. This, therefore, we have to trust to, that decent, lively, and reflecting criticism, teaching men not to abuse books only, but to read and to judge them, will have the effect of novelty upon a public wearied with universal efforts at blackguard and indiscriminating satire. I have a long and very sensible letter from

John Murray the bookseller, in which he touches upon this point very neatly. By the by, little Weber may be very useful upon antiquarian subjects, in the way of collecting information and making remarks; only, you or I must re-write his lucubrations. I use him often as a pair of eyes in consulting books and collating, and as a pair of hands in making extracts. Constable, the great Edinburgh editor, has offended me excessively by tyrannizing over this poor Teutcher, and being rather rude when I interfered. It is a chance but I may teach him that he should not kick down the scaffolding before his house is quite built. Another bomb is about to break on him besides the Review. This is an Edinburgh Annual Register, to be conducted under the auspices of James Ballantyne, who is himself no despicable composer, and has secured excellent assistance. I cannot help him, of course, very far, but I will certainly lend him a lift as an adviser. I want all my friends to befriend this work, and will send you a *prospectus* when it is published. It will be *valde* anti-Foxite. This is a secret for the present.

"For heaven's sake do not fail to hold a meeting as soon as you can. Gifford will be admirable at service, but will require, or I mistake him much, both a spur and a bridle—a spur on account of habits of literary indolence induced by weak health—and a bridle because, having renounced in some degree general society, he cannot be supposed to have the habitual and instinctive feeling enabling him to judge at once and decidedly on the mode of letting his shafts fly down the breeze of popular opinion. But he has worth, wit, learning, and extensive information; is the friend of our friends in power, and can easily correspond with them; is in no danger of having private quarrels fixed on him for public criticism; nor very likely to be embarrassed by being thrown into action in public life alongside of the very people he has reviewed, and probably offended. All this is of the last importance to the discharge of his arduous duty."

A visit to London, where he played the lion to admiration, completed the arrangements for the new publication; and Croker, Ellis, Southey, and other distinguished names, were forthwith busied in preparations to make its outburst as brilliant as its object was important. Jeffrey was somewhat alarmed, and offered terms of pacificaton, engaging that no party politics should again appear in his review. Scott told him that it was now too late, and reminded him that he had often pointed

out to him the consequences of letting his work become a party tool.

"He said 'he did not care for the consequences—there were but four men he feared as opponents.'—'Who were these?'—'Yourself for one.'—'Certainly you pay me a great compliment; depend upon it I will endeavour to deserve it.'—'Why, you would not join against me?'—'Yes I would, if I saw a proper opportunity: not against you personally, but against your politics.'—'You are privileged to be violent.'—'I don't ask any privilege for undue violence. But who are your other foemen?'—'George Ellis and Southey.' The fourth he did not name. All this was in great good-humour; and next day I had a very affecting note from him, in answer to an invitation to dinner. He has no suspicion of the Review whatever; but I thought I could not handsomely suffer him to infer that I would be influenced by those private feelings respecting *him*, which, on more than one occasion, he has laid aside when I was personally concerned."

Constable, also, sought in vain to propitiate him, and thought it hard that he should suffer for the errors or impertinencies of his partner. But Scott was not to be moved. The Quarterly Review was launched. The new printing and publishing establishment in Edinburgh was set up. The one, a source of honour and of profit to its proprietor and his distinguished contributors; the other, to its amiable and gifted projector, a source of embarrassment and a cause of ruin. Little did Scott imagine that he was tying a mill-stone about his own neck with one hand, while with the other he was establishing a periodical which was to give a new impulse to the literature of the country, and infuse a fresh spirit and vigour into the flagging defenders of the constitution.

The poet was now intently employed upon "the Lady of the Lake." His former productions had been so well received, and he was still so distinctly recognized by the reading public as "*facile primus*" in the poetical world, that expectation was on tip-toe, when it was announced that another poem was on the eve of publication. Nor was it disappointed. The same delight which his readers received from his former publications, was renewed, if not enhanced by this brilliant metrical romance, which not only added to his reputation, but enhanced, considerably, the value of the scenery, amidst which his plot was laid; inasmuch that,

"Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact, that from the date of the publication of the *Lady of the Lake* the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree, and indeed it continued to do so regularly for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for our scenery which he had thus originally created."

All the critics were now agreed that this was the most captivating of all his productions. Jeffrey's commendations in the Edinburgh, were nothing below those of Ellis in the Quarterly, either in cordiality or discrimination. To us it appears chiefly interesting, as indicating the progress of his mind, and the degree in which experience had given him a command of his intellectual resources, and a confidence in the exercise of his poetical powers, such as he would, at his outset, have accounted presumption. In the *Lay*, we have a ballad amplified into a poem; but still retaining so much of the ballad form, as scarcely to be entitled to the character of a connected tale. As in some songs, the writer depends more upon the music than upon the words, so in this beautiful effusion Scott seems to have relied more upon the melody of his verse for recommending his incident, than upon his incident for sustaining the spirit of his verse. His scenes and characters are exhibited like pictures in a magic lantern, which depend entirely for effect upon the light in which they are seen, and the medium through which they are conveyed; and the poet seems to regard them, only or chiefly, as occasions for giving expression to that intensity of enthusiastic ardour, with which, from his early boyhood, he had been accustomed to regard the legendary literature of his native land. In *Marmion*, he rises into a higher and a severer style, and takes a position more indicative of confidence in his own original powers. Here, character and incident are presented, as in a regular drama; and the verse is properly subordinated to the office of making them appear to the most advantage. But still he is chary in putting forth his strength, and takes care not to involve himself in any intricacy of plot; but concentrates his might upon one or two leading

characters, and one or two striking incidents, and depends for success rather upon the boldness and brilliancy, than upon the variety or the interest of his performance. But now, when he had tested his powers, and when unprecedented success had caused him to dismiss any idle apprehension which might have haunted him, that failure would attend a bolder enterprise, he constructed his poem of the *Lady of the Lake*, which, for variety, interest, character, scenery, intricacy of plot, and all other ingredients of dramatic poetry, rises fully as much above *Marmion*, as *Marmion* rose above the *Lay*, and evidences not only an increasing and justifiable confidence in himself, but a skill in the use of his resources as creditable to his industry, as the poem itself was honourable to his genius. It is saying much to say that it fully kept pace with the expectations of the public; and as its execution is more equal, and its interest more stirring and general, so it will be more frequently read and longer remembered than any of his former productions.

His own explanation of his feelings at this period, is thus given in his introduction to the edition of his works which appeared in 1830. He is speaking of the success of his new poem.

" 'It was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But—as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to King George the Third, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite—so I can with honest truth exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voices had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality which I could not have claimed from merit: and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.' "

Nor is the following less indicative of that innate modesty, and the charm-

ing simplicity of his domestic character, which, after all, is that which most endears him to our hearts.

"James Ballantyne has preserved in his *Memorandum* an anecdote strikingly confirmative of the most remarkable statement in this page of Scott's confessions. 'I remember,' he says, 'going into his library shortly after the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, and finding Miss Scott (who was then a very young girl) there by herself—I asked her—'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the *Lady of the Lake*?' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity—'Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry.'

"In fact, his children in those days had no idea of the source of his distinction—or rather, indeed, that his position was in any respect different from that of other Advocates, Sheriffs, and Clerks of Session. The eldest boy came home one afternoon about this time from the High School, with tears and blood hardened together upon his cheeks. 'Well, Wat,' said his father, 'what have you been fighting about to-day?' With that the boy blushed and hung his head, and at last stammered out—that 'he had been called a *lassie*.' 'Indeed!' said Mrs. Scott, 'this was a terrible mischief to be sure.' 'You may say what you please, mamma,' Wat answered roughly, 'but I dinna think there's a *waufur* (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a *lassie*, to sit boring at a clout.' Upon further enquiry, it turned out that one or two of his companions had dubbed him *The Lady of the Lake*, and the phrase was to him incomprehensible, save as conveying some imputation on his prowess, which he accordingly vindicated in the usual style of the Yards. Of the poem he had never before heard. Shortly after, this story having got wind, one of Scott's colleagues of the Clerks' Table said to the boy—'Gilknockie, my man, you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your *uncles*—what is it, do you suppose, that occasions this?' The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered very gravely—'It's commonly *him* that sees the bare sitting.' And yet this was the man that had his children all along so very much with him. In truth, however, young Walter had guessed pretty shrewdly in the matter, for his father had all the tact of the Sutherland Highlander, whose detection of an Irish rebel up to the neck in a bog, he has commemorated in a note upon Rokeby. Like him, he was quick to catch the *sparkle* of the future victim's eye; and often said jestingly of himself, that whatever might be

thought of him as a *maker* (poet), he was an excellent *trouvreur*.

"Ballantyne adds:—'One day, about this same time, when his fame was supposed to have reached its acmé, I said to him—'Will you excuse me, Mr. Scott, but I should like to ask you what you think of your own genius as a poet, in comparison with that of Burns?' He replied—'There is no comparison whatever—we ought not to be named in the same day.' 'Indeed!' I answered, 'would you compare Campbell to Burns?' 'No, James, not at all—If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country.'—But, in fact,' (continues Ballantyne) 'he had often said to me that neither his own nor any modern popular style of composition was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was. He answered—Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, than any other poetical composition he could mention; and I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than

while reciting aloud from those productions."

We will not accompany the poet to the Hebrides, which he visited, doubtless, with great delight, as the space which we have already covered admonishes us that we have gone as far as we can go in the present number. Then it was that he planned the poem of the Lord of the Isles.

It is painful to contemplate the embarrassments in which his connection with the printing concern had involved him; and which even now began to be so annoying as to make him entertain serious ideas of going out to India. Had Lord Melville, as was then supposed, gone out as governor, he would, in all probability, have accompanied him as secretary; but, whatever might have been his success in amassing Indian wealth, that could at best have but poorly compensated him for the sacrifice of any portion of his European reputation.

PROVISIONAL CHARACTER OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

"When the Abbot of Martin was born, he had so little the figure of a man that it bespoke him rather a *zomster*. It was for some time under deliberation whether he should be baptized or no. However he was baptized and declared a man *provisionally*—*Locke on Names of Substance*.

MR. O'CONNELL has not had his portrait placed in our gallery; for either, or both, of two reasons; one, that he is not dead, the other, that the question whether he is "an illustrious Irishman" has not yet been determined in his favour. The learned gentleman, very probably, is not of our opinion. The complacency with which he has so often appealed to the fact that he is "the best (or the most) abused man in the empire," would lead one to suppose that, in his own judgment, the question has been very agreeably settled. We would venture, however, to remind him, that abuse is not *always* fame; that, indeed, there is good old authority for accounting it, at the best, only a preliminary to honor, and that, if a man, on whom public attention has been fixed, shall have passed through life without ever receiving "producible" praise, except that which, by a rare moral alchemy, he has been enabled to extract from reproach, *he* has left it to his survivors to discover the materials from which they shall compose a eulogy to embalm his reputation.

Who can anticipate the judgment of

posterity on the character of this remarkable man? Who can conjecture, even, the claims his life shall have advanced, to ensure a favourable decision? Shall the survivors of Mr. O'Connell have success to guide them in pronouncing upon his merits? Shall they be called on to praise him, as the cabinet-compeller, who extorted the relief bill from Tories, and the "appropriation clause" from Whigs—and (shall they have to add) repeal of the legislative union, sullenly surrendered, amidst divisions and distractions, from bewildered Whigs, Radicals and Conservatives? We dare not hazard an opinion. Mr. O'Connell predicts for himself, even at this day, twenty years of active life. If he can thus gain over time to stand still in his favor, while events move on, often at his command, with a continually accelerated velocity—who can say, what new titles to gratitude and distinction, he may have recorded—or who can say, how many testimonies now inscribed to his honor, shall have become obliterated?

Success then we cannot set down as among the elements by which the

judgment of posterity respecting Mr. O'Connell shall be governed. We hold with Solon, and with the Scriptures, that the end of life is the criterion by which real prosperity is tested. It is only when the harness is taken off, when men "have shuffled off this mortal coil," that we can speak, at the same time, of triumph won, and warfare "accomplished." While mortal life endures, it undergoes chance and vicissitude, and furnishes perpetual mementos that all is precarious and fleeting. It cannot vaunt of stability or success.

But is there not a species of merit which defies fortune—merit, of which adversity only enhances the splendor? Truth, clemency, self-renunciation, is their renown tarnished by calamity? And the glory of intellectual achievement,—is Galileo, or Milton, or Demosthenes spoiled of his fame, because his greatness grew amidst circumstances of national or individual disaster? No. There are qualities and performances on which time, and chance, and change have no power; to which spirit, whence they proceed, has imparted of its immortality; which, when they have experienced a prosperous issue, are more glorious than the triumph that waited on them, and where they have "suffered loss" are venerated as ample compensations for the discomfiture they had not averted. Has the life of Mr. O'Connell been graced by titles to distinction thus unambiguous and enduring? Are his actions impressed with a character of heroic virtue,—or his intellectual productions instinct with the immortality of genius? These are questions which must be answered before we can anticipate the judgment of posterity.

And yet we feel that questions like these can scarcely have their proper answer until Mr. O'Connell's final successes have been compared with the means he has employed to attain them. If the aim and end of all his labors be to render Ireland wholly in-

dependent of Great Britain, and he live to see this object effected, he may have it in his power to offer, in the day of triumph, such explanations of the practices by which he has prevailed, as shall materially alter the judgment to be pronounced upon them. Even on a supposition that grave charges are then preferred against him; that he is accused of having betrayed confidences, uttered numerous falsehoods, broken oaths, vended most gross and groundless calumnies, stimulated multitudes to acts of outrage, conspired to injure and reduce to extreme distress individuals whose rights he had solemnly contracted to defend; and, while he evaded the laws of his country, and violated all the charities and the courtesies, nay, the decencies of life, affected scruples of conscience then, and never but then, when he desired to shield himself from the chastisement he had provoked, and, according to the judgment of the world, most righteously merited,—it is possible, that such explanations of his conduct may be discerned in the consequences which shall have resulted from it, as very materially to affect the sentence which history, and even popular opinion, shall pronounce upon him. We feel, therefore, that our character of Mr. O'Connell, like the name given to the future Abbot of St. Martin, must be respective of events yet to be—that it must be, what we have termed it, "provisional;" and we shall prepare for the attempt to describe it as the gunners of old times (perhaps of modern also) preluded the adjustment of their artillery, by a series of approximations.

We submit, therefore, to the reader, the imaginary sketches which follow; which he must be pleased to suppose delineated after events, yet in embryo, have been developed. We offer no further explanation of the design and spirit of the writers than may be gathered from the fantasies which they have respectively created.

PSALTER OF TARA—NEW SERIES FOR 184—.

THE O'CONNELL.

"Until my country shall have taken her rank among the nations of the earth, let no man write my epitaph. Until then, as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let no man in ignorance or in prejudice, asperse them."—*Robert Emmett.*

So spoke the martyred Emmett, when, condemned at the tribunal of the foreign oppressor, he condescended to crave one mercy—the only grace he

would accept—silence for his memory. How affectingly the words were revealed to us by the august ceremonial of yesterday; and with what feelings

of wonder and delight did we reflect on the prophetic intimation of the young enthusiast, that a day would come "when his epitaph could be written, and his character defended."

But if our thoughts, for a moment, wandered to the fates of those who fell in the lost battles of their country, it was only for a moment their stories could engage us—it was only to make us return with increase of admiration to the illustrious man who sustained the cause of Ireland for forty years, in his own person, against the open and the secret enemy; and who, yesterday, received, in the tribute of his country's gratitude, an offering worthy, if any thing on earth can be worthy, of his matchless labours, and darings, and endurances. The mercy which Emmett solicited was never accorded to *him*. His enemies, because the enemies of Ireland, could silence truth—his virtues could not silence detraction; but he has lived to hear a liberated country thunder her joyous salutations; and his heart has answered—"it is enough." We echo the sentiment—it is enough—enough for fame, enough for happiness—more than ever soothed a conqueror's pride—more than mortal benefactor of his country, save, perhaps, one, has ever merited. And how has he deserved them—oh, it is a pleasing occupation to trace the toils of our illustrious ruler while he burst, link by link, the chains in which he found Ireland fettered;—an occupation suitable to the season, in which, while we record titles, among the highest ever advanced, to a nation's gratitude and affection, we obtain a temporary repose from the intense emotion excited by the enthusiasm with which the nation has expressed its acknowledgments. We shall use our happy privilege.

It was in the eventful and disastrous year of 1798 that the O'Connell entered upon that course of heroic exertion from which he never desisted, until complete success released him. He had received his education in those seminaries which the piety of our ancestors had reared up in a foreign land as asylums from the worse than Egyptian despotism of England; he had, then, by submitting to the observance of certain forms which students of law were required to undergo, qualified himself to be admitted a practising barrister in Ireland. His literary education completed on the continent—his legal, through the usual culinary ritual, in the metropolis of what was

then termed Great Britain; he was entering the Bay of Dublin on a misty morning towards the end of March, in that year when virtue struggled vainly against the cruelty and craft of Ireland's oppressors. The patriot stood on the deck of a bark which carried unconsciously a richer freight than Cæsar and his fortunes; and looked earnestly towards the spot where the beautiful shores of his native land were covered by the morning's mist; but almost suddenly the sun broke out upon the sky, the exhalations were drawn aside as it were a curtain, and except that soft, fleecy clouds rested like coronets on some projecting points, the whole coast, lighted up to receive the deliverer with the welcome of a spontaneous and natural illumination was suddenly revealed in unbroken splendour and beauty. O'Connell accepted the omen, and recorded in his secret soul the vow that he would dedicate life to his country, and would never shrink from the enterprise until strength failed him, or his beloved land was

"Great, glorious, and free"—

He has kept his vow—and through labours and dangers greater than ever man in peace endured and encountered; his eye has not waxed dim, nor his strength failed.

The season at which the patriot entered upon the duties of professional life was, in the highest degree, critical and momentous. We dwell not on that year of trial and affliction. It is written in our annals, and registered in our memories in fitting characters. O'Connell soon discerned proofs that to enrol himself among those who fought for freedom, was to cast away the last hope for Ireland. He governed himself, and, while he treasured up remembrances of cruelty from the scaffold, and the dungeon, and the triangle, such as were in after days to give a fiery vehemence to his harangues, he walked amidst sights and sounds, which would have appalled or maddened stout hearts; and the lash of the torturer, and the cries of anguish, and the countenance of the mangled sufferer who constrained himself to stern silence, and the gibbet, and the court-martial; and the hateful invasion of all domestic privileges; the curfew; the insolent visits of armed brigands; the ferocious displays of Orange exultation; all passed by our young patriot, as though he regarded them not; no word escaped

his lips which could awake the fury of the oppressor; not a look betrayed his sympathy with the oppressed or with their cause; but reserving himself for the great destiny he was to accomplish; for the days in which boldness and discretion could be reconciled in speaking his country's wrongs; he passed through the ordeal of 1798, unhurt, unnoticed, unsuspected. In a patriot who had not yet attained his twenty second year, at a time when Fitzgerald, and Emmett, and O'Connor, and Bond, and Harvey, threw themselves away; when Curran, in the utterance of his immortal harangues, stood in jeopardy every hour—no praise can exceed the deserts of such juvenile discretion.

Nor was the prudence of O'Connell manifested only amidst the horrors of the year in which his country resembled the trembling mansion of the enfuried Cyclops; it was proved, when exposed, soon after, to the perils of that most stirring contest in which the act of union was passed, and the independence of Ireland, for a time, surrendered. In that conflict the O'Connell took a part; but, contented with recording his opposition to the hated measure, he observed a forbearance with respect to the delinquencies of its promoters, which the coldest and the craftiest of veteran politicians must regard with envy and admiration. The speech of O'Connell has been preserved. It was spoken at a meeting of the Roman Catholics of Dublin, held at the Royal Exchange, January 13, 1800. That speech—the triumph of prudence over passion—is one which ought to be ever held in remembrance. It was an effort which caution rendered admirable. Not one allusion to the whippings, and the incarcerations, and the executions which had goaded Irish patriots to madness—not a word against the individuals who had acted as the base instruments of the faction which had desolated the land by civil war, in order that they might cover its horrors with the sepulchral peace of the union. No; all was well ordered by the wise enthusiasm of the young patriot—intensity of passion had made him sober; unconquerable hatred of the ascendancy faction protected them from his reproaches. When Castlereagh had left his “memory behind” him, and power had forsaken his party, the silence long discreetly kept, was with equal discretion broken, and the patriot had his revenge.

For some years immediately follow-

ing 1800, O'Connell observed the same course of prudence, which was, indeed, “true patriotism.” The political occupations of our great deliverer at this time must be to a considerable extent matter of conjecture. That he was not inactive we are satisfied; he could not take rest while Ireland was enslaved; but how he employed himself to achieve the one purpose of his life, we are not fully instructed. Let it be remembered, therefore, that, in our attempt to sketch the pursuits and activities with which his momentous retirement was occupied, we are piecing out such scant and scattered materials as authentic records supply, with comments which are wholly conjectural.

It is impossible that the importance of making himself the sole head of the Irish people could have long escaped the Liberator's discernment. To the success of his cause it was essential that he should be enabled to rule with absolute authority “the wilderness of free minds,” and to protect the people against the distractions always attendant on a divided leadership. But he must have felt, that he alone was the individual to whom this more than sovereign power should be entrusted, long before the day had come in which Ireland would rejoicingly give itself up to his authority. The various aspirants for distinction who appeared from time to time, and won their portions of confidence and favour, must be prevented from obtaining permanent possession of an influence which they were likely to abuse; those who, by tacit or expressed assent, held the reins of popular opinions, must be compelled to yield them up; and this must all be done without any such demonstration of purpose on the part of the youthful regenerator of his country, as should render him suspected. Craft and obstinacy were opposed to him among the professing friends of Ireland, as well as cruelty and pride among her oppressors; and we may reasonably conclude, that, during the years in which he abstained from any very pronounced attack upon the phalanx of corruption and bigotry which kept his country enslaved, he was discreetly active in so ordering the band which proclaimed that she should be free, as to have them disciplined and obedient when the time had arrived, to put forth their uttermost strength, boldly.

There was a young gentleman of the mercantile profession, who had attained much favor and esteem because of the

boldness of his demeanour in the years of gloom which followed immediately the abortive enterprise of Robert Emmett. In those days the friends of the country were cruelly menaced and discouraged; and it was accounted an indication of little less than heroic courage, that Mr. Ryan, the gentleman of whom we write, opened his large house in Marlborough-street for Catholic assemblies, and fanned, as it were, the spark of liberty, so that it should retain life, although he hazarded not to breathe upon it the more genial breath by which it might be awakened into flame. Mr. Ryan, as the delegated head of the Irish nation, corresponded with Mr. Fox, and, no doubt, was instrumental in conveying valuable knowledge to that ardent champion of popular rights; and would, perhaps, had he been swayed altogether by public principle, have been still more serviceable, when the death of Pitt opened the gate of power to the friends of Ireland. But at that time Mr. Ryan, who had while Fox was in opposition, spoken to him of Ireland alone, took occasion, when congratulating him on his accession to power, to speak a little for himself. The tribute from Ireland to the oppressor was annually forwarded by a merchant in Dublin. Mr. Ryan proposed that the office should be taken from the Protestant who held it, and bestowed on him. For thus taking upon himself the character of publican, and transmitting the acknowledgment of servitude to England, he was to be recompensed by the emoluments of the office, which it was said were not less than twelve thousand pounds per annum. Whether there was or was not any thing corrupt in this transaction, it is of little moment to enquire. Mr. Ryan's ascendancy over his countrymen would expose *him* to temptation, and might do harm to *their* cause. It would, therefore, be well to put him aside, and the time had come when he could be superseded without inconvenience. His services were no longer wanted. In the days of darkness and storm he had his use; but when Fox was prime minister of England, and Bedford governor, and Ponsonby chancellor of Ireland, the Catholics no longer wanted the shelter of Mr. Ryan's house, and its master could be profitably discarded. Discarded accordingly he was. A public or aggregate meeting of the Catholics was held, and the confidence of the body was declared to be reposed in old and

now acknowledged friends of the good cause, Lord French, and the celebrated John Keogh. Thus ended the dictatorship of Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Keogh attained the ascendant to which his talents and his eminent services amply entitled him. During the unfriendly administration of Mr. Pitt, he had lived in discreet estrangement from public proceedings. His connection with the patriots of 1798 was too well known, and his concern in the conferences with revolutionary France was more than suspected. The cause of the Catholics might, therefore, have taken hurt from his advocacy; and he proved the disinterestedness of his patriotism by a prolonged retirement. But when Ireland was placed under the rule of men who had themselves, perhaps, profited by Mr. Keogh's endeavours, and who, at least, looked mildly upon them, his condition was altered. It was safe to set forth as the leader of the Catholic body, the man who was the confidential friend of the chief organ of the Irish government, and it was convenient to substitute him for the leader who was the correspondent of Fox. Mr. Keogh, therefore, assumed the direction of the Catholic cause.

But Keogh was not the man who could be expected to bring the great enterprise to perfection. He must, therefore, consent to be set aside. How was his deposition effected? He was accused, in anonymous invective, of not having promoted as he might the cause entrusted to him. It was said that when he obtained the elective franchise for the Catholics, he might, had he been faithful, have wrung emancipation from an alarmed cabinet. To this effect whispers were industriously circulated through the people. The man who was once required to withdraw for six years from public life, because his zeal for Ireland had been too vehemently and too indiscreetly manifested, was, now that fortune had changed, deposed from his authority, because he had not manifested zeal enough. Whatever we may at this day think, the whispers did their office; and Mr. Keogh, who had come forward to divest Mr. Ryan of power, now found his own reputation and influence fade under the prevalence of anonymous inculpations. *O'Connell defended, and succeeded him.*

What part the Liberator may have had in the secret machinery by which these transactions were directed, history

does not inform us. We have no evidence by which we can assign the authorship of the letter subscribed "Catholicus Ipse," against which Keogh was compelled to vindicate his character. We know not who the whisperers were by whom his reputation was blighted. But this we do not hesitate to affirm, that, if the agency of one man were discerned as moving and guiding the entire matter—if it were disclosed to us that O'Connell had called forth Keogh from his retirement to lay the perturbed and preturbing spirit of Ryan—and, when the spell had been effectual, had created the "Catholicus Ipse," and used the whisperers to do the same office for Keogh—and that, while he procured for himself the grace of being, in public, the advocate of that venerated man, and while he misled scrutiny from his anonymous accusers, by asseverating that they belonged to the Orange faction, he took care also, that his advocacy should not deprive him of the advantage to be obtained from falsehoods which ended in the distressed leader's secession,—such is our admiration for the surpassing genius and address of the Deliverer, that the refinement of policy evinced in this curious and complicated stratagem would not in the smallest degree increase it.

It was not enough that all competition for public favor was brought to an end. He who should lead the Catholics of Ireland from the land of bondage, must become their idol in order to be effectually their Captain and Deliverer. The great mind of the Liberator did not disdain the employment of the means by which his popularity was to become universal. His speeches were circulated widely, and the penny tracts which contained them were embellished with his likeness, and, when he travelled through the country on a circuit of agitation or assize, he was received with bonfires and illuminations. It has been said that O'Connell has not proved himself grateful to his friends, or merciful to his instruments. Reproaches have been heaped upon him for affronting Brick, and betraying Wyse, and forsaking Tracy, and giving over Courtney to beggary and shame. We heed not, and he heeds not, the idle ravings of the disappointed. Let them rail on—but can they deny that he was faithful to his engagements towards O'L——? Is it not well known that he was, although involved by his fidelity, in severe pe-

cuniary distress? The incident in our Liberator's life to which we here allude, ought ever to be had in remembrance. It is at once interesting and instructive.

Mr. O'L—— was a shop-keeper in a country town, but was a man who felt a much livelier interest in his country's well-being, and in social converse with those who were to effect her regeneration, and to embellish her prosperity, than he felt in the mechanical concerns to which, although fortune had condemned him, he had a soul which would not be resigned. Accordingly he aspired to better things—he sought the society of all upon whom accident or desert had bestowed celebrity; and, aided by peculiar circumstances, he was enabled to render the attractions of his cuisine and his cellar effectual for the purpose he had most at heart. But it was not his design to become absorbed in social enjoyments.—Rendering his intercourse with the great a pass-port to the hearts of the people, he turned his success to the best uses. He was as a messenger before the face of the deliverer. The tar-barrels, and the beer-barrels, and stimulants more potent still, were set blazing and maddening by the wise contrivance of O'L——; and when O'Connell arrived at each stage in his progress, he found town and townsmen lighted up and heated to take the impression which his eloquence was calculated to stamp upon them. This could not last long—nor was it desirable that it should. Dividing his time impartially between the pleasures of the table and the pursuit of glory, Mr. O'L——, consistently enough, left the fortunes of his shop to their fate; and when, in due time, they and the bonfires were burned out, the residue was found to consist of debts to the amount of eight thousand pounds, for which O'Connell was answerable, and which, although he was constrained to give up all his luxuries, and for a time to deny himself the comforts of a home, he eventually discharged. Let those who accuse the Liberator of treachery remember this; and let those who sneer at the testimonies of a nation's gratitude, with which he was afterwards honoured, give credit for the price with which at an earlier period he had purchased popularity.

While O'Connell was thus growing in favor with the people, those secret societies also, which were formed for the purpose of forcibly liberating the

country from England and Protestantism, advanced towards majority. On the same day in which Dr. Drumgoole declared that "the columns of Catholicity were collecting, who challenged possession of the ark, and were unfurling the auriflame," (the banner which proclaimed "no quarter,") O'Connell intimated that he had been consulted, as their professional adviser, by the Ribbonmen of Ireland. It may seem somewhat inconsistent with the discretion for which the Liberator has been famed, that he should make public such a confidence as this; but his disclosure was not precipitate. Percival had been murdered—Liverpool was in power when the patriot declared that the "columns of Catholicity" had sought his advice. The British cabinet was composed of discordant materials. It included friends of the Catholic cause, as well as men by whom Catholic claims were resisted; and O'Connell knew, that, in such a cabinet, there must be an interchange of forbearance, and that mutual compromise and concession would abate that jealous vigilance which had, till then, made him eminently cautious and circumspect in his proceedings.

He had now, we may presume, the confidence of the "secret societies," the homage of the mass of the Catholic people, and the great advantage of division in the councils of the enemy to be circumvented. All this was required to sustain him in his elevation, and to ensure his ultimate success. The veto struggle was about to commence, or rather to be renewed, under auspices the most alarming. The Pope would have conceded to the British crown the power of appointing (for it would have been extended so far) Catholic bishops—the Catholic gentry and nobility would have gladly screened, under such an authority, their abandonment of the freedom of their church; and even bishops were found willing to be associated with them in the surrender. O'Connell was firm.—The people responded to his call—the gentry shrunk away from his invective. How the ribbon societies were disposed, we learn from his declaration that, if the veto enactment had passed, it would have been followed by a sanguinary insurrection. He succeeded and rejoiced in his success, although the consequence was, that the Catholic cause, and its champion, were abandoned by almost the whole section of the defeated and mortified gentry.

O'Connell and the people stood with their righteous cause, freedom and religion.

There have not been wanting cavillers, sippant and superficial, who charge the Liberator with inconsistency and corruption, because in 1825 he recommended the very measures which in 1817 he so vehemently resisted. What, cry they, to agitate the country to the verge of insurrection—to traduce the bishops—to gainsay the Pope—to threaten schism in his church, and civil war in his country, rather than accede to any interference on the part of the crown, with the highest order of Catholic ecclesiastics—and, afterwards, in 1825, to admonish the British parliament that such interference was necessary, and to undertake that the Irish people should willingly allow it. How is this to be reconciled? We answer—most easily. The Veto project was originally concerted without his advice. Had it been successful, Catholic emancipation would have been accomplished without his assistance. The vetoists would have become all powerful with the people—they would have been patronised and promoted by the British government—Ireland would have subsided into tranquillity—bishops, priests, and barristers, all feeling that they consulted best for their own interests when they consulted for the peace of the country, and the stability of British connection. The sovereign independence of Ireland would have been lost for ever. Therefore O'Connell opposed the Veto. In 1825 he had acquired all power and reputation. Whatsoever he could obtain from the British crown and legislature, would have been ascribed to him. Whatsoever promises he gave as the price of privilege, he could afterwards explain, so as that they should do no harm. He would remain still head of the Irish people. He could, if it were necessary, while admitting the principle of "interference," take exception to the mode; and he could thus secure himself against the subsidence of popular agitation. It was, therefore, in strict consistence with the Liberator's character to oppose at one period the measure which he recommended at another. He opposed it when it would have deprived him of power—he recommended it, when it would further his ulterior views, and could not shake his established ascendancy.

The veto controversy had the effect

of wholly overthrowing the influence of the Catholic aristocracy. From the time of their defeat on that memorable occasion, they never attained power—from the day of their defeat they never acquired favour with the people, until they consented to get them behind the chariot of the great deliverer, and bow more submissively to his dictation. The struggle in which they were overcome was followed by a pause. The gentry sullenly withdrew from their duties—England was exulting in her successes—war had ceased—Napoleon was in exile—the Catholic cause disappeared, as it were, from public notice or regard. But the disappearance was temporary; and during the season of apparent inactivity, processes were going forward, essential to the ultimate triumph of the cause of Ireland. The secret history of this season, if it were written, would be most instructive. We must help out our imperfect knowledge with cautious inference and conjecture.

It is a fact, that in the exigencies of the veto controversy, the friends of freedom felt themselves often constrained to inveigh against their opponents as unsound in the faith. Of this truth there are abundant evidences. It is a fact that the division between Catholics became so marked, as that many of the vetoist party associated almost more intimately with the English and Protestants, than with the faithful of their own communion. It is, also, a fact that these dissentient gentry gave encouragement to a hope, at which the enemies of Ireland eagerly grasped, that, if their honor could be saved, they would gladly disencumber themselves from the trammels of the religion which they, in their impatience, calumniated as a superstition. All this is truth, well proved, and unquestionable. On the other hand, it is a matter of notoriety, that there arose among those who were accounted religious after their lights, in the Protestant sects, men who said that Catholics would leave their church, if it were not dear to them for its endurance of persecution, and who, accordingly, advocated as the soundest policy which enemies of Catholicity could adopt, the removal of all restraints by which religious freedom had been embarrassed. Is it unreasonable to conjecture that the effect produced upon the credulity of these fanatics and dopes may be ascribed to the sagacious contrivances of our great deliverer?

He never blasphemed his creed—he never gave hope that he would renounce it—he never encouraged others so to do;—but when he beheld the proneness of weak men to seek favor with the Protestant party by traducing their own church, he availed himself, we may presume, of their deceits, and framed from them delusions to ensnare credulous and shallow sectarians.

The result was memorable. There was a party in the British parliament denominated, in derision, the saints; Wilberforce, the advocate of Negro emancipation, was at its head. He was induced to believe, by the arguments of a very eminent man, a friend at the same time of Castlereagh and Shiel, that, if he could relieve Catholics from the penal disabilities by which they were stigmatised, he could emancipate them—so they used the term—from their religion also. Wilberforce was a man who acted promptly on his convictions. He proffered, it is said, the support of his party to the Liverpool administration, on the condition that they sent Charles Grant, the friend of Negro and Catholic freedom, as chief-secretary to Ireland.

Mr. Grant came, and rendered service to the cause of independence, for which, unconscious as he was of the great work he was forwarding, his name should ever be remembered. His character was providentially suited to the season. He was, at once, obstinate and easy, pliant and intractable, readily accommodating his measures, and postponing his duties, to the wishes of those who subscribed to his judgments and ministered to his prevailing tastes, and strenuously resisting all those whose experience of the state of the country was not conformable to his, and whose reasoning was occupied upon facts, not speculations. Grant had understanding enough to be alarmed, if what he should account seditious language were perseveringly spoken in Dublin; but disorders which desolated the country, and left the metropolis in peace, could not influence the "supine secretary" to abridge the hours of his repose, or to discontinue his literary conversation, or to lay aside the last new poem. Whatever he received of intelligence respecting Ireland from itinerant preachers or English theorists he studied and approved—but all communication which detailed mere matters of fact—he "cared for none" of them.

Under his dreamy governance, the

secret societies acquired extensive and compact organization, and the fear of them was spread from the remote West and North, even to the precincts of the metropolis. Having rendered the service required from him, he was in due season removed.

But if Goulburn came to undo the work of Grant, Plunkett, as a compensation, was sent to relieve the Catholic cause from the dangerous vigilance of Saurin. Now was O'Connell's time. He hoped that Dublin juries would allow prejudice and suspicion to warp them where a man of Plunkett's reputation came before them to prosecute for sedition—O'Connell waxed bolder and bolder. The new attorney-general, mortified by defeat, was constrained to sit still and hear sentiments uttered, which, some short time before, would have challenged severe, almost the final, chastisement, while he felt himself impotent to vindicate the law, and to protect the people against the influence of harangues which they could not hear without danger. O'Connell was not the man to let the opportunity pass unimproved. We enter not minutely into a recital of the contrivances by which he turned it to account. It is sufficient to observe that the Catholic Association was launched—that all the Catholics of Ireland were constrained to honor and obey it—that soon the English Catholics followed—and that by measures which threatened the reputation of England—her peaceful commerce with foreign states—her internal tranquillity, and *her financial credit*—the measure was won which carried all other things desirable in its bosom—the Relief Bill of 1829.

To win the privileges thus obtained, if the English party had added to its strength by conceding them, would have been much—but, when matters were so artfully managed as to break up for ever the power of the party which brought the Catholic cause to its triumphant issue—to abate the confidence of all, and to engender distrust in many, towards their ancient leaders, the advantages obtained in the Relief Bill could not be reckoned, until the crowning victory of independence came to be enumerated as one, the chief of them. It is not necessary to dwell upon the measures and movements by which the successes of the Liberator were carried out into the achievement of his country's triumph. But it is curious to contemplate the species of retributive justice with which he chas-

tised the inconsistent instruments of his victories. Tories, who had pledged themselves to resist his claims, gave him power, and he excluded them from office. Whigs, whose original bond of union was attachment to the Protestant religion, assisted him to undermine Protestantism, and he first exposed them as parties to the Litchfield House compact—and eventually by an act, of which none can dispute the justice, he declared their Irish possessions forfeited to the republic. But these are matters so recent, (even if they were not too memorable ever to be forgotten,) that it is wholly unnecessary to repeat their history.

One instance, however, of provident sagacity, although its evidence is rather conjectural than convincing, we cannot omit to notice. It is said, that while O'Connell was conducting his great enterprize to success, he adopted a contrivance for overcoming the reluctance of a timid or inert gentry, by which he effectually prevailed; and by which, while he procured recruits among the Catholics, he rendered statesmen high in reputation in England, his dependants. His plan was to request letters of instructions from persons of consequence in the Whig party, in which they recommended that course of agitation which the Deliverer thought it most prudent to adopt; counselling him to disturb the country to the utmost degree compatible with the show of allegiance to the crown, causing embarrassment and unpopularity to the Tory government, and not affording a sufficient excuse for resorting to a severity beyond the law. If it be true that he received such letters, and exhibited them, it is not reasonable to believe that he suffered them to perish. He never exposed them to the injury of his Whig advisers—but it is not probable that he did not make a good use of them. A time came when the liberated Catholics of Ireland, with O'Connell at their head, caused cabinet after cabinet to disappear—a time, when ministers with great boldness, at the opening of parliamentary sessions, denounced the man, whom, before the session drew to a close, they confessed and obeyed as their master. Many an inconsistency may be explained, if missives, such as we have adverted to, shall ever see the light. Oh! it was a wise contrivance—worthy of its author—to involve his supporters in crime, before he assisted them to obtain office—to enable himself to dictate their measures, or expose their

delinquencies! What forecast—if this subtle contrivance has been justly ascribed to the Deliverer—what a reputation is his who can afford to let doubt and uncertainty rest on his title to be praised for it!!

But why do we give a thought to such a forbearance as this. He who has called a great nation into being, or who has restored an orb, alienated and dark, to its place in the moral harmonies of creation, may well suffer the machinery of his marvellous performance to remain unregarded. Ireland, liberated Ireland, is O'Connell's work. He may say to those who ask what are his titles to greatness—"look around;" and he may feel proudly assured that they who do, if their admiration be worthy of desire, will not start cold questions, how these things have come to be. Well, therefore, may the Liberator consent to renounce the reputation of small successes.

As to O'Connell's intellectual distinctions, it has been said that his eloquence was not of that character which could ensure to it an enduring reputation. We answer—his eloquence was that which the necessities of his condition demanded. His language was not polished—his topics were few—we are not startled into amazement—we are not softened—we are not kindled, as we read his harangues—but the men to whom they were addressed, were moved by them to the point to which the agitator would have them directed. He did not desire to raise up in them a spirit of enthusiasm, which should precipitate them into danger. He desired to make them willing not to fight, but to vociferate,—to render themselves formidable by acts compatible with a care of their personal safety—to enact the tyrant multitude—not to defy the violence of armed authority. Are his speeches calculated to effect objects like these? We boldly submit them to the examination of the severest critic, and have no hesitation to pronounce that the strains of Pindar or Tyrtæus were not better adapted to enflame the martial ardour, in which heroes of old time held their lives cheap when they could purchase honor by casting them away, than were the harangues of the Liberator, to spread and stimulate the spirit which was manifested in the acts by which those who were his most faithful supporters made themselves dreaded in Ireland.

He has been accused of over-carelessness for his personal safety—of utter

disregard for truth—of a contemptuous indifference to the usages and the demands of civilized society. We think very lightly of such accusations. As to the caution of the Liberator, it is enough for us to look round on his finished work, to remember the importance of his single life, in order to feel that the rebuke with which the illustrious leader of armies in ancient Greece, reproved the petulant forwardness of the inexperienced youth who boasted of his wanton exposures to danger;—"And I should feel shame were I to stand where a missile from the enemy's catapult could reach me." Such might be O'Connell's reply to the rash inculpation of those who charged him with want of courage.

But why, the superficial used to cry out—why should a man who would not defend his words, cast railing aspersions upon individuals who had offered to him no offence? Our answer is, because invective was the weapon with which the Liberator fought. If it were his desire to separate between the privileged classes, as they were called, and the poor whom they oppressed—if it were his desire to break the charm of that fatal influence by which the people were held fettered and inactive—what means could be devised more suitable and more safe, than harangues which should heap ridicule and scorn on the heads to be humbled. It must have been a delight to the multitude to see his shafts launched at those whom they had been habituated to look upon with reverence, if not with love; and when the thought of the lordly proprietors of the soil had become inseparably associated with some image of contempt or abhorrence, respect for their station speedily died away, and legitimate rebellion against their authority was easily conducted to victory.

As to the charges which have been hazarded against the Liberator, accusing him of falsehood and perjury—we do not condescend to question the grounds upon which they have been rested. We would ask of the caviller—how was Ireland to be liberated—could the ends of our great champion have been attained—if his means were what religious enthusiasts would pronounce just, or what the Quixottes of sentiment and principle would account honourable? Here are the questions by which actions should be tested. We admit, that, if the deliverance of Ireland could have been effected without

perjury, and fraud, and violence, and defamation,—to have employed these means of extorting success, would have tarnished the cause in the furtherance of which they were exercised. But if O'Connell had to choose between the means of which he availed himself, and the destructive and uncertain experiment of civil war—he is to be commended, for having, in his own person, incurred all that the fastidious would condemn, that he might, by his individual exertion and endurance, liberate his beloved country.

Such is our reply to the petty and puerile cavils by which the envious and the defeated would detract from the Liberator's reputation. We have but one observation more to add,—but one more challenge to offer. We ask—has the Liberator, since the day of Ireland's deliverance, performed a single act inconsistent with his professions while labouring to achieve Ireland's independence? He declared himself the champion of religious toleration—has he placed upon our statute book a single enactment by which freedom of conscience is fettered? Not one.—If the indignation of a restored and a regenerated people, regarding the fabric and the form of Protestant worship, as memorials of a hateful dominion, has sternly pronounced that they must be abolished—if the fanatics who braved that generous frenzy of patriotism and religious zeal, have fallen or fled before it—these were results which it was natural to expect—they were results, which legislation should neither contemplate nor correct—and we may proudly say, that while the worship which England intruded upon us has disappeared with the intruder, its expulsion was the effect of popular determination alone; it does not occupy one page or one line of our statutes. We put another question, and propose it with equal bold-

ness. With the laudable exception of the act by which the property of absentees became confiscated—is there in our legal code, a single enactment of which the late Anglican proprietors could complain? There is not one. The question of property, like that of religion, was settled between the rightful inheritors of the land, and the descendants of those by whom their progenitors were despoiled. The soil is free from the reproach of foreign domination. The children of the usurpers have withdrawn—but the Liberator may defy them to point out even one enactment, against the principle of which they could with justice expostulate. No.—He did not arm them with power to oppress their vassals. He would not lead the patriot soldiery of the land to buckler them in their extortions—he would not suffer their complaints of midnight outrage and intimidation to have an effect in altering the character of our free laws.—He extended to all equal protection—those, who did not think it adequate, were at liberty to depart, and seek elsewhere, a more desirable location. We give thanks that they have departed. Irish estates have been recovered at prices like those at which they had in former days been lost—possessors, whose ancestors had purchased broad lands for sums which supplied to the rightful owner the means of escape, surrendered their acquisitions on similar terms. These things may furnish topics for the romances of future days, but our statute book shall set forth no records of intolerance or injustice to defile the virgin purity of the national resuscitation.

All this we owe to the Liberator.—May the constitution he has given us be of eternal duration, and ever remain a memorial of his exalted virtues.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNWRITTEN EPISTLE.

You ask me, why we do not follow up our successes by effecting the separation of this country from England? I answer you—it is not yet the time. You would not have proposed the question, had you known the character of Daniel O'Connell. There never, perhaps, lived a man, whose proceedings are more deliberate than his—although, perhaps, there never lived a man, who, to the superficial, has appeared more purely the creature of

his impulses. It is not yet the time to repeal the union. We have, it is true, despoiled the English Church of its possessions, and reversed the picture of what used to be called Protestant Ascendancy. We have possessed ourselves of the representation of the country—the dozen of members whom the dejected Protestants send to Parliament being purely on sufferance, and acting under a salutary conviction that they will be released from their legis-

lative labours if they at any time are found to cause us embarrassment. Why then, I think I hear you ask—why is not Ireland independent? Listen—most unreflecting of interrogators—while I instruct you.

In the first place, you should be taught, that, to no little extent, your question arises out of a false assumption. Ireland is independent. At this moment she is as the Tartar in the clasp of her ostentatious associate, England retains her company, by being, whatever may be the name under which she disguises the thralldom, her servant and captive. Power—patronage—legislation—are all at our guidance. British dominion, like the Church of Sardis, “has the name of being alive; and it is dead.” It is true that we may obtain yet further advantages. The Saxon proprietor still gathers in the fruits of our native soil. Why have we not disposed of his claims as we have settled those of his heretical ministers and teachers? Rely upon it, we leave him in his uncomfortable occupancy for good reasons. Assure your charitable heart that his condition is not such as to provoke envy. He lives in disquiet—he eats the bread of tribulation, and, harassed and persecuted as he is, the impression never can fade from his mind—the cloud never passes away from his spirits—admonishing him that his possessions are not less precarious than they are troubled and unsatisfactory. But—for how long shall he gather in that which he has not sown? Hear the answer—

The Saxons in Ireland shall occupy, until the day has come when the Saxons of England are rendered incapable of defending them. Until then, we shall allow the name of the Union to endure, taking good care, however, that, in the meantime, the real independence of our country is effectually asserted. It is not desirable that we should have to sustain a war against England, in her power—and war we should now provoke, were we to attempt an instant separation. Our course of policy is clear. We must contrive to have our people ordered and organised—we must find reasons and means for augmenting our police force and training it in the discipline which shall make it an army. We must continue to insinuate, discreetly, into England, accomplished and well-provided missionaries, who, in various departments, lay and ecclesiastical, shall promote a spirit of disunion as regards Bri-

tish interests, and, where it is practicable, shall render disaffection permanent, by inoculating it with a veneration for the Catholic Church. When these works have been well done, our course at this side of the channel will be smooth, because the embarrassments which are felt at the other will leave us free from risk, and let, and molestation.

How inexplicable are the ways of an overruling Providence! To think that institutions which were founded for the conversion of England three centuries since, should, only now, be bearing fruit! Oh blessed martyrs and confessors, you whose souls are yet under the altar—Martin, and Allen, and all who were associated in your labours—ye who cry out “How long, oh God, holy and true! Dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?” soon your cry will cease—soon your prayers will have become effectual—soon, oh, how soon, shall we invoke your powerful advocacy in heaven,—when the system you contrived shall be found to have attained its object; and the schools, in which, after long lapse of time, and through many vicissitudes, your wisdom has been heard speaking great things which are at length regarded, have had the glory of effecting Ireland’s deliverance from slavery, and England’s conversion to the truth! Pardon, my friend, this rash rhapsody. I often lose my self-possession when I contemplate that miracle and mystery, who was furnished forth in our seminaries for the struggle in which he has been victorious.

Without a pupil of character and disposition such as O’Connell, the wisdom of St. Omer and Doway might have remained a dead letter—without a training such as he received in our schools, O’Connell would have perished in the contest of 1798, or would have been, were he living, at this hour a lawyer of competent income and moderate reputation. He came to us with the prone bias of an Irish farmer’s son; we raised him to the stature of a man, and gave him a port erect, by possessing him with an immitigable hatred of Protestantism and England. Secured by this spirit of animosity, we suffered him to return to his country without a fear. Naturally, he would have courted men in power, and vented the asperity of his nature in rudeness towards the multitude. Under the influence of that holy antipathy which our instructions

imparted to his feelings, he courted the people and the priests of his church; and, whenever it was wise so to do, made manifest to the objects of his hatred, the scorn in which he regarded them. His natural timidity protected him through the trials of the close of the last and commencement of the present century; and, by the time at which it was safe to engage openly in the work for which he was designed, circumspection had become confirmed into a habit; and in the most tempestuous of his harangues, he could so observe times and seasons as to be always sufficiently guarded.

Henceforth it may be said, culture superseded nature—the acquired took the place of the instinctive sentiments and feelings. This is a truth pregnant with great consequences,—one of which you should never lose sight—let your pupils have the full benefit of it. It is a fact, that, were it not for the principles which had been implanted in the youthful heart of O'Connell, he never could have endured the obloquy which was visited on the exertions and devices of his maturer years, in a generation incapable of understanding how his stratagems were justified. When men called him perjurer, prevaricator, deceiver—when they condemned him as one who oppressed, and wronged, and plundered the destitute—it is a truth, known to his familiar friends, that their censures and their scorn severely shook him—that he has been at times about to abandon a line of conduct which, it would be ruinously inexpedient to explain and justify; and that nothing but the power of maxims inculcated upon him in early years, could have sustained him against the mortifications to which duty often made him subject. Bear this truth well in mind. Had not O'Connell been early trained up in a belief that engagements to the church are to have priority of all others; and to render all which clash with them of none effect or obligation—had he not been taught to understand that there are cases, (and what they are,) in which it is permitted, in our holy religion, to profit by the practice of equivocation—had he not thus been able to quiet his conscience and become restored to his own esteem, when, in the seclusion of his oratory or closed chamber, he com-

pared conduct which the world pronounced flagitious, with the maxims which taught him that it was hallowed by the end it was to attain, and the spirit of devotion in which it was undertaken, O'Connell would have shrunk from his post, and Catholic Ireland would have mourned still its degradation. As it was, the consciousness that he had provoked abhorrence which he was precluded from the power of removing by a plain statement of his principles, only rendered him a more useful instrument of the church, imparting more bitterness to his invective, more determination to his purposes, and releasing him from all thought of keeping measure or moderation with his scornful and incautious antagonists.

The results you know. When he had driven the enemy to demand peace or truce, he suffered them to frame the terms on which he would capitulate. O'Connell was not bound to instruct them in matters of which they could acquire competent knowledge for themselves. He was not bound to state the conditions by which his promises must of necessity be limited. He was not bound to instruct them as to circumstances in which the obligation of a promise would be vitiated. They entered into the treaty at their own peril, on their own responsibility—and the elev^e of Douay and St. Omer outwitted them.

And he will circumvent them again. He knows their openness to deception. He will not have his knowledge remain unprofitable. Rely upon this—you shall soon be able to discern the presence and power of Catholicity in the political movements of England—you shall hear how one set of men look to its tranquillizing influence for repose; and how another employ its restless impulses to promote agitation and disorder; you shall then soon hear that this fair land has been delivered; and when you read of Protestants and Saxons expelled from its sainted soil, as, after a period of more prolonged but less hateful and oppressive domination, Spain cast out the Moor;—in that day and hour lift up your heart to the founders of the school in which Daniel O'Connell was instructed, and pray them to procure peace and prosperity for Catholic Ireland.

FROM THE **** JOURNAL FOR 18—.

Marvellous and unsearchable are the ways of Providence, and past finding out. Wisdom, however, is, in the end, justified of all her children; and the judgments of God are fully vindicated. Justice has at last overtaken the most unredeemed monster that ever traded in sedition and grew great by the injuries he inflicted on his fellow men. The demagogue has paid the last penalty of his offences. He has trod himself the same path of shame and death to which his coward practices had lured in times past, thousands of deceived and miserable victims. He has gone to his account—earth is no longer cursed by his tread; and let us hope that, as he can no longer deceive and destroy, so may he have found pardon from the mercy he had so long abused and insulted.

The last act of life is one which often furnishes the key to interpret all that has gone before. Never, certainly, has it fallen to our lot to witness a departure more thoroughly explanatory of the foregone conclusion, than that which, yesterday, at once humbled and assured us. Two principles were strikingly exhibited—a dread of death more servile and shivering than ever we had seen exhibited before; and with this, a passion, almost equally strong, for popular approbation. We really question whether the fingers of the executioner, as they were busy in adjusting the rope round his throat, (although his knees tottered and the muscles of his face worked as if under the influence of electricity,) shocked him more sensibly, than the shouts and hisses of the immense multitude,

whose enthusiasm for the idol of former years had become changed into scorn and execration. What an end for a demagogue! But a few short months since, and he could have led his millions to assault and overturn the British throne and power; and yesterday, in the sight of countless multitudes, and amidst the unambiguous voices of their execration, he yielded up his forfeit life by the hands of the executioner.

How instructive and how wonderful, that the craft and prudence which guided him safely in his youth should in his old age have deserted him! that he should have confined himself in the intercourse he held with treasonable societies to mere professional advice, in the days when the party who consented to wear his livery were in power, and when, consequently, his indiscretion would have been comparatively harmless! and that, when his slaves had been cast aside by the indignation of the British people, the petulance of his mortification should have betrayed him into the error which, during all the difficulties of his previous life, he had avoided! that he should have made treason his toy when he was young; and when he was old should have become its victim! But—justice has overtaken him—may he have found mercy also.

It is unnecessary to observe that none of the preceding sketches convey our sentiments—the reader who cares to learn them will have the goodness to wait and read the Magazine for October.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT'S SNARLEYYOW.*

THERE is no species of literary composition which is so well rewarded by the booksellers and the public as the writing of works of fiction. Yet, certainly there is no department of literature in which the average merit of what is produced is so low. To glance over a few pages of the trash which is constantly issuing from the press to the circulating libraries, is quite sufficient to make one wonder where the generality of novels can find gratuitous readers, not to say purchasers. And

yet the rapidity with which three volumes follow three volumes proves that the issuing of such trash is by no means an unprofitable speculation. We are not about to enquire into the cause of this anomaly; whether we are to refer it to a depravation of the public taste or to the viciousness of the medium that is interposed between an author and the public, or whether we are to believe that the demand for works of fiction, on the part of the public, is so great as to outrun the

* *Snarleyyow or the Dog Fiend*. By the author of "Peter Simple." 3 vols. small 8vo. London, 1887.

possibility of an adequate supply of good materials—as young ladies and idle young gentlemen must read novels, and a good novel is not to be had every day, it follows as a necessary consequence that they must read bad, and the publishers and circulating libraries, whose duty, or what in book-selling is the same thing, whose interest it is to cater for the tastes of the aforesaid young ladies and gentlemen, must give a handsome price to the writers of trash. It may be that the public appetite for fiction is too voracious to be nice. The glutton and the epicure are in some respects inconsistent characters. Horace himself has remarked the difference,

*Patinas cenabat omasi
Villis et agnoscit tribus uris quod satis esset.*

The man whose inordinate appetite crams his stomach with a load of eatables must often be content that his meal should not be on dainties; and the novel-reading portion of the public, whose stomach must digest a three-volume meal every fortnight, must often expect to be obliged to put up with second-rate fare.

We are more inclined to attribute the low character of the fashionable novels to this cause, than to the belief that those who read this class of composition cannot distinguish between the maudlin folly that fills their pages, and what fiction ought to be. The first supposition is certainly more complimentary to novel readers, than the second. Besides, we think it will be found that when a novelist of real power takes up his pen, there is no backwardness in recognising his superiority; it is, generally speaking, abundantly acknowledged both by the publishers and the public. Hence we think it is but fair to conclude that it is only in the absence of better aliment that novel readers are so often seen fain to fill their belly with husks, which it would be indeed to suppose them swine, to imagine them to eat from choice.

Among the novelists of the day, to the just appreciation of whose works we refer to disprove the hypothesis of a depravation of public taste, the author of *Peter Simple* occupies a distinguished place. Unquestionably the first in their peculiar line, his stories of the sea, while they exhibit perhaps the most faithful portraiture of the manners and feelings of those "whose business is in great waters," are mark-

ed by a quaintness of humour, and at the same time a correctness of feeling that make them altogether as delightful volumes as one might wish to read on a summer's day. It is quite true that Captain Marryat has not altogether escaped the snare which successful authorship brings with it, the temptation to write too fast. But there is a graphic ease and fidelity in his sketches which seem in some measure to account for the quick succession in which they are thrown off. And if his tales have many of the faults they have also many of the charms which are incident to rapidity of composition.

The last of the publications of this writer has appeared under the singular title of "*Snarleyyow, or the Dog Fiend*." Of this most entertaining work we propose to give our readers some account.

The scene of the novel is laid under the reign of the great and good king William. We are introduced to the chief personages on board his Majesty's cutter, *Yungfrau*, a small sloop commanded by Lieutenant Vanslyperken, and employed in the duty "of intercepting the smuggling from *Frome*, that was carried on much to the detriment of English manufacturers of certain articles, then denominated *alamodes* and *lutestrings*." Occasionally, however, the *Yungfrau* was despatched on more important service, to bear despatches from the English government to the Hague. The intermixture of Dutch and English sailors on board our fleets at that period forms an admirable subject of amusing portraiture, and the intrigues which were then carrying on by the devoted adherents of the exiled monarch, for his restoration, offer an opportunity of introducing scenes of deeper interest, which Captain Marryat has not neglected to improve.

Snarleyyow, from whom the novel takes its name, was the dog of Lieutenant Vanslyperken, and shared the lot of his master in being most cordially detested by every one on board. Indeed both master and dog appeared richly to deserve the hatred that was felt towards them. The character of the dog is thus described:—

"This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced;—ugly in colour; for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his majesty's dock yards;—ugly in face; for

he had one wall-eye, and was so far under-jawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation;—ugly in shape; for, although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs bowed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions the better looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribbons by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage to a rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a villanous sour look. To the eye of a casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well, there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance, and to his temper. It was Snarleyow."

His master did not far exceed him in amiability. He had been appointed to the command of his vessel through some Dutch interest with King William; and at a time when the rules of the service gave every facility to commanders to act the tyrant and the cheat, he availed himself to the utmost, of all opportunities of his position.

"Lieutenant Vanslyperken's character may be summed up in the three vices of avarice, cowardice, and cruelty. A miser in the extreme, he had saved up much money by his having had the command of a vessel for so many years, during which he had defrauded and pilfered both from the men and the government. Friends and connexions he had none on this side of the water, and, when on shore, he had lived in a state of abject misery, although he had the means of comfortable support. He was now fifty-five years of age."

Such are the unpromising personages whose history the author has woven

into a tale of the most captivating interest.

One thing remains a mystery throughout the volume;—when and how Mr. Vanslyperken had picked up his favourite. The account which had been traditionally received by the superstitious sailors is too good to omit. Snarleyow desperately plagued the crew by his ungainly tempers; but they looked on the animal with a species of awe which prevented them from destroying him.

"The fact was, that, although every one of the sailors wished the dog was overboard, there was not one who wished to commit the deed, not on account of the fear of its being discovered who was the party by Mr. Vanslyperken, but because there was a great deal of superstition among them. It was considered unlucky to throw any dog or animal overboard; but the strange stories told about the way in which Snarleyow first made his appearance in the vessel, added to the peculiarly diabolical temper of the animal, had often been the theme of midnight conversation, and many of them were convinced that it was an imp of Satan lent to Vanslyperken, and that, to injure or to attempt to destroy it would infallibly be followed up with terrible consequences to the party, if not to the vessel and all the crew."

In one of their consultations upon the subject, Bill Spurey gave the following account of the first appearance of the "dog fiend":—

"Well," replied Bill Spurey, "you shall have it just as I got it word for word, as near as I can recollect. You know I wasn't in the craft when the thing came on board, but Joe Geary was; and it was one night when we were boozing over a stiff glass at the new shop there, the Orange Boven, as they call it, at the Pint of Portsmouth; and so you see, falling in with him, I wished to learn something about my new skipper, and what sort of a chap I should have to deal with. When I learnt all about him, I'd half-a-dozen minds to shove off again, but then I was adrift, and so I thought better of it. It won't do to be nice in peace times you know, my lads, when all the big ships are rotting in Southampton and Cinque Port muds. Well, then, what he told me I recollect as well—ay, every word of it—as if he had whispered it into my ear but this minute. It was a blustering night, with a dirty southwester, and the chafing of the harbour waves was thrown up in foams, which the winds

swept up the street, they chasing one another as if they were boys at play. It was about two bells in the middle watch, and after our fifth glass, that Joe Geary said as this :

" ' It was one dark winter's night when we were off the Texel, blowing terribly, with the coast under our lee, clawing off under storm canvass, and fighting with the elements for every inch of ground, a hand in the chains, for we had nothing but the lead to trust to, and the vessel so flogged by the waves, that he was lashed to the rigging, that he might not be washed away; all of a sudden the wind came with a blast loud enough for the last trump, and the waves roared till they were hoarser than ever; away went the vessel's mast, although there was no more canvass on it than a jib pocket-handkerchief, and the craft rolled and tossed in the deep troughs, for all the world like a wicked man dying in despair; and then she was a wreck, with nothing to help us but God Almighty, fast borne down upon the sands which the waters had disturbed, and were dashing about until they themselves were weary of the load; and all the seamen cried unto the Lord, as well they might.

" ' Now, they say, that he did not cry as they did, like men and Christians, to Him who made them and the waters which surrounded and threatened them; for death was then in all his glory, and the foaming crests of the waves were as plumes of feathers to his skeleton head beneath them; but he cried like a child, and swore terribly as well as cried, talking about his money, his dear money, and not caring about his more precious soul.

" ' And the cutter was borne down, every wave pushing her with giant force nearer and nearer to destruction, when the man at the chains shrieked out—' Mark three, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!' and all the crew, when they heard this, cried out—' Lord, save us, or we perish.' But still they thought that their time was come, for the breaking waves were under their lee, and the yellow waters told them that, in a few minutes, the vessel, and all who were on board, would be shivered in fragments; and some wept and some prayed as they clung to the bulwarks of the unguided vessel, and others in a few minutes thought over their whole life, and waited for death in silence. But he, he did all; he cried, and he prayed, and he swore, and he was silent, and at last he became furious and frantic; and when the men said again and again, ' the Lord save us!' he roared out at last, ' will the devil help us, for——'. In a moment, before

these first words were out of his mouth, there was a flash of lightning, that appeared to strike the vessel, but it harmed her not, neither did any thunder follow the flash; but a ball of blue flame pitched upon the knight heads, and then came bounding and dancing aft to the taffrail, where he stood alone, for the men had left him to blaspheme by himself. Some say he was heard to speak, as if in conversation, but no one knows what passed. Be it as it may, on a sudden he walked forward as brave as could be, and was followed by this creature, who carried his head and tail slouching, as he does now.

" ' And the dog looked up and gave one deep bark, and as soon as he had barked the wind appeared to lull; he barked again twice, and there was a dead calm; he barked again thrice, and the seas went down; and he patted the dog on the head, and the animal then bayed loud for a minute or two, and then, to the astonishment and fear of all, instead of the vessel being within a cable's length of the Texel sands in a heavy gale, and without hope, the Foreland lights were but two miles on our beam, with a clear sky and smooth water.'

" The seaman finished his legend, and there was a dead silence for a minute or two, broken first by Jansen, who in a low voice said, ' then te log is not a tog.' "

A great deal of humorous incident is made to hang upon this superstition of the crew. Notwithstanding their fears they made several attempts upon the charmed life of *Snarleygow*; but it so happens that invariably while the perpetrators of these attempts entertain not the slightest doubt of their having made away with the poor animal, by some almost miraculous chance he escapes from their murderous hands, and generally anticipates their return to the vessel. Upon one occasion they tied him up in a bag, and plunged him at night over the edge of a canal. It so happens, however, that the bag fell not into the water, but on a boat which had lain concealed under the bank; and *Snarleygow* being released from his confinement, trotted back to the vessel, to add to the superstitious awe with which he was regarded by his supernatural appearance. The sailors who threw him into the canal most positively averred to the fact of his having sunk him in a bag to which very heavy weights were attached, in the deepest part of the canal; yet there he was, as hard, as snarling, and malicious as ever. What other in-

ference could be drawn by sailors, but in the words of Jonson, that "the tog was no tog at all."

These escapes, which make up a great deal of the humorous portion of the book, are so dexterously managed, that they never strike the reader with an appearance of improbability. We are led on by perfectly natural steps from one extraordinary escape of *Snarleyvow* to another—very frequently, of course, the very awe in which the attempt upon the mysterious animal's life was made contributes to the completeness of the deception, until we cease to wonder that the crew of the *Yungfrau* regarded as something "more than a tog," a dog of whose deaths, by killing, drowning, and poison, nay, of whose burial they had had indisputable proof, times sufficient in number to assure them of the death of nine cats, even were each of them gifted with the number of lives that common consent, the most irrefragable of all evidence, assigns to the members of the feline family.

But there was another person on board, who was regarded by the Lieutenant pretty much as *Snarleyvow* was regarded by the crew. This was the servant of Mr. Vanslyperken, *Smallbones* by name, against whom the amiable commander had contracted an insuperable aversion. He several times attempted his murder by authority, but finding that his barbarous treatment of this young man was very near provoking a mutiny among the crew, he was obliged to make the attempt to get rid of him in secret. Now it so happens, that the attempts of the commander to make away with *Smallbones* are just as numerous and unsuccessful as those of his crew to dispatch *Snarleyvow*, until Mr. Vanslyperken became as firmly convinced of the supernatural character of his attendant, as the crew are of that of the dog.

By any process short of extracting the entire, it would be impossible to convey to our readers an idea of the tact with which this double plot is managed by the author. Of course the attempt of the cowardly Lieutenant upon the life of his unhappy servant, presents an opportunity for the introduction of scenes of almost fearful interest. Several of these are exceedingly well managed. His first attempt is thus described. Our readers will understand that it afterwards turned out to have been an unsuccessful one.

The lieutenant was on deck on the night of a day when the painters had been occupied in painting the stern of the vessel.

"He looked over the stern, there was the stage still hanging where the painters had been standing or sitting, and, what was too bad, there was a pot of paint, with the brush in it, half full of rain-water, which some negligent person had left there. Mr. Vanslyperken turned forward to call somebody to take the paint below, but the decks were empty, and it was growing dark. A sudden thought, instigated no doubt by the devil, filled the brain of Mr. Vanslyperken. It was a glorious, golden opportunity, not to be lost. He walked forward, and went down into his cabin again, where he found *Smallbones* helping himself to biscuit, for the lad was hungry, as well he might be; but on this occasion Mr. Vanslyperken took no notice.

"'Smallbones,' said he, 'one of the men has left his paint-pot on the stage, under the stern, go and bring it immediately.'

"'Yes, sir,' replied *Smallbones*, surprised at the unusually quiet style of his master's address to him.

"*Smallbones* ran up the ladder, went aft, and slid down by the rope which held the plank used as a stage by the painters. Mr. Vanslyperken seized his carving-knife, and following softly on deck, went aft. He took a hurried look forward—there was no one on deck. For a moment, he hesitated at the crime; he observed the starboard rope shake, for *Smallbones* was just about to shin up again. The devil prevailed. Mr. Vanslyperken sawed through the rope, heard the splash of the lad in the water, and, frightened at his own guilt, ran down below, and gained his cabin. There he seated himself, trembling like an aspen leaf. It was the first time that he had been a *murderer*. He was pale as ashes. He felt sick, and he staggered to his cupboard, poured out a tumbler of *scheedam*, and drank it off at a draught. This recovered him, and he again felt brave. He returned on deck, and ordered his boat to be manned, which was presently done. Mr. Vanslyperken would have given the world to have gone aft, and to have looked over the stern, but he dared not; so, pushing the men into the boat, he slipped in, and was pulled on shore. Without giving any directions to the men he stepped out, and felt a relief when he found himself on *terra firma*. He walked away as fast as he could—he felt that he could not walk fast enough—he was

anxious to arrive at his mother's. The rain fell fast, but he thought not of his umbrella, it remained under his arm, and Mr. Vanslyperken, as if he were chased by a fiend, pushed on through the fog and rain; he wanted to meet a congenial soul, one who would encourage, console him, ridicule his fears, and applaud the deed which he would just then have given the world to have recalled."

After an hour spent in all the horror "that appal the murderer's soul," Mr. Vanslyperken retired to his cabin, and had the precaution to summon Smallbones to bring lights aft. The word was passed along the lower deck, and Vanslyperken sat in the dark, expecting the report that Smallbones could not be found.

"A light is coming aft, and Vanslyperken is waiting the anticipated report. It is a solitary purser's dip, as they are termed at sea, emitting but feeble rays, and Vanslyperken's eyes are directed to the door of the cabin to see who carries it. To his horror, his dismay, it is brought in by the drowned Smallbones, who, with a cadaverous, and as he supposes, unearthly face and vacant look, draws out, 'It's a-blown out twice, air, with the wind.'"

These, however, were extra-official attempts upon the life of the unfortunate Smallbones. The worthy commander did not hesitate to avail himself of all the opportunities which his despotic power afforded him of committing murder under the pretence of discipline. Among other punishments which his malice prompted him to inflict upon the poor creature, he had actually some idea of subjecting him to a "keelhauling." The word has passed into common use, and many of our readers who use the term keelhauling without any definite notion of its meaning, may be curious to learn the character of the process to which it was originally applied.

"This ingenious process, which, however, like many other good old customs, has fallen into disuse, must be explained to the non-nautical reader. It is nothing more nor less than sending a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the

bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the keelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling line until he makes his appearance at the rudder-chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because, when so long under the water, he has expended all the breath in his body, and is induced to take in salt water *en lieu*. There is much merit in this invention; people are very apt to be content with walking the deck of a man-of-war, and complain of it as a hardship, but when once they have learnt, by experience, the difference between being comfortable above board, and the number of deprivations which they have to submit to when under board and overboard at the same time, they find that there are worse situations than being on the deck of a vessel—we say privations when under board, for they really are very important:—you are deprived of the air to breathe, which is not borne with patience even by a philosopher, and you are obliged to drink salt water instead of fresh. In the days of keelhauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were well studded with a species of shell-fish which attached themselves, called barnacles, and as these shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made by the ropes at each side, fastened to their arms, to hug the keelson of the vessel) were cut and scored all over their body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, and with their faces, especially their noses, as if they had been gnawed by the rats; but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was, that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion. The Dutch have the credit, and we will not attempt to take from them their undoubted right, of having invented this very agreeable description of punishment."

It is hard to believe that some of the descriptions which Captain Marryat gives of the state of our navy at the period of this novel are not exaggerated. The following is his own ac-

* There is something melancholy, yet instructive, in the perusal of such accounts of man's refinements in cruelty. The history of the human race seems to teach the lesson, that in man's nature there is an instinct which prompts him to torment his fellows.

count of the state of things which forms the historical ground-work of his sketches—

“In those days, the service was very different from what it is now. The commanders of vessels were also the pursers, and could save a great deal of money by defrauding the crew; and further, the discipline of the service was such as would astonish the modern philanthropist; there was no appeal for subordinates, and tyranny and oppression, even amounting to the destruction of life, were practised with impunity. Smollett has given his readers some idea of the state of the service a few years after the time of which we are now writing, when it was infinitely worse, for the system of the Dutch, notorious for their cruelty, had been grafted upon that of the English; the consequence was, a combination of all that was revolting to humanity was practised without any notice being taken of it by the superior powers, provided that the commanders of the vessels did their duty when called upon, and showed the necessary talent and courage.”

The deeper interest of the story hangs upon the accidental connection of Vanslyperken's history with the movements of the Jacobite party. In a lonely cavern, on the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, a gang of smugglers had fixed in secrecy and security their abode. With this gang some distinguished adherents of the exiled James had united themselves. The transition from plotting against the king's revenue, to plotting against his crown, was an easy one, and in a little time the smuggling of the gang became an object quite subservient to the deeper designs of those who had made themselves their leaders. The passing and repassing of their contraband traders to and from France, afforded obvious facilities of communication with the mock court of St. Germans, and the desperate fidelity, and perfect organization of the hardy band of smugglers, and the secrecy of their retreat, rendered their alliance in every respect desirable for the opponents of the reigning dynasty.

There was, however, a traitor in the band. A smuggler named Philip Cornbury gave information of the expected landing of a very valuable cargo, on condition that half of the prize should be the reward of his treachery. The information was given to Vanslyperken, and the boats of the Yungfrau, well manned and armed, were de-

spatched to an ambuscade to intercept the smugglers on their return.

They were disappointed of their prize by the ill-timed barking of Snarleygyow, whom the perverse Lieutenant had brought with him in his boat. The Yungfrau sailed round again to Portsmouth, disappointed of her prize; but the incident led to results quite new and strange, and introduces another chapter in the history of Vanslyperken.

“We must now leave the cutter to return to Portsmouth, while we introduce to our readers a new and strange association. We stated that the boats had been ensconced in a very small cove at the back of the Isle of Wight. Above these hung the terrific cliff of the Black Gang Chyne, which, to all appearance, was inaccessible. But this was not the case, or the smugglers would not have resorted there to disembark their cargo. At that time, for since that period much of the cliff has fallen down, and the aspect is much changed, the rocks rose up from the water nearly perpendicularly, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. At that height there was a flat of about one hundred feet square in front of a cave of very great depth. The flat, so called in contradistinction to the perpendicular cliff, descended from the seaward to the cave, so that the latter was not to be seen either by vessels passing by, or by those who might be adventurous enough to peep over the ridge above; and fragments of rocks, dispersed here and there on this flat, or platform, induced people to imagine that the upper cliff was a continuation of the lower. The lower cliff, on which this platform in front of the cave was situated, was on the eastern side as abrupt as on that fronting the sea to the southward; but on the western side, its height was decreased to about fifteen feet, which was surmounted by a ladder removed at pleasure. To this means of access to the cave there was a zigzag path, used only by the smugglers, leading from the small cove, and another much more tedious, by which they could transport their goods to the summit of this apparently inaccessible mass of rocks. The cave itself was large, and with several diverging galleries, most of which were dry; but in one or two there was a continual filtering of clear pure water through the limestone rock, which was collected in pits dug for that purpose on the floor below; these pits were always full of water, the excess being carried off by small open drains which trickled over the eastern side of the platform. Some attention to comfort had been paid by the inhabitants of these caverns, which were

portioned off here and there by sail-cloth and boards, so as to form separate rooms and storehouses. The cookery was carried on outside at the edge of the platform nearest the sea, under an immense fragment of rock, which lay at the very edge; and by an ingenious arrangement of smaller portions of the rock neither the flame was to be distinguished, nor was the smoke, which was divided and made to find its passage through a variety of fissures, never in such a volume as to be supposed to be anything more than the vapours drawn up by the heat of the sun.

"In this abode there were at least thirty people residing, and generally speaking, it might be called a convent, for it was tenanted by women. Their husbands, who brought over the cargoes, returning immediately in their boats to the opposite shore, for two reasons; one, that their boats could only land in particular seasons, and could never remain in the cove without risk of being dashed to pieces; and the other, that the absence of all men prevented suspicion; the whole of the interior smuggling being carried on by the other sex, who fearlessly showed themselves on every part of the island, and purchased their necessary supplies of provisions here and there, without exciting any misgivings as to the nature of their employment. A few isolated cottages, not far from the beetling brow of the cliff above, were their supposed abodes; but no one ever troubled them with a visit, and if they did, and found that they could gain no admittance, they imagined that the occupants had locked their doors for security, while they were busy with their labours in the field. Accustomed to climb up the tortuous path from the cave to the summit, the women would, on the darkest night, carry up their burdens and deposit them in the cottages above, until they had an opportunity of delivering their contraband articles into the hands of their agents; and this traffic had been carried on for many years, without the government or excise having the slightest suspicion by what means the smuggling was accomplished. As we before observed, the great articles in request, and which were now smuggled from France, were alambres and lutestrings. The attention of government had been called to check the admission of these goods, but hitherto their attempts had not been attended with much success.

"At the grey of the morning after the attempt to seize the smugglers had been defeated by the instrumentality of Snarleygow, upon the top of the immense fragment of the rock which we have described as lying upon the sea-edge

of the platform, was perched a fair, slight-made little girl, of about twelve years of age. She was simply clad in a short worsted petticoat, and bodice of a dark colour; her head was bare, and her hair fluttered with the breeze; her small feet, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were also naked, and her short petticoat discovered her legs half-way up to the knee. She stood there, within a few inches of the precipice below, carelessly surveying the waves as they dashed over the rocks, for she was waiting until the light would enable her to see further on the horizon. By those who might have leaned over the ridge above, as well as by those who sailed below, she might have been taken, had she been seen to move, for some sea-bird reposing after a flight, so small was her frame in juxtaposition with the wildness and majesty of nature which surrounded her on every side. Accustomed from infancy to her mode of life, and this unusual domicile, her eye quailed not, nor did her heart beat quicker, as she looked down into the abyss below, or turned her eyes up to the beetling mass of rock which appeared, each moment, ready to fall down and overwhelm her. She passed her hand across her temples to throw back the hair which the wind had blown over her eyes, and again scanned the distance as the sun's light increased, and the fog gradually cleared away."

Lilly, our readers will probably anticipate, was a child of gentle parents. She was the daughter of Sir George Barclay, an officer of rank in the army of King James, who with Ramsay, another distinguished Scotchman, had taken his lot with the smuggler, to forward the cause of King James. Her mother, Lady Barclay, was engaged with her daughter in watching the Yungfrau slowly disappearing on the horizon—and expressing her determination to send Mary Corbet to Portsmouth to find out the traitor who had given the information.

"A third party now appeared from the cave; although not in canonicals, his dress indicated his profession of a priest. He approached the mother and daughter with, 'Peace be with you, ladies.'

"'You forget, good father,' replied the elder of the females, 'my name is Alice—nothing more.'

"'I crave pardon for my forgetting who you were. I will be more mindful. Well then, Alice—yet that familiar term sounds strangely, and my tongue will not accustom itself, even were I to remain here weeks, instead of but two days—I

was about to say, that the affair of last night was most untoward. My presence is much wished for, and much required, at St. Germain's. It was unfortunate, because it proves that we have traitors among us somewhere; but of that, and of the whole affair, I will have cognizance in a few days.'

" 'And should you discover the party?'

" 'His doom is sealed.'

" 'You are right.'

" 'In so important and so righteous a cause, we must not stop at aught necessary to secure our purpose. But, tell me, think you that your husband will soon be here again?'

" 'I should think not to-night, but to-morrow or the next he will be off; and if we can show the signals of surety he will land, if the weather will permit.'

" 'Tis indeed time that I were over. Something might now be done.'

" 'I would so too, father; it is a tedious time that I have spent here.'

" 'And most unfitting for you, were it not that you laboured in a great cause; but it must soon be decided, and then that fair lily shall be transplanted, like a wild flower from the rock, and be nurtured in a conservatory.'

" 'Nay, for that the time is hardly come. She is better here, as you see her, father, than in the chambers of a court. For her sake I would still remain; but for my husband's sake, and the perils he encounters, I wish that, one way or the other, it were decided.'

" 'Had there been faith in that Italian, it had been so before now,' replied the priest, grinding his teeth and turning away.'

" But the conversation was closed at the appearance of some women who came out of the cave. They were variously clothed, some coarsely, and others with greater pretensions to finery: they brought with them the implements for cooking, and appeared surprised at the fire being already lighted. Among them was one about twenty-five years of age, and although more faded than she ought to have been at that early age, still with pretensions to almost extreme beauty. She was more gaily dressed than the others, and had a careless, easy air about her, which suited to her handsome, slight figure. It was impossible to see her without being interested, and desiring to know who she was.'

" This person was the Nancy mentioned by Alice in her conversation with Lilly. Her original name had been Nancy Dawson, but she had married one of the smugglers, of the name of Corbett. Her original profession, previous to her marriage, we will not dwell upon;

suffice it to say, that she was the most celebrated person of that class in Portsmouth, both for her talent and extreme beauty. Had she lived in the days of King Charles II., and had he seen her, she would have been more renowned than ever was Eleanor Gwynne; even as it was, she had been celebrated in a song, which has not been lost to posterity. After a few years of a dissipated life Nancy reformed, and became an honest woman, and an honest wife. By her marriage with the smuggler she had become one of the fraternity, and had taken up her abode in the cave, which she was not sorry to do, as she had become too famous at Portsmouth to remain there as a married woman. Still she occasionally made her appearance, and to a certain degree kept up her old acquaintances, that she might discover what was going on—very necessary information for the smugglers. She would laugh, and joke, and have her repartee as usual, but in other points she was truly reformed. Her acquaintance was so general, and she was such a favourite, that she was of the greatest use to the band, and was always sent over to Portsmouth when her services were required. It was supposed there, for she had reported it, that she had retired to the Isle of Wight, and lived there with her husband, who was a pilot, and that she came over to Portsmouth occasionally, to inquire after her old friends, and upon business."

We may just pause to remark that the character of Nancy Corbet is the best drawn in the entire book. It is sketched apparently without an effort, and there is nothing exaggerated in the portraiture. Our readers will easily understand that it was one which it required peculiar tact to manage—without a departure from that propriety with nature—or a still higher propriety for the violation of which no verisimilitude can atone. It is high praise to say that in this difficult task, Captain Marryat has entirely succeeded—and some of the most beautiful touches of truth and nature with which fiction can be adorned, may be found in this quiet and unambitious portraiture of Nancy Corbet.

The result of her mission to Portsmouth was, that, through one of the sailor's wives, who had been accidentally carried out to sea on the night of the expedition, she obtained full evidence against the traitor, and not only this, but she picked up such a knowledge of Vanalperken's character, as might afterwards be turned to account.

Cornbury returned to the cave in utter ignorance that he had been detected. Of course he was seized and put upon his trial. The scene of his execution is finely told. The evidence against him was perfectly conclusive.

"Bind his eyes, and lead him to the western edge," said the leader.

"Philip Cornbury, you have but a few minutes to live. In mercy, you may see the holy father, if you wish it."

"I'm no d——d papist," replied Cornbury, in a sulky tone.

"Lead him on then."

"Cornbury was led to the western edge of the flat, where the cliff was most high and precipitous, and then made to kneel down.

"Fitzpatrick," said the leader, pointing to the condemned.

"Fitzpatrick walked up to the kneeling man with his loaded pistol, and then the others, who had led Cornbury to the edge of the cliff, retired.

"Fitzpatrick cocked the lock.

"Would you like to say, 'God have mercy on my treacherous sinful soul,' or anything short and sweet like that?" said Fitzpatrick; "if so, I'll wait a couple of seconds more for your convenience, Philip Cornbury."

"Cornbury made no reply. Fitzpatrick put the pistol to his ear—the ball whizzed through his brain—the body half raised itself from its knees with a strong muscular action, and then toppled over and disappeared down the side of the precipice.

"It's to be hoped that the next time you lave this world, Master Cornbury, it will be in a purtier sort of manner. A civil question demands a civil answer anyhow," said Fitzpatrick, coolly rejoining the other men."

Among other amiable traits in Vanslyperken's character—he was a fortune-hunter. He had been for some time engaged in paying his addresses to a rich widow—Vandersloosh at the Hague. The Jacobite leaders availed themselves of this trait in his character, to draw him into their service. His cowardice, not his fidelity to his sovereign, put them upon the necessity of artifice to enveigle him into taking their pay. Nancy Corbet personates a rich widow, and throws herself in his way—the bait is completely successful—she talks of the great wealth she has been left by her deceased husband. Vanslyperken, of course, becomes her most obedient slave.—Through her he is induced to take over letters for the conspirators—a service for which he is paid at a most extra-

gant rate. By degrees he is initiated into the full guilt of treason, and having then furnished ample evidence to his paymasters to hang him—he is of course obliged to go on. The rich widow disappears and leaves him in the lurch. He is now become a traitor—he is taught not only to bear dispatches for the rebels but to open those of his own government, and communicate their contents—a lesson which, by and by he puts in practice against both parties. This amiable gentleman took the precaution of opening and copying all the Jacobite dispatches, that he might be able, if detected, to secure his pardon from King William. These manoeuvres of course leave an opportunity of investing the novel with a great deal of historic interest, an opportunity which Captain Marryat has abundantly improved.

We have been able to give but a very slight sketch of these most amusing volumes. Vanslyperken's wooing of the widow Vandersloosh, and the ingenious manner in which he is cut out in her good graces by Van Spitter, his own corporal of marines, form a most comical portion of the book. There is also a little episodical romance introduced between Ramsay and the daughter of the syndic of Amsterdam, a stanch Williamite, at whose house the Jacobite had become domesticated in the guise of a loyal subject of the great and good King; with singular tact, however, the propriety of the epic is preserved, and the chief interest is made throughout to revolve round Snarleyyow and his master.

And the unity of the story is preserved even to the end—the hanging of the two heroes concludes the tale. After a series of treacheries, which, when separated from the circumstances with which the genius of the author has invested them, it would be but little interesting to record—after having betrayed his own government to the rebels, and the rebels to the government—his perfidy and his cowardice at last bring the wretched Vanslyperken into the position of seeing the Yungfrau in the hands of Sir Robert Barclay, and a Jacobite party, who proceed to deal out strict poetic justice upon the lieutenant and his dog. We extract the entire chapter which contains the closing scene. To understand it, our readers should be apprised that the last attempt of Vanslyperken on the life of Smallbones had been made in the shape of throwing him over-

board a snuben about the middle of the channel, while the cutter was running ten knots an hour before the wind. One of the smugglers' boats picked him up, and preserved him once more to appal his persecutors. Our readers will suppose the Yungfrau in possession of Sir Robert Barclay, and the Jacobite conspirators—the crew prisoners on board.

"But now Mr. Vanslyperken was dragged past them by two of the conspirators, and all the men of the Yungfrau followed on deck to see what was to take place.

"When Mr. Vanslyperken had been brought aft, his legs tottered, and he could hardly stand. His face was livid, and his lips white with fear, and he knew too well that he had little mercy to expect.

"Now, sir," said Sir Robert, with a stern air, "hear the accusation against you, for although we may be lawless, we will still be just. You voluntarily entered into our service, and received our pay. You were one of us, with only this difference, that we have taken up the cause from principle and loyalty, and you joined us from mercenary motives. Still we kept our faith with you; for every service performed, you were well and honourably paid. But you received our money and turned against us; revealed our secrets, and gave information to your government, by which, that gentleman (pointing to Ramsay) and many others, had not they fortunately received timely notice, would have perished by the gibbet. Now, sir, I wish to know, what you can bring forward in your defence, what have you to urge that you should not die the death which you so traitorously prepared for others."

"Die!" exclaimed Vanslyperken;—"no—no—mercy, sir—mercy. I am not fit to die."

"Few are—but this is certain—that a villain like you is not fit to live."

"On my knees, I ask mercy," cried the frightened wretch, dropping down. "Mr. Ramsay speak for me."

"I will speak," replied Ramsay, "but not for you, I will show you, that even if you were to escape us, you would still be hung; for all your extracts of the despatches, I have, with full explanation, put into the hands of the English government. Do you expect mercy from them, they have not showed much as yet."

"O God—O God!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing himself down on the deck in despair.

"Now, my lads, you have heard the charges against this man, and also that he has no defence to offer, what is your sentence?"

"Death!" exclaimed the conspirators.

"You men, belonging to the cutter, you have heard that this man has betrayed the present government of England, in whose pay and service he was at the time—what is your opinion?"

"Hereupon, Obadiah Coble hitched up his trousers, and said, 'Why, as a matter of opinion, I agree with you, sir, whomsoever you may be.'

"Mein Gott!" yes sir," exclaimed the corporal.

"And all the crew cried out together, 'Death—death!' which, by-the-by, was very mutinous.

"You perceive that you are doubly condemned as a double traitor," said Sir Robert. "So prepare to die; the religion you profess I know not, but the time you will be allowed to make your peace with your God, is fifteen minutes."

"Oh!" groaned Vanslyperken, with his face to the deck.

"Up there, my lads, and get a whip on the yard-arm," said Ramsay.

"Some of his party went to obey the order, and they were assisted by the seamen of the Yungfrau. But while they were getting the whip ready on the starboard, Jemmy Ducks was very quietly employed getting another on the larboard yard-arm, which nobody took notice of.

"As soon as the whip, and the cord with the hangman's noose made fast to it, were all ready, it was reported to Sir Robert by Corporal Van Spitter, who stepped up to him with his usual military salute. Sir Robert took off his hat in return. His watch had been held in his hand from the time that he had passed sentence upon Vanslyperken, who still remained prostrate on the deck.

"It is my duty to inform you, sir, that but five minutes are left of the time awarded to you," said Sir Robert to Vanslyperken.

"Five minutes!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, jumping up from the deck, "but five minutes—to die in five minutes," continued he, looking up with horror at the rope at the yard-arm, and the fatal noose at the end of it, held in the hand of Corporal Van Spitter. "Stop, I have gold—plenty of gold—I can purchase my life."

"Kingdoms would not purchase it," said Sir Robert, scornfully.

"Oh!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, wringing his hands, "must I leave all my gold?"

"You have but two minutes, sir," observed Sir Robert. "Let the rope be put round his neck."

"This office was performed by Corporal Van Spitter. The corporal was quite an amateur.

" 'Mercy, mercy,' cried Vanslyperken, again falling on his knees, and holding up his hands.

" 'Call upon Heaven for mercy, you have but one minute left.'

" But here an interruption took place. A female made her appearance on the other side of the deck, dragging, by a cord, the hero of our novel, Snarleyvow, who held back with all his power, jerking his head to the right and left, but it was of no use, he was dragged opposite to where Vanslyperken knelt. As the reader may guess, this person was Smallbones, who had tied on a bonnet, and muffled up his face, so as not to be observed when he first went on board. Jemmy Ducks now assisted, and the whip on the larboard yard-arm was made fast to a cord with a running noose, for the hanging of the cur.

" The sight roused Vanslyperken.—'My dog!' exclaimed he, 'woman, leave that dog alone—who are you that dare touch my dog?'

" The female turned round, threw off her bonnet and handkerchief, and exhibited to the terrified lieutenant, the face of the supposed departed Smallbones.

" 'Smallbones!' exclaimed the crew of the Yungfrau in a breath.

" 'God of mercy—help me, God of mercy!' cried Vanslyperken, aghast.

" 'I suppose that you do come for to go to know me now, any how,' said Smallbones.

" 'Hath the sea given up its dead?' replied Vanslyperken, in a hollow voice.

" 'No, it arn't 'cause why? I never was a drowned,' replied Smallbones; 'no thanks to you, though; but if so be as I suppose, you be a-going to be hung—as I'm a good Christian, I'll forgive you—that is, if you be hung, you know.'

" Vanslyperken, who now perceived that Smallbones had been by some miracle preserved, recovered himself.

" 'If you forgive me,' replied Vanslyperken, 'then pray do not ill treat my dog.'

" 'I've not forgiven him, any how—I owes him enough, and now I'll have his account settled, by gum. When you goes up there, he goes up here, as sure as I'm Philip Smallbones.'

" 'Be merciful!' exclaimed Vanslyperken, who, strange to say, forgot his own miseries in pleading for his darling cur.

" 'He be a convicted traitor, and he shall die, by gum!' cried Smallbones, smacking his fist into the palm of his hand.

" During the conversation, the time allotted to Vanslyperken had long expired, but the interest occasioned by it had inclined Sir Robert to wait till it was over.

" Enough,' cried Sir Robert, 'your

time is too long expired. Command your soul to God—let the rope be manned.

" 'Now, Jemmy, stand by to toddle forward,' cried Smallbones.

" 'One moment—I ask but one moment,' cried Vanslyperken, much agitated, 'only one moment, sir.'

" 'For what?'

" 'To kiss my poor dog,' replied Vanslyperken, bursting into tears; strange and almost ridiculous as was the appeal, there was a seriousness and a pathos in Vanslyperken's words and manner, which affected those who were present like a gleam of sunshine, this one feeling which was unalloyed with baser metal shone upon the close of a worthless and wicked life; Sir Robert nodded his head, and Vanslyperken walked with the rope round his neck over to where the dog was held by Smallbones, bent over the cur and kissed it again and again.

" 'Enough,' cried Sir Robert, 'bring him back.'

" Corporal Van Spitter took hold of Vanslyperken by the arm, and dragged him to the other side of the deck. The unfortunate wretch was wholly absorbed in the fate of his cur, who had endeavoured to follow his master. His eyes were fixed upon Snarleyvow, and Snarleyvow's were fixed upon his master, thus they were permitted to remain for a few seconds, when Sir Robert gave the signal. Away went the line of men who had manned the starboard whip, and away went Jemmy Ducks on the larboard side, and, at the yard-arms of the cutter, were suspended the bodies of Vanslyperken and Snarleyvow.

" Thus perished one of the greatest scoundrels, and one of the vilest curs, which ever existed. They were damnable in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

" By the manuscript records, found in the Jacobite papers, it appears that the double execution took place on the 3d of August in the year of our Lord 1700."

Ramsay, in the end, is married to the good Syndic's daughter, and, exchanging politics for matrimony, retires to some continental town, where he lives happy with his bride in perfect indifference as to what sovereign sits on the English throne. The fat and rich widow, Vandersloosh, resigns herself to the embraces of Corporal Van Spitter, whose rival had been so effectually removed—and the corporal invites all his old comrades of the Yungfrau, to dance at his wedding, which they do right merrily.

Our sketch can convey to our readers but a very slight idea of the fund of entertainment which is to be found in

these volumes. Even as an historical novel *Snarleyvow* possesses very considerable merit. It illustrates the state of our navy at a very serious period of our history—and accurately represents much of the political movements of that strange time. Its chief excellence lies, however, in its quaint and pleasant humour, and in its graphic and easy portraiture of men and women, and manners—qualities in which the author is unrivalled by any of his contemporaries.

There is one character, intended perhaps, to be the most effective in the entire, which to our minds, bears very little nature about it. That is the character of Vanslyperken's mother. It is the character not of a wicked woman, but of a fiend. She is continually urging her son to the commission of crime, and undertakes, for a sum of gold, to murder Smallbones, the wages of iniquity to be paid by her son. At this time, the hag was withered away by years. She lived alone in a room from which she never stirred. We will give the scene in which the bargain is struck, and let our readers judge for themselves how far the character of the old beldame is natural. In the absence of the Lieutenant, *Snarleyvow's* tail had been cut off. Mr. Vanslyperken was really persuaded that Smallbones was guilty of this mutilation. Corporal Van Spitter had told the Lieutenant of a vision he had seen in which a ghost had announced to him that Smallbones could never be hurt by *man*. Persuaded that it was useless for himself to attempt taking revenge upon one who had this charmed life, Vanslyperken repaired to the miserable hovel of his mother.

"Well, child, what is it—is it money you bring?" cried the old woman, when Vanslyperken entered the room.

"No, mother," replied Vanslyperken, throwing himself on the only chair in the room, except the one with the legs cut off half-way up, upon which his mother was accustomed to rock herself before the grate.

"No, mother; but I have brought something—and I come to you for advice and assistance."

"Brought no money—yet brought something!—well, child, what have you brought?"

"This!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing the dog's tail down upon the table.

"This!" repeated the old beldame,

lifting up the tail, and examining it as well as she could, as the vibrations of her palsied members were communicated to the article—"and pray, child, what is this?"

"Are you blind, old woman," replied Vanslyperken in wrath, "not to perceive that it is my poor dog's tail?"

"Blind old woman! and dog's tail, eh! Blind old woman, eh! Mr. Cornelius, you dare to call me a blind old woman, and to bring here the mangy tail of a dog—and to lay it on my table! Is this your duty, sirrah? How dare you take such liberties? There sir," cried the hag in a rage, catching hold of the tail, and sending it flying out of the casement, which was open—"there, sir—and now you may follow your tail. D'ye hear?—leave the room instantly, or I'll cleave your craven skull. Blind old woman, forsooth—undutiful child—"

Vanslyperken, in spite of his mother's indignation, could not prevent his eyes from following the tail of his dog, as it sailed through the ambient air surrounding the half-way houses, and was glad to observe it landed among some cabbage-leaves thrown into the road, without attracting notice. Satisfied that he should regain his treasure when he quitted the house, he now turned round to deprecate his mother's wrath, who had not yet completed the sentence which we have quoted above.

"I supplicate your pardon, my dear mother," said Vanslyperken, who felt that in her present humour he was not likely to gain the point with her that he had in contemplation; "I was so vexed—so irritated—that I knew not what I was saying."

"Blind old woman, indeed," repeated the beldame.

"I again beg you to forgive me, dearest mother," continued Vanslyperken.

"All about a dog's tail cut off. Better off than on—so much the less mangle on the snarling cur."

"This was touching up Vanslyperken on the raw; but he had a great object in view, and he restrained his feelings.

"I was wrong, mother—very wrong—but I have done all I can, I have begged your pardon. I came here for your advice and assistance."

"What advice or assistance can you expect from a blind old woman?" retorted the old hag. "And what advice or assistance does so undutiful a child deserve?"

"It was some time before the ruffled temper of the beldame could be appeased; at last Vanslyperken succeeded. He then entered into a detail of all that had passed, and concluded by observing, 'that as Smallbones was not to be in-

jured by mortal man, he had come to her for assistance.'

"That is to say, you have come to me to ask me to knock the lad's brains out—to take away his life—to murder him, in fact. Say, Cornelius, is it not so?"

"It is exactly so, my dearest mother. I know your courage—your—"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that; but now hear me, child. There are deeds which are done, and which I have done, but those deeds are only done upon strong impulses. Murder is one; but people murder for two reasons only—for revenge and for gold. People don't do such acts as are to torture their minds here, and perhaps be punished hereafter; that is, if there be one, child. I say, people don't do such deeds as these merely because a graceless son comes to them, and says, 'if you please, mother.' Do you understand that, child? I've blood enough on my hands already—good blood too—they are not defiled with the scum of a parish boy, nor shall they be, without—"

"Without what, mother?"

"Have I not told you, Cornelius, that there are two great excitements—revenge and gold? I have no revenge against the lad. If you have—if you consider that a dog's tail demands a human victim, well and good, do the deed yourself."

"I would," cried Vanslyperken, "but I have tried in vain. It must be done by woman."

"Then hear me, Cornelius; if it must be done by woman, you must find a woman to do it, and you must pay her for the deed. Murder is at a high price. You apply to me; I am content to do the deed; but I must have gold, and plenty too."

Vanslyperken paused before he replied. The old woman had charge of all his money; she was on the verge of the grave; for what could she require his gold?—could she be so foolish?—it was insanity. Vanslyperken was right; it was insanity, for avarice is no better.

"Do you mean, mother," replied Vanslyperken, "that you want gold from me?"

"From whom else?" demanded the old woman sharply.

"Take it, then, mother—take as many pieces as you please."

"I must have all that there is in that chest, Cornelius."

"All, mother?"

"Yes, all; and what is it, after all? What price is too high for blood which

calls for retribution? Besides, Cornelius, it must be all yours again when I die; but I shall not die yet—no, no."

"Well, mother," replied Vanslyperken, "if it must be so, it shall all be yours—not that I can see what difference it makes, whether it is called yours or mine."

"Then why not give it freely? Why do you hesitate to give to your poor old mother what may be again yours before the leaf again falls? Ask yourself why, Cornelius, and then you have my answer. The gold is here in my charge, but it is not *my* gold—it is yours. You little think how often I've laid in bed and longed that it was all mine. Then I would count it; count it again and again—watch over it, not as I do now as a mere deposit in my charge, but as a mother would watch and smile upon her first-born child. There is a talisman in that word *mine*, that not approaching *death* can wean from *life*. It is our natures, child; say, then, is all that gold *mine*?"

Vanslyperken paused; he also felt the magic of the word; and, although it was but a nominal and temporary divestment of the property, even that gave him a severe struggle; but his avarice was overcome by his feelings of revenge, and he answered solemnly, 'as I hope for revenge, mother, *all* that gold is *yours*, provided that you do the deed.'

"Here the old hag burst into a sort of shrieking laugh. 'Send him here, child,' and the almost unearthly cackination was continued—'send him, child; I can't go to seek him, and it is done; only bring him here.'

"So soon as this compact had been completed, Vanslyperken and his mother had a consultation; and it was agreed, that it would be advisable not to attempt the deed until the day before the cutter sailed, as would remove all suspicion, and be supposed that the boy had deserted. This arrangement having been made, Vanslyperken made rather a hasty retreat. The fact was, that he was anxious to recover the fragment of *Snarleygow*, which his mother had so contemptuously thrown out of the casement."

The character of this old hag is, however, the only one in the volumes in which the author has departed from nature. The parts of the tale in which she is introduced are the only parts deficient in power, perhaps because they are the only parts in which there is a deviation from nature.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAP. III.—PENAL LAWS—THEIR RELAXATION.

"The Duke of Bedford, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant in the year 1757, was the first chief Governor of Ireland, who openly professed a favorable disposition to the Catholics. To him must be allowed the credit of having restored suspended animation to the members of that paralysed body."

Plowden's History of Ireland from the Invasion to the Union.—Vol. II. p. 125.
 "Why are the Tories so much abused, when History informs us that no concession was ever yet granted to Roman Catholics but during Tory administrations. (Cries of No.) I say ye: since 1777, down to 1823, the period of final emancipation, the Tories granted, at intervals, those concessions which the Whigs affected to advocate, but never sincere in. During that eventful period of our history, will any man tell me, what favors did the Irish Whigs confer upon the Irish people?"—*P. Finn, Reg. at the Election for the Borough of Carlow.—Leinster Express, August 19, 1837.*

THE Whigs, who, as Belsham* informs us, had "engrossed the executive offices of the state, with little intermission since the revolution, and without any interval whatever since the accession of the house of Hanover," felt that their power drew to its close when they saw the life of George II. declining. They knew that the heir apparent had imbibed principles which must estrange him from their council, and had formed friendships by which he was fortified against their personal influence. The motion of the Duke of Bedford on the subject of the young prince's education, and the strenuous endeavours made to remove the Marquess of Bute from the royal presence, afford abundant proof that the Whigs were early alarmed with respect to the political sentiments of George III. and that the failure of their endeavours to displace the Tories from his court, must have left them hopeless of protracting, beyond the period of his predecessor's demise, the duration of their official authority. Such were their anticipations when they, through their organ in Ireland, professed those favourable dispositions towards the Roman Catholics, which Mr. Plowden eulogises.

The policy upon which the Whig party acted under the constraint of their approaching abdication was directly the reverse of that which had governed them during the long period of their secure power. They had framed the penal code. They had superintended its operation. For fifty-seven years they had had recourse to penal severity as the sure panacea in every danger, and against every apprehended disorder. For fifty-seven years, many of them years of extreme difficulty and alarm, they had never once been disappointed in the results which

they hoped to attain by the addition of new penalties to their stern code, or by awakening into more vigorous execution the slumbering severity of statutes already in existence. They had passed the "extirpation law"† "without the opposition or protest of a single individual to proclaim, that there was one man of righteousness in that polluted assembly to save it from the reproach of universal depravity.‡ They had framed laws in which human "cruelty seemed exhausted"§—laws "as well fitted," it has been said, for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."|| and, having thus acted as the tormentors of Roman Catholics for more than half a century of power, they resolved to become their patrons and friends when the privileges of office were about to be wrested from them. There is not, in profane history, an apter illustration of the parable of the unjust steward, than this Whig device to provide a retreat, against the day when their lord was to "take from them the stewardship."

Ireland, politically considered, had been tranquil during the former half of the last century—tranquil in the days when it was the fashion to term Roman Catholics "the common enemy"—when it was not held necessary to return a courteous acknowledgment of their memorials and addresses. The reigns of George III., George IV. and William IV., were more distinguished by a benevolent and liberal system than those of their predecessors of the House of Brunswick, by a policy which has been termed exclusive and sectarian. And yet, during the period of conciliation, Ireland has never known peace. What is the ex-

* Memoirs of George III. vol. I. p. 4. † Wyse History of Association, vol. I. p. 20.

‡ O'Connor, quoted by Wyse.

§ Wyse.

|| Burke.

planation? So far as the history of proceedings by which Roman Catholics were affected, and in which they took a part, shall serve to explain the phenomenon, we may perhaps be able to assist hereafter in its elucidation. But in our present number we must adjust some preliminary matter, our first observation being, that the Whigs constructed the penal code, employed their best ingenuity in bringing it to perfection, availed themselves of it by its energy to subdue, or in its repose to overawe turbulence and disaffection; and that, when they were about to be deprived of place, they, as it were, dismantled the fortress and spiked the guns which they had accounted essential to the defence and protection of the country.

A few words more will convey all that we have to observe, for the present, on the penal laws, and the relaxation of them. Whilst the Whigs enjoyed power and patronage felt a confident expectation of retaining a long tenure of office, they demeaned themselves towards the Roman Catholics with a severity which unprovoked insolence embittered. It is true the penal laws were not always rigorously administered. In times of peace and security Roman Catholics were indulged with a relaxation of their sufferings; but, whenever a prospect of internal commotion or foreign danger drew the attention of government upon them, the Whigs screwed up the instrument of political torture as if they had had Major Dugald Dalgetty for their instructor, and were not indisposed to "squeeze" as he directed his humble friend, Ransald, even "ad deliquium." But when power had passed from them, their mood was changed, and, in their subsequent intercourse with Roman Catholics, they applied stimulants, not restrictions.

When Tories were in power, the cause of emancipation, as it was called, made progress. The successive removals of the various disabilities by which Roman Catholics were molested, were made during administrations predominately, if not exclusively, of a Tory character; the Whigs, for the most part, acting agreeably to the policy employed recently in the case of Mr. Silk Buckingham, of didactic notoriety, whose claims they would have favoured, if urged while their antagonists were in office, but rejected because it would have been inconvenient to accede to them when it was their turn to

give an account of the public expenditure. Such was their conduct respecting Roman Catholic claims. It was profitable to embarrass Tories by insisting upon them,—it was convenient at proper seasons to postpone them, and, to do the Whigs no more than justice for their observance and management of times and circumstances, the master of the unjust steward might have commended them also "because they had acted wisely."

Wiser in their generation, certainly, they were, than their Tory competitors. When Whigs allied themselves with the Roman Catholics whom they had previously oppressed, the Tories, it is evident, should have accommodated their tactics to the altered circumstances of the contest in which they had become implicated. Their policy, to us, who look back from the vantage ground of experience, seems sufficiently obvious. They should have caused it to be distinctly understood why the professors of the Roman Catholic religion were subjected to penal disabilities. If there was no other reason for excluding them from office, than their attachment to the House of Stuart, the exclusion should have ceased with the power of that family to cause danger or disturbance to the British throne and government. If Roman Catholics were excluded from places of trust and power, and were subjected to general disfavor and discouragement, on account of dangers arising out of the religion they professed, the doctrines which caused alarm should have been kept plainly and prominently before the public mind, the ambiguity of all imperfect disclaimers of them should have been effectually exposed, and the honorable instincts of the human heart should have thus been called into play against that point of honor which, it was alleged, influenced many to profess themselves of a church which they did not esteem or love, rather than endure the dishonor of abandoning it while under adversity. This was not the policy adopted by the Tory party. With one or two exceptions, they played the game of their adversaries. The doctrines of the Church of Rome they were too liberal to subject to a strict scrutiny—the rights of Roman Catholics, considered abstractedly from their religious tenets, they were not liberal enough to concede. The natural consequence was, that parliamentary proceedings diverted the thoughts

of men from the subjects on which they ought to have been employed, (those which ascertained the unfitness of Roman Catholics to be entrusted with power,) and fastened them upon subjects far more embarrassing—the injustice and impolicy of withholding, on grounds which appeared either illiberal or fantastic, from one portion of the people, privileges freely accorded to all the remainder.

This is a subject on which we do not love to dwell. The great error of the Tories was, that, while they resisted the claims of Roman Catholics, they did not place the justification of their resistance on the right grounds. They were, perhaps, wise, in acting generally, on the principle, that parliament should not take cognizance of matters purely spiritual and religious—they were most unwise in regarding the Church of Rome as a purely religious system. They should have distinguished between the departments of its creed—between those tenets which could be condemned only for being unscriptural or untrue, and those which merited additional censure because they were calculated to prove prejudicial to society. With the former, legislators, in an age like ours, may perhaps, not inconsistently, affirm, that they can have no concern; but the Church of Rome teaches doctrines which threaten the peace of society, the due administration of the law, and the security of good government—doctrines which exhibit those who profess them as in a state of moral and intellectual slavery, and threaten those who reject them with all the evils which perfidy and intolerance can inflict upon them. Doctrines, such as these, we confidently affirm, belong more to the parliament than the pulpit, because, in their direct and immediate tendency, they threaten rather the well-being of society, than the interests of true religion; but the party which withstood the Roman Catholic claims appears to have been ignorant of the necessity of exposing them, and the advocates of “*emancipation*,” sensible of the important advantages which they might secure for their opponents, took good care to deter, by invective, and to shame by ridicule, any who ventured, by exhibiting the political character of Romanism to discharge what every wise and honest legislator should have regarded as a bounden duty. The consequence, as might reasonably have been anticipated, was, that concession after

concession was yielded, with little more of grace or profit than waits on a reluctant surrender of stolen goods. Roman Catholics were taught to acknowledge an act of partial justice in the rights restored—to regard the rights withheld as matter for complaint as well as petition—to account the party who encouraged their most extravagant expectations as friends, and the Tories, whose favors to them were acts, not promises, as adversaries whom, with the aid of their Whig associates, they had subdued into a habit of ungracious concession.

If the claims of the Roman Catholics had been resisted on the broad and plain ground that they countenanced doctrines and opinions which must render their allegiance precarious, and their professions doubtful, if those who withstood them had investigated and exposed these pernicious principles with the same fulness and effect as they would have, and indeed often have, made manifest principles and practices, not more alarming, avowedly, in revolutionary or treasonable societies, the consequence would have been, long before now, a great change in the constitution of the Church of Rome in Ireland, or such a falling away among its members as should have left it powerless to do harm. The defence of it would have become unpopular; the more upright and honorable of those who continued to be numbered among its adherents, would busy themselves in endeavours to effect a reform which public opinion had taught them to feel necessary; the less scrupulous would feel that it was inconvenient to provoke discussions in which new matter of offence would perpetually be discovered against them; and a season of enlightened tranquillity thus ensured would favor the growth and development of principles and sentiments which should render the extension of political privileges as safe as, under such circumstances, it would have been desirable.

The Tories observed a different policy. They would neither give the Roman Catholics all they wanted, nor take pains to instruct them why they refused. They left them exposed to the influence of stimulants applied by the Whigs, and gave them power enough to make them useful as political instruments. The disturbances which ensued on breaking “*the first seal*,” and which have been continued during a period of nearly eighty years,

may serve to show the consequences of ill-ordered concession, and the effects of pernicious encouragement and counsel. Before we enter, however, on our notices of the petty insurrections which have afflicted Ireland

during that time, we must interpose a chapter on the establishment of the Church of Rome, in the capacity in which it exists amongst us, that of an organized political system.

CHAP. IV.

"History does not furnish a more striking example of retributive justice than it displays in its records of Ireland. When a British Monarch, as the vassal and minister of an imperious prelate, conducted his armies into this land, he found a people whose especial honor it was, that they alone, of all the nations of Europe, had a national church, &c. &c.

"For a time where England was, there was popery; where, amid distresses and disunion, the cause of Ireland was maintained, there still a national church subsisted. A change took place, and the Bishop of Rome, whose power, in better times, had been resisted, or whose authority had been denied, viewed in a new relation, as an enemy of the conqueror, came to be regarded as an ally and a protector. Finally, when England was instructed in a purer faith, and had shaken off the yoke which she had been the instrument to place upon the reluctant churches of Ireland, her own works rose in the judgment against her; and, at this day, she has the mortification to see, that the influence of popery is mightier and its principles more intolerant in the country upon which the force of her arms inflicted it, than in any other portion of the civilised world."—*Guide to an Irish Gentleman.*

Three Roman Catholic writers, whose attachment to the See of Rome, is above suspicion—Cardinal Baronius, the Most Rev. Archbishop Murray, and the Right Rev. Bishop Doyle—have given their respective testimonies concerning the church of the great mass of the Irish people; it may be well to compare or to contrast them.

"All the Bishops in Ireland," Baronius writes, "when they found the Roman Church to have openly adopted the condemnation of the three chapters, and to have strengthened by its consent the fifth council, separated from it and joined themselves to the schismatics who were in Italy, or in Africa, or in other regions, haughty in a vain confidence that they stood up for the Catholic faith, while defending the acts of the Council of Chalcedon."

That is to say, the Irish Church, in the year 556, held the principle respecting the soundness and completeness of doctrine taught by the first four councils, which was held, in his best days, by Gregory the Great, was maintained by many of the wisest of his time, and was, it is very remarkable, taken up as a rule by which the temperate and effectual reform of the English Church was at a later day effected. Such was the ancient Church of Ireland.

For the doctrine held by what is now called "The Roman Catholic Church of Ireland," Archbishop Murray and Bishop Doyle are vouchers. "Is the Creed of Pius IV. acknowledged in the Irish Roman Catholic Church? Yes; every Catholic acknowledges that creed"—(Right Rev. James Doyle—Committee of House of Lords). The creed thus acknowledged contains this profession:—

"Also all other things defined, delivered, and declared by the sacred Canons and General Councils, and especially by the Holy Council of Trent, I do without doubting, receive and profess, and all things contrary thereto, and all heresies whatever condemned and rejected by the church, do I in like manner reject, condemn, and anathematise."

Such is the confession of the church of the majority of the Irish people at the present day; and such was its confession in the early ages. In the sixth century it excommunicated, agreeably to the Ephesine canon—all who added to the creed of the first four councils. It excommunicates, in the nineteenth, all who will not receive the innovation formerly condemned, and will not assent also to the additions (of which the censure seems included) made during the lights and shadows of the thirteen succeeding centuries, and in the thirteen (so called) Œcumenical Councils. In short, the Protestant Church in Ireland is in accordance with the judgment of the native church of primitive times; and Romanism amongst us, at this day, is smitten with the condemnation, pronounced by the ancient Irish Church when it censured and separated from the innovating Church of Rome. It is curious, at least, if not instructive, to bring together some notices of the means by which the change in national sentiment or persuasion has been effected.

Henry II. was employed by Adrian "to enlarge the borders of the church," when he sought a Bull from that pontiff to justify his invasion of Ireland. The language employed by the pope renders it evident that the Church of the Irish people was neither subordinate

to that of Rome, nor even connected with it. Thus the contumelious language of Cambrensis may be explained; thus the irreverent conduct of the Norman soldiery can also be accounted for. The Church of Ireland was to be put down; that of Rome was to be erected in its place; temptation and severity were directed to the office of winning over the Irish ecclesiastics, or of subduing them into an acceptance of the Roman rule; and accordingly, England strove to gain upon the clergy by rendering tithe a legal impost, and making payment of it compulsory, while mercenary and bigoted adventurers in her train offered violence to the intractible, as those whom a papal spirit animates and impels would outrage, at the present day, the forms and the ministers of Protestant worship. We have it on the authority of Dr. Phelan, (from whose invaluable history we may at a future day present some rich excerpts,) that the national church subsisted, notwithstanding persecution and distress, until the time of Henry VIII.; so that Protestantism was, in truth, rather legalised than introduced by the Reformation.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the contest between the British throne and the papacy acquired a character of virulence and determination which it had not previously borne. At no period, it is true, had the British monarchs acquiesced tamely in the encroachments of Rome; but resistance was not effectually offered until the bluff King Harry confronted his papal rival. In England, loyalty and the national feeling prevailed; the seeds of future bigotry and disorder were, fatally, sown in Ireland.

It is well known that the heads of the principal Irish septs and clans, voluntarily, signed their acknowledgment of the King's supremacy, ecclesiastical and civil; and that George Dowdall, a firm believer in the Romish doctrine of the day, accepted his archbishopric from the King without the approval of the pope, in opposition, indeed, to his will. While Dowdall, thus intruded, as Romanists would say, into his see, presided over the Archbishopric of Armagh, Robert Wauchope, appointed and consecrated by the pope as the Irish metropolitan, officiated at the Council of Trent, and distinguished himself, though blind from his birth, (as Cox says, borrowing, we believe, from Father Paul,) "by

riding past the best of any body in Christendom," and rendered it is probable, more service to his patron's cause by his equestrian than his episcopal qualifications. But he rendered a service of another kind in Ireland. He introduced the Jesuits. By his contrivance John Codur was sent into Ireland. Alphonsus Salmeron, Paschatus Bruet, and Franciscus Zapate, brothers of the order of Loyola, speedily followed. The reader will judge that they were not likely to remain inactive.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a flight of Regulars of the Romish persuasion, descended upon the southern coasts of Ireland, at the time when Spanish troops came to aid the cause of insurrection; and when the foreign armies were discomfited, and imprisoned, or expelled, the ecclesiastical immigration was enabled to escape the vigilance of the authorities, and to insinuate into the minds of a people disaffected to their rulers, a zeal for Romanism, which now seemed almost the same with hatred to England, and was, at least, very strongly recommended by that malignant principle.

Hence, humanly speaking, it came to pass, that when England, in the first great act of Elizabeth, for the effecting a scriptural and methodical reformation, had affirmed a principle identically the same with that of the early Irish Church, and when the papal see, by the promulgation of the new creed of Pius IV., had set forth, as articles of faith, doctrines which, even as matters of opinion, the ancient church of the country had, by anticipation, condemned, the Irish of modern times opposed the judgment of their venerated progenitors of old; because, in so doing, they gratified their hatred by opposing England also.

From that day, a superstitious worship is maintained in Ireland, rather as a matter of division than of religion. Hatred to England, it may be said, welcomed Romanism amongst us; and Romanism has taken good care that the hatred shall not subside.

The facilities it possesses for propagating and promoting a spirit of disaffection are great and many, and the organization by which it is enabled to subsist as an establishment, benefitting by the liberal bounties of the realm in which it is located, and preserving, at the same time, its alien spirit and prejudices, is most artfully and effectively constructed. The Pope may be said

to govern his lay subjects in this country through the ministration of secular ecclesiastics; and to secure the fidelity of these his delegates, by the vigilant and jealous surveillance of the various Regular orders. The bishops take to him an oath of feudal submission—members of the second order of the clergy, on their induction to benefices, swear to a similar effect. Regulars are bound by engagements not less strait and specific; and to assure their obedience the more strictly, the general of each order, a superior, whose commands must be implicitly obeyed, resides in the immediate vicinity of the papal see, in the city of Rome. The clergy of all descriptions, thus firmly bound to the pope, and devoted to his service by oaths and engagements which, it has been found, preoccupy them against all others—the people at large bound to them by the strongest attractions of which their nature is susceptible, and by contrivances of almost unequalled efficacy and wisdom,—it is difficult to exaggerate the power of the Romish system in Ireland, in bending the wills of men into an accommodation or submission to its most extravagant purposes.

Great as is the power of this elaborate system, the principles of the agents by whom its energies are directed, render it still more formidable. Strength and subtlety are fearful gifts when used for a bad end, and used unscrupulously. In Ireland the machinery of Romanism was long employed at the command, and to promote the designs of ecclesiastics who had imbibed the intolerance of Dominicans, and who had had the Jesuits for their instructors in morals.

It is not our purpose to expatiate on all matters of offence with which, in its civil or social capacity, the Romanism of Ireland is chargeable. A single peculiarity is all to which we find it necessary at present to demand attention—the doctrine and practice of equivocation. With this base graft the Jesuits appear to have inoculated the system of morals held among the Irish clergy; and its fruits, although their character was disguised during the period in which they wrought most mischief, we are able at this day to discriminate by marks which cannot be mistaken. We shall take leave to exhibit a few striking specimens.

I.—The Roman Catholics, it will be remembered, refused, by the direction

of the pope, to take an oath of allegiance proposed to them in the reign of Queen Anne. Another form of oath was in contemplation in the year 1768, containing "a declaration of abhorrence and detestation of the doctrine that faith is not to be kept with heretics, and that princes excommunicated by the pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects." Against this oath Archbishop Ghillini, Apostolical Nuncio for Ireland, in an official letter to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, strongly protested, insisting "that the doctrine which it pronounced detestable, was defended and maintained by most Catholic nations, and had been followed in practice by the apostolic see;" and that, accordingly, the oath in which it was condemned, was "absolutely intolerable;" and, being "in its whole extent unlawful," was, "in its nature, invalid, null, and of no effect, so that it could by no means bind and oblige conscience." In this admonition of Ghillini it is distinctly stated that the doctrine of which the Roman Catholics in the usual oaths of allegiance, professed their abhorrence, was one which it was most culpable in them to condemn; that, in consequence, they were not justified in taking such oaths, and, if they had sworn, were bound to regard them as of no obligation. Strange to say, the usual reply of Roman Catholics upon this subject, is, *that they have, notwithstanding Ghillini's prohibition, taken the oath.* The Nuncio appears to have left them an alternative. *Have they profited by it?*

II.—Dr. Burgh, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, published, a little after the date Ghillini's letter, a second edition of his *Hibernia Dominicana*, with a supplement, in which the letter appeared. To satisfy the reader of the seditious character of this work, it is enough to remind him of the mutilation usually practised upon it, in the extraction of the pages which contain an account of the proceedings of James the Second in Ireland. How did Romish ecclesiastics act in the affair. They subscribed to the publication of the book, they subscribed also to a censure of it. The signatures by which the work was to obtain circulation, were before the Roman Catholic public from the day on which it was published; those which were to render the prohibition of it effectual remained safe for twelve years in the desk of Doctor Butler, the titular Archbishop of Cashel, and never appear to have seen the light,

until Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, exposed the principles of the work which had been the subject of this pious equivocation. It is unnecessary to observe how happily Dr. Troy copied the artifice of Archbishop Butler, causing the Rhemish Testament to be circulated *throughout all Ireland*, and, when its pestilent contents were exposed, advising the disuse of it *in the diocese of Dublin*.

III.—It became known, when the knowledge was unavailing—and was confessed by Roman Catholics, when concealment had become impracticable, that so long as the Stuart family lived, they nominated the Romish Bishops in Ireland. The manner in which an acknowledgment of this matter was evaded, when it would have been useful to the British Government to obtain it, is worthy of a notice. Archbishop Butler, himself a nominee of the exiled family, equivocates on the subject, thus:—

“Having learned from an honourable person then high in power, that there was a suspicion harboured by the Government, of the interference of foreign powers in the nomination to Titular Bishoprics in Ireland, I addressed Cardinal Castello on the subject, so injurious to the Holy See, and the sacred Congregation. For it must certainly tend to show that body in a very invidious light, *to describe them as obtruding upon the Catholics of the land at the instigation of foreign powers, foreign prelates,*” &c. &c.

The suspicion entertained by the government was, that the Stuart family nominated natives, Dr. Butler himself, for instance—(it was very well known that the titular bishops were not foreigners)—but Butler, affecting to show the groundlessness of the suspicion, contents himself with what cannot be accounted less than a wilful misrepresentation of it. He pretends to affirm that *foreign powers* do not interfere—he is not actually chargeable with more than asserting that *foreign prelates* are not appointed to Irish bishoprics.

This is not lying—it is only legitimate *equivocation*.

These specimens of the popish practice of evasion must serve to illustrate our observations. The practice and the doctrine in which it originated are of Jesuit parentage, and are the more hateful and alarming, that increase of knowledge, which serves to dissipate other errors, and correct other evils, renders these only the more virulent. Surely the state ought to take cognizance of them. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the admission made by Garnet the Jesuit, on his trial, that his order maintained the lawfulness of equivocation—but it should be kept in remembrance that their doctrine on this subject, has, in modern times, been defended or excused by Charles Butler, and is, at this moment, taught in the Royal College of Maynooth. We may, at the proper season, examine, more fully, a doctrine which must have, and which has had, so pernicious an influence on society:—our present purpose has been effected, by exhibiting proofs, that to the bigotry and intolerance inseparable from undefecated Romanism—the Popish Priesthood and Prelacy of Ireland, during the last century, imparted what was most objectionable in the morals of the Jesuits, and what was best calculated to promote political disaffection. It is only necessary to add Mr. O'Connell's observation, that, so long as the Stuart family claimed the British throne, the Romish ecclesiastics in Ireland were Jacobites, and that upon the extinction of that family, the Priests began to patronise principles of democracy—in order to the completion of our proofs, that Romanism in Ireland is not a religion but a policy, and is no more entitled to the respect and forbearance which a purely spiritual system, however erroneous, might reasonably claim, than the ruin once consecrated by holy worship, and which has become a receptacle for robbers, is entitled to the reverence with which, when first dedicated to the service of God, it may have been not unfittingly honored.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY.

On a stormy evening in autumn, a white-haired peasant was sitting among the rocks on the sea-shore, where it formed a portion of the boundary of an old and extensive domain. Night was fast approaching, and the sound of the waves, mingling with that of the wind among the forest trees, heightened the character of the scenery, which, as far as the eye could now extend, was of a peculiarly noble description. But neither the increasing darkness, nor the angry condition of the elements disturbed the old man's reverie; who, as he sat contemplating the breakers at his feet, seemed, from the calm but evil expression of his countenance, like one who had settled scores with the world, and who, now, felt a bitter enjoyment in the recollection of their intercourse. He was roused at length from his meditations by a familiar shout from the beach; and at the same time he observed a young man making his way along the base of the rocks.

"We're goin' to have a rough night, Hugh," said this person as he approached; "and I think it might be wise of you to get under shelter as soon as possible."

"Time enough, sir—time enough," said the old man; "but will you tell me, Master Frederick, is it true what they say, that it's the moon, God bless her, bring's the tides rollin' in and out, and her all that ways off among the stars?"

"It is true enough," replied the other, startled by this singular appeal from public opinion.

"Well, that's remarkable," rejoined the enquirer; "but it's what I'm thinkin', sir, that that blessed moon rigilatin' the wild waters, is like the will o' God over a guilty heart. When I took my sate here this evenin', the moon was shinin' on them rocks, that's smothered in the white foam fornenst us. It was wondherful to see how it kem burstin' over them, as if the world couldn't stand afore it; but now the turn's come, where there's neither rock nor stone to stop its coorse."

"Very true," replied the youth, smiling at the earnest manner of the philosopher, but not sufficiently interested to observe the tendency of his observations; "but what has all this to do with guilt or innocence?"

"Why, not a power it's to be supposed; only just what I was sayin',

that no sea was ever wilder, nor waker in the end, than the villainy of man. Blessed be his holy name! the blackest hearts still circumvinted at long last; though it's often," he added bitterly, "that the beautifullest of God's creatures is within its rache, and only the ould and withered beyant it."

The young man looked grave;—"Hugh," he said, "you should endeavour to forget these painful subjects."

"Certainly I should, sir—that I allow; but I wonder does *he* forget, that when he left me a lone man on the world, one word o' my mouth made his heart as desolate as my own."

There was a light in the old man's eye as he spoke, which almost terrified his companion, who seemed, moreover, considerably embarrassed by these allusions.

"You have had your revenge at all events," he muttered in a tone of unconscious bitterness, when he thought he observed something peculiar in the look with which the other regarded him.

"Ay, I had my revenge; though it was poor satisfaction after all, for the ruin he brought on me an' mine."

Frederick gazed on the "dignified" countenance of the old man, with a mingled expression of reproach and sympathy. "Hugh," he said at length, "I wonder how ye can continue in the service of a man towards whom you entertain such hostile sentiments."

"I could you afore, sir," he replied, "why I continued in his sarvice, and for the little bit o' life that's afore me now, with the help o' God I'll never lave it; though it's often, when I'm lyin' awake in my lonesome cabin, the thought comes across me, that if it war'nt for poor Miss Ellen's sake, I'd sooner beg from door to door, than stop an hour under his roof."

The increasing darkness, together with the chillness of the sea wind, now reminded Frederick of proceeding on his way; and he proposed to the other to accompany him through the domain. Having, accordingly, entered the old wood, they proceeded with some difficulty, owing to the obscurity of the place, and the low branches and underwood with which their path was obstructed, until they reached the grounds immediately about the family mansion. This latter was almost a

complete ruin. At one end, the roof and part of the walls had fallen in, while, throughout the entire building, the traces of time and decay were visible. The condition of the park corresponded with the appearance of the dwelling. Everything seemed wild and neglected; and it was altogether more distinguished by the evidences of former pride than of present comfort or respectability. Hugh, and his companion stood for a few moments regarding this desolate abode.

"There was sin and sorrow within them walls," said the former; "and I wonder will they ever sound with the music of a light heart again."

The youth sighed, and the old man shook his head, as they silently resumed their way. They had re-entered the wood, which was of considerable extent, when the peasant again addressed his companion.

"Well, Master Frederick," he said, "this is a weary world—young or old it's all the one thing; nothing but ruin and heart-break for them that you'd think laste deserved it. I only hope," he added, looking steadfastly on the youth, "that there is'n't more sorrow in the road of that poor young crathur that has'n't one on the heaven's earth to counsel or guard her."

Frederick started at these words, which seemed to imply some suspicion, and though the old man could see his eyes gleaming fiercely on him through the darkness, calmly encountered his look, and proceeded in the same quiet tone.

"There's many a one is that false, that they'd belie their own feelins sooner nor go agin' the proud ways o' the world; but is'n't it the blessed chance that poor Miss Ellen, afther all her troubles, has a heart like your own to trust to."

Frederick wholly acknowledged this compliment, which was evidently nothing more than a guarded insinuation of certain doubts which the old man entertained of his fidelity, and he avoided any further conversation until they stopt at a little hut, within a few paces of the extremity of the wood. The ground all about was covered with a thick coat of withered leaves, and, though it was more open than that through which they had passed, owing to the greater size of the trees, and consequently their distance from each other, it was equally gloomy and secluded, hardly a glimpse of sun ever visiting this humble habitation. As

they stood beside the hut, the peasant turned his looks towards a piece of rugged scenery which lay beyond the trees, and which seemed a comparatively recent addition to the domain. A little rivulet ran through it, and though it was now obstructed in its course by briars and underwood, there were still existing the traces of an artificial lake, corresponding of course in size to the stream by which it was supplied. This place might have been formerly a very beautiful retreat, but it now partook, in a greater degree than any other, of the general desolation.

"Wouldn't you think there was a curse on it, Master Frederick," cried the old man, turning abruptly to his companion; "I ought to forget you tell me, and so I will in troth, when that little s'hrame quits murmurin' in my ears, wakin' or sleepin', the whole night long."

Frederick, unwilling to renew this subject, made some vague reply, and, bidding his friend good night, left him to enter his solitary hovel.

Courteous reader! we thank you most sincerely for the confidence with which you have accompanied us at this late hour into the depths of an inhospitable domain, where, for lack of better entertainment, we shall beg leave to furnish you with a gossiping history of the place and its proprietor.

Sir Richard Montgomery was a gentleman of ancient family; and the present ruined condition of his fortunes was among the many consequences of a still greater evil. About eighteen years previous to this period, he had been visited with the most fatal of all domestic calamities. His wife, a young and beautiful woman, had, as he believed, failed in her fidelity. Sir Richard was a man of strong but misguided feelings; he had already forfeited the esteem of the world, and, losing now the love he had believed unalterable without even the miserable satisfaction of revenge; for, before his suspicions were awakened, the destroyer was beyond his reach, he forsook his home, to dissipate, in foreign lands, the remembrance of his misfortunes and dishonour. The lady, on whom the accusation fell like a death-blow did not long survive his departure. She was unable for some time to leave his house, and when the violence of despair was over, resentment and even pride had yielded to the gentler feelings of her nature, and to a kind of visionary romance that her

husband would return, and the cloud, under which her life was withering, would pass away. She was, moreover, about to become a mother, and was unwilling that her child should be born under a stranger's roof, and thus, notwithstanding the severe injunction of her lord, she deferred from day to day this consummation of her disgrace.— Her reason seemed slightly impaired; for the illusion we have mentioned, endured to the last, and while she was sinking to the grave, gave an expression, almost of joy, to her wan and ghastly countenance. But it was never realised. She drooped for a few weary months, at the end of which time she gave birth to a daughter; and, in a few days more, all her sorrows were at an end. There was only one class of persons, for whom her fate had any interest—the humble but honest hearts, who had known her goodness, and, in the day of tribulation, revered her with increased devotion. They never doubted her innocence, nor could believe that there was any evidence sufficient to destroy the faultless reputation she had borne; though it must be acknowledged that these sentiments owed their existence, in a great degree, to the light in which people had formerly regarded the individuals concerned; for, in addition to the prejudices in the lady's favour, Sir Richard was the most unpopular character in that country. He was a haughty, and, to a certain extent, an unfeeling man; and, however honourable in his intercourse with persons of his own condition, no way scrupulous in those transactions where the interests of an unfortunate tenant clashed with his views.

The old man whom we have introduced to our readers on the sea-beach, had suffered most from his injustice, having been reduced, under peculiarly painful circumstances, from comparative wealth to a state of absolute destitution. His hostility to Sir Richard was equalled, however, by gratitude to his unfortunate lady, and he devoted himself to her interests, at a time when, from the desertion of more distinguished friends, even his fidelity was valuable. He was a person of high principle, and of intelligence far superior to the generality of his class, and his mistress had probably little reason to regret the necessity which obliged her to confide her infant to his care; at all events, he fulfilled his trust with tenderness and fidelity. For the first

year or so the child was reared by such of the neighbours' wives as could afford it the necessary support, and who, independent of their motherly feelings, and their devotion to the departed lady, were desirous of meriting the blessing which that charitable office was supposed to entail. At the end of this time Hugh brought her home to the cabin where he had resided since his decline in the world. It was in a beautiful and lonely situation, and he had, with pardonable pride, selected this spot as being removed from the constant observation of those who had known him in his better days. It stood at a little distance from the sea-shore, about a mile from Montgomery's domain, and behind it lay a valley which derived its name of *Lath ne Shiogae*, not, as one might suppose, from its secluded and romantic beauty, but from having been for a time the residence of a fairy who, in the fulness of its gratitude, left a blessing on the place at its departure. This was a long time ago, but the blessing still abides, and, amongst its other manifestations, it is said that vows of love spoken within the charmed valley are ever attended with happy results. Here it was that Ellen passed her childhood. The effects of her solitary life were, at that tender age, only visible in the extreme gentleness of her disposition, which soon deepened into melancholy, and awakened too early the susceptibilities of her mind. She had now attained her sixth or seventh year, when there came one night "a worn out man," and Hugh's eyes kindled with malicious triumph to see Sir John stand on his cabin floor with a heart humbled and broken by misfortune—humbled almost to the condition of a suppliant. In the loneliness of his exile doubts had sometimes arisen of his wife's guilt, and as he had no other love either past or present, to rest on, his doubts had by degrees assumed the character of hope, and he resolved on returning home, in the vague expectation of having that hope, by some means or other, justified. But, alas! for the memory of the beautiful and broken-hearted! Hugh now revealed the communication with which he had been entrusted by the dying lady, and it was to the effect that he should, if ever the opportunity arrived, implore her husband's forgiveness for the dishonour she had brought on his house, and that for the sake of

the love he once bore her he would not leave her infant destitute on the world. Montgomery stood once more in his father's halls, but a bankrupt alike in honor and fortune. His spirit was now completely broken, and he, therefore, felt less difficulty in taking under his roof the orphan child—"the mark of his shame—the seal of his sorrow." Hugh could not bear to part altogether with his little protégé, and, accordingly, disguising his animosity, which neither time nor the misfortunes of his enemy seemed to have diminished, he accepted from him the situation of woodranger, and fixed his residence in the remotest quarter he could select. Ellen never felt till now the wretchedness of her lot. Sir Richard had adopted her from a sentiment of compassion alone, and there was a coldness in their intercourse which chilled her feelings, at the very age when they most required sympathy. It was fortunate for her, under these circumstances, that there was one in whose attachment she could confide, and the woodman continued to possess the love and confidence to which circumstances, as well as his own character, seemed to entitle him. But, after all, he was not qualified to control the wanderings of a young maiden's heart, and Ellen, in the most trying period of her life, had only her own discretion to regulate those feelings which were necessarily undisciplined for want of the usual objects whereon to bestow them. Adjoining Sir Richard's estate was another of much greater extent, the property, in her own right, of a widowed lady, who, though twenty years a mother, was still sufficiently devoted to the vanities of life, and above all things jealous of her dignity. This lady had very high notions, which she, of course, communicated to her children, or rather to her favoured child, for the mother's love was partially bestowed, and probably where it was least essential to happiness. Her younger son was not exactly a dwarf, but he was sadly deformed, and had many dwarfish characteristics both of mind and person. He was peevish and unhappy, and singularly intelligent. In early life there was something very interesting about him, and, had his disposition been properly cultivated, he might have been rendered a much more amiable individual than he turned out; but he felt his misfortune as he should not have felt it in the estrangement of a

mother's affections, and, consequently, in the coldness and disregard of all amongst whom he lived. The result was the total perversion of a mind endued with the morbid sensibility which generally distinguishes that unhappy class. His brother was eminently endowed with those advantages of person which had been denied the poor hunchback, and the only drawback on the many amiable and noble qualities he possessed, was too high a sense of worldly honour, and of all the prejudices which that term involves. His education had unfortunately confirmed these sentiments, while it restricted the more exalted tendencies of his nature, and thus, from the conflict of opposing principles, his character appeared on many occasions weak and inconsistent. The most perfect attachment existed between the two brothers, but whether it was owing to greater firmness of character, or to some superiority of intellect, the younger had always an ascendancy. This was felt by both, and had probably a tendency to confirm their friendship by compensating for the inferiority of Henry, in other respects. Latterly, however, an unacknowledged feeling seemed growing up between them, and by degrees dissolving the bonds of mutual attachment. Although Sir Richard Montgomery had no intercourse with the world, it is not to be supposed that Ellen and her young neighbours were altogether strangers to each other. They had been in the habit of seeing her from childhood, and amongst other places, at the hut of the old woodranger, with whom Frederick had been ever an especial favourite. But it came to pass that Frederick and Ellen wandered through the dark places of the wood, and their talk was sad and sweet, and had every day less reference to the objects by which they were surrounded. They never thought of love, but they thought a great deal of each other, until at last Ellen resolved to forego those interviews which had already destroyed the calmness of her heart. One evening, however, they met by accident on the sea-shore, and, however it happened, the night had closed when they were wandering slowly up *Lath ne Shirogue* and this, as our readers are aware was a long way from Ellen's home. The sky was clouded and full of stars, and, as the moon struggled on through her chequered course, the alternate gloom and light of the valley invested it with

more than ordinary beauty. Ellen was leaning on her companion's arm, and listening, with downcast and glowing eyes, to words, rendered almost inaudible by their thrilling import. They had reached a spot where the ivied rocks, and overhanging trees almost intercepted the star-light, when the girl, looking up, fixed her large eyes earnestly on her lover, but their brightness failed, and her red lip quivered as the secret burst from her heart. It is a delightful moment after all, that crisis of love's fever, when the imagination fairly yields to its delirium. As the youth hung in wordless extacy over the maiden, the recollection of the beautiful superstition connected with *Lath ne Shirogue* suddenly flashed on her mind. At any other time this would have been regarded as an idle fancy, but now, "when all impulses of soul and sense" were awake within her, it seemed to afford a mysterious charm to their situation.

"Frederick," she murmured, with a slight feeling of awe, "this is the fairy's valley!"

"It is, love," replied the youth, "and it were wrong to disregard the omen though our love is sanctified by a higher and more sacred blessing."

From this night their interviews were frequent and regular. Ellen never imagined that there was either danger or impropriety in the cultivation of this secret attachment; but a change, unperceived by her, soon took place in the feelings of her lover. In the excitement of an undeclared passion, distant anticipations could seldom occur, but now, being assured that his love was returned, he began to consider what was to be the result. No motives of worldly interest could for a moment influence him in opposition to the dictates of his heart, but his pride revolted from the idea of connecting himself with one of doubtful origin. His feelings on this subject were sufficiently strong, but they were confirmed by many circumstances, and amongst others, by the indirect influence which the hunchback exercised. Frederick knew that his brother was perfectly regardless of the arbitrary opinions of the world—that he despised its prejudices, and often quarrelled with Frederick himself, for considering them entitled to any respect, and yet, even he never mentioned Ellen's name without some reflection either of pity or disparagement, and though he en-

tertained for her a considerable share of admiration and regard, he seemed to consider her connection with any one of gentle blood as altogether out of the question. Frederick had consequently never confided to him the secret of his love, though he strongly suspected that he was aware of it almost from the commencement, and that these slighting expressions were intended to deter him from entering into an engagement derogatory to his honour. One day they chanced to be talking of Ellen when Henry observed,

"I think, Fred, you and she seem to be growing fond of each other."

"Do you indeed," said the other, laughing; "and how did you come by that wise suspicion?"

"Why, just in the way all true discoveries are made, by observation. Faith, I'm sorry for you both, for she's a fair girl, and gentle withal. If I was in your place it would do very well. A left-handed bend on a hunchback's arms would be quite in character, don't you think so, Frederick?"

This was spoken in a tone of bitterness which, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary, always accompanied any allusion to his misfortune.

"No, Henry," replied the other gravely, "it would not; nothing implying dishonour should be associated with our name."

Frederick spoke partly from impulse and partly with a view of removing the suspicions which he knew his brother entertained.

"That's very true," rejoined Henry, "but you're a tall man, and you know there are more ways than one of settling those heart affairs."

"What do mean, Henry?" cried the other.

"Why, I mean what I say, and I can tell you, moreover, being a bit of a forester, that the sapling is never very much tougher than the parent tree."

There was an evil meaning in his look, which Frederick perceived, and which showed that, whatever his object was this was not spoken merely in jest. The other coloured less with indignation than a consciousness that an idea which had sometimes crossed his mind was thus mirrored, as it were, before him.

"Beware of what you say, Henry," he replied, in a deep but unsteady voice, and disgusted at the cold sneer with which the hunchback observed his agitation. The latter, however, disclaimed

the construction put on his words, and said he would be very sorry to interfere with the romantic notions which any one might entertain. Frederick was greatly perplexed by this conversation. He was indignant, and not a little astonished at the dishonourable counsel clearly conveyed in his brother's words; but the more he thought on it the more did his mind become reconciled to its object. His scruples vanished day by day while his prejudices were confirmed by those phantom principles which wither all the noblest feelings of the heart. Ellen could not fail to observe the change which had occurred. He was still as fond as ever; but their interviews were no longer distinguished by the openness of heart which subsist between those who love without guile; and she began to feel at last some uneasy apprehensions as to the continuance of his fidelity. There was one circumstance which disturbed her very much. On a certain occasion he alluded obscurely to her birth, expressing at the same time his contempt for the tyranny of the world in which designation he seemed to include more than the term properly comprehended. This surprised and shocked her at the time; for it was at the best, an unnecessary introduction of a humiliating subject; but it afterwards frequently occurred to her mind and excited vague apprehensions she knew not why. The old woodman, who was Ellen's confidant in all matters, and consequently long ago aware of this attachment, had fears of the result which he did not, however, think proper to communicate to the girl. He knew Frederick from his childhood; and he knew that pride was the ruling principle of his heart; and the knowledge together with certain expressions which had occasionally escaped him, made the old man fear that Ellen's confidence was not safely reposed. As his fears had reference merely to the lover's constancy he did not think proper to communicate them. Winter had now set in; and the time arrived at which Frederick's mother usually moved with her establishment to the capital. Although the hunchback had always shunned society, and was growing every day more unsocial, winter was to him, as well as others, a season of enjoyment. He had then the solitude of home undisturbed by the presence of his cold and haughty mother. When the storm was wildest he would sit by the sea shore or wander among the depths of the mountains, tracing

some torrent to its source; and thus his propensities became every day more unsocial. This year he seemed to anticipate winter with feelings of peculiar delight. Ellen, whose pride was equal to her lover's, and of a much higher and finer character, had never given the slightest hint of her doubts; but a few days before his departure she could not resist the sadness of her spirit.

"Frederick," she said, "I am almost inclined to believe that there is some charm over that beautiful valley; for ever since our promise there I feel as if I were endowed with a kind of second sight."

"Very probably," said the youth, laughing; but with some little confusion at heart; "and what does the future reveal to you, Ellen?"

"Nothing that can win my hopes from the future that is beyond it," she replied, in a tone very different from that assumed by her lover. He turned on her a look which, had she observed it, might have confirmed her worst apprehensions. He felt as if the dark and unformed purposes of his soul were laid open to her view; and as he gazed on the beautiful victim of his infidelity he experienced a consciousness of guilt which he had never known before. He spoke fondly and fervently, but with the vagueness to which the state of his feelings necessarily gave birth; Ellen was looking intently across the water, and seemed not to hear his discourse.

"Frederick," she said, "do you see that little boat under the shadow of the mountain? It may be wrecked there among the breakers, while those that are glancing through the bright sea are safe."

"Ellen," cried the youth earnestly, "what evils can you fear? Do you doubt the constancy of my attachment?"

"No," said the girl; "but it's an old story, that the darkest fortune is ever most consistent, and I think when youth has been encompassed with sorrow, there is little chance of happiness in after years. But why," she added, fearing that in the wandering of her thoughts she had evinced any feeling unbecoming her own dignity, "why should I doubt your fidelity?"

"I know not," he replied, "but I thought your allusions seemed to convey something of the kind—and I swear to you, Ellen——"

"Swear not," she said, laying her hand on his, and fixing on him her dark eyes, expressive at once of pride and

tenderness. "If you love me, Frederick, as I believe you do, there is no need of any further declaration, and if you do not, it is foolish as well as sinful to bind the conscience when the heart is free."

It may be supposed that Ellen felt a little solitary in her lover's absence, but his correspondence was regular, and every letter more fond than another; and though her doubts had not been entirely removed by their parting interview, she began to believe that they were without foundation, and she was strengthened in this pleasing conviction by the conversation of her old adviser, who, although he was not without his own misgivings, never failed, whatever his motive was, to represent the young man's character in the best possible light. His praise was merely general, for Ellen had not at any time disclosed to him her suspicions, though this was almost the only instance in which she withheld her confidence. But Ellen was soon to be deprived of whatever advantages the old man's wisdom could afford. He had been for some time declining, and now as the winter advanced, and it was one of more than ordinary severity, it became evident that he could not survive it. Ellen visited him now more frequently than ever; but she began to fear that his mind was disordered, for he would sometimes appear quite abstracted, and sometimes he would fix his eyes on her in a very earnest manner, and once or twice he muttered something to himself which Ellen fancied had allusion to her mother. Notwithstanding that this individual had been so long in Sir John's employment, they had hardly spoken a dozen times in as many years. This arose from a mutual feeling equally strong on the part of both, for each was associated with all the unhappy recollections of the other. When, however, the latter was informed of the declining condition of the old man, he paid him a visit one day in his hut. Hugh seemed at first surprised at this mark of kindness, but after a little time his manner became embarrassed. He was restless and abstracted, and it seemed as if there was some subject he wished, and at the same time feared, to introduce. Sir John, supposing that his presence was painful, rose to depart.

"Stop a bit, master," cried the old man eagerly, "I want to speak to you."

The other complied, and stood waiting his communication, but Hugh was

again silent, and Montgomery being convinced that his mind was not perfectly settled, he said—

"I must leave you; I will probably see you shortly again."

"No, no," cried the other, a hectic spot burning through the sallowness of his cheek. "Now's the time, sir; sit down and listen to my words."

He then commenced discoursing not very coherently on injuries and forgiveness, and this brought him at last to the subject of their mutual misfortunes. Sir John looked dark, but the appearance of the speaker fully justified the suspicion of his insanity. He said,

"Compose yourself—you are not well to-day; some other time we can converse on these matters," and he left the hut.

The old man sprang to the door, and with his eyes gleaming, and his white hair hanging about his sallow and hectic cheeks, continued to gaze after him until he was lost to his view among the trees.

"Well, well," he muttered, as he returned into his cabin, "maybe it's all for the better. God help us, God help us."

But Hugh was not mad for all these strange appearances. From this day his manner towards Ellen was distinguished by a kind of commiserating fondness, and freed entirely from that embarrassment which heretofore it had always evinced in a greater or less degree. She understood from him that he had come to some resolution or other, which, together with the prospect of death gave him more peace of mind than he had for a long time enjoyed.

Ellen had never met the hunchback since his brother's departure, till one day when rambling through a labyrinth of rocks, which occasionally shut out the sea from her view, she encountered him to their mutual surprise. He was greatly altered since she had seen him last. His face, which had always something ghastly in its expression, was now paler than formerly, and there was a look about his eyes calculated to alarm. The truth was, the bitterness of his heart had every day increased. Seclusion from society, and the sense of injustice and misfortune, together with another feeling of which none had ever dreamed, had completed the ruin of his nature; and instead of the melancholy and not uninteresting person he had been some years before, he was now a fierce misanthropist with one

object at heart, for the attainment of which he hesitated not to employ any means, however opposed to the principles he had once entertained. Ellen was shocked at his appearance, but she saluted him kindly, as she had ever been accustomed; when the other exclaimed—

"By my soul, lady, it looks as if we were keeping tryst; and a proper place it is—wild rocks and stormy sea for a hunchback's love;" and he laughed as in mockery of his own misfortunes.

Ellen was surprised and alarmed at this strange address; but before she could conjecture what it meant, the speaker proceeded—

"Ellen, you're wofully in love, I know; but I'll tell you a secret—with all Frederick's superlative qualities, and with all his great hopes of distinction, you would be more dishonored by his addresses—ay, than by throwing your heart away on a deformed thing like me."

Ellen looked on him in amazement. His manner was so extraordinary, that wonder as to his motives was the only feeling with which she heard this accusation against her lover; but when Henry proceeded in a strain more serious and connected, her old suspicions occurred to her.

"Beware," he said, "Ellen, how you reject my warning. Frederick knows whether I entertain for him a brother's truest affection; and yet I tell you there is danger in your path, worse and darker than you ever dreamed of."

"What reason have you for saying so, Henry," cried the girl, almost sinking under her fears.

"Reason!" replied the other, "I know what the world is, and I understand better than he does himself the constitution of Frederick's mind. 'I'll tell you,' he continued, 'there never was any thing equal to the pride of our whole family and race. Why, that tender mother, if I would be controlled by her folly, would not suffer even me to form what she would term an unworthy alliance. Oh no; I may hide among wild beasts if I will, but they would not see me dishonoured, no more than the monsters that support their shield.'"

Ellen's cheek burned at this insult; but Henry was totally unconscious of the offence he offered. She perceived, too, that it was his indignation against the injustice done her, and the habit he always had of expressing what he felt, that caused him now to speak with

such unguarded sincerity. She was not surprised at the interest he seemed to take in her fortunes, but she attributed his sentiments with regard to her lover, to the misanthropic spirit in which he regarded mankind in general.

"I hope," she said, "Henry, that the world is much better than you are disposed to consider."

"Very well; cherish that belief, and the consolation it affords you now will probably compensate for the pain of ultimate disappointment. Believe me, Ellen, it is not for nothing the favourites of nature would foregather with her outcasts. Or, at the best, what is it you dream of? Is it to move amongst the world's smiling fools, where you will encounter scorn in every look? The night-bird loves the ruin that sounds evermore with her voice of sorrow."

Ellen felt the truth of this appeal, and the indignation which it might have naturally excited, was repressed, as she could not fail to perceive that the poor hunchback spoke in the bitter consciousness of his own condition. She felt a strange kind of sympathy with this unhappy wretch, and she could not but acknowledge to herself the similarity to which he alluded. Both had the world to contend with, nor could the hopes of either rest where its opinions or prejudices prevail. They were without the sphere of artificial society, and she thought the hunchback wisely remonstrated against encountering the evils with which it abounds; but the doubts which he had excited of her lover's truth were not on this account the less painful, and as he had entered so freely into the subject, she thought it better to waive all reserve, and request him to say whether his opinions had any other foundation besides his general knowledge of his brother's character.

"Why, no," said Henry; "nothing more than that, and a few words of his own in corroboration. Here," he added, producing a letter, "is a piece of evidence which should have some little weight. You will perceive here how wonderfully solicitous he is for your welfare."

Ellen extended her hand, but she drew back and actually shuddered, as she met the eye of her crafty companion. She took the letter, however, and as she read, her colour went and came, and when she had concluded, she leaned against a rock, and, though sustained by all her pride, every thing

seemed to move and float before her like dark shadows, until she sunk unconscious on the beach. That letter, couched in the obscure language befitting its subject, revealed clearly enough the views of her unworthy lover—a suspicion of which had never to that moment crossed her mind. When she recovered from her swoon, the hunchback was on his knees supporting her, but the anxious tenderness of his look vanished immediately when he saw her restored to life.

"Did I say true?" he cried. "Did I libel those paragons of our race, when I told you that the best among them were false and hollow-hearted? You see now Ellen what their notions of honour can justify."

The maiden turned away her eyes, and whether it was owing to some suspicion of dishonest motives, or merely to a prejudice natural in the present state of her feelings, she could not conceal her aversion to Henry, even while she acknowledged the service he had rendered her by this timely disclosure. But Henry was prepared for such sentiments, and his confidence in the success of certain schemes which seemed now approaching their fulfilment, prevented his being very much disturbed by any circumstance which did not tend to counteract them. Notwithstanding his unsightly form, "this youth had dared to love," and Ellen had been long the unconscious object of his devotion. He was not wild enough to think of supplanting his rival in her affections, but the very circumstance which it appears was an insurmountable obstacle in Frederick's way, afforded a gleam of hope to the more violent and reckless passion of his brother. Had nothing existed in Ellen's lot to bring her down as it were towards his own level, he would never have contemplated addressing one so infinitely above him in all natural advantages. This encouraged his extravagant hopes, and he resolved on rendering it available for their attainment. Having been freed, as we have mentioned, from all the restraints of principle, or rather having adopted a morality of his own, and, conceiving that as he could not deal with the world on equal terms, stratagem, however crooked, might be fairly resorted to, he took advantage of the ascendancy he preserved over his brother to confirm those sentiments of pride, which he secretly regarded with most philosophic contempt. This might have been sufficient to

prevent his union with Ellen; but the advantage to himself must be late and uncertain; and so he determined on putting an end to their intercourse, however humiliating the means he should adopt. He, therefore, by various insinuations, urged Frederick on to a step which he knew, if once taken, would be the crowning of his schemes; for though, by this latter expedient, he exposed to insult the woman he loved, he was too well aware of her strength and purity of mind to have any fears as to the result. The poison infused into the weak mind of his brother was not, as we have seen, altogether inactive; but its operation was too slow for the ardour of the hunchback; and, accordingly, his final measure was, to write to his rival advising him against the continuance of his correspondence with Ellen, of which correspondence he was generally the medium, and throwing out a sufficiently intelligible hint that he would otherwise communicate the matter to his mother, whose will was, of course, in all things, absolute. The reply to this threatening communication was such as he had anticipated. Frederick disclaimed any intention of marrying the lady; but his letter was intended to convey such an impression, as also a still more dishonourable inference. But all this time Henry was perfectly aware that removing a rival is a very different thing from taking his place. He had no hopes whatever of gaining Ellen's love; but he imagined that her guardian, and probably even the girl herself, might, under all circumstances, be unwilling to reject the member of a high family and the heir of an estate; and though he would have preferred getting Ellen with her own free consent, yet, if that was impossible, he was satisfied to feel himself indebted to authority for his happiness. He calculated correctly as far as Sir John was concerned. This gentleman received his proposals with some astonishment, and at once gave a decided refusal; but a little reflection and a good deal of persuasion on the part of the suitor discovered to him many reasons why he should not reject an offer which would confer advantages on Ellen much greater than she could otherwise hope to enjoy. He, accordingly, expressed himself well satisfied with the hunchback's proposals; and though he would not, he said, compel the girl to any course decidedly hostile to her feelings; yet would he exercise all due persuasion, if

such should be found necessary, to induce her compliance. Ellen, in the mean time, ignorant of this negotiation, bitterly reproached herself for not having, on the first occurrence of her doubts, anticipated her lover's faithlessness. The evidence on which those early suspicions rested now appeared much more evident than it really was.

She now understood the meaning of that withering insult, conveyed in the allusion to her origin, which, it was evident, was intended to humble her in her own estimation, at the same time that it might weaken her respect for the institutions of morality, and the concealed guilt of his designs being thus at once laid open, her abhorrence of the betrayer equalled the ardour of her former love. But indignation soon gave place to a blank and hopeless despondency. She had never, since her childhood, indulged in those delusive anticipations which are the principal source of happiness in youth; but now she often sighed for those days when amongst all her sorrows she had not known the misery of an humbled and deserted heart. Her dream of love was over; and though her spirit was as pure as when it first yielded to its power, poor Ellen felt it was a bright dream, and her eyes would overflow as the involuntary thought would come that she could only think of it as an hour of sunshine she had seen and lost. Shortly after this fatal interview she was sitting one day, just before sunset, in the window of a little library, where she was in the habit of spending a considerable portion of her time, reading being to her a substitute for all other enjoyments. The window looked through the leafless wood towards the sea, which could be occasionally perceived gleaming and tossing in the broken light; and Ellen was contemplating the majestic scene, when her father entered the apartment. She always felt a degree of awe in his presence, but she now approached with anxiety and alarm, for his face had become suddenly pale, and his eyes, with an expression almost of wildness, were fixed on her's. This was the room where nearly twenty years before he parted for ever from the wife of his youth. It was in that window she had sunk when the blight of his accusation fell upon her. He was now an old man, broken in heart and spirit; but when he saw the girl sitting there, so like her mother in beauty and sorrow, all but "*the cause*" rushed

back on his heart, and catching the daughter to his bosom he wept over her the first tears he ever shed to the lost one's memory.

"Ellen," he said, "I have been an indifferent protector to you through a life that I fear has broken down your spirit; and it grieves me now to think that greater confidence has not subsisted between us; but I wish to know are your affections in any way engaged."

"No, sir," replied the girl, colouring, as she spoke, and wondering the next moment what could be the object of this enquiry.

"So much the better. I am glad of it, love, though were it otherwise I would not blame you, seeing that I have not attended as I should to the growth of your feelings; but now, Ellen, I am about to settle you in life, not exactly as I would desire, were circumstances more favourable; but I will not long be with you, Ellen; and I must not leave you unprotected in the world."

Ellen trembled with strange apprehensions. The idea at once occurred that Frederick had made reparation for the wrong he had done, of which he knew she was aware, from her having discontinued all correspondence with him. Her heart was beating at an awful rate; and it was actually a relief to her when Sir John announced at last the name of the suitor. But the relief which disappointment affords is of a very doubtful nature. The girl cast down her eyes and fell into a deep reverie, while her guardian imagined she was considering the proposal. To his astonishment, however, he discovered that all this time she was not even aware of the person he had named. She only knew that it was not Frederick. When again informed on this important point, she did not conceal her amazement that Sir John could harbour such a project; and in a tone of calm determination rejected the proposal. This he had of course anticipated; and he, accordingly, urged all the reasons which had influenced his own mind in favour of the measure; though when he looked on her, beautiful as she was, and just in the morning of womanhood, he could not help wishing that she might be able to advance some argument which would justify him in breaking off an engagement which nothing but his erroneous ideas of her welfare could have induced him to form. But unfortunately Ellen's objections could not disturb the fact that

as Henry's wife, she would be allied to an honourable family—would have wealth and protection; whereas, on the other hand, she would, on her father's death, which was evidently near at hand, be absolutely alone on the world, with nothing but the wreck of their former property which still remained. These considerations had such weight with Sir John, that the character of the hunchback became invested in his mind with many excellent qualities, for which it was solely indebted to his fruitful fancy. Ellen prayed, and remonstrated, and exerted all the eloquence she could command, but to no purpose. Contrary to the expectations she entertained in the commencement, she found that he was firmly and finally resolved. She was, therefore, reduced to the dilemma of either marrying the hunchback or formally disobeying one whom she considered entitled to more than filial duty. The former evil was, of course out of the question, and she began to reflect on all the agreeable results of the latter. A painful consciousness of the relation in which they stood magnified in her eyes all the obligations she was under to her benefactor; and now to encrease by her own act the coldness and aversion with which she believed he regarded her, and still to remain under his roof a pensioner on his bounty. This was a prospect which it could by no means delight her to dwell upon. In this state of things, and being almost resolved to submit without farther care or concern to whatever destiny awaited her, she paid one of her customary visits to the old woodman, not for the purpose of being guided by his counsel; for no course she could now adopt could free her from the sorrows that were every day increasing round her. Hugh was sitting at the door of his hut, when he saw her approach.

"You're welcome, Miss Ellen," he said; "how is it with you, alanna? sit down here and tell us what's the reason you're breakin' your heart this way at all, at all."

These words, it is to be observed, partook more of the character of remonstrance than enquiry, for Hugh was already aware of the principal cause of her dejection. She sat down beside him on the little rustic bench; and after a few moments' silence he asked her,

"Had you ere a word from Dublin since, Miss Ellen?"

She turned to him with displeasure

and confusion in her countenance; but he anticipated her reply,

"Don't be angered, now, alanna. Maybe I have my own reasons for what I say; but is there any thing else a throuble to you? Was the mather tellin' you any thing?"

She then briefly related to him all that had passed.

"Well," said the old man, "it's what I was expectin'; and what answer did you make him, a colleen."

"I told him that it was impossible I could comply with his wishes in this instance, though I hoped he would not infer from my refusal any want of affection or respect."

"Of coorse; and he's bent on the matter, you tell me."

"I fear he is," replied the girl, who began to have some vague hopes merely from communicating with one from whose wisdom she had often derived comfort before. But here he was as much at fault as herself.

"I'm blessed," he said, "if I know what to say. I know the mather of ould; and what he takes in his head he'll go through with it if the devil was in his way. But did he promise mather Henry for sartin'," he added, after a few moments' reflection.

"I don't know," she replied. "But he told me," she continued, with some embarrassment, "that unless my affections were otherwise engaged he would insist on my compliance."

"Well," cried the other; "and you told him they were."

"No, indeed," replied the girl, "I did not;" and the old man's countenance fell before her proud and kindling eye.

He seemed for a while unwilling to meet its glance; but at length he said,

"Miss Ellen, barrin' you mane to give in and marry Mather Henry, there's only one thing for you, and that's to tell the mather, if ever he spakes to you again, that you and Mather Frederick's promised. Now the Lord love you, Miss Ellen; will you keep down that pride of yours for a bit, and listen to an ould man's warnin';" and assuming an air of authority, which he had never before evinced in his intercourse with Ellen, he looked earnestly at her as he spoke; and though her feelings were varied and tumultuous 'he held her with his eye.' "You must tell him," he continued, "that you're bound by hand and promise, and never fear but there's better luck nor ever afore you. I don't give in

myself to all they say about Lath na Shirogue, and the like; but I think there's ever and always a blessin' on the love of a sorrowful heart. You'll find Masther Frederick's not as bad as you think; for it's asy seein' now why that unfortunate crathur would try to put between yees."

Whether it was from the force of habit, or from a secret feeling of the consolation it afforded her, Ellen felt herself constrained, as it were, to act according to the old man's guidance; and she accordingly promised that in the event of an opportunity arising she would acknowledge to Sir John the engagement she entered into. But the hopes which the woodman's words had called up were of very brief continuance; she soon felt that they were not only vain, but under all the circumstances most unworthy; and while she wondered at her own weakness in yielding to the persuasions of her friend, she sincerely repented of the promise he had exacted; and which she felt that she could not, consistent with either truth or delicacy, observe. The engagement which Hugh wished her to represent as binding had been already cancelled by the perfidy of her lover. Sir John, however, did not recur to the subject. He probably considered it more prudent to allow her time to reconcile her mind to the project, particularly as there were many circumstances to prevent its immediate accomplishment; but notwithstanding his silence, Ellen could plainly perceive that his resolution was unaltered. The hunchback had never renewed his addresses; indeed he had never addressed her as a lover at all, except in a few wild words he uttered that day while she lay insensible on the beach; but she sometimes saw him in the dark of the evening, and sometimes late at night, prowling about the edge of the wood or kneeling in its shadow with his look directed towards the chamber where she lay. In the mean time the old man was not forgetful of the interests of his *protégé*. Shortly after Ellen's communication he wrote a letter to Frederick, acquainting him with the entire state of affairs, and adding, that if he should think proper to return to the country immediately, he would wish to see him, as he had a secret of importance, which, if his opinion of him was correct, he would rather confide to him than any other; but that his life was drawing to a close. A few evenings after he had despatched

this, he was sitting over his little turf fire; and the red night cap which he had assumed was amongst other small indications that he felt himself sinking day by day to the grave. He raised his hands as he heard a hasty step rustling the withered leaves that lay around his hut; and the next moment Frederick suddenly stood before him, pale with fatigue and excitement, but as handsome a looking youth as ever made atonement to an injured maiden. Notwithstanding the disturbed state of his feelings, he was shocked at the appearance of the old man, whom he had left a few months before in comparatively good health; but whose hollow cheek and unusually bright eyes indicated now the last stage of a rapid decline.

A warm greeting having passed between them, and Frederick expressing the concern he felt at seeing his friend so low, the latter reminded him that he had now arrived at the period that had been for many years the only object on which his hopes had rested.

"Any way," he said, "it's time I was gone; though sure its wonderful how long the ould and broken heart can last, while young ones are witherin' day and daily around us. But tell me, Masther Frederick," he added; "for the last hour is comin' on me fast, do you mane to go back o' your word to Miss Ellen?"

Frederick, with the candour of a sincere penitent, hastily disclosed to him the whole history of his feelings, together with the object and origin of that unfortunate epistle. It was written, as the old man had suspected, solely with a view of restraining Henry from communicating his secret to his mother; but while the writer's intentions were so undefined, that the dark hints it contained would not be considered altogether inconsistent with the truth. On being informed, however, of the hunchback's proceedings, his eyes were of course opened to the craftiness of which he had been in some degree so long the dupe, as well as to the value of the object he seemed about to lose, and his indecision vanished at once. Shame and indignation might have had some small share in the precipitancy of his resolution; but at all events, he was now come to claim his bride, and to share with her, if it must be, the world's scorn.

"It was ill done o' you, Masther Frederick," said the old man, "to sport in that way with a heart like her's; but

your's no worse than another.—I have a power to tell you tonight, and when it's tould, maybe you'll give in to my notion, that there never was one yet but had something or other in his nature, that if God hasn't said it, can make him a villain."

Frederick was not a little shocked at this introduction, which seemed to apply peculiarly to the narrator's own character; but, after a pause, evidently of pain and struggle, the latter proceeded:

"It was in the ould mather's time I took that bit of wild ground out beyant where you hear the strame murmurin' at the present speakin'. I got it reasonable, for it was all rock and wilderness you'd think, but by the dint o' hard labour I brought it round, that there wasn't a poor man for ten miles on any side o' me had a purtier holdin'. Every inch where a spade could be driven in was under something, and the whate growin' thick and green amoug the rocks, that it was wondberful to see. The poor mather was a'most as proud as myself to see how well it turned out, for he had the heart of a worthy gentleman, not all as one as them that came after him. To be sure he lived in an ould fashioned kind o' way, for nothing was a throuble to him as long as he saw the tenants thrivin' round him. Howsom'dever he begun to fail at last, and he sends for me to come up to the house, and no doubt but there I find himself and the grandson, mather Richard, as we called him then chonversin' mighty grave entirely. 'Hugh,' says the ould mather, 'I'll soon be leavin' you all, and as the loases are nearly done,' says he, 'I was thinkin' of givin' you renewals before the ould ones are out, but Richard promises me he will do all I wish in those matters,' says the ould gentleman. 'Your farm,' he says, 'Hugh, is worth three times the rent that's on it, but if it is,' says he, 'it was your own labour and outlay made it what it is today; and Richard,' he says, 'turnin' to the grandson, 'you will not by any means think of raisin' Hugh's rent beyond what he pays at the present time.' 'I'm for ever thankful to your honour,' says I, 'though I hope God will spare your honour till the new leases is the ould ones again, for no offence to mather Richard, but I believe it's thrue, that seldom comes a better.' 'Well, but Hugh,' says he, as the thought struck him, 'them bills will soon be due, and as the farm hasn't begun to

return what you laid out on it yet, I suppose we must be renewin' the bills for you as well as the lease.' These were bills, sir, that I gave for long arrears till the ground would begin to pay itself. I tould him how I would make a shift to meet some of them with what money I had to build a barn, but may be mather Richard would not be willin' for that. 'Never fear,' said he, 'Hugh, build away; you're as safe as if you had a lease for ever.' These were his words, sir; oh, I mind them well. At last the ould mather died—heavens be his bed this night; that was the sorrowful hour for us all. It was soon aifter the young mather was tellin' me of all the great improvements he was thinkin' of makin' in the domain, and lookin' at my little place, he says, 'Hugh,' says he, 'that farm of yours would be a great acquisition the way it lies, and if it's agreeable to you,' says he, 'I'll give you another as good or better at the same rate. So I tould him how I'd be loth to part where I was, even for a bettther itself. Oh, then,' says he, 'you shant be disturbed; but Hugh,' says he, 'you'll take care not to mention to any one the conversation we had with my grandfather before his death.' 'Of course I'll not, sir,' says I, for the ould mather allowed me to say nothing about it that the mather might get a good name with the people, as if all he done was of his own free will. So after a while, he says, 'Hugh, I have taken a wonderful fancy to this place of yours, so for fear I might steal it from you, I think I had better make you out a lease for ever at the old rent.' By dad, thinks I to myself, that's mighty like a bribe; so I says, 'that would do well, sir,' says I; 'and in the regard of the rent, there's some on the estate would be hard enough, set only for its bein' as light as it is. Faith then, says he, throwin' me a glance, 'they must contrive to do.' 'How do you mane, sir,' says I? 'Why you know you must have the farm at the old rent, or may be less, but I can't afford to deal that way with the others.' 'Ay!' says I, 'I'm sorry for that, for I'm afraid they'll be thinkin' bad of you goin' back of the word you gave the ould mather.' 'But how can they know any thing about that?' 'Oh, in troth, sir,' said I, 'they'll take my word for that much.' Well, the short and the long of it is, he seen I was neither to be bribed nor bullied, and in three weeks aifter I was lyin' in jail for the bills. That was pleasant,

your honour, and we knowin' that the lease was just done, and that it would be in the December snows my wife and childher would be turned out on the world, for I seen what sort of mercy I had to thrust to now. Well, the winter came, and it was the hardest winter, one of them, ever I seen afore or since, and sure between the confinement and thinkin' day and night what was to happen the poor crathurs at home, I took the fever at last, and of coorse it came the heavier from tryin', as long as I did, to bear up against it. One mornin', whin the snow was up again' the windows, and I lyin' on a lock of could straw, and, I'm afeared, not very steady in my mind, what should I see but my little boy comin' into the place, and lookin' round as if he was scared with all the strange people was in it. He seen me at last, and, as he did, he makes a race, and threwn himself on my breast, and for a quarter of an hour I couldnt get a word out of him but cryin', that I thought his heart would break. At last he mutthers in to himself, 'they're dead, father!' 'Who's dead?' says I. 'My mother's dead, and little Jenny's—dead too.' Well, sir, as he spoke the word the fever left me. I held him back to look into his face, 'Were they murdered, avick-ma-chree?' says I. 'They were all as one, father,' says the boy, and then burstin' out cryin' again—he roars, 'they were froze to death out among the snow.' I looks round, sir, and not a face in the room but was as pale as my own. So I kneels up in the bed, and claspin' my two hands together, 'Richard Montgomery,' says I, 'this is a black day for you and yours.' Mather Frederick, it was the truth the gossoon told me. Mother and childher were driven out to the charity of the wild winds, though, I'm tould, the bailiffs themselves were goin' to rebel when my poor woman looked on them with her pale face, and prayed might God forgive them. Hearin' that I was almost lyin' for death, they set off without sayin' a word to one of the neighbours, and thinkin' to come a bridle-road through the mountains, faix, sir, the night fell when they were miles away from any house, and the snow growin' deeper and deeper every foot they thravelled. Well, sir, the fear came on their hearts, and their strength fallin' them, they had to give up at last. The poor mother was worst of all with carryin' her little girl, so she had first to lie down with her under the storm, while the

poor gossoon wandhered on alone to look for relief, but there was no relief for them; and when he came back to the spot, there he found them in the snow cowl'd dead. He never got over the hardship of that night. The cowl'd was in his heart, and in a couple of weeks more he left me what I am now. If I had got my liberty then, when my grief was fresh, there would have been short accounts between myself and Sir Richard, and may be that would have been best for both; but long afore I got out I began to think that, as Sir Richard had worked me worse than death, so would, I if it was within my power, give him the same. It was in or about this time he brought home the mistress, a beautiful young crature, and for all the world like poor Miss Ellen, only she had not the same sorrowful look that Miss Ellen has, never dreamin' of all that was afore her. You may depend it was her word that got me out at long last, though I was a beggar now; my bit o' land was taken into the domain, and so I built a little cabin beyant Lath-na-Shirogue, and was hard set to keep the spark alive on the hearth. The mistress, knowin' I was broken down with confinement and hardly able to stand over the spade, tould me at last that Sir Richard half agreed to set me up as well as ever. That's beyant his power,' says I, 'and though I'm thankful to your ladyship, as long as God gives me strength, I don't mean to be trustin' to any man for more than my labour's worth. She said nothin' to this, but I seen tears in her beautiful eyes as I spoke the word. Oh, Mather Frederick, there never was one like her in this counthry, and never will be again; and it isn't for the murder of my wife and childher that the hathred's in my heart again' Montgomery this night, but that he made me the villain. I am dyin' aither all my troubles, with hardly a hope that God will pardon me."

A suspicion which had often haunted Frederick, and which from the commencement of this narrative had grown stronger with every succeeding sentence, was now confirmed. He restrained the expression of his feelings, however, and waited with deep anxiety the conclusion of the old man's history. The latter, after a long pause, in which he recovered his composure, proceeded—

"They were goin' on two years married, when a young gentleman, a friend of the mather's, came on a visit for the

good of his health. He was certainly as handsome a lad as you'd wish to see, but it was plain he wasn't long for this world, and so the poor mistress tried to make the most of him, both for his own sake and because she thought it would please Sir Richard. Howsomdever, in the course of time herself and him were a'most always together, for whin the mather would be away on county business or the like, it isn't to be supposed she could banish him out o' the place, and as the two would meander about for the length of the day, and certainly they grew mighty fond of other there's no sayin' again that but if there was harm in it she would'n't have tould the mather as she did, that, after himself, his young friend was the one she loved best in the world. Small blame to her in troth, for she was an orphan, and had no friends of her own, barrin' some far off ones, and they were of the sort that never troubled themselves about the likes of her. Well, sir, the young gentleman got better and better, but at last he begun to get bad again, and it was remarkable, he seemed better pleased to be alone now, readin' or wauntherin' about, till he grew that melancholy it was pitiful to see him. At last the doctors allowed that he should go to Italy as the only chance, and so he took leave o' the Montgomerys, the mistress tellin' him surely to write how he was still gettin' on. I'm tould that partin' was the first thing troubled the mather; but from that out he grew uneasy in himself, for the mistress lost her spirits wondherfully, and small blame to her. It was enough to distress a heart like her's to think of that beautiful young gentleman sinkin', as I might say, to an untimely end. Any way the mather begun puttin' dark questions to this one and that about all that happened when he'd be from home, and, however it was, the more he questioned the more uneasy he grew; but it's a long time since, and in troth myself doesn't mind well what his reasons were, only that there was a sarvent in the house had a spite again the mistress for advisin' a young boy again marryin' her, and her it was tould me of the mather's notions, and God forgive her, she said, that to her sartin knowledge he was an ill used man."

Frederick was struck by the confusion and want of candour evident in this part of the old man's discourse. He cried,

"Answer me now, on the faith of a

dying Christian, were you not the principal author of that unfortunate lady's ruin?"

"Whisht," exclaimed the other, with a fierceness which almost overawed his companion; "whisht, and never heed what doesn't concern you. Amn't I tellin' you the sacret I never tould to mortal ear afore?"

The old man wiped the large drops from his forehead, muttering to himself, as if irritated at this interruption, and it was some time before his tranquillity was even so far restored as to allow him to proceed.

"At last the mistress got a letter from the young gentleman tellin' her that he was dyin', and the very same post brought another letter acquaintin' them of his death. The poor mistress was that confounded she never noticed himself takin' up her letter and readin' it through from first to last. She'd have showed it to him any way, though from the bad thoughts was in his mind afore it would have been a dale better he had never seen it, for to tell you the truth, Master Frederick, it was more like a love-letter than was right or reasonable to another's wife. But it's what I allow, that he was in love with her all along, and may be it was a'most unknownst to himself he wrote the way he did, pinin' in a fine counthry, and though young he was, with nothin' but the could hopes of death before him. Howsomdever, the mather never said a word, but tould her how she was this and that, and though he wouldn't turn her out on the world, he swore another night should never find herself and him undher the one roof. No more it didn't, but that night found her sittin' in her empty hall, as beautiful as the mornin' she came there a bride, but as mad, Christ bless us, as if the mind was gone for ever. Oh many and many's the time my heart bled to see her wandherin' through them same ould halls, like a dead person you'd think, only for the beautiful eyes that I b'lieve no livin' mortal could match. At last Miss Ellen was born, and the mother sends for me on her death-bed, and she says, 'Hugh,' she says, 'you're the only one was true to me in misfortune, be as true now to this poor little outcast, and God will reward you; but if ever Sir Richard returns,' she says, 'tell him that as I hope for mercy I never was false to him in act or thought, and give him this ring in token of the truth. He placed it here,' she cried, and the tears streamin' down her

pale cheeks, 'when he wouldn't for the word of an angel from heaven have cast me out on the world's scorn.' I never gave the ring, but I give it to you now, and as God is my judge it was with them words she drew it off that sorrowful night. Oh God forgive me, my heart was hardened in wickedness. The poor lady trembled when she seen my look. 'What ails you, Hugh?' says she. 'Nothin', my lady,' says I, 'nothin' in life; I'll do your biddin' never fear.' 'Blessed Mother protect us!' she muttered, 'you frightened me, Hugh, but I suppose it's only the darkness of death that's round me.' The lady died, sir, and I took the infant home, but my revenge was to come yet, for all this was'n't my doin', black as it was. I knew Sir Richard bravely, and that it wasn't the loss of his wife would break his heart, but of the love that with all his villainy he prized beyant worlds; and, by my troth, says I, he shan't have that comfort whatever happens: so there's the whole ups and downs of it, only that as you ax me on the faith of a dyin' Christian, I was not the means of destroyin' the poor lady, and I never was fully sartin of her innocence till I had it from her own dyin' lips."

This was so far true, as that in his desire to be revenged on Sir Richard, he had allowed himself to be imposed on by the artful story of the woman to whom he alluded. Interest in his case, as passion in that of Sir Richard, invested his story with a degree of credibility which it by no means intrinsically possessed. The effect of this intelligence on Sir Richard was manifested in the sudden wreck of his health, which had been for some time rapidly declining, but his enemy did not live to witness this consummation of his vengeance. The morning after the disclosure of his fatal secret he was found lifeless in his bed. Sir Richard, before his departure to another world, saw his child bound in the holy bonds of wedlock, and Frederick's mother, who had hardly known of the existence of the nameless orphau, plumed herself now on an alliance with a house more ancient and honourable than her own. The hunchback relinquished not only his views, but almost his love, when he saw Ellen removed beyond the sphere of his sympathies; and his uncle dying very opportunely, he removed to his own estate, where he lived a semi-barbarous life, soothing at once to his propensities and disappointed hopes.

MEMORANDA FROM OUR TABLETS OF THE MONTH.

ELECTIONS, and their concomitants, must necessarily furnish the topics for our Monthly Mementos of August :—

METROPOLITAN ELECTIONS.

THE UNIVERSITY.—The stratagem of Dr. Stock had not the success of a surprise. The constituency of the University would not have had an unacceptable representative thrust upon them. Circumstances seemed to favor the learned civilian's attempt. The resident electors dispersed, to profit by the college recess—the more enlarged constituency engaged in the contests carried on in their respective neighbourhoods—the clergy in circumstances which rendered the expenses of a journey to Dublin burdensome—the favor of government alluring all who were capable of being tempted to vote for any candidate who would serve for the purpose of embarrassing the members of the elector's choice, Dr. Stock might have entertained a hope, not perhaps of being returned, but of polling a respectable minority. To do the learned gentleman justice, he prosecuted his purpose discreetly. His arrangements were so well conducted, that Dr. Le-

froy, when a rumour of the intention to oppose him reached his ears, declared that it was impossible Stock could be the candidate—as from him he should certainly have received the customary notification. But "what's impossible *can* be," and Mr. Stock stood for the College. He has learned, however, that other qualifications than those for adroitly managing a surprise, must be found in the candidate who obtains the high honor of representing the University of Dublin. Without a committee—without an application, personal or epistolary, to a single elector—without being put to the cost of an elector's expenses, at the close of the election the poll stood thus: Shaw, 852; Lefroy, 839; Stock, 186.

Dr. Stock's Political Predilections.—The most marked incident at the election for the University, was the proposal of a question to the government candidate by Professor Butt: How did he mean to vote at the city election?

The stillness into which the crowded, and somewhat boisterous auditory became instantaneously hushed, it is impossible to describe. Dr. Stock's answer, faintly as it fell from him, was heard to the extreme verge of the crowd. He would vote for "Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hutton." This reply deprived the learned gentleman of votes, and it deprived professing Conservatives of all excuse when voting for him.

Conduct of the Clergy, and Disturbances in certain Churches.—Out of the fifteen hundred ministers of the Church of England in Ireland, thirty-four voted for the avowed supporter of the man, whose exertions have been pre-eminently successful in harming their persecuted brethren, and who declares it his settled purpose to effect an overthrow of their establishment. Among these, some appear to have been peculiarly obnoxious to censure from local circumstances, by which it was thought they should have been influenced, or because of their previously boasted predilections. It appears that some very distressing scenes occurred in more than one of the metropolitan churches; some of the parishioners proclaiming openly, their condemnation of the offending minister; some leaving the church when he entered into the pulpit. The government and radical journals express very becoming indignation at conduct, by which, as they affirm, places of worship were desecrated. Indeed, they are so angry at it as to have no severity left for the reproving or admonishing the parties, who, about the same time, attempted to murder the Rev. Mr. Gregg, by stoning him, because he dared to preach against the errors of the Church of Rome. However we must regret that even so many as thirty-four supporters of Mr. O'Connell's supporter, could be found among the clergy, it is gratifying to remember how amply the conduct of the body at large compensated the backsliding or the ultra-radicalism of the many. Many walked from their cures in the country to the hustings—to almost all the expenses attending a day's journey to the metropolis were an inconvenience—but inconvenience did not preclude them from discharging what they felt to be a duty. "Did they think," said a venerable old man, "that the clergy could not make out their coach hire, when they schemed to introduce this destructive upon us?"

CITY.—Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hutton returned. At the final close

of the poll the numbers stood thus—the assessor having rejected the votes of 99 freemen, tendered for the defeated candidates: O'Connell, 3536; Hutton, 3542; Hamilton, 3467; West, 3461. A parliamentary committee will have to decide whether the objection taken to the votes of freemen, that they had not been six months registered, was valid. The openness of government interference is said to have rendered the proofs of it more numerous and unequivocal than were ever before furnished. Mr. O'Connell avowed himself, according to the report even of the *Pilot*, "a supporter of the Queen, but a thorough radical," "for short parliaments," "household suffrage," "for vote by ballot." "I am a radical," said the learned gentleman, "and I go to parliament to help the honest radicals of England, and the Queen's government, in their efforts to do justice to Ireland. I go to parliament FIRMLY CONVINCED OF THE NECESSITY OF REPEAL."—*Pilot* of August 7. The same paper represents Mr. Hutton as saying, (in reference to an outrage perpetrated on an individual whom Mr. Hutton professed to respect,) "I am firmly convinced that the deed was done by your enemies, for the purpose of reflecting discredit on you, on whom the blame would apparently rest as my supporters." We rather imagine that in future Mr. Hutton's firm convictions, or his professions of being firmly convinced, will be less valuable than they would have been before he affirmed his belief of the absurd and vile calumny of which he was not ashamed to be the vender.

Gratitude of Radicalism.—*R. Holmes, Esq. and the Pilot.*—Among the memorabilia of the Dublin contest, a prominent place must be assigned to the conduct of Mr. Robert Holmes. Approving of Mr. Hutton's principles, he showed, by plumping for him, his estimate of both candidates. It is said that this act drew blackness over the visage of Mr. O'Connell. It caused rancorous thoughts to stir in the hearts of that gentleman's usual apologists and champions, and their fury was poured out on the individual who had done him such scorn. Remembering that of all the men who have ever, in modern times, advocated and suffered for liberal opinions in Ireland, Mr. Holmes is the most disinterested, and the most reputable supporter—the supporter who, of all Protestants, has endured most, and most unqualified, panegyric from his radical clientary, we

will place upon record the ribald invective with which it has been now thought proper to assail him.

"Political Recreants—Mr. Holmes.—There were some very degrading instances of personal baseness among reputed reformers during the Dublin election—one of which we cannot pass without the compliment of select notice. Mr. Holmes, the barrister, gave a plumper for Mr. Hutton. The tendency of this obviously was—and probably what was intended for—to produce a reaction, and, by causing O'Connell's friends to plump for him, to split the Liberal interest and bring in the Tories. We are happy to say, however, that O'Connell's friends did not take the bait. But it was well offered by the envious, crook-tempered, and bigoted old hunch.* We are really provoked to see such men the theme of praise, and we have never been among the guilty. We knew him to be a man greatly overrated in his professional capacity, and as a patriot, while his brutishness was greatly underrated. With an invidious twinkle of the eye, which passes with many for wit, his coarseness also passes for honesty. The absence of agreeable qualities has procured him the credit of possessing estimable ones; and because he wants any virtue or grace that can be seen, he has been gratuitously supplied by others with qualifications which he does not possess. He got some credit for patriotism, without reflection or investigation; and his recent conduct will prove that he did not deserve it. We shall tell the public why he got such credit. He refused a silk gown, and it was called independence by the superficial. Now we tell the world that he refused the silk gown, not from patriotism, but from avarice. He refused it because he knew he had not the capabilities to maintain the leading business which a silk gown would throw upon him. That he did not refuse it from independence or patriotism, or because he would take no favor from the Government, is proved by his having accepted fees under Lord Anglesey's government to prosecute O'Connell, and also to prosecute Barrett of the *Pilot*. He pocketed the cash *then*—he accepted favors *then*—which proved he would have accepted a silk gown—ay would he—if he thought it his interest—that is, if it put money in his pocket; yes, money—the last passion of a man in his 74th year we should think it, if the prurient and filthy character of his cross-examinations did not shew that there were propensities lingering in the heart at once disgusting, when united with hoary-headed imbecility. Let him now trudge to the Courts, and affect re-

publican plainness, which is now known to be but brutality of nature. By his conduct at the last election, his character has got a greater stoop than his shoulders. He may depart the stage as soon as he can; but he will depart without ever having obtained the reputation of a gentleman, and after having lost for ever that of a patriot."

Gentlemen of the Romish-Radical School.—When Mr. Holmes became aware of the mild reproof with which he had been honoured, he suffered no time to elapse unnecessarily, before adopting the measures which he thought became him. His public and professional life was, as he writes, open to any species of comment with which it might be assailed—his personal honor, he felt himself bound to guard from all reproach. Accordingly, having ascertained that the publisher of the invective against him, "was gentleman enough for his purpose," resolved, as he was, "not to be nice in coming to a decision on the subject, he sent his friend, Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon, a gentleman of considerable reputation at the bar, to demand an apology, or to deliver a message in his name." Mr. Fitzgibbon appears to have discharged his painful duty with much spirit and discretion, and to have speedily brought the matter to a peremptory issue. It is not our purpose to follow the offending party, as Mr. Fitzgibbon did, through all the shifts and evasions to which it would seem he turned himself. To Mr. Barrett's personal conduct we are as indifferent as we can be to anything in which a fellow-creature is concerned. We are not of those who prize the courage of the man who would peril his life and his adversary's in duel; we admire the courage of fortitude, and forbearance, and duty more. But we are concerned in the system of social morals, adopted by any section of our countrymen, and we believe that the apology by which Mr. Barrett protected himself from censure, enables us to make a shrewd guess as to the habits and principles of the class of gentry with whom he has chiefly associated.

"In the publication which appeared in the *Pilot* newspaper of the 7th instant, under the title of 'Political Recreants—Mr. Holmes;' and which was written by me, I did not mean to impute to Mr. Holmes any conduct unworthy of a gentleman, or in any degree derogatory from his character as such. I did not mean to comment upon Mr. Holmes in any other than a political sense; I did not know,

* Hunches—A covetous, sordid wretch—a miser—a curmudgeon.

nor had I heard of any acts of Mr. Holmes that could justify personal aspersions upon him. I, therefore, now altogether retract every expression in that publication which could be supposed to convey, or insinuate any imputation on Mr. Holmes, of conduct or principles unworthy of a man and a gentleman, and I declare that I did not mean to express any such imputation in the article above-mentioned, or thereby to give Mr. Holmes any personal offence; and I offer this as an apology for, and an explanation of, any passage which could bear such a construction; and my wish is, that this apology shall be made as public as the offensive paragraph has been.

“RICHARD BARRETT.

“August 15, 1837.”

This apology is, as we have said, remarkable; principally for the exhibition it affords of the qualities and actions which radicalism holds to be compatible with the principles and bearing of a gentleman. “I did not mean,” Mr. Barrett writes, “to impute to Mr. Holmes any conduct unworthy of a gentleman, or, in any degree derogatory from his character as such.”

According, therefore, to the judgment of Mr. Barrett—

1. To be “an envious, crook-tempered, and bigoted old hunks,” is not in any degree derogatory from the character of a gentleman.

2. “Brutality of nature, and the endeavour to disguise it under an affectation of republican plainness,” is not derogatory to the character of a gentleman.

3. The “want of any grace or virtue which can be seen,” is not in any degree derogatory to the character of a gentleman.

4. To “refuse a silk gown from avarice, and take credit for the refusal, as an act of patriotism,” is in no degree derogatory to the character of a gentleman.

5. To “indulge in a prurient and filthy character of cross-examination, in a manner to show that there are propensities lingering in the heart, disgusting when united with hoary-headed imbecility,” is not conduct unworthy of a gentleman, or in any degree derogatory from his character as such.

We thank the radical organ for this open exhibition of moral sentiments. Mr. Barrett's confession, that he “did not know, and had not heard of any acts of Mr. Holmes that could justify personal aspersions upon him,” is valuable as a specimen of Whig veracity. From the avowal of his sentiments, respecting the character of a gentleman,

we suppose it may be not unreasonable to surmise what the gentry of his party are capable of doing and being—gentry who, without scandalizing their friends, may show themselves: 1. Envious—2. Bigoted—3. Brutal—4. Insincere—5. Avaricious—6. Filthy in thought and conversation. *Non meus*, (or, giving to our “quality” precedence over quantity in the line;) *Non noster hic sermo est sed quæ præcepit Offellus*; which we would do into the vernacular Anglo-Celtic, or Hibernian-English, thus—

Not ours to paint the gentry of the bogs,
It's Mister Barrett shows they're dirty dogs.

Integrity Rewarded—*Sheriff Veevers thanked for the impartiality with which he favored the supporters of the returned Candidates* :—

“ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH—REGISTRATION CLUB.

“80, Church-street, 11th August, 1837.

“SIR,—As chairman of a meeting of the Registration Club of St. Michael's parish, I have the honor to transmit to you the annexed resolution, unanimously adopted by that body. Allow me to add that I perfectly coincide in the sentiment it conveys, having had personal opportunity of observing your upright and gentlemanly deportment in the performance of your arduous and onerous duties on the occasion referred to.

“I have the honor to be, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

“J. P. DOYLE.

“To John Veevers, Esq.
High Sheriff of the City of Dublin.”

“At a meeting of the Registration Club of St. Michael's parish, held at Crossley's tavern, on Thursday evening, 10th August, 1837,

“Unanimously Resolved—That the marked thanks of the St. Michael's Registration Club be presented to Sheriff Veevers for his impartial conduct during the late contested election for this city.

“J. P. DOYLE, Chairman.

“J. J. ADDY, Secretary.

REPLY.

“2, Kildare Place, 14th August, 1837.

“SIR—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 11th instant, enclosing the resolution of the Registration Club of St. Michael's parish.

“Permit me to request you will do me the honor of expressing to the club my grateful acknowledgments for their notice of my conduct during the late contest, and to assure them it has always been a paramount object with me to discharge whatever public duty I might be called upon to perform impartially.

“For the very kind terms in which you have been pleased to convey the resolution of the club, I beg to offer you

my best thanks; and have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN VEEVERS.

"To J. P. Doyle, Esq."

Morning Register, August 18.

Inventive genius of the Romish Press.

—We had collected many instances of falsification for our Memoranda, but find that they have so accumulated as to preclude the possibility of inserting them. We are accordingly forced to confine ourselves to a single specimen, which we take from the *Morning Register* of August 10, quoting the passage, as we observe, from the *Pilot*:—

"The reverend gentleman who preached at the College chapel on Sunday had chosen—in the spirit of political wisdom, and in the true spirit and for the true interests of Protestantism—to vote at the late College election for Mr. Stock. A band of factious and disappointed party malcontents, calling themselves Protestants, assembled, it seems, by preconcert, at the College chapel—not to pray—not to hear the word of God, but in the blasphemous mockery of Christian worship to vent an unholy and unchristian spirit of animosity against a man. As soon as the reverend gentleman rose to pronounce the discourse, off went these pious Protestants, men, women, and—oh! splendid training—children; off they went, with fury in their eyes and insult in their steps. They collected together that morning, not for the purpose for which they had pretended to assemble—not with feelings which they should have brought with them into a place of worship, but with a fraudulent and hypocritical seeming of piety, and the worship of God, to commit the impiety of vengeance upon a man because he had not worshipped with them the mammon of unrighteousness, and with

them called it or fancied it religion. We ask any man really religious, whose religion is not the indulgence of a passion against members of other religions, but merely for the sake of his own soul—whether that congregation of people who acted thus assembled in a Christian spirit? whether they who so acted did as Christians ought? Were they prompted by the grace of God or the demon tempter of man? Some may piously turn up their eyes, and in the conventional cant of a pharasaical exclusiveness, deplore the lost state of the unchristian mind, which they say, aims at destroying the Protestant, pure, and holy faith, for no other proof, perhaps, except that he would diminish the revenues of churchmen. But we ask any man who really shows most of the marks of irreligion?—he who would forbid pluralities—

Thus the learned censor proceeds, his eloquence kindling as he advances, until it has become a general conflagration. Such conduct as that exhibited in the College chapel proves that the church should be annihilated. We have but one reply to offer. Not only was there no disturbance of the service in the College chapel, but, as it is notorious to all who are in the slightest degree acquainted with our University, there has been no service in the College since the election. The chapel closes, as is well known to all, on the Sunday previous to or after Commencements, the first or second week in July, and continues closed during the recess. What are we to think of the hardihood of a press which can thus, even in Dublin, fabricate such falsehoods? Not less criminal the perhaps less daring misrepresentations that have been given of the various elections in Ireland, but we have not space to expose them.

KILDARE.

Mr. More O'Ferrall and Mr. Archbold returned.

Mr. Ruthven, one of the late members, dared to solicit the support of his former supporters, contrary to the command of Mr. O'Connell. In his address at the hustings he said, "I have canvassed you all, from the Protestant to the Catholic, from the Orangeman to the Ribbonman, if there be any among you." The scene which followed is thus described by the reporter of the *Freeman's Journal*:—

"The moment this last sentence had been uttered a shout most deafening—a simultaneous and emphatic cry of 'traitor' was raised. No power could now stop or calm them. Sticks were elevated,

and dark threats and menacing gestures were levelled at him. No effort on his part could procure a moment's pause. The moment his lips moved he was met by shouts of imprecation. "Ah! traitor, where are the Ribbonmen—how dare you say there are any?—remember old Bill. Ruthven, my boy, you have not got the whiphand this time—do you carry weights?" and similar expressions were heard on all sides. It was in vain he attempted to explain—he would not be listened to—the people lost all control—they came close up to him, and jumped so as to come on a level with his face, grinning in his face and cursing him. But that the High Sheriff, who appeared to be very popular, was standing close by his side, and called on the people in some

instances by name, we are persuaded he would have been dragged from the place he stood, and torn to atoms among the infuriated crowd."

The *Standard* observes, in its notice of this passage, that the epithet applied to Mr. Ruthven was not liar, but "traitor"—the epithet which would naturally be applied by surprised and infuriated Ribbonmen, and which would be remote from the lips of persons not concerned in the treasonable conspiracy. It would be tediousness and folly to attempt proving that the judgment of the *Standard* is correct.

The only other matter worthy of remark, as far as Mr. Ruthven was concerned, by which the Kildare election was illustrated, is, that it occasioned a correspondence with Mr. O'Connell which will long be remembered. Mr. Ruthven having stated that he had had an offer of place and of pecuniary compensation if he would renounce his purpose of being candidate for Kildare, Mr. O'Connell wrote a very angry letter denouncing him to public scorn. To this Mr. Ruthven replied in a letter, from which we subjoin some extracts. The *Morning Chronicle* upbraids Sir R. Peel for quoting the writings of such a person as Mr. Ruthven for proofs of his charge against Mr. O'Connell, that he had designed to prostitute patronage to such purposes as Mr. Ruthven alleged; but the *Chronicle* has not thought proper to remember that Mr. O'Connell himself distinctly states as follows:—

"So far from wishing to do him an injury, I at once took the hint, and told him it would be in vain for him to expect that the government could possibly do any thing for him in Ireland, where his conduct was known, but I would try whether something might not be done for him in the Colonies."

While we thus quote Mr. O'Connell in corroboration of Mr. Ruthven, we confess that we cannot see why more weight should be attached to his words

than those of his adversary. The following are extracts from Mr. Ruthven's epistle:—

"In London, Mr. O'Connell asked me to call upon him. I did so; when I entered the room he said, my dear Ruthven I have settled Kildare. I understood this to imply that I was to be returned without a contest—he soon made me sensible of my mistake. Lord Mulgrave, said he, wishes to have young Lawless (Lord Cloncurry's son) returned as soon as he comes of age—he will be of age in a few months. You are to be his locum tenens. . . ."

"Mr. O'Connell paused a moment. Well, well, said he, I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Ruthven.—You shall have paid down to you, before you leave London, the sum of £1,000, and you shall have the first vacant colonial situation which you think worth your acceptance, if you will but promise me to keep quiet until the day of the election, and to retire when I ask you. My answer to this atrocious attempt at bribery, was a positive refusal. Mr. O'Connell then turned round in a state of furious excitement, and cried, What! you'll fly in my face, will you?—Can you dare to stand for Kildare against my will, and the interest of the Rev. Mr. Doyle? If you do, I know how to make the hustings too hot to hold you, &c. &c. &c."

"Afterwards I called on him in Dublin, &c. &c. he told me that I had no chance, but that really he would not interfere, and that we must fight it out between us."

"This defamer talks of delicacy for my father's memory, and the recollection of my father's merits.—Listen to this, every man who has a heart. When that father, a man deemed by yourselves worthy of a public funeral, lay upon the bed of death, this ungrateful imposter never came near him—he never paid him the respect of even a formal visit, or made the slightest inquiry after him. My father, a man of warm and true affection, was deeply hurt by the neglect—I may say the desertion hastened his death."

KERRY.

Mr. J. O'Connell and Mr. Blennerhasset returned.—The Kerry election had a peculiar character. It redeemed a promise made by the electors, at a time when the probabilities of a contest were remote from public apprehension, and it exhibited hereditary attachments and the name of old Ireland in array, against the influence of priestly domination, and the pretences of the prevailing patriotism,

It appears that in the month of

January last, a meeting was called by a Roman Catholic priest in the county of Kerry, to memorial government, complaining that impartial justice had not been administered by the magistrates since the election of 1835, and imploring that a stipendiary magistrate should be appointed for the parish or district of Killorglan. The attempt to procure a creditable meeting appears to have been abortive, and the people, not pleased, it would seem, with the

conduct of their spiritual rulers, resolved to acquit themselves of all participation in their project. Accordingly, they held a meeting composed almost exclusively of Roman Catholic farmers. The character of the meeting, at which many strong and excellent speeches were delivered, may be understood from the following resolutions:

"Resolved—That having built a chapel to the worship of God, we will not in future allow it to be made a house of debate for the eloquence of factious and intriguing priests, to create discontent in the country, and to sow division between the landlord and tenant.

"Resolved—That the memorial in the hands of the chairman be forwarded to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, protesting against the unnecessary appointment of a stipendiary magistrate.

SOUND MUSICAL TO TIPPERARY EARS—LENITY OF THE MULGRAVE GOVERNMENT.

CASHEL.—At a dinner given in that city, the Attorney-General instructed his constituents—

"That there was no use in disguising the fact, that the battle must be won in Ireland, and that unless their Sovereign received due aid from the liberal party, they must submit to the government of the Tories."

What injury they would sustain by the change, the right hon. gentleman has taught them in the following important observation—

"It is worthy of remark, that not one of the three Attorney-Generals, since the accession of the present government, ever filed one criminal information (hear, hear and cheers.) The charge against former governments was, that too much blood was shed—the charge of the libel-

"Resolved—That the thanks and confidence of this meeting, consisting of nine-tenths of the population of this district, are justly due, and are hereby given to the magistrates presiding at Petty Session at Killorglan, for the impartiality and efficiency with which they have ever discharged their magisterial duties.

"Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting, comprising nine-tenths of the parish and district of Killorglan, be returned to the landlords of Kerry, who, though they have had reason, never let the tenant feel his ingratitude to them; and we only wish that an opportunity may soon be afforded of proving to the landlords by acts, and not by words, how much it is the wish of the people to restore the link that ever bound them together, and that should and ought ever exist between landlord and tenant."

Thus the men of Kerry promised, and they have kept their words.

lers of the present government is, that Lord Mulgrave is too merciful and benignant" (immense cheering.)

We need only refer to our last number for proof that Lord Mulgrave's mercy has not prevented shedding of blood; that, in short, the real difference between his Excellency's mercy and that of his predecessors is, that they endeavoured to protect the peaceful and well-conducted, and inflicted moderate chastisement on the lawless and destructive; while he purchases the reputation of mercy by suffering offenders to go free, and suffering the country to be deluged with the blood of the loyal and unoffending. Whenever that blood cries for vengeance its voice is not audible in the eloquence of the noble Lord's supporters.

INTIMIDATION.

LONGFORD ELECTION.—Mr. Anthony Lefroy, in his address from the hustings, said—

"When I have been refused I have uniformly demanded the reason, and the answer I have always got is, Oh sir, we have none, the priest forbid us. What fault have they to find in me—None. On the contrary, I pledge my honour as a

man and a gentleman, that this freeholder said to me—'I know I owe you a great deal, but I dare not vote for you—it would be at the risk of my life. If we vote for you our graves will be dug before our doors.' I pledge my honour this was said to me by a person who lives in a slated house."—*Warders, August 19.*

LIMERICK.

Mr. Stafford O'Brien, on the first day of the election, and when he was first on the poll, was forced to relinquish the thought of continuing the contest, and gave notice to that effect

to the sheriff, protesting against the organised intimidation by which his friends were wholly disabled from recording their sentiments in his favour.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

The exertions of these reverend gentlemen have been eminently conspicuous and successful during the late elections. We by no means deny their right

to exercise the political privileges conferred to them. If in their conduct, while exercising them, there has been nothing unbecoming in their language,

nothing of the spirit of an incendiary, we have no right to blame them for what they may think a duty, and exercising what is, certainly, a right. We give a specimen or two of their language. First, Leinster—

CARLOW ELECTION.—Mr. Tyrrel—
 “In my last appeal I glanced lightly at the persecution which Ireland has suffered from her more powerful and conquering neighbour, during the period of eight centuries, and endeavoured to show with what patience we bore the iron hoof of persecutions; but from the year 1529 until 1829, the scenes of misery and woe, of persecutions and bloodshed, which the Irish Catholics have undergone would make the blood boil with indignation in any heart but that of the cold-blooded Orangeman—a name now not heard of, but known in all its recklessness under the milder or more imposing term Conservative. Yes, Mr. Sheriff, I need not describe to you, our trials, our patience, our long suffering, under the persecuting hand of inhuman taskmasters who, by means the most unheard-of in the annals of persecution—yes, sir, all the ingenuity of man and all the malice of the devil were employed to exterminate us from the land of our birth—the cruelties of a Nero, the brutalities of a Caligula or a Domitian, in their endeavouring to extirpate the first Christians, fall short, very short, indeed, although they caused the Christians to be clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and then hunted by dogs, and in many instances—they were covered with burning pitch, and served as lamps to illuminate their city—but, like their great prototypes, the heathen emperors, have miserably failed; for as in the early ages of the church, so were we the gibbets streaming with blood, the deserts howling with the groans, the cities on all quarters sending forth the sighs and dismal yells of dying victims.”

It would have been criminal to speak thus at this day were the statements true. How grievous it is to think that even Irish legislators are so little acquainted with Irish history, as not to know that gross exaggeration has converted them into gross falsehood. The reverend gentleman, indeed, seems to have had his thoughts occupied with the cruelties perpetrated in France during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and on the laws which may have served as colossal models for the more moderate penal enactments of Ireland, and to have, with a not very unaccountable confusion of intellect, allowed his passions to translate his sentiments, and to apply his strictures to matters not French but Irish.

Our next specimen shall be episcopal. The Right Rev. Michael Blake,

in an epistle dated Newry, July 2, 1837, thus directed his flock, that their spiritual duty required of them to vote for their late member, Mr. Brady. It will be seen that the language is unequivocal, and that, although the favored candidate is not actually named, he is so distinctly specified as to leave no room for doubt or hesitation.

“And if it be the indispensable duty of your bishop to enlighten, to exhort, and to warn you upon such occasions, so it is equally yours to hearken with docility, and to regulate your conduct by the principles of sound doctrine. ‘Obey your prelates,’ says the Apostle (Heb. xiii. 17.) ‘and be subject unto them; for they watch, as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief, for this is not expedient for you.’

“We beseech you, therefore, to consider, &c. &c. the frightful responsibility which is attached to your trust, unless you fulfil your duty as you ought, in selecting no other person as your representative, but one whom you perfectly know to be honest, &c. &c.—who has already proved himself, not merely by professions, but by a long series of facts, and by the whole tenor of his life, worthy of public confidence.

“That your example on this trying occasion, may shine forth as it did at the last election, &c. &c.”

“MICHAEL BLAKE.

“Newry, 2d July, 1837.”

When the election had ended in the return of the Conservative candidate, the Right Rev. Prelate wrote again. We extract one passage from his pastoral.

“If bad example has been given by others: if we think that they have acted treacherously towards their country; if we know that they have brought disgrace upon the name of Catholic, and that they have shewn themselves unworthy of the name of Christian or of man; let us still pray sincerely for their conversion; let them not have to say that we act vindictively or spitefully towards them; and, while we must condemn their venality, their treachery, their blasphemous impiety, their reckless contempt of God and man, let us endeavour, by the charity of our manner, to reclaim them from the brink of the frightful abyss over which they are tottering, and induce them, by kindness, to make all the reparation they possibly can, for the horrible scandal they have given by their infamous misconduct.”

It is not, we are sure, necessary for us to direct attention to the spirit which gleams through these charitable recommendations. John Huss knew it, and experienced its horrors.

We must pause—space does not suffer us to proceed.

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SPANISH CONTEST.*

IN our number for June last, we called the attention of our readers to the very anomalous condition of Great Britain in the present Spanish contest. We did so, that our countrymen in general, who are not deserving of the character of a reckless and sanguinary banditti, might be led to consider how far we were justifiable in embroiling ourselves in a dispute with which we had nothing in the world to do, and lavishing blood and treasure for objects which nowise concerned us as a nation. Under the old borough-mongering system, as it was called, it was the reproach of the democrats that the country was involved in war, to gratify the prejudices or promote the interests of a corrupt and unprincipled oligarchy; and the new order of things was looked forward to with delight, chiefly because it seemed to afford a security against the recurrence of such dreadful evils. But, when, at any former period of our history, were the honour and the interests of the British empire so deeply compromised as they are at present, when a government, leaning entirely upon popular support, the very foundation of which has been laid upon the ruins of the oligarchy, have made a treaty of non-intervention the ground for interference in the internal concerns of Spain, and a profession of neutrality the pretext for butchering its unoffending people? Can any thing in the annals of boroughmongering be produced, equal, in wantonness of atrocity, to this? And will such a violation of all law, human and divine, be any longer

endured by the righteous and reflecting inhabitants of this great empire?

We know not. There are now so many things to call and to keep our attention at home, that it is doubtful how far we can be brought to give any serious thought to matters at a distance. Formerly an Englishman could sit down in conscious security of the continued enjoyment of his constitutional rights and privileges; and he was not kept in a state of constant anxiety and alarm, lest every succeeding wave of revolutionary violence should sweep away the ancient institutions of the country. No matter how great the conflict of parties upon minor questions, the church and the hereditary peerage, those venerable outworks of the monarchy, were unassailed; and our senatorial contests were rather to be regarded as healthful exercises, by which public spirit was tested and disciplined, than desperate combats in which life may be lost, and by which all that we value must be endangered. Such is now the character of the discussions which take place in our reformed parliament. Every question now is vital. Either the monarchy is beleaguered, or the peerage is attacked, or the church is assailed, or the constitutional functions of the House of Lords are sought to be paralyzed; and the most which Conservative opposition seems to promise, is, that the evil may be staved off, not that it can be finally resisted.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the worth and the wisdom of the country should be so engrossed by the

* The Basque Provinces; their Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants, with Adventures among the Carlists and Christinos. By Edward Bell Stephens, Esq., in 2 vols. London: Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane. 1837.

dangers and difficulties which press upon them at home, that our disgraceful conduct in foreign affairs has been suffered to pass almost unheeded. We are like a man whom the violence of a pain in the heart renders insensible to injuries which he suffers in the extremities; it is not until the former remits its intensity that he is able to perceive that the latter are all but fatal. Thus, and thus alone, can we account for the extraordinary spectacle, of a nation like England enduring the Palmerston policy, of speaking one thing and acting another; of professing peace and practising war; of proclaiming neutrality in a civil strife, and making good our words by suddenly assuming the character of belligerents, and sending fire and the sword amongst an unsuspecting people.

We do not forget, that, during the last session of parliament, England had almost redeemed itself from this disgrace; and that it was by but "a measuring cast majority," the motion of Sir Henry Hardinge was defeated. We do not forget that that majority was procured by an urgency of supplication on the part of ministers, who represented, that upon the issue of the question then under discussion depended their political existence, and that, if it were carried against them, their doom was sealed. All this we do not forget, and still less, that a majority of those who voted with them, did so upon an understanding that our Spanish policy should be quietly abandoned. We also hold in mind that the position of the Conservatives has been improved, as compared with what it then was; and that the very decisive demonstration of ante-destructive principle, which, during the late elections, has been made by the people of England, cannot be without its effect, in rendering even the most desperate and jacobinical of the democrats cautious in manifesting, at least, the reckless audacity of their nature. The cause of revolution and democracy in Spain, may be, in their eyes, a fine thing; but the fate of Hume, and Roebuck, and Bowring, may teach them that it is just possible, in the present state of men's minds, to carry their love of social derangement a little too far; and that more may be lost than gained, by any violent effort, on their parts, to force upon their neighbours democratic institutions.

For these reasons, and because the new parliament has not as yet committed itself in this disgraceful busi-

ness, we deem it our duty again to address ourselves to the subject, in the confident hope that, the more it is discussed, the better it will be understood, and the better it is understood, the sooner will the unjustifiable course that we have taken be abandoned.

Briefly, then, how does the case stand? A dispute has arisen in Spain respecting the succession. The crown is seized by one party, who pretend a novel and an extraordinary claim. It is disputed by another, who assert an ancient and an imprescriptible right, and who maintain that the pretensions of the former are entirely based upon fraud and falsehood. The case is, simply, this. By the *salique* law, the crown of Spain could not descend upon a female. And that law having been in force for more than an hundred years, and under the guarantee of the great powers of Europe, Don Carlos must have succeeded to his brother Ferdinand, upon the death of the latter, had nothing been done to defeat his succession. This would have been an event which could not be very acceptable to the young Queen, the *fourth* wife of the now doating Ferdinand, who must, naturally, desire to secure for her child, whether son or daughter, so rich an inheritance as the crown of Spain, and for herself, so dazzling a prospect as the possession, during the minority, of the chief place in the administration of the kingdom. Fortunately for her, therefore, it was *now* discovered, or said to be discovered, that Charles the Fifth, in 1789, had, upon the petition of the Cortes, abrogated the *salique* law, and that Ferdinand had nothing to do, in order to gratify her most ambitious wishes, but only to publish a decree, enjoining what was then done, "for perpetual observance." Such is the character of the title set up against the claim of Don Carlos. It may be a good, or it may be a bad one. With its merits or demerits we are not concerned. To enter, therefore, into a critical examination of the cases sought to be made by these two parties, is not our intention; as no abstract opinion which we might form upon them, could justify us in interfering, by force of arms, for the adjustment of a quarrel with which we have nothing to do, and which concerns the people of Spain, and them only. The question at issue is not one of international policy, but of constitutional law; and the nation which is not privileged to decide *that*, accord-

ing to its own views of right and wrong, is thereby pronounced unworthy the rank of an independent nation, and cannot acquiesce in the pretensions of the intermeddlers, who would fain relieve it from the duty of judging for itself, in such matters, without subscribing to a sentence of incapacity and degradation.

The question, therefore, in whom the right to the throne of Spain centers, is one which we do not feel ourselves called upon to discuss; *inasmuch as no decision to which we might come, upon such a subject, would entitle us to interfere with the deliberate judgment of the Spanish people.* With them it rests to adjudicate upon the case, in which they, of all others, are the most interested. With their decision, whatever it may be, we have no right to quarrel, unless in its immediate consequences, it should involve something by which our own safety, as a nation, might be compromised; and *then* our interferences should be, not to settle a point respecting *their* government, but to take measures, rendered necessary for *our own* protection. But, any interference, having for its object, primarily and ostensibly, the siding with one party against the other, and the giving of foreign aid to what may be the minority, to coerce the majority of the nation, *that* is clearly such a departure from the settled policy of civilized states, and implies so entire a forgetfulness of the rights of an independent people, that we know not how it can be practised or countenanced without leading to universal disorder.

If *we* have a right thus to interfere in the internal concerns of any other nation, *any other nation* has an equal right to interfere in our concerns; and an intriguing government, whether despotic or democratic, has only to get up a convenient dispute in any country which they might find it desirable to disturb, in order to be justified, in their own eyes, in embroiling their hands in the blood of its people. In such a state of things, there could be no such thing as national integrity or independence. Those who were least concerned in the well-being of a particular country, might constitute themselves the arbiters of its destiny; and its condition would oftentimes be determined, not by the wisdom of its inhabitants, but by foreign bayonets.

The question, therefore, as to who is right, or who is wrong, in the present constitutional dispute respecting the

succession to the crown of Spain, is one into which we will not enter. If any such question arose in this country, we feel very sure, that, in the arbitration of it, the people of England would not endure the obtrusive interference of strangers. They would say, and say truly, it was one with which foreigners had nothing to do. They would desire the impertinent intermeddlers to mind their own business. They would feel, in all probability, a prejudice against the judgment, whatever it was, which was thus unceremoniously obtruded upon them. And their national pride, even if no better motive, would determine them against submitting to foreign dictation, in a matter the decision respecting which belonged peculiarly to themselves. And, if such would be the feelings of Englishmen at Spanish interference, in questions strictly constitutional and domestic, can we be surprised that Spaniards entertain similar feelings towards us, when, with arms in our hands, we appear amongst them, for the purpose of compelling their submission to a system which they detest, and in manifest disdain, and open violation of their national independence?

We therefore hope that some one will be found who will bring the subject under the consideration of parliament, at an early period of the approaching session. Let no fear of being baffled a second time, by an unprincipled Whig-radical majority, have any effect in deterring the honest senator from addressing himself gravely and earnestly to this important duty. Whatever the decision of the house may be, he may depend upon it that the discussion will not be lost upon the people of England. If he succeeds in establishing the iniquity of the conduct of government, a spirit will be excited throughout the country which they cannot long withstand. The people will awaken to the national disgrace, which has been incurred, by a course of policy, at once the meanest and the most unjust; and a heavy retribution will overtake the actors in this shameful business, which may go far to right us in the eyes of the world, and to deter even the most adventurous of unprincipled democrats from again compromising the honor of England, by forestalling the deliberate judgment, and coercing the free choice of a brave and independent people.

And this is all that the enlightened British senator should aim at. Parlia-

mentary success is but a little thing, compared with the impression which it should be his object to produce upon the country. He may succeed without producing any such effect; and, in that case, his success can be of little moment. But let the desirable effect be once produced without doors, and it is comparatively of little consequence, what perversity of judgment, or obliquity of principle, may be exhibited within. The most reckless and profligate will soon begin to dress themselves in the glass of public opinion. They will find that popular estimation is indispensable to their existence as public men; and they will, themselves, be forward to disavow and to abjure the mispolicy which will only be productive to them of popular execration. Let, therefore, the able men, who have now recruited the Conservative ranks, address themselves boldly to the principle upon which ministers have interfered in this unhappy contest. Let them expose the artifice by which the country has been stolen on, from quiet observers into active participants, and from active participants into almost principals, in this strictly national quarrel; until we now appear in the hateful character of persons forcing an odious government, (if government it may be called,) upon an indignant people.

We do not desire, that, in the first instance, the Conservative senator should dwell upon the very little good which we have done, by our interference, to the party for whom we have interfered. We do not desire that the question should be discussed upon the probable chances of succeeding or not succeeding in our efforts to give stability to the tottering throne of Isabella; *because we have no right to adjudicate upon the question which has arisen respecting the Spanish succession*; and whatever the result of our interference may be, the very fact of such interference amounts to a violation of the rights of an independent nation. These, we know, are tempting topics, and they may be very effectively resorted to when the principle at issue has been disposed of. *But let them not take precedence of the great question of international law, in which the civilized world is so much interested.* Let it be plainly and directly pressed upon ministers, to explain the reasons why they have sought to impose the government of Queen Isabella upon the people of Spain. Let them be called upon to give a reason, if they

can, for our interference in *that case*, which would not justify a similar interference on the part of any foreign power, with ourselves, if a rebellion existed for only six months, in any part of Great Britain or Ireland. It will not do to call Don Carlos a pretender or a usurper. *It is that very prejudging of the question of which we complain.* It may be very right to recognise Queen Isabella, as long as she is the *de facto* sovereign. So long it is no more than fitting that all such friendly relations as obtain between neighbouring countries in a state of peace, should be duly observed. These relations imply a reciprocation of mutual good offices, in those things which are of public concern in the intercourse of nations, and a cautious abstinence from every act of hostility by which their amity might be disturbed. *But it implies no intermeddling with the local usages or customs of another people*; and it never can be tortured into a justification of such violent and arbitrary interference, for the settlement of a strictly constitutional question, as would set at nought their undoubted rights, and annihilate, for ever, the privilege of judging, in their own concerns, for themselves. This would be, not to live in amity with, but to usurp a *paramount sovereignty* over another nation. No such principle of interference could be admitted without striking at the root of international law, and shaking, to use Shakespeare's words, "the unity and married calm of states quite from their fixture." This would, indeed, be to disseminate disorder and confusion throughout the world.

We repeat it, therefore, the great question at issue is, *what right we have to interfere at all*, not, whether our interference is likely to be productive of good or of evil, to the particular party whose cause we have espoused in their civil contest. It would be well if our senators refreshed their memories with some of the sage maxims of the Whigs, during the commencement, and the progress of the revolutionary war. With what boldness and energy did they *then* denounce the wickedness of going to war with another nation, merely because they altered the form of their government, and dethroned and murdered their king. And with justice would they have so declaimed, had such, in reality, been the fact, and had not our altered relations with France been caused by the alarming alteration in character which she evinced, and by the determination which she avowed,

and, as far as in her lay, acted upon, of revolutionizing Europe. France resembled the madman, who, having set his own house on fire, was rushing with the blazing timbers to wrap his neighbours also in conflagration; and the conduct of Great Britain in detecting and baffling the demoniac devices of French propagandism, was nothing more than the preventive vigour, by which the mischievous insanity of the aforesaid lunatic, might, as far as possible, be rendered harmless. The maxim of the Whigs, therefore, was sound and good; it was only its application which could be disputed. Now, let this maxim be applied to the case before us, and let those who condemned their country for waging war with France, when our existence as a nation was in peril, and when any supineness or timidity on our parts, would have encouraged revolutionists at home and abroad to co-operate for the overthrow of our constitution; let them say whether they can now approve of a war with Spain, under circumstances which negate every notion of danger to ourselves as a nation, and when nothing but that intermeddling spirit which characterised revolutionary France, appears to justify our conduct. Our democrats hate *their* absolute monarchy: therefore, without any reference to the wants or the wishes of the people, it is to be levelled to the ground! Strange, the short-sightedness which prevents them from seeing that they are thus furnishing a plenary justification to any despotic government, to whom the light of liberty may be disagreeable, to extinguish, wherever they have the power to do so, every spark of constitutional freedom!

"But we are not at war with Spain; we are merely giving a friendly aid to the Queen, in quelling a rebellion by which her crown and dignity are endangered." Again, we ask, is that any business of ours. Do our relations with the *Spanish Queen* necessarily involve us in hostilities with the *Spanish people*? She says, she has taken arms against her rebellious subjects; *they* say, that they have taken arms against a usurping sovereign. Does our recognition of her imply such a solemn adjudication respecting her "*de jure*" title, as would render it impossible for us, at any future period, to acknowledge Don Carlos as the rightful sovereign, should the utter defeat of his enemies lead to the confirmation of his title as king, and should he be ac-

claimed as such by the universal Spanish people? Clearly not. We found the lady on the throne, and we have paid her the respect due to her station, without any such examination of her claims as would be necessary, if it were incumbent upon us to pronounce a solemn decision upon them. She was *de facto* Queen, and that was enough for us; at least for all those international purposes which alone are had in view in the establishment between friendly powers of international relations. But such relations confer no right to settle questions of Spanish constitutional law, by shedding Spanish blood—they confer no right to decide a knotty point respecting the succession, by cutting the throats of the Spanish people! We are of opinion that the Queen and her adversaries might have been left to settle that matter between themselves; even as Charles the Fifth was left to settle the matter in dispute between him and the French people. We had relations of amity with *him*, as well as with the Queen of Spain; but no one ever dreamed that they involved any responsibility of sustaining him against the popular indignation which he provoked by his invasion of the chartered rights of his subjects. Now a great majority of the people of Spain pronounce Queen Isabella a usurper, and reclaim against the innovations by which their ancient monarchy is undermined. If this were not so, if the majority were not clearly upon the side of her enemies, in what would consist the necessity of supporting her by foreign bayonets? But, whether in a minority or a majority, she is at issue with her people, upon a question involving their dearest rights; and, seeing that we abstained from interference in the case of France, and suffered the popular feeling to take its course, with what colour of consistency can we interfere, for the purpose of curbing the popular will, in the concerns of the adjoining kingdom? Will it, indeed, be avowed, that *any* interference is to be deprecated, by which legitimate government might be sustained, and *any* interference is to be encouraged, by which revolutionary violence may be promoted?

But is there not a case in which interference may be justifiable in the internal concerns of another nation? Can we not suppose such a state of anarchy as threatens the utter ruin of a state; and may not civilized government lawfully interfere to put a stop

to an interminable series of bloodshed and devastation? Such an extreme case may be supposed—a case which may be said to prove the rule, by the very rareness of the exception; but, then, it must be discriminated, by such clear and unequivocal characteristics, from all ordinary states of civil or social conflict, as to render it impossible for any sane man honestly to confound them, so that it might be tortured, at any time, into a precedent for interfering, by force of arms, in the domestic concerns of independent nations. And even in such a case, it is the *public mischief* which threatens the world at large, when the power of self-government in any particular state has been lost, and when such a state tends in consequence, to flash, as it were, in lawless eccentricity, through the hemisphere of nations, that affords a sufficient justification for the application of such a constraining force from without, as might be necessary to restore the lost ascendancy of the principle of social order. Nothing but national insanity, and that of the most hopeless kind, could serve as a justification for such a course of external constraint as is here contemplated; and as soon as ever the application of the strait-waistcoat had been effectual in restoring the patient to a right mind, so soon, in the case of nations, as well as individuals, should he be left at liberty to manage his own affairs, as best suited his disposition, or his interest, or his convenience. But there is the widest possible difference between *pretending* that an individual is mad, or *driving* him mad, for the purpose of having an excuse for intermeddling in his concerns, and such a “*bona fide*” superintendence of his property as wisdom and benevolence would warrant, if he were, in reality, and without any fault of ours, visited with hopeless derangement. In this case, whoever else might interfere, we would be precluded from interfering, because we could not mix ourselves up in such a business, without a strong suspicion of so doing for personal or sinister objects. And, indeed, it may be generally laid down, that to constitute a case for interference, it should be such—so marked in its character, and so desperate in its circumstances,—as to cause a general combination of surrounding powers, by whom, collectively, remedial measures might be instituted, and who should enter into a previous agreement amongst themselves, respecting the in-

tent and the extent of the meditated arbitration; taking especial care that it should not exceed the necessity of the case, that nothing there done should be construed into sanctioning an invasion of the rights of independent nations, that interference should be discontinued as soon as ever it was no longer deemed indispensable, and that it should be so cautiously and so temperately conducted, as not to involve any principles respecting which the parties interfering were at issue amongst themselves, and which might, if not steadily kept out of view, serve to kindle an universal war, in seeking to extinguish a local contest. We can contemplate such intervention, when a necessity arises for it, without any of the alarm that must be felt when a particular state steps out from the general commonwealth of nations, and acts such a part as Great Britain has acted in the Spanish contest.

Here—two parties are at issue respecting a principle—the one contending for the old, the other for a new order of things; and the manner in which we have thrown our weight into the scale of the minority against the majority, so far from effecting a settlement of the dispute, has served, as far as we can as yet judge, to protract and to envenom the contest. Had we kept aloof from the strife, there is no reason for doubting that, humanly speaking, Don Carlos would at present be upon the throne of Spain, and acknowledged as its sovereign by every power in Europe. And interference, upon our part there would have been none, had he been identified with any revolutionary policy, by which the sympathies of our Whig-radical government might be enlisted.

Our interference, therefore, is a factious interference, for the purpose of curbing the free will of the people of Spain, in the choice of their ruler. In no other light can it be viewed by any sane or honest man. The cry against Don Carlos is, that he is an usurper, a favourer of the inquisition, and a tyrant. But are the people of Spain to be prevented adopting him as their sovereign, because it suits a party amongst us to give him hard names? It would be easy, upon such terms, to invalidate the title of any sovereign, if railing accusations were to effect such an object. The people of Spain are not to be governed as *we* like, but as *they* like. No man has ever yet pretended that their ancient religion,

and their ancient government, furnish grounds, to another nation, for a crusade of extermination. *They* might as well attack us because our constitution is free, as *we* attack them because they have a prejudice in favour of a more despotic system—

"Eheu!

Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus Iniquam!"

The very fact of our interference being determined by a *partiality for one of the parties* engaged in this civil strife, and not by the character of the contest itself, which, so far from being of hopeless continuance, would very speedily be decided, if we only held ourselves aloof, proves that it is *not* one of those cases in which interference, such as we have practised, is justifiable, and that it cannot be persevered in, without setting at nought the only system of international policy which could, at the same time, guarantee the integrity of particular states, and provide for the exterior regulation, and the harmonious intercourse of every separate member of the family of nations.

But let us, for a moment, glance at one or two of the instances in which we have shown ourselves as partizans in this sanguinary contest. The troops of Don Carlos were sitting before Bilbao, and that town was reduced to almost the last extremity, the relieving army of the Christinos having been three times repulsed, and scarcely the faintest hopes being entertained that they would be enabled to baffle the vigilance and the valour of the besiegers. Two of our vessels, the *Saracen* and the *Ringdove*, were at that time anchored in the Nervion, and the following description of their very critical position has been furnished by a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*.—

"The space between the bar of Portu-galete and the fortified post of the Desierto, may literally be called a trap. It is impossible to get out of it under certain circumstances, which occur five weeks out of six at this season of the year. For instance, *when the bar is up*, as it is called in nautical language, it is impossible for a vessel or a boat to go out; and beyond the Desierto, nothing can proceed up the river under existing circumstances. His Majesty's brigs *Ringdove* and *Saracen* are at this moment within the above-described trap, the sides of which yawn with cannon-mouths ready to send forth destructive thunder. The spring tides are over, and in forty-eight hours the mouth of the trap will be completely closed. Nothing else remains, therefore, than to fight right and

left against batteries erected or erecting on each side of them. It is by no means improbable that with these advantages the Carlists may seriously injure, or perhaps disable, his Majesty's vessels, without any other good result being obtained than a proof—perhaps a very severe one—of the bravery and devotedness of our naval officers."

While thus, confessedly, at their mercy, the Carlist generals received express directions, not to fire on the British vessels on any account. Now, hear the statement of Mr. Edward Bell Stephens, the intelligent correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and let any unprejudiced Englishman say, how the Spaniards must have regarded our conduct.

"On arriving at Bayonne eight weeks afterwards, I learned to my great surprise that while his Majesty's brigs *Saracen* and *Ringdove* lay inoffensively in the river, apparently confiding in the well-known friendly disposition of the Carlists above, (who could easily have sunk them if they pleased,) the English crews were actually at work in Desierto, cannonading the *facciosos*! Such was old England's fair play in Spanish affairs,—according to the non-intervention policy uppermost in Downing street! Fair play! non-intervention!"

When the Duke of Wellington afterwards mentioned the affair, in the discussion which took place in the House of Lords, he was boldly met, by Lord Minto, with the statement, that our troops were *acting openly* in conjunction with the legion, and that they did not shelter themselves under an appearance of neutrality, while they were bearing arms against the Carlists. To this Mr. Humphreys, who was eye witness of and an actor in these transactions, makes the following to us conclusive reply.

"With regard to these observations of the noble Earl, allow me to say that his Lordship must either have taken a hastily-conceived and most incorrect view of the actual nature of the British operations in the river Nervion previously to the 24th of December, or else the official report upon which the above-mentioned statements were founded, was strangely at variance with fact, as far at least as could be ascertained through the most diligent and unremitting inquiries on the part of the English with the Carlist army, who naturally felt the deepest anxiety to avoid all collision with the forces of their Sovereign, by which I mean the Royal marines and

seamen; for such single and isolated artillerymen as were from time to time seen in the town of Bilbao, at Portugalete, or elsewhere, were supposed to belong to General Evans' Legion, for we had not contemplated the employment of the British Royal Artillery under the terms of 'naval co-operation' stipulated in the Quadruple Treaty. I am, therefore, ready to come forward and give in the most solemn and unequivocal manner my corroboration of every statement in the letter of Lord Ranelagh which was alluded to by the Duke of Wellington, and I am sure I can answer for the same readiness to bear the like testimony on the part of those of my countrymen who were then with the Carlists.

"The noble Earl stated, in the first instance, that his Britannic Majesty's forces had acted in open co-operation with the Legion. I shall not refer to any other operations than those in the river Nervion, and previous to the attack in the dark on the bridge of Luchana and Monte de Cabras on the 24th of December. If then, by this *open co-operation* is meant the conveying backwards and forwards by the boats of his Britannic Majesty's squadron of the Christino troops from one side of the river to the other in the neighbourhood of Portugalete, and out of the range of the Carlist batteries, such co-operation, unaccompanied by any act of offensive hostility, was undoubtedly afforded.

"The next point is the employment of the Royal marines in working the guns of Fort Desierto, whilst the vessels to which they belonged, as well as their boats, were constantly exposed to the retaliatory fire of the Carlists. That the marines and seamen were so employed we subsequently learned to be true, but during the time there was no means of ascertaining, whilst the Spanish flag was flying above Fort Desierto, that British naval forces, and not troops of the Queen Dowager of Spain, were thus acting as belligerents behind stone walls, whilst their vessels, apparently without a soul on board, lay quietly at anchor, secured save by accidental misdirection, from the Carlist shot, by the protection of their neutral flag, as it was then considered, so far at least as offensive operations were concerned.

"As for the boats of the squadron which were alleged to have been fired upon by the Carlists whilst employed with the British colours displayed, in keeping up the communications, I can only say such acts of aggression on the part of the Carlists must have taken place during the night, or under some other circumstances, which prevented the flag from being distinguished; indeed, so scrupulous were

the Carlists to avoid direct hostilities with the British squadron, that the Infante Don Sebastian had, it was universally known amongst the Royalist army, requested of the general-in-chief that even if an aggressive shot should be fired from the men-of-war it should not be returned.

"I trust I have now said sufficient to show that, if it can be proved by the evidence of every Englishman who took part with the besieging army that the facts are as I have stated, the concluding remarks of Lord Minto relative to the character of open belligerents assumed by his Britannic Majesty's forces are wholly unsupported by what actually took place; for I must be permitted to maintain, with all deference to the Noble Earl, that his Britannic Majesty's forces were in all appearance strictly neutral, and that they were on no occasion previous to the attack on Luchana, considered as belligerents in an offensive sense.

"I shall make no comment as to whether such manner of carrying on warlike operations be either chivalrous or generous, but shall merely repeat that I neglected no opportunity of obtaining for my own satisfaction, the earliest and most accurate intelligence of the British movements, and that what I have been able to collect fully justifies me in corroborating every statement made in the letter quoted by the Duke of Wellington, and which gave his Grace occasion to infer that the conduct pursued by his Britannic Majesty's naval forces was neither fair nor honourable as between nation and nation. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"S. M. HUMPHREYS."

"Brussels, April 23rd, 1837."

"Acting openly as belligerents!"—Let this assertion now pass for what it is worth. To our apprehension it requires but a very moderate degree of scrupulosity in such matters, to pronounce our conduct treacherous and disgraceful; but it succeeded, and that was all our ministers seemed to be solicitous for. Owing to our enterprise, our activity, and our skill in the playing of our guns, Bilbao was relieved, and the hopes of Don Carlos were for a season defeated; but great, indeed, must have been our interest in the success of the Christinos, if we were even prudent in purchasing it by our own dishonour. The Carlists were well aware that we were pledged to afford their adversaries assistance, as far as naval co-operation was concerned; and when they saw us giving them the aid of our boats to facilitate their movements from

one point to another, however they might have disapproved of the treaty itself, they saw nothing in this but what was agreeable to the spirit of its provisions. But, to withdraw our sailors from the ships and turn them into land soldiers, *this* the Carlists could not but recognize as an exceeding of the letter, and a violation of the spirit of the quadruple alliance, and as an aggravation by treachery of an intervention founded upon injustice. How the Spanish people in the Basque provinces feel towards us, in consequence, may be learned from the following passage, which we extract from Mr. Stephens' work, and which we are persuaded does not deal in any exaggeration. He is talking of the conveniences and the inconveniences of being attended by a servant. And he says:—

"Dispense with the attendance of an *Asistente* unless you are very much occupied, very helpless, or very ignorant of Spanish and Basquense. There are times when you will wish him hanged; for instance, finding *par hazard* agreeable society where you flatter yourself you would be heartily welcome alone, and he is one too many; or, just when you have made yourself at home of a stormy night in some hospitable house on the mountains, amongst a kind and simple family, where everything promises comfort and sociality—you find gloomy silence on a sudden take place of song and laughter. Your hopeful *Asistente* has alluded to you as '*Senor Ingles*,' and you can hear them telling him in a whisper, how the patron's son, and his own brother, and the patrona's kinsman were all slaughtered by the *Ingleses* at San Sebastian, and Arlaban, and Hernani! and how their three houses were plundered and wantonly set fire to—until you are on the point of going to take your night's lodging on the bare hill side for very shame at finding yourself classed in idea amongst a Legion of cut-throats—*Peseteros, Hombres combrados, Ladrones, Robadores, Borrachos, Falsos, &c.* In such a predicament don't attempt any explanation; the case won't bear it. An independent primitive people, with a constitution at least as good, and free and ancient as your own—as distinct in laws and language, character, form, pursuits and national feeling, from Spain, as Spain is from England,—are invaded by a horde of modern Norsemen, who, adding hypocrisy to systematic barbarity, capture or destroy all within their reach, in the name of liberty and reform. The less said on the subject the better. Call yourself *Irlandés* or *Eseccés*, Welchman, Manxman or Yorkshireman, as the case may be (I can't tell

you the Spanish for the latter), but while the recent affairs of Bilbao, Irun and Hernani are ranking in their minds, do not go a pleasuring amongst them, bearing the name of murderer on your forehead."

The following passage will give the reader an idea of the deep feeling with which Don Carlos is regarded, amongst these primitive people, and may suggest serious reflections as to how far it is possible for us to succeed in our non-intervention policy of forcing upon them a sovereign who is detested. Mr. Stephens is describing his route from Bilbao, when the town was relieved, and the besieging army had commenced their retreat.

"On arriving at the little fishing village of Mundaca, I halted for dinner at a *posada* where I had stopped once before in a ride round the coast, during a pause in the siege; and had furnished matter of infinite speculation and inquiry to 'the daughter of the house,' (a fine cheerful, intelligent girl, who ruled every body within her reach, by her activity and high spirits,) for I was neither *official*, nor *ingeniero*, nor *medico*, nor *ecclesiastico*, nor *marinero*, nor *chocolatero*!—Nay more, I had not told her any news from Bilbao, or sat down to my dinner till I obtained some maize for my mule; so I had become impressed on her memory as a very strange species of *viagero*.

"I happened on this occasion to be the first who arrived at Mundaca from the camp, and Francesca herself fed my mule, that she might more quickly arrive at my stock of warlike intelligence. I did not like to be the bearer of bad news, and at first endeavoured to avoid her questions; but she would not be evaded, and soon caught hold of the word '*malo*!'—then crossed herself and sat down as if thunderstruck—then starting up, took me by both hands—seated me before her, and looking me straight in the face, insisted on knowing all about it! I never was so cross-questioned in my life. It was useless to attempt to cut the matter short, or endeavour to console her. She pushed aside a young priest who was endeavouring 'to catch the speaker's eye,' and expounded the misfortune on theological principles. 'We are all sinners, you know, *Senor*? said he: *Ergo ego, ergo Carlos Quinto, &c.*' I was examined on the tactics, topography, and chronology of the matter,—first in Spanish,—and if I did not catch her meaning, then at the top of her voice in Basquense. After I had proved my practical knowledge of the positions of both armies by sketches in the ashes of the kitchen hearth—and told her the names of the fugitives following with

the Infante—all her hopes of my ignorance or credulity gave way; she sighed '*Perdida la guerra!*'—then sat down in the corner and cried bitterly!

"Her mother tried to comfort her and turn her attention to prepare my dinner; sometimes scolding her heartily for being such a fool as to weep for what could not be helped—'as if that would mend the matter,' &c.—and then the old dame would go about her own work, wringing her hands unconsciously, or pressing them silently and forcibly on the top of her head, as if endeavouring to exclude a fullness of painful thought. The beautiful girl still sat by the fire, rocking herself and weeping;—endeavouring to fry some fish for me, and occasionally chanting a low recitative in which her feelings broke out. I could distinguish an extempore triad which ran thus: '*O Viscaya, you are lost! O Basques, you are lost! O Carlos, you are lost!*'—Then followed the words '*yo ne*'—repeated several times with a strong emphasis on the latter. The phrase was trivial in itself;—the mere ordinary abbreviation of '*I have nothing!*'—yet fully expressing by the varied intonations of passionate mourning, the deepest sense of destitution and desolation. I never heard so much heartfelt sorrow concentrated in two words, and never before saw patriotism a passion!

"The young priest had not a word of consolation to offer, but stood in the midst of the floor with his arms folded, his legs astride, his hat pulled over his brows, intently regarding the leg of the kitchen table: then starting to recollection, he threw down his breviary and bolted into the street.

"Presently the neighbours rushed in, half shocked—half incredulous!—but all highly excited, and anxious to learn the extent of their misfortune. What torrents of Basquense were poured forth as they urged Francesca and her mother to explain how?—how?—how it could have happened? Was it a surprise? or treason? or had *los Ingleses* landed? Never did I hear words uttered in any language (save Irish) with such vehement rapidity,—hard, rough, rugged, and even angular as they were. It was not a flow of language; the effect on my ear was more like that produced by a score of school-boys jerking stones along the surface of an icy lake, skir!—skir!—skir!—skir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!—for a furlong or more;—while clenched hands,—darkened brows and blanched cheeks revealed the feelings which inspired it. My fish was burning all the while,—Francesca being the centre of intelligence around which every body thronged. She occasionally declaimed as energetically as the rest;—

then again sank into silence, hid her face in her hands—and wept. I heartily forgave her for spoiling my dinner, and felt infinitely relieved when she arose at last dried her tears, shook her fine head, drew herself up to her full height, and proudly addressed me—'You leave us now in our adversity—but come hither next spring, and you shall find us conquerors? The Basques are not women or children to sit down and weep like me over the loss of their own Bilbao. They act—they fight—they suffer—but no matter; they never despair or sink into slavery; they always conquer at last! As sure as you sit there, they will lay siege to it a fourth time—aye! a hundredth time if need be! You have seen us baffled, and 'tis fitting you should see our triumphs too;—so if you can enjoy a Basque victory, come to the camp next spring?'

The following account which Mr. Stephens gives of the exertions of the Sisters of Mercy, in relieving and affording consolation to the wounded, is a redeeming feature in the character of this dreadful civil war:—

"The Sisters of Mercy, and other *monjas*, whose rules permit them to visit and attend the sick, devote themselves to the task with an earnestness and efficacy which cannot be sufficiently admired. Many of these are educated and highly intelligent. When they take charge of an hospital, every thing is sure to prosper. Their conscientious regularity and benevolent attention, effect, perhaps, more for their patients, than greater skill seconded by mere mercenary attendance can accomplish in England. Surgeon, apothecary, and patient are all confident in the watchful care of the Sister of Mercy. She administers the cup of hope with one hand, and that of resignation with the other. She brings to the sufferer's pillow every attainable earthly comfort and spiritual consolation; and in short, if a cure be possible, effects it. These excellent women carefully attended the hospital at Yrache, and were of incalculable benefit to the sufferers in the action of the 13th September, before mentioned; but as day broke on the morning of the 14th, they found that the enemy was in force descending the heights; that a fresh combat was in progress at their undefended gates, and that their friends were giving way before them. The Carlist soldiers were at that moment carrying three wounded comrades to the hospital, but the Lancers of the enemy charging down in numbers, obliged them to fly and leave them on the spot, where they were deliberately cut to pieces by the Chris-

tino cavalry. The Carlists in the hospital saw this horrid butchery going on almost under their windows, and all who could leave their beds, rushed down to escape by a postern, expecting similar treatment every moment at the hands of the ferocious victors. The Sisters of Mercy still stood by the beds of the helpless and dying, calmly awaiting their fate, —perhaps to be burned alive with them, for the Christinos, wherever they passed during the foray, were consuming all the Carlist property they had not time to plunder and carry off, and did not spare the houses that held it. Fortunately the Carlist generals, Francis Garcia and Pable Sanz hastening up at the moment with reinforcements, preserved the hospital and all its inmates from the impending destruction. My visit occurred only six days afterwards, when I was a pleased spectator of the quiet but ceaseless devotion of the good sisters, and the attention, order and neatness which their watchful kindness ensured throughout the establishment where 120 poor fellows lay enduring every variety of pain. The gratitude and confidence of the sufferers were not less obvious and delightful, and I left the convent with the conviction that civil war had not altogether extinguished Christian charity in that 'red land.' Man was indeed doing his utmost to bring a hell upon earth; but there were yet lingering on it spirits of a finer, purer, nobler order, whose example and influence still preserved a portion of the blessings designed for it by heaven."

Of some of our unfortunates, with whom our author casually met, we have the following account. We extract it, as in duty bound, for the edification of the brave and enterprising young men, who may be desirous of embarking for the country of Don Quixotte, in order to lend their active aid to "the cause of liberty all over the world."

"During the cannonade I was riding along the road from Irun to Hernani, where I happened to meet an illustration of the *morale* of the force with which Evans was at that moment endeavouring to dispense the blessings of peace and good order in Spain, and associated as the cannonade was with the *rencontre*, I think I shall never forget them. A Guipuscoan foot soldier marched along, escorting an ugly unshaven fellow without coat, waistcoat, hat, or shoes, ragged and dirty beyond any thing to be seen in Spain, but which, from my experience of similar spectacles in droves on the high roads of France, I recognized at once to

be a deserter from the Westminister Legion. He told me that he was a native of Cork, and had been serving in St. Sebastian under Colonel Shaw, but not liking the treatment he received, he came away. But how he came away, or what he had done with his arms, 'he disremembered quite.' All he knew was, that he had been near starving, had sold his jacket to obtain bread, before the soldier took charge of him, he supposed that by-and-by he would soon be brought safely back to St. Sebastian, and further, he wanted some tobacco! The poor wretch actually did not know into whose hands he had fallen, and, if the Basques could have understood him, would have effectually condemned himself. I gave him the best advice I could think of, and a franc for tobacco to help him to remember it, viz. when he reached Irun, to request Senor Garcia to send him home to England again through France with the rest of his comrades, and to say as little as possible about his expectations of returning to St. Sebastian."

Of General Evans, and his legion, it is not our intention to say more than a very little. They have suffered almost as much as they deserve, for having intruded themselves into such a contest. For many of them we feel, as for brave mistaken men, who were wholly unconscious of any moral turpitude, in risking their lives and taking away the lives of others, upon pretexts which but slenderly discriminate their case from that of deliberate murderers. Did they serve for pay alone? Then they were little better than hired assassins. Did they serve because they wished to defeat the claims of Don Carlos, and to establish those of the Queen, conceiving that her government would be more favourable than his, both to the liberty and happiness of the people? Then, they most unwarrantably erected themselves into umpires in a cause with which they had nothing in the world to do; and should expect nothing better than to be regarded as presumptuous interlopers, whose folly, or whose ignorance, furnished the only palliation for a degree of guilt, which might justly expose them to the condign vengeance of the Spanish nation. For, in what light must they appear to the people of Spain? Must they not appear in the light of strangers, forcing upon them an obnoxious constitution? Let Englishmen contemplate Spaniards in that light, and their feelings will at once tell

them what Spaniards must feel towards their misguided countrymen, who have been duped or deluded into this guilty and miserable crusade, in which so many of them have already paid the forfeit of their lives, and where they have all left behind them a burning remembrance of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon that unhappy country by their unprovoked aggression.

For our parts—deeply do we grieve that the courtesies of European warfare have been stained by such an inhuman document as the Durango decree. But we cannot, for our lives, see a reason, why murder in Spain should be less heavily punished than murder in England;—nor can we contemplate a single Englishman, crossing the seas for the purpose of shooting a single Spaniard, because he resists the claims of the Queen, without looking upon that Englishman as guilty of deliberate murder. Now, when a thousand Englishmen are in just the same predicament, how is the case altered? Are there any grounds why the people of Spain should regard them as legitimate enemies? Does the mere spirit of intermeddling, wantonly, in the affairs of another people, confer upon them the rights of regular belligerents? And are they to complain of a disuse of the usages of war, when they have themselves disregarded the usages of civilized nations, and volunteered to shed the blood of their unoffending fellow-men, in defiance, alike, of justice and humanity?

We are, therefore, free to confess that the Durango decree does not surprise us. Grieved, indeed, we are, to think, that great folly or great guilt has exposed so many of our unhappy fellow-countrymen to such merciless and horrible barbarity. But, it was a natural consequence of a most unnatural state of things, for which they have no one to blame but their own leaders. England is not at war with Spain. The troops under Evans are not in the pay of England. They are men, who, according to the most favourable account which they give of themselves, have gone abroad, with arms in their hands, to enforce their abstract notions of liberty and equality upon the people of another country. Let such conduct be universally countenanced,—let it be deemed fair and honourable—and what society can be safe from the carnage of the benevolent missionaries of sedition, whose enthusiastic ardour in “the

cause of liberty all over the world,” may prompt them to propagate, by fire and the sword, their creed as political millennarians? We say, advisedly, society is at an end, if such a doctrine be not scouted. No men have a right to shake off the allegiance which they owe to their country, that they may make war, upon their own individual responsibility, upon another country, and at the same time, expect to be treated with the respect and the deference that would, in a legitimate quarrel, be accorded to an independent nation. And if the cause of their hostility be of the same wanton and presumptuous character, as that which has moved and seduced General Evans and his followers into Spain, namely, a desire to force, upon the people of that country, their own abstract notions upon the subject of government, we marvel at the utter want of common sense, as well as ignorance of human nature, which could have led them to expect a courteous solicitude to observe the humanities of war, in men, whose sons and brothers they butchered, whose home-steads they burned, whose property they destroyed, whose sentiments of religion and loyalty they outraged;—and all for no better reason, than that these men presumed to act in accordance with their own convictions, upon a question which concerned their national independence.

Again, we say, let Englishmen make the case their own; and then, if they can, let them express surprise at the Durango decree. How would they regard Spanish enthusiasts or desperadoes, if *they* came to England upon a similar mission; namely, to bully us out of our old constitution? We do not believe that Englishmen could bring themselves to deny the wretches quarter in the field, if, casting their arms out of their hands, they presented themselves in an attitude of supplication. But this we will say, that they are not so unreasonable as not to make great allowance for the exasperation of a proud and passionate people, who can see no reason why any countryman of ours should interfere in their national contest; or why any British minister should open an office for the purpose of licensing British subjects to cut their throats. It is easy for us to exclaim against the Durango decree. We are not the sufferers from the measure by which it has been necessitated. And God

graat that we may long continue without the experience that would be necessary to enable us to determine, how far, in such a case, we would be able so to control our instincts, as to extend the courtesies of honourable war to such invaders; or whether we would not deem it a criminal weakness, if we did not meet such an audacious and profligate act of interference in our internal concerns, with the most prompt, vindictive, and awful retribution.

We do, therefore, trust, that this painful subject, will, in all its length and breadth, be brought under the early consideration of parliament. If there be any reality in one of the pretexts by which the reform bill was recommended, namely, that if adopted, it would have a tendency to *diminish the frequency of wars*, and to limit them, in the majority of instances, to cases of the first necessity, let our representatives betake themselves to the earnest and anxious consideration of the causes which have led to our present anomalous position with respect to Spain, and say whether the clandestine species of hostility into which we have been betrayed, can be justified upon Christian principles, or reconciled with a due regard to British character or British objects. Will any one pretend that it was our parts or duties to interfere between the Queen of Spain and her subjects, upon a matter of strictly constitutional law? Will any one pretend that we were justified in opposing ourselves to the wishes of the great majority of the people of that country, who were convinced of the collusive dealings which led to the pretended change in the succession; and utterly averse to the wild innovations of the democrats, by which their ancient attachments and their long cherished prejudices would be violently rooted up, and their staid and simple notions upon the subject of government, rebuked and confounded? Having entered into an alliance to give a sort of passive aid and countenance to the Queen, the very utmost limit of which was "naval cooperation," let ministers be challenged to show the grounds upon which they were justified in torturing these words into *any amount of aid by land*; so that, in reality, we were not only parties, but the *principal* parties in those attacks upon the forces of Don Carlos by land, to

which the most serious checks which he has received must be attributed; and this, whilst he himself rigidly observed a neutrality towards us, and directed his artillery to point their guns, so that our ships, which lay at his mercy in the Nervion, might not be injured. Let our ministers, if they can, reconcile *that* line of conduct, to fair play, to English feeling, to Christian principle, or to British honour. And let them not ride off, as they were suffered to do before, upon the pretext, that naval cooperation may be construed as largely, when it is limited by express treaty, to that one arm of the service, as where, without any such limitation, it is at our own disposal for all purposes of national defence. Let Sir William Follet's admirable exposure of the sophistry contained in such a representation, be, again and again studied and pondered,* and it is hardly probable that the weak device will again be hazarded by any of the retainers of ministers, while it is perfectly certain that it cannot answer even a temporary purpose. No largeness or liberality in the construction of a treaty, *can void its very essence*; and it is certain, that, by the construction which we put upon the term "naval cooperation," by which we read ourselves out of the restriction which prohibited the employment of forces by land, the very essence of the treaty was voided. Let, above all things, the construction which we *now* put upon that treaty, be compared with the construction which was put upon it by the Duke of Wellington when he was last in power, and *by which he gave satisfaction to the other powers of Europe*. Let the reiterated declarations of Lord Palmerston, subsequent to that event, that his Grace acted, in every respect, with sound judgment and good faith, both in the construction and the execution of the treaty, be reconciled, if possible, with his own conduct in afterwards departing from that construction, and giving to it a latitude of interpretation which renders it perfectly indefinite. Let this be reconciled with that honourable understanding between friendly powers, without which there can be no security for the repose of nations; or with that honest, and straightforward, and dignified bearing in foreign affairs, by which our foreign policy used to be characterised, when statesmen of mark

* See our Number for June last, page 643.

and likelihood, who were above trick and subterfuge, used to preside at our national councils. Let these points be pressed upon ministers at an early period of the approaching session of parliament. Their majority has been so seriously diminished by the recent elections, that it is very doubtful whether they can now carry matters with the same high hand with which they carried them before; but, whether or no, let the subject be discussed. The truths which must be elicited cannot be thrown away upon the people. Thank God, our countrymen are not as yet so depraved as to prefer falsehood to truth, wrong to right, evasion and subterfuge to justice and plain dealing. This even the ministers tacitly confess, when they do not dare to put their interference in Spanish af-

fairs upon its true ground, namely, a desire to impose upon that country, whether the people will or no, democratic institutions. They well know that the people of England would not countenance any open attempt to coerce the free choice of another people, in the matter of their government; and that, if such a project were plainly avowed, its authors would be instantaneously met by a burst of indignant reprobation. Let the truth, therefore, be made known; let the pretexts by which it has been disguised be exposed; and nothing more will be necessary to confound the devices of the political charlatans, by whose mischievous and unprincipled quackery in state affairs, the character of the country has been compromised, and the peace of Europe endangered.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.—PART III.

SCOTT had now reached the meridian of his poetical reputation; but his pre-eminence was no longer undisputed. A new poetical wonder-worker, in the person of Byron, had now begun to attract the public gaze; and, before his next poem, that of *Rokeby*, appeared, such a decided impression had been made by the meteoric genius of the author of *Childe Harold* and the *Giaour*, that it would be almost as unreasonable to expect that a melodrama should be regarded with interest during a thunder-storm, as that the readers of poetry should continue to give their undivided admiration even to the most captivating productions of his muse, during the vivid flashings of the lightnings by which they were dazzled, and the rapidly succeeding shocks of the fiery levin by which they were astounded.

It must also be admitted that the novelty of Scott's poetical romances had, by this time, begun to wear off; and, like a beauty with whom the public are long familiar, his muse began to be looked upon as *passé* by many of her former admirers. Even the enormous gains which he was supposed to have realized, diminished considerably the interest with which the efforts of his genius had been regarded, and he began to be looked upon by many as one who made a trade of poetry, and whose profits by the sale of his productions constituted the mainspring of his poetical inspiration. We need not say how utterly alien to our own opinion of this great man, is such a notion; which, in truth, we only allude to as exhibiting one of the phases of popular caprice, which delights in breaking the idols it had itself created; and which, possibly, might be said to have done him as much *more* than justice at his outset, as it now, obviously, did him *less* than justice, in the mellow noon-tide of his fame.

The new poem was suggested by a visit which Scott paid to Mr. Morritt, at his seat of *Rokeby*, in Yorkshire, and it would not, under any circumstances, have added much to his renown; although, had he been only known, for the first time, by it, it would have achieved for him no unenviable share of reputation. He was himself accustomed to say, that the force of the Lay was thrown on style,

that of *Marmion* on description, that of the *Lady of the Lake* on incident, and that of *Rokeby* on character. He, therefore, in this last production, hoped to take the world by surprise; as a poem, the interest of which turned upon character, was not what would be expected from him. And so he would, perhaps, had the public not been captivated by the gloomy grandeur of Byron, whose lights and shades were varied with the skill, and power of Rembrandt, and the first effect of whose eccentric productions was, to shed upon the literary world that "disastrous twilight," in which nought could be distinctly discerned but the fiend-like impersonations of a lurid misanthropy. It must needs happen, therefore, that *Rokeby* must be hidden from the public gaze until the enchantment which swathed the heavens with blackness, was dissolved, and again

"The trembling stars
Looked through the blue and silent firmament."

We now can look with an equal eye upon the magic touches of this charming poem, and the more potent magic by which it was, for a season, held in eclipse, and while it is impossible to doubt the power of the one, it is equally impossible to refuse our tribute of admiration to the beauties of the other. Scott brought "airs from heaven," if Byron evoked "blasts from hell;" and if the latter obtained such exclusive possession of the public attention as to cause an indifference respecting the former, that was owing fully as much to the vitiated state of the public mind, which indulged in a perverse relish for the monstrous and extravagant, in character and morals, as to any intrinsic superiority by which it was distinguished.

The principal beauties of the poem of *Rokeby*, as well as the causes which led to its comparative failure, are thus, in the work before us, happily depicted—

"In spite of these graceful characters, the inimitable scenery on which they are presented, and the splendid vivacity and thrilling interest of several chapters in the story—such as the opening interview of Bertram and Wycliff—the flight up the cliff on the Greta—the first entrance of the cave at Brignall—the firing of

Rokeby Castle—and the catastrophe in Eglstone Abbey;—in spite certainly of exquisitely happy lines profusely scattered throughout the whole composition, and of some detached images—that of the setting of the tropical sun, for example—which were never surpassed by any poet; in spite of all these merits, the immediate success of Rokeby was greatly inferior to that of the *Lady of the Lake*; nor has it ever since been so much a favourite with the public at large as any other of his poetical romances. He ascribes this failure, in his introduction of 1830, partly to the radically unpoetical character of the Roundheads; but surely their character has its poetical side also, had his prejudices allowed him to enter upon its study with impartial sympathy; and I doubt not, Mr. Morritt suggested the difficulty on this score, when the outline of the story was as yet undetermined, from consideration rather of the poet's peculiar feelings, and powers as hitherto exhibited, than of the subject absolutely. Partly he blames the satiety of the public ear, which had had so much of his rhythm, not only from himself, but from dozens of mocking birds, male and female, all more or less applauded in their day, and now all equally forgotten. This circumstance, too, had probably no slender effect; the more that, in defiance of all the hints of his friends, he now, in his narrative, repeated (with more negligence) the uniform octosyllabic couplets of the *Lady of the Lake*, instead of recurring to the more varied cadence of the *Lay* or *Marmion*. It is fair to add that, among the London circles at least, some sarcastic flings in Mr. Moore's "Two-penny Post Bag" must have had an unfavourable influence on this occasion. But the cause of failure which the poet himself places last, was unquestionably the main one. The deeper and darker passion of *Childe Harold*, the audacity of its morbid voluptuousness, and the melancholy majesty of the numbers in which it defied the world, had taken the general imagination by storm; and Rokeby, with many beauties and some sublimities, was pitched, as a whole, on a key which seemed tame in the comparison."

The ease with which his pen obeyed the mandates of his genius, was, at this time, strikingly exemplified in "the *Bridal of Triermain*," which was published, anonymously, almost simultaneously with Rokeby, and intended as little more than a *jeu d'esprit*, by which the public might be set guessing at its authorship, while he was, in secret, amused by their blunders. It

was the humour of Scott to countenance an opinion which got abroad, that his friend, Erskine, was the writer of this poem; and that amiable and gifted man entered into his feelings, and did what in him lay to give a deceptive reality to this notion. But sagacious critics could not be long deceived, and the port and stature of the mighty minstrel were not indistinctly discernible, under the new garb by which he in vain attempted to disguise them. "As a whole," Mr. Lockhart observes,

"The *Bridal of Triermain* appears to me as characteristic of Scott as any of his larger poems. His genius pervades and animates it beneath a thin and playful veil, which perhaps adds as much of grace as it takes away of splendour. As Wordsworth says of the eclipse on the lake of Lugano—

'Tis sunlight sheathed and gently charmed;'

and I think there is at once a lightness and a polish of versification beyond what he has elsewhere attained. If it be a miniature, it is such a one as a Cooper might have hung fearlessly beside the masterpieces of Vandyke."

His mercantile connection had now become a source of great annoyance; and it does appear to us surprising that he did not take some decisive step to extricate himself from the difficulties in which he was every day and every hour becoming more and more involved. Indeed there appears something like a destiny in the business, by which the whole of his future life was perplexed and clouded, and which caused anxiety and annoyances of the most disagreeable kind, so to persecute and harass him, that at no moment could he be said to be wholly unmolested by them. They were, in fact, like a flight of locusts which forestalled the produce of his genius before he himself could put a sickle in the harvest.

It was while he was struggling with those difficulties, that the offer of the laureatship was made him by George the Fourth, then Prince Regent. Prudence at first bade him hesitate to refuse it; as he was constantly, owing to his connection with the Ballantynes, in want of money, although possessed of an income of more than two thousand a year. It must, also, be mentioned, that his purchase of Abbotsford, about this period, and his meditated improvements, had involved him in pecuniary engagements to no small amount; and

the Scotch proverb, "every little &c." seemed one that should be by no means neglected. Still the laureatship was not a thing to his mind; and before he decided upon the offer in one way or the other, he came to the resolution of making known his case to the Duke of Buccleuch, and soliciting from his Grace his guarantee for the raising of four thousand pounds, rendered necessary by the state of his affairs, and also his advice respecting his acceptance or rejection of the very flattering offer that had been made him. The Duke, in both instances, proved himself a true friend; and his reply to the latter part of Scott's letter, is too judicious and too interesting not to be recited.

"I am never willing to offer advice, but when my opinion is asked by a friend I am ready to give it. As to the offer of his Royal Highness to appoint you laureate, I shall frankly say that I should be mortified to see you hold a situation which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous. There is no good reason why this should be so; but so it is. *Walter Scott, Poet Laureate*, ceases to be the *Walter Scott of the Lay, Marmion, &c.* Any future poem of yours would not come forward with the same probability of a successful reception. The poet laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of court plaster. Your muse has hitherto been independent—don't put her into harness. We know how lightly she trots along when left to her natural paces, but do not try driving. I would write frankly and openly to his Royal Highness, but with respectful gratitude, for he *has* paid you a compliment. I would not fear to state that you had hitherto written when in poetic mood, but feared to trammel yourself with a fixed periodical exertion; and I cannot but conceive that his Royal Highness, who has much taste, will at once see the many objections which you must have to his proposal, but which you cannot write. Only think of being chanted and recitativèd by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honour, and gentlemen-pensioners! Oh, horrible, thrice horrible!"

By this letter he was at once decided; and having resolved not to accept the laureatship for himself, he instantly set about procuring it for another. The heart of the man is strikingly visible in the following letter to his friend and brother bard; Robert Southey.

The negotiation terminated as he wished; and, owing to his exertions, and Southey's merits, his application was successful.

"Abbotsford, 4th September, 1813.

"MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—On my return here I found, to my no small surprise, a letter tendering me the laurel vacant by the death of the poetical Pye. I have declined the appointment, as being incompetent to the task of annual commemoration; but chiefly as being provided for in my professional department, and unwilling to incur the censure of engrossing the emolument attached to one of the few appointments which seems proper to be filled by a man of literature who has no other views in life. Will you forgive me, my dear friend, if I own I had you in my recollection? I have given Croker the hint, and otherwise endeavoured to throw the office into your option. I am uncertain if you will like it, for the laurel has certainly been tarnished by some of its wearers, and as at present managed, its duties are inconvenient, and somewhat liable to ridicule. But the latter matter might be amended, as I think the Regent's good sense would lead him to lay aside these regular commemorations; and as to the former point, it has been worn by Dryden of old, and by Warton in modern days. If you quote my own refusal against me, I reply—first, I have been luckier than you in holding two offices not usually conjoined; secondly, I did not refuse it from any foolish prejudice against the situation, otherwise how durst I mention it to you, my elder brother in the muse?—but from a sort of internal hope that they would give it to you, upon whom it would be so much more worthily conferred. For I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favour. I have not time to add ten thousand other reasons, but I only wished to tell you how the matter was, and to beg you to think before you reject the offer which I flatter myself will be made to you. If I had not been like Dogberry, a fellow with two gowns already, I should have jumped at it like a cock at a gooseberry. Ever yours most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

But while he was thus benevolently solicitous for the welfare of others, and indulging in the luxury of doing good, the *atra cura* of his bookselling speculations continued to haunt him with unceasing eagerness, and he literally knew not what it was to lie down after his daily labours with a disengaged, or

a peaceful mind. Yet, his biographer tells us—

"All these annoyances produced no change whatever in Scott's habits of literary industry. During these anxious months of September, October, and November, he kept feeding James Ballantyne's press, from day to day, both with the annotated text of the closing volumes of Swift's works, and with the MS. of his *Life of the Dean*. He had also proceeded to mature in his own mind the plan of the *Lord of the Isles*, and executed such a portion of the first canto as gave him confidence to renew his negotiation with Constable for the sale of the whole, or part of its copyright. It was, moreover, at this period, that looking into an old cabinet in search of some fishing-tackle, his eye chanced to light once more on the *Ashstiel* fragment of *Waverley*. He read over those introductory chapters—thought they had been undervalued—and determined to finish the story."

Another source of annoyance, which must have not a little tried his temper, was to be found in the increasing throng of visitors, whom his celebrity had now begun to attract around him; and although no one who was ever admitted into his society was permitted to perceive that his presence was regarded as a tax, by which the poet was paying the usual penalty of celebrity; yet, says his biographer—

"I was not surprised to discover, among his hasty notes to the Ballantynes, several of tenor akin to the following specimens:—

* September 2d, 1813.

'My temper is really worn to a hair's-breadth. The intruder of yesterday hung on me till twelve to-day. When I had just taken my pen, he was relieved, like a sentry leaving guard, by two other lounging visitors; and their post has now been supplied by some people on real business.'

Again—

* Monday Evening.

'Oh James—oh James—Two Irish dames

Oppress me very sore;

I groaning send one sheet I've permed—

For hang them! there's no more.'

A scrap of nearly the same date to his brother Thomas may be introduced, as belonging to the same state of feeling—
'Dear Tom, I observe what you say as to Mr. * * * *; and as, you may often be exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate

to persons whom you do not delight to honour, *Scott*; by which abridgement of your name I shall understand to limit my civilities.'

"It is proper to mention, that, in the very agony of these perplexities, the unfortunate Maturin received from him a timely succour of £50, rendered doubly acceptable by the kind and judicious letter of advice in which it was enclosed; and I have before me ample evidence that his benevolence had been extended to other struggling brothers of the trade, even when he must often have had actual difficulty to meet the immediate expenditure of his own family. All this, however, will not surprise the reader."

The novel of *Waverley*, of which mention is made in one of the above extracts, was now seriously resumed, and having met with the decided approbation of Scott's *Magnus Apollo*, Mr. William Erskine, was rapidly brought to a completion. Constable, upon seeing the first volume, offered for the work £700; a liberal offer, Mr. Lockhart thinks, considering the state of novel literature in those days; but Scott observed, that if the novel did not succeed, the sum was too great, and if it did, it was too little; (a dilemma more ingenious than conclusive, as the real matter for consideration was, the mixed proposition of the chances of failure, balanced by the chances of success;) and it was resolved, ultimately, that the work should be published, upon the division of profits between the publisher and the author. All this time, the real authorship, however shrewdly suspected, was studiously concealed; (Ballantyne having carefully copied the manuscript before the work went to press;) and Scott, no doubt, had no small pleasure in witnessing and baffling the various attempts which were made to penetrate his incognito, as the rapidly increasing celebrity of his novels attracted the curiosity of their admirers. He thus writes to Mr. Morritt, who was one of the very few to whom his secret was entrusted—

"Now, to go from one important subject to another, I must account for my own laziness, which I do by referring you to a small anonymous sort of a novel, in three volumes, *Waverley*, which you will receive by the mail of this day. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now re-

main. I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks. I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I do not expect that it will be popular in the south, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional. You, however, who are an adopted Scotchman, will find some amusement in it. It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion. Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit *ex contrario*; so that these authorities have divided the Gude Town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I don't know if it has got to London yet. I intend to maintain my *incognito*. Let me know your opinion about it. I should be most happy if I could think it would amuse a painful thought at this anxious moment. I was in hopes Mrs. Morritt was getting so much better that this relapse affects me very much."

The rapid metamorphosis which the genius of Scott underwent, in passing suddenly from the poet to the novelist, is one of the most remarkable things in the history of the human mind, but it was not less natural than it was surprising. Whatever the causes were to which it was owing, he clearly saw that his reputation as a metrical romancer had already begun to culminate; and his sagacity would, no doubt, have led him to vary his style, if he was not prepared to witness the going down of his fame, with the rapidity of his own tropical sunset, so glowingly described in *Rokeby*. Indeed, in that beautiful poem he may be said to have aimed at a higher and rarer excellence than, in any of his former, he had attained. Its interest, as he himself truly observed, consisted in the powerful and discriminating depiction, and judicious contrast of bold and striking characters; and he judged well in supposing that he would be entitled to higher praise for the knowledge of human nature thus displayed, than for any of the lighter beauties which gave eclat or popu-

larity to his former productions. He now, for the first time, appeared as a poet; before he might be regarded as comparatively a rhyming of rhymes. But it was his misfortune, that the new constellation which his genius thus created in the poetical heavens, appeared at the same time with a comet, whose very eccentricity arrested the public attention; and as long as the portentous meteor continued to blaze in lurid splendour above the heads of the gazing multitude, the mitigated brilliancy of the more unobtrusive luminary must be comparatively disregarded. We fully agree with Mr. Lockhart in supposing that, had he presented, in his own captivating prose, the very scenes and characters which in *Rokeby* he embodied in verse, their success would not have been less remarkable than that of any of the novels by which they were succeeded; and the poem might, in fact, be considered that effort of genius which indicated a state of transition between the two styles of writing, in both of which he was so distinguished. Thus, the necessity of the case compelled him, in a measure, to try his hand in the new line in which he now resolved to tempt the dainty and pre-occupied appetite of the public; but it is our opinion that he would have been naturally led into that line, even if no such necessity ever existed. The reader has seen how gradually he was stolen into the paths of poetry; and how, while he culled one wild flower after another, he was almost unconsciously led, from gathering a bouquet, to cultivating a garden, until what he resorted to as a pastime became a pursuit, which gave its bias and complexion to his whole existence. Even the very same progress may be traced in the composition of his novels and romances. His quest of ballads and legends, by which the ancient circumstances of his country might be illustrated, brought him into contact with characters, and made him acquainted with incidents by which it was impossible that his attention should not be strongly arrested; and the early commencement of *Waverley* proves how naturally this gave rise to his composition in prose, even as the throwing aside of that great novel at the instance of Erskine, proves how little he was conscious of where his strength in reality lay, and how far he was destined to distance on foot, even the greatest achievements which he had performed

on horseback. But every day must have made him more and more acquainted with his own power of giving reality to the varied impressions which were made upon his mind; and as his knowledge of human nature increased, (and it was constantly increasing,) his vast store of imagery and incident, and his augmented power in the portraying of character, must have led him, without any more prompting attractions, to body forth the fictions to which he has given immortality. Thus, there were internal as well as external causes at work, which would have turned the poet into a novelist; and Scott was but obeying the law of his nature when he charmed, and astonished, and mystified the world as the Great Unknown, even as he had obeyed it when, in compliance with his early impulses, he gave undying celebrity, in harmonious numbers, to those feats of border outlawry or chivalry which haunted his youthful imagination. The one was the work of *the man*, when his judgment was matured; the other, the productions of the youth, while experience was yet green, and while the wild and the marvellous, in the legendary history of the ages gone by, had exercised over his ardent temperament an almost resistless fascination. But, what was thus determined by natural causes, the decline of his popularity as a poet would, no doubt, accelerate, and, having experienced the facility of producing a powerful effect in prose, it is not surprising, as his biographer observes, that he

"Should have redoubled his aversion to the notion of any more serious performance in verse. He had seized on an instrument of wider compass, and which, handled with whatever rapidity, seemed to reveal at every touch, treasures that had hitherto slept unconsciously within him. He had thrown off his fetters, and might well go forth rejoicing in the native elasticity of his strength.

"It is at least a curious coincidence in literary history, that, as Cervantes, driven from the stage of Madrid by the success of Lope de Vega, threw himself into prose romance, and produced, at the moment when the world considered him as silenced for ever, the *Don Quixote* which has outlived Lope's two thousand triumphant dramas—so Scott, abandoning verse to Byron, should have rebounded from his fall by the only prose romances which seem to be classed with the masterpiece of Spanish genius, by the general judgment of Europe."

In the year 1814, Scott made a voyage to the Hebrides, and the islands lying thereabout, of which he kept a journal, which is about as uninteresting as any thing coming from such a pen could be. It covers nearly two hundred pages of the third volume of the biography which now lies before us, and might, without any considerable loss, be summed up in the following brief paragraph, which we extract from a letter, which, at his return, he wrote to his friend Mr. Morritt. But if he derived health from his trip, his readers may easily forgive him, if, for this once, they fail to derive amusement.

"I will shortly mention the train of our voyage, reserving particulars till another day. We sailed from Leith and skirted the Scottish coast, visiting the Buller of Buchan and other remarkable objects—went to Shetland—thence to Orkney—from thence round Cape Wrath to the Hebrides, making descents every where, where there was any thing to be seen—thence to Lewis and the Long Island—to Skye—to Iona—and so forth, lingering among the Hebrides as long as we could. Then we stood over to the coast of Ireland, and visited the Giant's Causeway and Port Rush, where Dr. Richardson, the inventor (discovered I would say) of the celebrated floric grass resides. By the way, he is a chattering charlatan, and his floric a mere humbug. But if he were Cicero, and his invention were potatoes, or any thing equally useful, I should detest the recollection of the place and the man, for it was there I learned the death of my friend. Adieu, my dear Morritt; kind compliments to your lady; like poor Tom, 'I cannot daub it farther.' When I hear where you are, and what you are doing, I will write you a more cheerful epistle. Poor Mackenzie, too, is gone—the brother of our friend Lady Hood—and another Mackenzie, son to the Man of Feeling. So short time have I been absent, and such has been the harvest of mortality among those whom I regarded.

"I will attend to your corrections in *Waverley*. My principal employment for the autumn will be reducing the knowledge I have acquired of the localities of the islands into scenery and stage-room for the '*Lord of the Isles*,' of which renowned romance I think I have repeated some portions to you. It was elder born than *Rokeby*, though it gave place to it in publishing.

"After all, scribbling is an odd propensity. I don't believe there is any ointment, even that of the Edinburgh Review, which can cure the infected."

Now followed, in rapid succession, Guy Mannering, and the Lord of the Isles. In the reception of both, Scott had an opportunity of seeing the decline of his poetical popularity, and the rise of his reputation as a writer of prose romances. This must have confirmed him, even if he had been previously unresolved, in his determination to work the new vein of literary treasure, which began to promise so rich a recompense to his labours. The following little incidents are interesting as well as characteristic.

"This poem is now, I believe, about as popular as Rokeby; but it has never reached the same station in general favour with the Lay, Marmion, or the Lady of the Lake. The first edition of 1800 copies in quarto, was, however, rapidly disposed of, and the separate editions in 8vo, which ensued before his poetical works were collected, amounted together to 12,250 copies. This, in the case of almost any other author, would have been splendid success; but as compared with what he had previously experienced, even in his Rokeby, and still more so, as compared with the enormous circulation at once attained by Lord Byron's early tales, which were then following each other in almost breathless succession, the falling off was decided. One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call on him, and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of Guy Mannering. I give what follows, from Ballantyne's *Memoranda*:—"Well, James," he said, "I have given you a week—what are people saying about the Lord of the Isles?" I hesitated a little, after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. "Come," he said, "speak out my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But, I see how it is, the result is given in one word—*Disappointment*." My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event; for it is a singular fact that before the public, or rather the booksellers, had given their decision, he no more knew whether he had written well or ill, than whether a die thrown out of a box was to turn up a six or an ace. However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather that his poetical popularity should have lasted so long, than that it should have now at last given way. At length he said with perfect cheerfulness,

"Well, well, James, so be it—but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else"—and so he dismissed me and resumed his novel."

"Ballantyne concludes the anecdote in these words:—"He spoke thus, probably unaware of the undiscovered wonders then slumbering in his mind. Yet still he could not but have felt that the production of a few poems was nothing in comparison of what must be in reserve for him, for he was at this time scarcely more than forty. An evening or two after, I called again on him, and found on the table a copy of the *Giaour*, which he seemed to have been reading. Having an enthusiastic young lady in my house, I asked him if I might carry the book home with me, but chancing to glance on the autograph blazon, '*To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his subjects*,' instantly retracted my request, and said I had not observed Lord Byron's inscription before. "What inscription?" said he; "O yes, I had forgot, but inscription or no inscription, you are equally welcome." I again took it up, and he continued, "James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." At this time he had never seen Byron, but I knew he meant soon to be in London, when, no doubt, the mighty consummation of the meeting of the two bards would be accomplished; and I ventured to say that he must be looking forward to it with some interest. His countenance became fixed, and he answered impressively, "O, of course." In a minute or two afterwards he rose from his chair, paced the room at a very rapid rate, which was his practice in certain moods of mind, then made a dead halt, and bursting into an extravaganza of laughter, "James," cried he, "I'll tell you what Byron should say to me when we are about to accost each other—

"Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?"
And then how germane would be my answer—

"Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the small?"

"This," says the printer, "is a specimen of his peculiar humour; it kept him full of mirth for the rest of the evening."

"The whole of the scene strikes me as equally and delightfully characteristic; I may add, hardly more so of Scott than of his printer; for Ballantyne, with all his profound worship of his friend and benefactor, was in truth, even more than he, an undoubted acquiescer in 'the decision of the public, or rather of the booksellers;' and among the many absurdities into

which his reverence for the popedom of Paternoster Row led him, I never could but consider, with special astonishment, the facility with which he seemed to have adopted the notion that the Byron of 1814 was really entitled to supplant Scott as a popular poet. Appreciating, as a man of his talents could hardly fail to do, the splendidly original glow and depth of Childs Harold, he always appeared to me quite blind to the fact, that in the *Gisour*, in the *Bride of Abydos*, in *Parisina*, and indeed, in all his early serious narratives, Byron owed at least half his success to clever, though perhaps unconscious imitation of Scott, and no trivial share of the rest to the lavish use of materials which Scott never employed, only because his genius was, from the beginning to the end of his career, under the guidance of high and chivalrous feelings of moral rectitude. All this Lord Byron himself seems to have felt most completely—as witness the whole sequence of his letters and diaries; and I think I see many symptoms that both the decision of the million, and its index, 'the decision of the booksellers,' tend the same way at present; but my business is to record, so far as my means may permit, the growth and structure of one great mind, and the effect which it produced upon the actual witnesses of its manifestations, not to obtrude the conjectures of a partial individual as to what rank posterity may assign it amongst or above contemporary rivals."

Soon after this Scott visited London, and met Byron. Their interview is thus described—

"'It was' (says Scott) 'in the spring of 1815, that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met for an hour or two almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawingroom, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months I had the advantage of a considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him, that I really thought that if he lived a few years he would alter his sentiments.

He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I shall turn Methodist.' I replied, 'No—I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right."

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him, as a vehicle for displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office, was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar (and, as it appeared to me) contradictory cast of mind: but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of *Hardyknote*, an imitation of the old Scottish ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.

"I saw Byron for the last time in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's in Bond-street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good-humour, to which the presence of Mr. Mathews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Scott of Gala, and I set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts. I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed in the *Iliad*, for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was

full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus:—'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain ancient sepulchres within the long walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811.' The other face bears the lines of Juvenal—*Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies?—Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

"To these I have added a third inscription, in these words—'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.' There was a letter with this vase, more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones; but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

"We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

"I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation he was very animated.

"I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect—particularly one at Sir George Beaumont's—where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these I need only mention the late Sir Humphrey Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr. Richard Sharp and Mr. Rogers were also present.

"I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his mis-

construing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden—little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."

It was during this visit to London, which took place in the spring of 1815, that Scott was presented to the Prince Regent, who regarded him with great admiration, and who himself, in his intercourse with the poet, appeared to great advantage; but for the dinner party, at which the sovereign and his subject both played their best, we must refer the reader to the work before us.

In the autumn of this year, his poem of the field of Waterloo, and Paul's letters to his Kinsfolk, were the result of a visit which he paid to the theatre of the recent war. In this case, also, the popularity of his prose greatly exceeded that of his verse, which, indeed, fell considerably below its usual standard, and indicated that sort of declining fondness for his muse, which seemed to say that the very best thing which could happen them both would be an amicable separation. The profits of this poem were beneficently assigned to the widows and children of the soldiers who had fallen in that memorable conflict.

In 1816 appeared the Antiquary, a novel not inferior to any that he ever wrote, and which, for simple interest, quaint humour, and native drollery, is almost perfectly unrivalled. The principal character, the Laird of Monk-barns, he drew from the peculiarities of two individuals, with whom he had been intimate in early life, Clerk of Eldin, and George Constable of Wallace-Cragie; and those who best knew the men were the loudest in their commendations of the felicity with which their antiquarian propensities

were depicted. But, as Mr. Lockhart observes—

“Considered by itself, without reference to these sources of personal interest, this novel seems to me to possess, almost throughout, in common with its two predecessors, a kind of simple unsought charm, which the subsequent works of the series hardly reached, save in occasional snatch—like them it is, in all its humbler and softer scenes, the transcript of actual Scottish life, as observed by the man himself. And I think it must also be allowed that he has nowhere displayed his highest art, that of skilful contrast, in greater perfection. Even the tragic romance of Waverley does not set off its Macwhobbies and Callum Begs better than the oddities of Jonathan Oldbuck and his circle are relieved, on the one hand, by the stately gloom of the Glenallans, on the other, by the stern affliction of the poor fisherman, who, when discovered repairing the ‘auld black bitch o’ a boat’ in which his boy had been lost, and congratulated by his visitor on being capable of the exertion, makes answer, ‘And what would you have me to do, unless I wanted to see four children starve, because one is drowned? *it’s well wi’ you gentles, that can sit in the house wi’ handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a friend; but the like o’ us mairn to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.*’

“It may be worth noting, that it was in correcting the proof-sheets of this novel that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. ‘Hang it, Johnnie,’ cried Scott, ‘I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.’ He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigram, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of ‘*old play*’ or ‘*old ballad*,’ to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen.

“Unlike, I believe, most men, whenever Scott neared the end of one composition, his spirits seem to have caught a new spring of buoyancy, and before the last sheet was sent from his desk, he had crowded his brain with the imagination of another fiction. The Antiquary was published, as we have seen, in May, but by the beginning of April he had already opened to the Ballantynes the plan of the first Tales of my Landlord; and—to say

nothing of Harold the Dauntless, which he began shortly after the Bridal of Triermain was finished, and which he seems to have kept before him for two years as a congenial plaything, to be taken up whenever the coach brought no proof-sheets to jog him as to serious matters—he had also, before this time, undertaken to write the historical department of the Register for 1814. Mr. Southey had, for reasons upon which I do not enter, discontinued his services to that work; and it was now doubly necessary, after trying for one year a less eminent hand, that if the work were not to be dropped altogether, some strenuous exertions should be made to sustain its character. Scott had not yet collected the materials requisite for his historical sketch of a year distinguished for the importance and complexity of its events; but these, he doubted not, would soon reach him, and he felt no hesitation about pledging himself to complete, not only that sketch, but four new volumes of prose romances—and his Harold the Dauntless also, if Ballantyne could make any suitable arrangement on that score—between the April and the Christmas of 1816.”

Nor is his genius as a novelist more conspicuous in those beautiful tales, than his practical good sense in the affairs of common life, in the following extract from a letter to Mr. Morritt, which he wrote this same year, when considerable distress had been felt amongst the labouring poor of Scotland:—

“In other respects things look melancholy enough here. Corn is, however, rising; and the poor have plenty of work and wages which, though greatly inferior to what they had when hands were scarce, assort perfectly well with the present state of the markets. Most folks try to live as much on their own produce as they can, by way of fighting off distress; and though speculating farmers and landlords must suffer, I think the temporary ague-fit will, on the whole, be advantageous to the country. It will check that inordinate and unbecoming spirit of expense, or rather extravagance, which was poisoning all classes, and bring us back to the sober virtues of our ancestors. It will also have the effect of teaching the landed interest, that their connexion with the farmers should be of a nature more intimate than that of mere payment and receipt of rent, and that the largest offerer for a lease is often the person least entitled to be preferred as a tenant. Above all, it will complete the destruction of those execrable quacks, terming themselves landdoctors, who pro-

fessed, from a two days' scamper over your estate, to tell you its constitution,—in other words its value,—acre by acre. These men, paid according to the golden hopes they held out, afforded by their reports one principal means of deceiving both landlord and tenant, by setting an ideal and extravagant value upon land, which seemed to entitle the one to expect, and the other to offer, rent far beyond what any expectation formed by either, upon their own acquaintance with the property, could rationally have warranted. More than one landed gentleman has cursed, in my presence, the day he ever consulted one of those empirics, whose prognostications induced him to reject the offers of substantial men, practically acquainted with the *locale*."

"The Tales of my Landlord," now appeared, the produce alike of his genius and his necessities. Who of our readers require to be told of the thrilling interest with which the public received *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*? The former tale, observes our biographer,

"However imperfect, and unworthy as a work of art to be placed high in the catalogue of his productions, derives a singular interest from its delineation of the dark feelings so often connected with physical deformity; feelings which appear to have diffused their shadow over the whole genius of Byron—and which, but for this single picture, we should hardly have conceived ever to have passed through Scott's happier mind. All the bitter blasphemy of spirit which, from infancy to the tomb, swelled up in Byron against the unkindness of nature; which sometimes perverted even his filial love into a sentiment of diabolical malignity; all this black and desolate train of reflections must have been encountered and deliberately subdued by the manly parent of the *Black Dwarf*. *Old Mortality*, on the other hand, is remarkable as the *novelist's* first attempt to re-people the past by the power of imagination working on materials furnished by books. In *Waverley* he revived the fervid dreams of his boyhood, and drew, not from printed records, but from the artless oral narratives of his *Ivernakyles*. In *Guy Mannering*, he embodied characters and manners familiar to his own wandering youth. But whenever his letters mention *Old Mortality* in its progress, they represent him as strong in the confidence that the industry with which he had pored over a library of forgotten tracts would enable him to identify himself with the time in which they had birth, as completely as if he had listened with his own ears to the

dismal sermons of Peden, ridden with Claverhouse and Dalsell in the rout of Bothwell, and been an advocate at the bar of the Privy-Council, when Lauderdale catechised and tortured the assassins of Archbishop Sharp. To reproduce a departed age with such minute and life-like accuracy as this tale exhibits, demanded a far more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for in any effort of his serious verse. It is indeed most curiously instructive for any student of art to compare the Roundheads of Rokeby with the Bluebonnets of *Old Mortality*. For the rest—the story is framed with a deeper skill than any of the preceding novels; the canvass is a broader one; the characters are contrasted and projected with a power and felicity which neither he nor any other master ever surpassed; and, notwithstanding all that has been urged against him as a disparager of the Covenanters, it is to me very doubtful whether the inspiration of romantic chivalry ever prompted him to nobler emotions than he has lavished on the re-animation of their stern and solemn enthusiasm. This work has always appeared to me the *Marmion* of his novels.

"I have disclaimed the power of farther illustrating its historical groundworks, but I am enabled by Mr. Train's kindness to give some interesting additions to Scott's own account of this novel as a composition. The generous Supervisor visited him in Edinburgh in May 1816, a few days after the publication of the *Antiquary*, carrying with him several relics which he wished to present to his collection; among others, a purse that had belonged to Rob Roy; and also a fresh heap of traditionary gleanings, which he had gathered among the tale-tellers of his district. One of these last was in the shape of a letter to Mr. Train from a Mr. Broadfoot, 'schoolmaster at the clachan of Penningham, and author of the celebrated song of the Hills of Galloway'—with which I confess myself unacquainted. Broadfoot had facetiously signed his communication, *Clashbottom*—'a professional appellation, derived,' says Mr. Train, 'from the use of the birch, and by which he was usually addressed among his companions,—who assembled, not at the Wallace Inn of Ganderclough, but at the sign of the Shoulder of Mutton in Newton-Stewart.' Scott received these gifts with benignity, and invited the friendly donor to breakfast next morning. He found him at work in his library, and surveyed with enthusiastic curiosity the furniture of the room, especially its only picture, a portrait of Graham of Claverhouse. Train expressed

the surprise with which every one who had known Dundee only in the pages of the Presbyterian Annals, must see for the first time that beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance. Scott replied, 'that no character had been so foully traduced as the Viscount of Dundee—that, thanks to Wodrow, Cruikshanks, and such chroniclers, he, who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the devil.' 'Might he not,' said Mr. Train, 'be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie?' 'He might,' said Scott, 'but your western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect.' 'And what,' resumed Train, 'if the story were to be delivered as if from the mouth of *Old Mortality*? Would he not do as well as the *Minstrel* did in the Lay?' 'Old Mortality!' said Scott—'who was he?' Mr. Train then told what he could remember of old Paterson, and seeing how much his story interested the hearer, offered to enquire farther about that enthusiast on his return to Galloway. 'Do so by all means,' said Scott—'I assure you I shall look with anxiety for your communication.' He said nothing at this time of his own meeting with *Old Mortality* in the churchyard of Dunotter—and I think there can be no doubt that that meeting was thus recalled to his recollection; or that to this intercourse with Mr. Train we owe the whole machinery of the *Tales of my Landlord*, as well as the adoption of Claverhouse's period for the scene of one of its first fictions. I think it highly probable that we owe a further obligation to the worthy Supervisor's presentation of Rob Roy's *spleuchan*."

With what felicity is the effect of a panic upon the mercantile interest in England described, in a letter to Mr. Morrit: and how forcibly is the folly illustrated, to which be the ruin, which it occasions is chiefly owing.

"The finances are the only ticklish matter, but there is, after all, plenty of money in the country, now that our fever-fit is a little over. In Britain, when there is the least damp upon the spirits of the public, they are exactly like people in a crowd, who take the alarm, and shoulder each other to and fro till some dozen or two of the weakest are borne down and trodden to death; whereas, if they would but have patience and remain quiet, there would be a

safe and speedy end to their embarrassment. How we want Billie Pitt now to get up and give the tone to our feelings and opinions!"

It was not to be expected that he should have escaped *Scot free* for the freedom with which he ridiculed the peculiarities of the covenants, in a country where their spirit still survives, and where so many, happily, still exist, by whom their noble constancy and their heroic sacrifices are duly appreciated. The truth is, that Sir Walter undervalued the *principle* which gave vigour and energy to these extraordinary men, as much, perhaps, as they overvalued those inessential peculiarities, in the stern rejection of which they had so often braved fire and the sword, torture and the dungeon; and his admiration of the gallant royalists, whose religion was merged in their loyalty, caused him to regard with a feeling in which disdain and ridicule mingled with admiration, the undoubted sincerity and the solemn enthusiasm of the hill-side champions of the covenant, whose loyalty was swallowed up in their religion. Accordingly, he was attacked, boldly, by Dr. Mc'Crie, the author of the *Life of John Knox*, in a series of papers, which, at the time, arrested no small degree of attention; and the following extract from a letter written to Lady Stewart, in the winter of 1817, will show how the assault which had been made upon him by the doctor, was regarded.

"What my kind correspondent had anticipated on account of Jedediah's effusions, has actually taken place; and the author of a very good life of Knox has, I understand, made a most energetic attack upon the score that the old Covenanters are not treated with decorum. I have not read it, and certainly never shall. I really think there is nothing in the book that is not very fair and legitimate subject of railery; and I own I have my suspicions of that very susceptible devotion which so readily takes offence: such men should not read books of amusement; but do they suppose, because they are virtuous, and choose to be thought outrageously so, 'there shall be no cakes and ale?—Ay, by our lady, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too.' As for the consequences to the author, they can only affect his fortune or his temper—the former, such as it is, has been long fixed beyond shot of these sort of fowlers; and for my temper, I considered always that, by subjecting myself to the irritability which much

greater authors have felt on occasions of literary dispute, I should be laying in a plentiful stock of unhappiness for the rest of my life. I therefore make it a rule never to read the attacks made upon me. I remember being capable of something like this sort of self-denial at a very early period of life, for I could not be six years old. I had been put into my bed in the nursery, and two servant girls sat down by the embers of the fire, to have their own quiet chat, and the one began to tell a most dismal ghost story, of which I remember the commencement distinctly at this moment; but perceiving which way the tale was tending, and though necessarily curious, being at the same time conscious that, if I listened on, I should be frightened out of my wits for the rest of the night, I had the force to cover up my head in the bed-clothes, so that I could not hear another word that was said. The only inconvenience attending a similar prudential line of conduct in the present case, is, that it may seem like a deficiency of spirit; but I am not much afraid of that being laid to my charge—my fault in early life (I hope long since corrected) having lain rather the other way. And so I say, with mine honest Prior—

“ Sleep, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf,
Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee;
I've no malice at thee, and some love for myself;
Then why should I answer, since first I must
read thee? ”

Scott's readiness to befriend deserving men of letters, must have been already, in more instances than one, observed by the reader; and it was not by advice and encouragement alone, that our own Maturin, whose genius he greatly admired, experienced the kindness and the generosity of his nature. But the following letter, in which he endeavours to dissuade that able but very ill-judging man from venting his resentment against Coleridge, for an attack which the latter, in a splenetic mood, made upon his play of Bertram, reflects so much honour upon the head and the heart of the writer, that we cannot forbear extracting it, if it were only that it may chance to meet the eyes of those to whom the advice which it conveys may be useful.

25th February, 1818.

“ Dear Sir,—I am going to claim the utmost and best privilege of sincere friendship and good-will, that of offering a few words of well-meant advice; and you may be sure that the occasion seems important to induce me to venture so far

upon your tolerance. It respects the preface to your work, which Constable and Co. have sent to me. It is as well written as that sort of thing can be; but will you forgive me if I say—it is too much in the tone of the offence which gave rise to it, to be agreeable either to good taste or to general feeling. Coleridge's work has been little read or heard of, and has made no general impression whatever—certainly no impression unfavourable to you or your play. In the opinion, therefore, of many, you will be resenting an injury of which they are unacquainted with the existence. If I see a man beating another unmercifully, I am apt to condemn him upon the first blush of the business, and hardly excuse him though I may afterwards learn he had ample provocation. Besides, your diatribe is not *hujus loci*. We take up a novel for amusement, and this current of controversy breaks out upon us like a stream of lava out of the side of a beautiful green hill; men will say you should have reserved your disputes for reviews or periodical publications, and they will sympathize less with your anger, because they will not think the time proper for expressing it. We are bad judges, bad physicians and bad divines in our own case; but above all, we are seldom able, when injured or insulted, to judge of the degree of sympathy which the world will bear in our resentment and our retaliation. The instant, however, that such degree of sympathy is exceeded, we hurt ourselves and not our adversary; I am so convinced of this, and so deeply fixed in the opinion, that besides the uncomfortable feelings which are generated in the course of literary debate, a man lowers his estimation in the public eye by engaging in such controversy, that, since I have been dipped in ink, I have suffered no personal attacks (and I have been honoured with them of all descriptions) to provoke me to reply. A man will certainly be vexed on such occasions, and I have wished to have the knaves *where the muircock was the bailie*—or, as you would say, *upon the sod*—but I never let the thing cling to my mind, and always adhered to my resolution, that if my writings and tenor of life did not confute such attacks, my words never should. Let me entreat you to view Coleridge's violence as a thing to be contemned, not retaliated—the opinion of a British public may surely be set in honest opposition to that of one disappointed and wayward man. You should also consider, *en bon Chrétien*, that Coleridge has had some reason to be spited at the world, and you are, I trust, to continue to be a favourite with the public—so that you should to-

tally neglect and despise criticism; however virulent, which arises out of his bad fortune and your good."

His novels were now in every body's hands; and although their authorship was unavowed, few who could pretend to any judgment in such matters ever felt any serious doubt as to their birth and parentage. He, no doubt, chuckled in secret over the mistakes and blunders of the many who were still to seek upon this subject, which formed a topic of conversation at almost every table, where some wise-acre was never wanting, whose solemn and oracular intimation of a more than common insight into the mystery, would fain persuade his hearers that he had penetrated the incognito of "the great unknown," and that if he was only permitted to say all that he might, the world would soon be more fully enlightened. But we must present our readers with a specimen of the scenes which took place at Ballantyne's, whenever a new production "by the Author of Waverley," was about to be given to the world.

"James Ballantyne then lived in St. John-street, a row of good, old-fashioned, and spacious houses, adjoining the Canon-gate and Holyrood, and at no great distance from his printing establishment. He had married a few years before the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Berwickshire—a quiet, amiable woman, of simple manners, and perfectly domestic habits: a group of fine young children were growing up about him; and he usually, if not constantly, had under his roof his aged mother, his wife's tender care of whom it was most pleasing to witness. As far as a stranger might judge, there could not be a more exemplary household, or a happier one; and I have occasionally met the poet in St. John-street when there were no other guests but Erskine, Terry, George Hogarth, and another intimate friend or two, and when James Ballantyne was content to appear in his own true and best colours, the kind head of his family, the respectful but honest school-fellow of Scott, the easy landlord of a plain, comfortable table. But when any great event was about to take place in the business, especially on the eve of a new novel, there were doings of a higher strain in St. John-street; and to be present at one of those scenes was truly a rich treat, even—if not especially—for persons who, like myself, had no more *knowledge* than the rest of the world as to the authorship of Waverley. Then were congregated

about the printer all his own literary allies, of whom a considerable number were by no means personally familiar with 'THE GREAT UNKNOWN':—who, by the way, owed to him that widely adopted title;—and He appeared among the rest with his usual open aspect of buoyant good-humour—although it was not difficult to trace, in the occasional play of his features, the diversion it afforded him to watch all the procedure of his swelling confidant, and the curious neophytes that surrounded the well-spread board.

"The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epithets, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn the burley preses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth—

"'Fill full!

I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"

This was followed by 'the King, God bless him!' and second came—Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor never shall be omitted in this house of mine—I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!'—All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired;—the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way;—and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended, his eyes solemnly fixed upon vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with 'bated breath,' in the sort of whisper by which a stage conspirator thrills the gallery—'Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!'—The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence, and then Ballantyne proceeded—

"'In his Lord-Burleigh-look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious'—

to lament the obscurity in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world—to thank the company for the manner in which the *nomina umbra* had been received—and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted—'the proudest hour of his life,' &c. &c. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *non-chalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoeo-

phornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra—*The Maid of Lodi*, or, perhaps, *the Bay of Biscay*, oh! or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft*. Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thompson, the friend of Burns, was ready for one with the *Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut*;—and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and the olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ors rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming romance. ‘One chapter—one chapter only’—was the cry. After *nay*, *by'r Lady*, *nay!* and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

“The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable, and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham* preceded his parting-stave, which was uniformly *The Last Words of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.”

“The Heart of Midlothian” now appeared to captivate the world by an exhibition of artless manners and simple virtues, as well as to astonish and to interest them by the lofty and the tragical in character and incident; and never, perhaps, did Scott obtain a more complete dominion over the hearts of his readers.

“From the choice of localities, and the splendid blazoning of tragical circumstances that had left the strongest impression on the memory and imagination of every inhabitant, the reception of this tale in Edinburgh was a scene of all-engrossing enthusiasm, such as I never witnessed there on the appearance of any

other literary novelty. But the admiration and delight were the same all over Scotland. Never before had he seized such really noble features of the national character as were canonized in the person of his homely heroine: no art had ever devised a happier running contrast than that of her and her sister—or interwoven a portraiture of lowly manners and simple virtues, with more graceful delineations of polished life, or with bolder shadows of terror, guilt, crime, remorse, madness, and all the agony of the passions.”

Nor is it to be forgotten that he was all this time pressed upon by throngs of visitors, who went to Abbotsford under the impression that they were visiting the Great Unknown, and left it with a full persuasion that one so entirely disengaged, and at their disposal almost all the day, could not possibly find time for such productions. Mr. R. Cadell, who at that time was in the secret, from his connection with the house of Constable, “observing how his host was harassed by lion-hunters, and what a number of hours he spent daily in the company of his work people,”

“Expressed, during one of their walks, his wonder that Scott should ever be able to write books at all in the country. ‘I know,’ he said, ‘that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen-work; but when is it that you think?’ ‘O,’ said Scott, ‘I lie *summering* over things for an hour or so before I get up—and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping half-waking *projet de chapitre*—and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a dose in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dyke or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world.’”

But, if this facility of composition, amidst so much inconvenience and distraction, and while the secret annoyances, arising out of his mercantile connections, were preying upon his spirits, be such as must excite our astonishment, the following account of the manner in which “The Bride of Lammermoor” and “The Legend of Montrose” were produced, exhibits, probably, to the observer of the workings of intellect, the most extraordinary phenomenon that ever was presented by the human mind. If we had authentic intelligence that Shakspeare dictated the tragedy of Hamlet

while he was undergoing the tortures of the rack, it would scarcely be more surprising. The reader has already been apprised of the agonies to which this great man was now frequently subject from cramps in the stomach, which were often so severe as almost to deprive him of the power of reason. He knew, at the same time, that the demands upon him by his publishers were such as could not be declined without a total derangement of their affairs, and he resolved to make the effort, by dictating when he could not write, to supply the copy which was to keep the presses going, until, in his usual way, he could resume his labours.

"The copy (as MS. for the press is technically called) which Scott was thus dictating, was that of the bride of Lammermoor; and his amanuenses were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne; of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen; and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption, and though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas good Laidlaw entered with such keen zeal into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—'Gude keep us a!—the like o' that!—eh sirs! eh sirs!'—and so forth—which did not promote despatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw, beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause, 'Nay, Willie' he answered, 'only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.'" John Ballantyne told me that after the first day he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter—he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far

greater portion of *The Bride of Lammermoor*—the whole of the *Legend of Montrose*—and almost the whole of *Ivanhoe*. Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing every thing with his own hand. When I once, some time afterwards, expressed my surprise that he did not consult his ease, and spare his eyesight at all events, by occasionally dictating, he answered, 'I should as soon think of getting into a sedan chair while I can use my legs.'

Can this be paralleled in the history of the human mind? We think not; and it soothes us to entertain the belief that the intense sufferings which he then endured were mitigated by these extraordinary intellectual exertions. The sublime endurance which Shelly throws into the character of his Prometheus, is not more striking, than the collectedness, the fortitude, and the self-possession of Scott under those racking torments, during which he improvised, as it were, productions which, had he written nothing else, would confer upon him an undying reputation.

"The Bride of Lammermoor, and the Legend of Montrose, would have been read with indulgence had they needed it; for the painful circumstances under which they must have been produced were known wherever an English newspaper made its way; but I believe that, except in numerous typical errors, which sprang of necessity from the author's inability to correct any proof-sheets, no one ever affected to perceive in either tale the slightest symptom of his malady. Dugald Dalgetty was placed by acclamation in the same rank with Bailie Jarvie—a conception equally new, just, and humorous, and worked out in all the details, as if it had formed the luxurious entertainment of a chair as easy as was ever shaken by Rabelais; and though the character of Montrose himself seemed hardly to have been treated so fully as the subject merited, the accustomed rapidity of the novelist's execution would have been enough to account for any such defect. Of Caleb Balderston—(the hero of one of the many ludicrous delineations which he owed to the late Lord Haddington, a man of rare pleasantry, and one of the best tellers of old Scotch stories that I ever heard)—I cannot say that the general opinion was then, nor do believe it ever since has been, very favourable. It was pronounced at the time, by more than

one critic, a mere caricature; and, though Scott himself would never in after days admit this censure to be just, he allowed that "he might have sprinkled rather too much parsley over his chicken." But even that blemish, for I grant that I think it a serious one, could not disturb the profound interest and pathos of the *Bride of Lammermoor*—to my fancy the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned. The reader will be well pleased, however, to have, in place of any critical observations on this work, the following particulars of its composition from the notes which its printer dictated when stretched on the bed from which he well knew he was never to rise.

" 'The book,' (says James Ballantyne), 'was not only written, but published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me, that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed; but he literally recollected nothing else:—not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor any thing with which he was connected as the writer of the work. 'For a long time,' he said, 'I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However, I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure that you would not have permitted any thing of this sort to pass.' 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole, how did you like it?' 'Why,' he said, 'as a whole I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.' I do not think I ever ventured to lead to the discussion of this singular phenomenon again; but you may depend upon it, that what I have now said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down in short-hand at the moment; I should not otherwise have ventured to allude to the

matter at all. I believe you will agree with me in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful."

We have nothing to add to our author's just appreciation of these captivating and absorbing tales. They were speedily followed by "*Ivanhoe*," the better part of which was dictated like them, and which continues to the present day one of the most popular of all his productions.

"As a work of art, *Ivanhoe* is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendour of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some of the scenes of this romance. But I believe that no reader who is capable of thoroughly comprehending the author's Scotch characters and Scotch dialogue will ever place even *Ivanhoe*, as a work of genius, on the same level with *Waverley* or the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*."

We have now arrived at that period of his history, when his reputation as a novelist was at its highest. Never afterwards was the same eagerness manifested by the public for an early perusal of his productions. The truth is, his incognito had served him, by giving a *mysterious* interest to these charming tales; and as *that* was diminished by the growing certainty that he was indeed the author, that "none but himself could be his parallel," his publishers should have been prepared for an abatement of curiosity on the part of his readers, that must have materially diminished their sales. This Scott himself would have perfectly understood; and his mind was of too manly a cast to be seriously, or even disagreeably, affected by a result which might so reasonably be expected. But not so his publishers. They feared to tell him of the fact, lest it should damp the ardour of his genius, and suffered him to remain under the impression, that whatever novel he threw off "commanded the old triumphant sale of ten or twelve thousand;" and the consequence to him was similar to that which takes place when an expensive and speculating man is suffered to overdraw his account at the bank, and thus lulled into the belief that he has lodgments in store for every contingency. Scott's success as a literary man had encouraged him to build and to plant, and to purchase, until there seemed to be no end of his acquisitions and improvements; and he was led, not unnaturally, into the belief that

the estate, "of which he carried the title-deeds under the crown of his hat," would furnish funds for every project by which he sought to secure the comforts of his family, or to gratify his romantic imagination. And under this delusion he was suffered to remain, from the unwise timidity of his book-sellers, during the most expensive years of his life, when, had he been timeously advised of the real state of the case, most perplexing embarrassments might have been avoided.

He had now settled two members of his family very much to his mind. His daughter had married Mr. Lockhart, and his son was a Cornet of Hussars. The letters which he wrote to the latter contain much good advice, of which, it is to be hoped, the young man profited; but they are remarkable also for a singular abstinence from the topic, which, above all others, would have claimed the attention of a Chris-

tian parent. The truth is, Scott respected, rather than loved religion, and there is no evidence whatever to prove that he, at any period of his life, as far as it has been as yet revealed, regarded it as "the one thing needful." And we do not hesitate to ascribe this, in a good measure, to his rigidly puritanical education. He had seen too little of religion in its loveliness, and too much of it in its austerity and gloom, to have been very favourably impressed by it at that season of life, when impressions are most permanent and decisive; and accordingly, for any thing which may be gleaned from such letters to his son as his biographer has thought fit to publish, that young man might remain ignorant that there was any world beyond the grave. But, as far as the world that now is was concerned, the father's anxieties appear to have been most wisely directed.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

MY DEAR EDITOR—You have asked me for a poem; the lines which I send shew my willingness rather than my power to be of use. They were written years ago. The poet Coleridge sent to one of the *Annals* some lines which had been printed before, but not in any true sense of the word published, saying, they were as good as manuscript; will you, on this poetical authority, receive these verses!—
J. A.

A STORY OF EASTERN LIFE.

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

Hast thou sailed on the summer sea
When its bosom lies in light?
And have the scenes of life to thee
Been as beautiful and bright
As the vallies of ocean, lovelily
Shining to court the sight?
To thee do I sing;—'tis a tale of fear,
Of wonder and woe, that thou shalt hear!
To thee do I sing—for the happy should know,
And the proud should hear the tales of woe!

Hast thou toiled through the desert with burning feet,
Lips parched and black and broken with heat,
Thine eye deceived by the phantomry
Of billowy grass and the proud palm-tree?
Have the waves of dry sand, eddying near,
With a voice like waters mocked thine ear?
And has thy lot in life been placed
'Mid scenes as wild, and lone, and waste?
To thee do I sing—'tis a mournful lay,
But 'twill while the mourner's sorrows away!—

[The tale which the preceding lines were intended to introduce was never completed; and the fragment preserved is but a small part of what was written. I had attempted to describe the earlier scenes of Zamri's life, and his domestic happiness, till blasted by the murder of his son. In the lines which follow, he continues the narrative from that event.]

* * * * *

" I thought—what words can never speak !—

I felt—as never man before !—

I felt—till feeling ceased to pain,
Till stupor froze my wearied brain,
Till frenzy's throes no more convulse,
Till the blood toiled through every pulse ;
Then—then there came, a burst of flame,
That filled my soul, that fired my frame—
Then spoke a voice within my breast,
A voice that would not be repress,—
It spoke, as with an angel's tone,—
REVENGE, it cried, REVENGE, alone !

" ' REVENGE !'—I blest the sound !—in wrath,

By dark Kiderle's name, I swore,

That I would trace the ocean-path,
Would tread on every Christian shore ;
Nor toil, nor age, nor pain, nor sloth,
Should free me, (such my desperate oath,)

Till I should glut me with the gore
Of him, by whom my son had died ;
Then might my spirit, gratified,
Revenge and rest at length enjoy,
Nor mourn in vain my murdered boy :—
Foolish the oath !—mayhap 'twas worse—
But, Stranger, 'twas a father's curse !—

" Straight onward sped I to the sea,—

The voice within was goading me—

The winds were loud—no pilot then

Would trust his bark to faithless seas,

But I,—who was alone 'mong men,—

Whose hopes were fled,—whose son was dead,—

With maniac hand the canvass spread,

Regardless, whether ocean's wave

In tumult to the tempest rave,

Or playful sport with gentle breeze,

And then—but tale of miseries

Mayhap no other breast will please

Than his who felt, and loves to tell

His chequered woes ; but, Son, thy gaze

Informs me, that thou lovest well

An old man's tale of youthful days.

" As sad I roamed the desert deep,

I sank into a troubled sleep ;

A coldness hung upon my breast,—

It was not pain,—it was not rest,—

My eye was weary, and my hand

Too weak to raise the warrior brand ;

Even though the wretch I sought were there,

Methinks I had been forced to spare !

Phantoms of dread around me roll,

Dreams such as haunt the murderer's soul,

Hovering within the unholy tomb,

To vex him till the day of doom ;

And with an heart of ghastlier dread,

He cannot quit such lonely bed,

When the last trump his bonds hath broke,
Than from that dreary sleep I woke !

" I know not if the eye saw true,
But more than nature met its view :—
Each image that before me rolled,
Was stained with blood and icy-cold ;
Like meteors through a clouded sky,
In rapid rush they darted by !
By lightning seen a female form
Shone bright amid the darkening storm,—
Her eye-ball shed a lurid glare,
The wind, that rushed among her hair,
Left her dark cheek and forehead bare.
I viewed her eye's unquiet roll,
And Vengeance settled in my soul ;
Like Meina's maddening glance it shone,
When first she viewed her murdered son !—

" The waves were blood—I saw the Dead
Upon the burning waters tread ;—
His pale hand crumbled in my hold,
The eye that fixed on mine was cold,
I felt his breath upon my cheek,
I heard his voice—one piercing shriek,
More dread than was his parting groan :—
I gazed—oh God ! I was alone !—
I loathed the loneliness that gave
Such close communion with the grave ;
The waves were calm, the winds assuaged,
Still in my soul their spirit raged,
Strange shadows fell from lowering clouds,
And spectres sighed amid the shrouds,
And every stir that met my ear
Along the ocean's silence drear,
Would sound like tones that once were dear !

* * * * *

" In sleep I heard the lingering groan
Of him whose hand had slain my son,
In sleep I saw his life-blood spilt,—
Alas ! I woke, and felt the hilt
Of the bright sabre firmly grasped,
By my convulsive fingers clasped—
But—oh ! the blade was still unstained
Which late the murderer's blood had drained,
As wandering fancy loved to deem,—
I doated on the dreadful dream.
'Tis strange the fearful joy I felt
As on such thoughts I darkly dwelt ;
But when from visioned bliss awake,
Then was my bosom doomed to ache ;
I thought alone on prospects cross'd,
My slaughtered son, my consort lost,—
I thought on fortune's sudden change,
And sighed and started for Revenge—
The frame, beneath some fiend's controul,
Shook in the tempest of the soul :—
The burning eye that throbb'd in pain,
As stern it gazed with steady strain,—
The ear, that mystic sounds would form
Mid rush of wave and roar of storm,

And fancy accents sad and strange
 Along the ocean's weary range,—
 All—in those dizzying hours of dread—
 Seemed as though earth and heaven had fled
 For ever, from the eye and ear,
 That knew no objects but of fear :—
 The sun, that stained the burning flood,
 It rose in fire, it sank in blood—
 The mist, that hurrying whirlwinds sweep,
 Fast, like a spectre o'er the deep.
 —Like that red sun, that spectre cloud
 Darkened and flamed my spirit proud !—

“ Yet were there moments of delight ;
 'Twas sweet to roam o'er moonlight seas,
 'Twas sweet to breathe the landward breeze,
 While not a sound the silence broke,
 And not a stir the bosom woke,—
 Was there no sound ?—The dirge-like flow
 Of Ocean murmurs sad and low,
 And, from the convent on the rock,
 Chimes the slow warning of the clock,
 And, o'er the billows bright and calm,
 At times you hear the plaintive psalm,
 And just can see the shadows dim
 Of monks, who pour that measured hymn :
 —My soul, though long untuned to bliss,
 Mourned not 'mid such a scene as this !—
 What odours 'wake from every grove,
 What thousand twinkling leaflets move,
 What quivering shadows sportive play,
 And o'er the water shift and stray !
 —I loved to mark the Pharos' light
 Streak the blue wave with trembling white,
 And gleam serene upon my bark,—
 Like Hope, when all around was dark !
 Then thoughts of former hours would roll
 Faint through the darkness of my soul.
 I dwelt upon my daughter's doom,
 I saw her bright in beauty's bloom
 Returning to her sire, to shine
 And shed repose on his decline :
 And in such hour, that son, whose fate
 Hath made this bosom desolate,
 Even him again I seemed to see
 Burst from the tomb to life and me !

“ Strange fancies then would I conceive,
 Such even as madness dotes to weave,
 And I too loved the dear deceit,
 It was so wild, so sad, so sweet.
 Silence and utter solitude
 Had soothed me to a pensive mood ;
 Methought at length had ceased the strife,
 The woes, the weariness of life,—
 Methought the pang of death was o'er,
 And I was journeying to the shore
 Where gladness dwells for evermore ;
 The boundless ocean seemed to me
 The waters of eternity,
 And glories from another sky
 In distant prospect blest mine eye ;

A moment glowed the vision bright—
A moment—and again 'twas night!—

“Thou, boy, art young, and yet some friend
Of thine may sleep the grave's cold sleep;
Mayhap thou lovest alone to bend
Above his tomb and weep!
Or hast thou loved a form divine,
Whose hopes, whose heart, whose soul was thine
Whose eye, whene'er thine met its view,
Bevealed the spirit sparkling through?
And has thy loved and loving bride
Left thee in loneliness, and died?—
—Deep may'st thou sigh, but can'st not know
The anguish of a father's woe :—
The camp, the field, the court, the bower,
Another smiling paramour,
And youth and years bring thee relief;
But think upon the restless grief
Of him, whose hopes were fixed upon
A dearer self, an only son,
Whose hand should prop him on the brink,
Ere yet into the grave he sink,—
Whose arm—but it is pain to think!—
—Blame not such father, but his fate,
If he may seem too much to hate
The wretch, by whom he was undone,—
The infidel—who slew his son!—

“And He *hath* fallen, and not in vain
I called on vengeance for the slain?—
It was no common breeze, that sped
My bark along the ocean's bed—
It was no dream, no erring thought,
A frantic father's anguish wrought,—
'Twas Heaven that led my course aright,
And I was shadowed by its might;
And I was summoned to obey
The guiding power that shaped my way!

“The evening hour was still and soft,
The moon, unclouded, shone aloft,
And I was gazing on the Deep;—
I watched the billows slowly creep—
I marked the varying colours, cast
O'er each, while mingling with the last,—
The purple tinge, the emerald gleam,
Trembling and changing with the beam;
That gleam of green more steady grew,*
The noiseless wave was still,
A deeper green!—a darker blue!—
—'Tis my native vale, that meets my view,
And the flow of my own blue rill,
And the shadowy groves are peeping through
The morning mists of the hill!
The scene is bright in the glow of the year,
And all is vivid to eye and ear :—
I hear the stir of the breeze, that heaves
On the water the languid lotus' leaves;
The sky-lark's song, and the swallow's shriek,
And the music of winds in the caverned peak;—

* The Calenture.

I see the swan sail calmly by,
 And the ringlet formed by the falling fly,
 The woodbines wreathing the coloured crag,
 The lifted head of the antlered stag :—
 Light breezes wake the soft air, rife
 With playful atoms of insect life ;—
 Light breezes bend the head of the rose,
 And scatter on earth the cistus' snows ;
 The clouds and the mists are sailing by,
 And fading fast in the blue of the sky ;
 The streaks of coloured light, that shone
 O'er the chambers of the east, are gone ;
 The sunbeams fall, like a silent shower,
 Through the stirring leaves of the budding bower,—
 And, MEINA, before mine eye thou art,
 As when first thy loveliness fix'd my heart ;
 With the bridal wreath my fingers wound
 Thy sunny locks again are bound ;
 Thy hand moves swift o'er the harp I strung,
 Thy voice is busy with lays I sung—
 Look up, my Belovéd, thy wanderer's at home !—
 —I looked for her glance, and I saw—the sea-foam ;
 I saw once more that lovely scene,
 But the cold blue water gushed between ;—
 I gazed again with a searching eye,
 But the dream of delight had for ever gone by :—
 'Tis strange in those moments no sorrow woke,
 No thought of my son the transport broke !

—“ Still was I musing on this scene,
 When, lo ! an armed brigantine,
 With sail outspread, and streamer flowing,
 And oarsmen rapidly all rowing !—
 I viewed her break the foamy main,
 And, though I gazed and gazed again,
 Methought it was my idle brain
 Had shaped the phantom fair ;
 And still I gazed, and still I thought
 The creature strange that fancy wrought
 Would fade away in air ;
 More near approached the pirate bark,—
 Its shadow fell more long and dark,—
 They reached my little boat :—appalled,
 On Allah's name in prayer I called ;
 Till then, while on my lonely way,
 In sooth I had no heart to pray—
 The steersman heard the name divine,
 And blest him with the Christian sign,
 And smiled ;—I saw that sneer before,
 When my son, sinking, writhed in gore,—
 That moment o'er my spirit cross'd
 The thought of all I loved and lost ;
 —Oh ! I have seen the tiger crouch
 To watch the pilgrim's grassy couch,
 Have marked the burning eye-ball's glare
 Ere yet he leaves his silent lair,—
 Like him the captive ZAMRI lay,
 With eye, that rested on his prey .

“ Dark fell the night—and fierce and fast,
 Through riven sail and crashing mast,
 The lightning's hurrying arrows past—
 —Yes ! Heaven's own lightning was my guide,
 And Heaven's own strength my arm supplied,—

The wind was loud, the thunder pealed,
 In prayer the frightened pilot kneeled ;—
 A sudden tide of passion gushed
 Along my veins, and forth I rushed,—
 Swift, as the lightning's winged dart,
 The sabre's point was in his heart !

“ A moment undisturbed I stood,
 And gazed in gladness on the blood ;—
 They viewed in fear, but did not seize
 The avenger, standing o'er the slain ;
 It seemed mine eye had power to freeze
 The life that paused in every vein,
 So chill each look, so hushed each breath,
 Of those who saw that scene of death :—
 And yet no stir :—I heard alone
 One throbbing pulse, one deep-drawn groan
 Disturb the general hush ;
 I saw one struggling heave of pain,
 As bursting from the broken vein
 The rapid life-drops gush.

—“ A moment, and mine eye was dim,—
 I did not see, I did not think,
 But through each pulse and through each limb
 I felt my failing spirit shrink :
 Yet all was hushed—one moment more
 They seized the hand still hot with gore !—
 —Ah ! senseless ones ! why seize this hand ?
 Will he, for whom hath been untwined
 Each tie, that linked him to his kind,
 Pause now to think on axe and brand ?
 Think ye he stands to calculate
 How best to 'scape the murderer's fate,
 That thus ye wreathe your idle bands
 Round moveless feet and passive hands ?—
 Thought ye the sight of sun or star,
 Thought ye the breath and dews of heaven,
 One added rapture could have given,
 That thus in wrath ye flung me far
 From all the scenes that can impart
 Enjoyment to the untroubled heart ?
 Thought ye, when in your dungeon cast,
 And lingering there companionless,
 The long and weary hours I past
 Abandoned tamely to distress ?—
 No ! I have listened to the breeze,
 And heard the music of the seas,
 And joyous echoed every sound
 That swept my prison-house around—
 —Yes !—if thou wilt, pronounce it madness—
 Oft with my fettered feet I sprang,
 Oft did I clash my chains in gladness,
 Oft in delirious joy I sang—
 My righted son was with me there,
 And joy was in his eye and air,
 Nor could I wish his fortune changed,
 Whose death so deeply was avenged.
 —Why did ye fling me thus from light ?
 Thought ye I cared for noon or night ?
 —My prison hours were hours of joy,
 Yet interchanged with agony—
 Yes ! raptures rose like waves that reach
 The proud rocks of some lonely beach,

Then ebb, and; where they cease to heave,
Oh, what a dreary waste they leave!—

“How wildly then did passions rave!
The Moon of Madness ruled the wave—
—What bursts of splendour light the Deep,
What shadows o'er its surges sweep!—
—I cannot linger here, to tell
The tortures Man prepared for me,
The blood that stained my lonely cell,
The soul he vainly sought to quell,
That, when the body shrank and fell,
Groaned not amid the agony!—
I called for tortures—and I felt
Strange pleasure in the stripes they dealt;—
In rage they struck—I loved to shew
With what calm scorn I bore the blow—
Still did they meanly spare this breath,
Lest suffering should be 'scap'd by death!

—“Amid such shocks of outward strife,
Such dreams, each wilder than the past,
My brain with fearful visions rife,
My body worn, 'twas strange that life
Sank not beneath the weight at last!”

* * * * *

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. BLACKTHORN M'FLAIL, LATE P. P.
OF BALLYMACWHACKEM.

Written by his Cousin, the Rev. Phedlin M'Fun, Roman Catholic Rector of Ballymacskathleen.

CHAP. III.—THE CHRISTENING.

THE moment Father M'Flewsther and the “Cowjutherer” entered Bosthoon's house, all the guests respectfully rose up, and seldom was a reception more cordially given than that which they received on the occasion. Bosthoon and Molsh, in particular, as host and hostess, displayed—the one a zeal, and the other an energy in their welcome which none but a priest or methodist preacher can understand. Molsh's eye gleamed with delight on witnessing the fine healthy tone of colour which glowed on Father M'Flewsther's cheek; or, as she herself said,

“The veins o' my heart are up wid happiness to see your reverence look so bright an' rosy. Upon my purty, it's younger you're gettin' every day, father, ahagur.”

“Troth, Molsh dear,” replied his reverence, “I don't think I'm fwballin' a bit upon it, at all, at all; I'm as

good a man yet as ever I was, for a wager of five hogs agin' a testher, any day. Give me a drink of *bunyha rauwher*.” (Thick milk.)

“Give me your reverence's fist first,” interrupted Bosthoon, grasping his hand with the power of a vice; “an' be me sowl, the same fist's a thumper when your blood's up; but, in the mane time, hard frost to the dhrop o' *bunyha rauwher* you'll taste in this house to-day, so you won't, so long as we've better for you. No, no, your reverence, we've a cow gives a kindlier dhrop than all that comes to, an' Father Bartle here must dhraw a tit o' the same animal, if it was only in regard to the speed he thravels over a maas wid. Eh, Father Bartle? you're the holy boy can do that in double quick! Asy, now, gintlemin, an' you'll both get something dacenther than *bunyha rauwher*.”

* This image is from the Persian Tales of Inatalla.

Bosthoon here cracked his fingers, and, in turning about, jumped Jim Crow with such a grace as we might suppose the Colossus of Rhodes to have displayed under the influence of the earthquake which laid him prostrate in the waves. Having accomplished this, he executed a wink at Molsh, who immediately followed him into another room, where he addressed her as follows :

"Now, Molsh, my daisey, hould a hard cheek, an' if I don't spoil their noses from scentin' out my saycret in regard to little Blackthorn's takin' the wather, why, thin, say that Bosthoon's not square."

"Musha, thin, gracious me, Bosthoon, what are you at now?"

"Never heed me, Molsh. Arra be me sowl Father M'Flewsther raised his nostril the moment he enthered the house, like a knowin' one, in a way that showed me that he smelt more than the naked wather, 'tanny rate. Faith, barrin' by what I'm goin' to do, we could never go it an an ould stager like him."

"And what are you goin' to do, Bosthoon?"

"Do you know how to avide the smell o' tobacco, Molsh?"

"Arra, no."

"Why, you see, to take a blast o' the pipe yourself; and the same way, to escape the small pock, is to resave a little o' the infection first; be me sowl I'll inoccolate both o' them, in less than no time; afther that let them smell what they can. God pardon me for takin' their reverences by the nose, any how, but I can't get over it—ha, ha, hoh!"

"Well, well," replied Molsh, "if ever a man tuck lave of his seven senses, an' you are doin' it; for what you're at, or what you mane, myself knows no more than the man in the moon."

"You soon will dthough; now be off an' get the robes an Father Blackthorn, while I put the infection on the clargy—hagh, agh, agh!"

Molsh proceeded as desired, to dress the youngster for the ceremony, whilst Bosthoon returned to the kitchen, where the clergymen and other guests sat, bearing in each hand a jug of the mysterious drink which he had eulogized so highly.

"Come, gentlemen, taste this," he exclaimed, throwing, at the same time, a nod of comical mystery at each; "it is n't *bunyha rauwher* it is, but crame

itself. Faix the cow that gives it is worth her feedin'."

Father M'Flewsther put the jug to his lips, and took a draught, keeping his eyes shut like those of a man who drinks experimentally; after which, without removing the jug, he cast, across his nose, at Bosthoon, a look of such comic benignity as plainly intimated the agreeable surprise produced by the excellence of the beverage.

"Faith, Bosthoon," said he, "you are right; it is the *crame* of good drink, sure enough. Domine O'Fag, propino tibi! bonum securum!"

"The odour is extremely superb entirely," said O'Fag, putting it to his lips, "and the taste aiqually laudable and splendid; ago tibi gratias pater suavissime: flos bonny potus, et nitida vacca est ex qua lactatur."

"Ay, faith, proculdubius, it is what I said—bonum securum for choice drink; bonus, melior, optimus, O'Fag, my daisey!"

"Good! Father Mac, your old humour can never die, I believe."

"No—it can't, and, consequently, it will be immortal—ha, ha, ha! eh, O'Fag, is n't that one of the ould touches?"

"Why, it is like yourself, sir, teres atque rotundus; sweet and keen, numquam sera est ad bonos mores via; a compliment quod valde debetur tibi."

"Devil a doubt of it; proculdubius agin, O'Fag, amantium iræ armoris whirr inter gratium est."

"Gintlemen," said Bosthoon, "that's tight spakin', no doubt; but I knew very well that I could give you what 'ud make your larnin' shine—what 'ud take the latin out o' yez."

Hitherto the other guests took no part in the conversation, if it could be called such, nor indeed had they either opportunity or education to conduct a dialogue of the classic character we have described. These displays by the hedge-priests were termed by the old continental clergy, the *grog language*, or sometimes *whiskey-and-water latin*, in consequence of their component parts being half Latin, half English, and neither pure. "Such a man," was no unusual expression when speaking of a hedge-priest; "such a man talks grog fluently enough," or "he speaks whiskey and water tolerably well, for a man that cannot understand himself without an interpreter."

Bosthoon, however, was impatient

until the ceremony of Blackthorn's baptism should be concluded—

"Molsh," said he, "what the dickens is keepin' you? Sure you don't intend to spend the whole day robin' him? Here's Father M'Flewsther an' Father Bartle both overflowin' wid Latin an' larnin', aiger to put the grace o' God an' him, an' yit you havn't him ready."

"Bosthoon, do you designate him for the divine mission?" enquired Father O'Fag.

"Do I!" replied Bosthoon, with a funereal grin that sadly puzzled the priest; "fair, your reverence, by the time the same chap's christened he'll be half a priest as it is. Sure his mother dremt——"

"Will you send him, Bosthoon, to this new College that they've opened at Maynute?" enquired Father M'Flewsther.

"Why, he says he's a *minute* priest already," observed Father Bartle, with a deferential smile towards his superior, for having taken the liberty of punning upon his pronunciation.

"Sure, gintlemen, his mother dremt"—— resumed Bosthoon.

The mother herself here appeared, with the minute priest pontifically robed in her arms. A table, covered with a white cloth, was immediately placed in the middle of the floor by Bid Fogarty and Miss M'Fairtrich, who appeared both anxious to render all the service in their power.

"Whirroo!" said Bosthoon, "now for it; divil a thing 's wantin' but—the—thc—hagh, agh, agh—the WATHER!"

Here he gave a formidable plunge, stooped, gathered his shoulders, and pelted the palm of his left hand with his clenched fist—"An' that we'll soon have; be aisey, now; be aisey," said he, about to produce the element.

"Bosthoon," said Father Bartle, interrupting him, "you mentioned something about a drame Mrs. M'Flail had; and, for fear I might forget it, will you remember to tell it to me before I go. You may take my word for't, no man will expound it wid purer logic than I will."

"Aisey, Father O'Fag," said Bosthoon, laying his finger along his nose, and giving a grin of felony at the curate—"you shall hear the whole dhrame at the proper sason; but, aisey, I say, I'm goin' to get the—the—WATHER!!!"

He strided into the next room as he

spoke, and immediately returned bearing between his hands a wooden bowl nearly filled with what he termed, so mirthfully and mysteriously, the WATHER for the christenin'. Having placed this upon the table, he stepped back with an expression upon his face of what the country-people term mock-modesty, so ludicrously solemn that it was with much difficulty the spectators could prevent themselves from laughing aloud.

Father M'Flewsther having now put on his stole, and pulled out his book—Norry Flattery, the midwife, marshalled the gossips with the usual sense of bustling importance for which her class is remarkable. Bid Fogarty, as being of the "ould original church," held the infant; it being the general opinion that the breath of a heretic, to a certain extent, impairs the efficacy of a Catholic sacrament. Beside her stood Brian Boroo M'Scut, her bachelor, having his throat flashily encased in a red silk neckerchief tied into a true lover's knot, whilst on each side of his face rose a stiffly starched collar, that peered above his ears, and met immediately under his nether lip. The other portion of his dress was what we have already described, viz. a sky-blue coat, with gilt buttons, a yellow waistcoat, and a pair of spruce buckskins, as tight as two-pence. He stood, with his chin raised by the depth and stiffness of his cravat, three inches higher than its usual elevation; altogether an exquisite specimen of a rustic dandy, who leads the fashion in his class. It was evident that he and Bid Fogarty felt a certain pleasure in their juxta-position, from the sly side-long glances with which she favoured him, as well as by the consequential ogles which he constrainedly threw across his nose at Bid, and which, from the opinion he entertained of himself, and the tightness of his neck-gear, appeared to have as much of patronage as of love in them.

Removed a little from them, stood Miss Lilly M'Fairtrich, with Creepy O'Sleeveen close to her side, and ready to pay her all quiet but sedulous attention. Miss Lilly was dressed in a swallow-tailed gown of dark silk, which, for the sake of neatness, had its train pinned up behind as far as the ancles, for it was made in a by-gone fashion, after the model of her mother's. Over her petticoat, which was of dimity, she wore an apron of book-mustlin, quite transparent. Also, on her arms were drawn gloves of white net-work,

reaching from mid finger to her elbows, which, it is to be wished they had altogether concealed, as the anatomy of Miss Lilly was, in truth, beginning to get rather scientific. Her head was ornamented with an opaque muslin cap which ran to a point behind, like a candle-quencher, for, as the amiable spinster's locks had, for some years past, been merging into that most retiring of all hues, called iron-grey, so did she feel reluctant that her head should be known as the scene of contest between the two opposing colours of black and white. This beaddress was graced with a profusion of green ribbons which hung down like the branches of a weeping ash, and served to protect, from too close a scrutiny, her long reddish neck, of which the anatomy was still more correct and perspicuous than that of her arms. I have nothing further to add, except that her nose was obviously much sharper than it had been at an earlier period of life, and that she diffused around her a powerful odour of musk.

Creepy O'Sleeveen's dress was, like himself, smooth, neat and without any flash whatsoever. His clothes were well made, and their materials better and more costly than those of Barney M'Scut, though by no means so gaudy. He wore a watch, too, which undoubtedly gave him no small advantage over Barney, between whom and himself there had frequently subsisted a bitter spirit of jealousy. Even on the present occasion M'Scut felt considerably chagrined at having seen O'Sleeveen associated in the ceremony with Miss Lilly; not that *he* felt any attachment to her, but because he imagined it gave Creepy a triumph over him as being deemed a person of decidedly greater importance.

A circumstance occurred just as the priest was about to commence the administration of the sacrament, which showed the respective characters of these two heroes in a very different light. Miss Lilly, seeing that the child was entrusted exclusively to Bid, deemed the matter a direct slight cast upon herself; she, accordingly, bridled, and, after a sharp vinegar glance or two, enquired at once from Mrs. M'Flail if *she* were a necessary person, at all, in the performance of the baptism.

"Bekaise, if I am, Mrs. Mack, I expect to hould the child during the ceremony."

Now, Brian Boroo thinking this a

good opportunity of chiming in with her humour, and putting Creepy's nose out of joint, as the proverb goes, observed that, "upon his reputaytion, he thought Miss M'Fairtrich spoke nothin' but common sinse."

Neither Bosthoon nor Molah knew at the moment what to say in reply to this claim, and the truth is, that such a serious misunderstanding might have arisen, as would probably have broken up all their arrangements, and utterly frustrated their design upon Miss Lilly's purse. Creepy, however, stepped quietly to their relief, and, in a few words, set all to rights.

"Common sinse, Brian," he repeated; "why, whin did you ever know Miss Lilly to spake anything else? The truth is, Miss Lilly," he added, in a whisper, "that it's the laste respectable faymale always carries the child. You, Miss, act the gossip, and she something like the lady's maid; besides, it's her duty as bein' the sanior at the two; the ouldst always carries it."

"What is wrong?" said the priest; "can I throw in my intherdiction to assist you?"

Bosthoon felt like a man on coals lest Miss Lilly should discover the true reason why she was not allowed to carry the child.

"Miss Lilly," said he, crossing his enormous paws; "Miss Lilly, be the contents o' them five crasses—"

"Aisey, Bosthoon," replied Creepy, anxious to interrupt him; "it's all settled; Miss M'Fairtrich knows the rason, an' s much obliged to you both for it. Father Darby, will you go an wid the saycrament, if you plaise?"

Now there was an impressive and significant meaning in this, which Creepy, by his manner, conveyed as clearly to Bosthoon and his wife as if he had given them a literal account of all that happened. The consequence was, that Miss Lilly felt not only satisfied with the explanation she had received, but, by a complacent glance at Creepy, gave him such unequivocal encouragement as removed all hope from his gallant but less adroit rival.

"You need say nothing further about it," she replied to Bosthoon; "Mr. O'Sleeveen has satisfied me that it is all as it *ought* to be."

"It is, Miss Lilly, as it ought to be," rejoined Creepy. "Father M'Flew-ather will you give out the grace o' God upon him, an' have done wid it?"

"Recte dixit domine," said Father Bartle; "recte dixit."

"Quare non, doctissime O'Fag," replied his superior, "bonum securum!"

He, accordingly, opened his book, nor did he close it until the ceremony was performed.

Now, I'm bound to say that nothing remarkable, at least particularly so, occurred during the baptism; I except two slight circumstances which I shall mention. When Father M'Flewsther asked the sponsors what name the child was to be called by, they answered, "Blackthorn;" at which his reverence stared, and again enquired why they gave him so crabbed and unusual a name.

"It's all very proper," said the curate; "did you not hear her say, a while ago, that it is in consequence of a drame she had, that she calls him Blackthorn?"

"Very well," said Father Mac, "bonus, melior, optimus;" and he proceeded.

The next circumstance is this: when the priest sprinkled the water upon young Blackthorn's face, which he did very freely, a portion of it came about his lips, and into his mouth. No sooner, however, did he taste it than he sucked it in, licked his lips, and set his eye into a leer so comical that it was impossible not to observe it; after which, to the utter delight of his parents, he gave a crow so full of fun and enjoyment, and withal, so loud that it was heard through the whole house.

"Hagh, agh, agh!" shouted Bosthoon—"that's he—that's the youth himself, I tould yez; the danger's over now; the *muddha cuggle's* crassed, an' he tuck the *wather* like a duck! Tundher and sthrawberries, what's this for? whirroo! Go off, one o' yez, for a couple o' fiddlers; for, by the piper o' Moses, we'll shake our bones afore we part."

He then commenced playing his huge feet about, tossing his arms at the same time around him, like the wings of a wind-mill, whilst his head wagged from side to side with an air of pride and triumph that no gravity could withstand; all which poetry of motion he intended to pass off for dancing.

The laughter, indeed, was loud and incessant; clergy and laity were literally convulsed, and ever and anon their mirth was renewed by the murdering wink, which, with one of the bucket-brows up, he occasionally threw at Molsh, then at the priests, who, by

the way, could make nothing of it, and again at the whole company.

"Is none of yez gone for the fiddlers, I say," he continued; "be the hand o' my body if you don't walk home the music here, Father Bartle must whistle for us, and you know that would be ondacent employment for a clargy."

"Why, sure, Bosthoon," said Molsh, with a consideration peculiar to women, "sure you would n't ax any o' them to set out now, an' us sittin' down to our breakwist?"

"No, Molsh; no, my shinin' daisey; the *dional* saize the foot 'till he's full to the gullet; not that sort either is Bosthoon M'Flail, so down wid the prog, Molsh, down wid it; an' you, gintlemin, must stuff like badgers; you're well entitled to it, after your day's work this mornin', for which rason, purshue the wrinkle we'll lave in you."

"Bosthoon," said Father M'Flewsther, "although I can't quarrel wid your intintion, yet I condemn the disrespectful manner in which you express it. There is no ambidexterous similarity between a priest an' a badger; an' as for your thayory of wrinkles, neither Father Bartle nor myself comes undher it in any sense, barrin' their absence. We lead a better life, I hope."

"But he only spoke it figurately," said Father Bartle; "passed it in as a kind of tragic simile; or what is called a poetical license."

"Figurately!" replied the other; "let him keep such figures to himself, or, otherwise, mend his arithmetic; and, as for your poetical license, let me catch e'er a couple in my parish gettin' married on the strength of one, and, my word to you, Bartle, they'll hear thunder. I remimber well when Syl Corcoran, the ballad-maker, took to live wid Nora Kistha, the reprobate had the assurance to tell me that they were united by poetical license. Such licenses bring no grist to our mill, for which rason I'm determined never to countenance them, barrin' by the height o' severity."

"We all grant it's not dacent," said Bosthoon; "but, sure your reverence knows that there's nothin' ill meant if it's not ill taken. Be all the badgers that ever wor hunted, I meant no disparagement to either of you, so don't be angry, gintlemin; an' you, Father M'Flewsther, will at laste give your countenance to a good breakfast."

This, in a great degree, soothed the offended dignity of the priest, whose features relaxed from their severity so

far as to assume something like their usual cast of good-nature.

"You see, Bosthoon," said the curate, with his usual deferential smile, "that Father M'Flewsther wout be badgered by any body, much less by a layman."

"But he will by a good breakfast," rejoined Bosthoon, still unconsciously adhering to the offensive simile; "or, be godkins, maybe he'd act the badger still bettther at a deep dianer; for, upon my sowl, his reverence, so far as larnin' an' languidges goes, could act anything, by all accounts."

The curate, who was a small wag in his way, and occasionally offered at a pun, could not help laughing in his sleeve at the obnoxious compliment of the dinner and breakfast. The parish priest was once more about to lose temper, but the *placebo* administered to his vanity, in the conclusion of Bosthoon's observations, settled his rising bile, and brought him back again to good humour.

"There is no use," said he, smiling at a plate of beef-steaks which was just laid upon the table, "there is no use in being angry with an unlarned man, Bosthoon, ignorant of the polite science of Pollysyllables; for, as the ould proverb says, 'there's no making a silk purse out of a hog's ear,' or, as the septagent has it, *ex quavis ligno not fic mercurius*."

"You see," observed Father Bartle, "the profundity of his erudition; his reverence's knowledge is unknown. I myself am an infant at the breast compared to him."

"No, Bartle; I deny it; negro, domine. I don't know a more larned or hetherogamous scholar. It's not a fortnight ago since he answered one of the deepest questions in all mathematics—'what is a right line?' 'Why,' said he, at once, 'a right line is the reverse of a wrong one;' and, upon my divinity, the larned gentleman that asked it, said he gave him up; 'I have done, sir,' says he. 'You are quite too profound for me,' says he, and, during the remainder of the evening he didn't open his lips, except to drink his punch."

"Yes; but, Father Darby, I can't allow your own modesty to run away with you either. Your definition of a curve, to the same gentleman, was still more larned and mathematical; a curve, my friends, is a right line with a hook, or what logicians call a *circumbendibus*; so, this gentleman, who

wanted to thry Father M'Flewsther and myself upon mathematics, having hard a great dale about us, asked Father Darby there, what was a curve; 'the hind leg of a dog,' replied his reverence, 'because it's bent *both* ways, in and out, so there's a double definition for you, in case a single one wouldn't do you.' Upon my veracity the larned man looked into his tumbler, after hearing this, like a goose looking down a marrow-bone."

Many and various were the expressions of wonder which a belief in the profound knowledge of the reverend gentlemen called forth from their auditory. But the breakfast, one, by the way, from which a knight of the garter might not shrink, was now spread out with a variety and prodigality of fare worthy of this great occasion. Father M'Flewsther himself said grace in three words, and was immediately in the bowels of a prime beef-steak. Father Bartle followed, then the other guests, all of whom, with two such admirable examples before them, played a becoming part. The conversation, of course, slackened, and, for twenty minutes, although much was done, there was very little said worthy of commemoration.

A length Father M'Flewsther, having caused a pound, or better, of the smoking beef-steak to disappear, was observed by Bosthoon to hang back like a man who had lost his wind.

"What's the matther wid you, sir?" he asked; "sure, thunder and sthrawberries, it is n't goin' to give up the battle that way you are? Isn't here the leg and wing of a parson that you must peel, if it was only to put down herey;—beggin' your pardon, Miss M'Fairtrich; but you know that a joke's a joke?"

The priest cast a couple of wistful glances at the fat leg and wing, and after a hiccup that spoke strongly of satiety, replied:

"Bosthoon, for the sake of the thrue faith, I believe I will have a *smig* or two at that same; but touching herey, I say we must have Miss Lilly amongst us. You'd make a beautiful convert, Miss Lilly, wid your fine edication and superior breeding."

"Devil a word but thruth in that anyhow," observed Crsepy O'Sleeveen, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for the object of the compliment to hear him.

"I'm satisfied to rest as I am, sir," replied Miss Lilly.

Creepy sighed, and looking tenderly at her, exclaimed in a whisper, "God forbid, Miss Lilly, that you should remain as you *are*—a single life was never made for any one so handsome." "How you do flatter, Misther O'Sleeveen."

"Come, Bartle," said Father Darby, "thry the other leg and wing. Upon my divinity, it's tip-top feeding—bonus, melior, optimus."

"Sir," said the curate, coming out with one of his small jokes, "you know we're commanded to resist the flesh."

"Ha," said Father Darby, with a wink at the company, "my gentleman's getting tayological."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied Bartle, interrupting him, "I didn't get my *tay* yet."

"Very good, Misther O'Fag, but you mustn't escape that way. Answer me this—whether is flesh or fowl the most canonical feeding? Upon my divinity, if he expounds that, I'll say he's fit for a mithre."

"Yes," replied the curate, playing into his hands; "but you put questions so deep, that no one except yourself can resolve them. How can you expect me to do it, when you sacked the bishop at the last conference?"

"Well, next to the bishop, I'd rank yourself Bartle. The question *you* can't answer must be a deep one."

"I can't answer that, then—et non pudet me admittere."

"Bonum securum, domine, bonum securum! Well, I'll resolve it for you. You know, Bartle, that we're commanded in the Apocuphlix of St. Luke, to resist the flesh; but will you or any other profound discipulus shew me where we are commanded to resist the fowl? There's a touch of the M'Flewsther for you."

"Ay, ay, there spoke the divine that never was overcome yet. After that, Father Darby, I can't refuse to have a snig as well as yourself at the leg and wing—sic parvis componere magna solebo."

"Gintlemen," said Creepy O'Sleeveen, "does the apocuphlix, or whatsoever you call it, say any thing against fish?"

"Silence, Creepy," said Father MacFlewsther, "you're but a layman; and what right have you to make enquiries into any thing connected wid the church? We lay down the doctrine, and you have nothing to do but believe it. If you begin to enquire, your faith's not worth a rap. The man that feels

himself safe, never enquires, but the reprobate that doubts, dows. Now the sorra morsel of faith ever a doubter had yet, since the creation of Pether White—the dickens a taste. So says St. Job. Horum scorum, says he, when tratin' this subject—horum scorum sing divorum, harum searum divo—tagrag merry derry, parrawig-and-hat-baud, hic hoc horum genitivo. So he says, one of the clauuest and healthiest saints on the calendher—ehem, ehem."

"And you might add," replied O'Fag, "the fittest for *coafation*; but with great respect, Father Darby, and allowing that every thing you said to Creepy there is thruth—pure orthodoxy—still I submit, that with respect to the fish, there appears to me to be a question of very slippery divinity in it."

"Very well," replied Father M'Flewsther, rather puzzled, however, for he saw not what the curate was at, "very well; but it was't Creepy who put it there."

"Creepy," rejoined the other, "and he a layman! No, no, that would be hewstheron botheron indeed. No, but—and I'm putting this to you by way of information—why is it that there is an exception made against flesh, and none against fish, Father Darby?"

"Whew!" exclaimed the parochial; "and so you think that difficult?"

"Yes," replied Bartle, "I do think it difficult; and I tell you no man but a sesquipedalian could answer it."

"Then mark me down a sextapay-dalium, for I'll answer it on the nail; and here goes. The whole sacret is, that the apostles being fishermen, very naturally favoured their own trade; for, as St. Cherub says on the same subject, huc pertinent verba commidandy comparandy dandy promittendy solvendy imperandy nuntiandy fidendy et ejus contraria et et—heu!—bonum securum! And it is for the same rason we keep lent."

Father Bartle laid down his knife and fork, raised his hands, and turned up his eyes in wonder, or at least in what he wished them to consider as such.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "if ever a divine was gifted with divinity, you Father M'Flewsther are that apostle. There are men high up in the church, who could no more—Oh, no wonder for the apostle Paul to say, Formose puer, nimium ne crede calori, when addressing himself to one of the Seven

Candlesticks ; but the truth is, that there never was a more brilliant luminary among them, than my worthy and respected, and profound, and incomprehensible superior, the Rev. Darby M'Flewsther."

"Yes, gentlemen," said Creepy, who by the way was a chandler, "you are a pair to the pound, anyhow."

"Ay, Creepy," said the Curate, smiling at the coming joke, "but it's long before you'd send a pound to the pair."

"Accordin' to the doctrine you're after layin' down yourselves," replied Creepy, "that 'ud be carrying coals to Newcastle."

"You mean, Creepy," returned the Curate again, "that your tallow would be nothing to our grace."

"Someway thereabouts," said Creepy, with a sly wink at Miss Lilly.

"Well, but before we proceed farther," observed Father Darby, "I beg to observe, that the breakfast is not progressing as it ought. Where are Bosthoon and Mrs. M'Flail from us?"

"Please your reverence," replied the servant-maid coming down out of the next room, and dropping a low curtsy, "she and Bosthoon, sir, are dressin' the tay ; they thought it 'ud boil big, but instead o' that, sir, it has boiled all to nuttin' amost."

"Send Bosthoon here, girsha ;" but as he spoke Bosthoon entered. "Bosthoon," he continued, "after the stout substratum which we've laid in, on which to erect the superstructure of a comely breakfast, I think we'd be nothing the worse of a drop of something nate to grout the beefsteak and chicken—nate, Bosthoon agra, nate and heretical."

"Would your reverence be satisfied," said Bosthoon, giving at the company the same knowing wink which he practised so often during the whole morning, "would you be satisfied wid a drop of christenin' wather? hogh! ogh! ho! ho! There I done you."

"None of your nonsense," replied his reverence ; "the drop we want mustn't be christened at all—nate, Bosthoon, and heretical."

"Never fear, Father Darby ; be my sowl, you'll get a sup o' stuff so strong that a barrel of it 'ud blow up like a cask of gunpowder. If it doesn't bring the knowledge out o' yees, gentlemen, nothing will."

In a moment he placed a bottle before each of the priests, desiring them to help themselves and the company.

"I'll be back myself," he added, "in three skips of a midge. To tell your reverence the truth," he whispered, "I'm afear'd that the jinteel part of the breakfast has gone ashaughran wid us." Saying which he went into the next room with a countenance considerably lengthened.

The bottle now circulated very briskly, and in a short time the effects of "the drop o' heresy," as Father M'Flewsther called it, spread a cheerful spirit through them, which awe for the character of the priests, and admiration for their learning, had until then prevented from appearing. An under buzz of conversation now arose, which indeed was the more seasonable as it helped to fill up a dead pause which occurred in the progress of the breakfast. It was felt that there was something wrong, but no one exactly knew what it was. Very strong language, for instance, was heard from the host and hostess, garnished with some round oaths from both ; but whether their dialogue was one of recrimination, or expostulation, or mortification, was a matter not easily solved. That some stiff oaths, as I said, flew about between them, and that they were uttered with much vehemence and sincerity was all the company could learn. These things are always painful to those who are forced to listen to them, for which reason Father M'Flewsther, with a good-natured consideration for Bosthoon and Molsh, resolved to treat the company to another exhibition of his and Father Bartle's learning.

"Bartle," said he, "I have a question to propound, which originates out of our discussion awhile agone. It is this—What is the ecclesiastical difference between flesh and fowl?"

O'Fag bethought him for some time, looked sadly puzzled, hemmed, then haw'd, bit his nails, tapped the table, but at length gave it up, exclaiming, with one of his questionable puns :

"For the flesh o' me, Father Darby, I can't tell."

"Nor you needn't be ashamed to acknowledge as much," replied his superior. "I would be glad to catch the man who could ; however, you shall soon know it. The difference is this—flesh walks upon four feet, and fowl upon two. For what says the Council of Constant—called Constant, you know, from Constantine the Great, who transferred Rome to Constantinople—indeed Friar Fillagain used to 'bridge it after the Irish

fashion, and call it the Council of Condy. Well, what says the Council of Constant, when deciding this point, *Nemo mortuum omnibus horis sapit*. And again—*Supinum in hum active significat, et sequitur verbum aut participium significans motum ad locum*."

"Well, but according to that decision, men and women are fowls."

"Surely you wouldn't make bastes of them, Mister O'Fag?" replied Father Darby, with triumph. "I do maintain they are of that genius. For what says Harry Stottle, when giving a divination of man—animal biped impume—a two-legged animal without feathers. Then, Bartle, are they not always bred near the barn door? ha, ha, ha. Eh? I can do it, I believe?"

"Bedad, Father M'Flewather," observed Brian Boroo, "I believe your reverence knows every thing."

"That's little of it, my friends," said the Curate. "If you'd hear him among the clergy—there's not a man of them could take the snuff off of him. He's nothing less than a spiritual jack-a-lantern that never goes out."

"I believe we can hould our own, Bartle, both of us. You and I against any two of them. Now there's a foreign *clabih*, a frog-eater from the Sorebones in Paris, that they've brought over here to croak out his divinity at May-nute. Well, I say nothing—but as far as divinity, tayology, methaphysics, or dogmatics goes, I think the chair could be as well filled widout leading over a French priest like a monkey in canonicals. I say I think there are those to be had who could fill the chair as well. I mane nobody—ehem."

"Right, Father Darby, we certainly could fill a chair with more effect; we're men of greater bottom than ever the French were."

"Ay, and of better top too, O'Fag. We ait neither frogs, manna, nor any other description of locusts, by way of soopling our joints for the dhrawing room. No, we're stiff and stout like men, and—but what's this? Eh? By the bones of St. Roger, but here's a new dish!"

It was not extraordinary indeed that he should have expressed his surprise at the appearance of the delicacy which Molsh, with a most rueful countenance then placed before him. The history of this affair demands further explanation, which, of course, for the sake of the reader, it shall have. The truth is this—

Honest Molsh had often heard of

tea before, but had never been favoured with an opportunity of knowing or seeing how it should be used. The consequence was, that after having consulted Bosthoon, who happened to be as indifferently acquainted with the subject as herself, they both concluded that the leaves, like any other vegetable, constituted the essence of the luxury. They accordingly put down two pounds in a pot of water, which was allowed to boil for about an hour; after which they poured off the water into another vessel, and having gathered and pressed the leaves, until all the aqueous particles were separated, Molsh took a pound of butter, and a suitable quantity of pepper, both of which she mixed up with the leaves, until she brought them as near the consistence of cabbage as possible. Such was the dish she placed before Father M'Flewather; and deeply was she mortified at the miserable quantity which it contained, knowing, as her hospitable heart did, that the company could not possibly get more than a spoonful each, or as Bosthoon said, a lick a-piece. We must, however conceal nothing. The reader knows that the company were edified by a profusion of oaths, attributable to both Bosthoon and Molsh, some of them, to tell the truth, rather new-coined ones on the part of Bosthoon. Never, indeed, had that worthy man been before so desperately degraded, nor dreamt of the base purposes to which he was destined to be applied. Molsh finding it a difficult and rather tedious matter to drain the water properly off the tea leaves, put them all into a pillow case, which she placed on a rush-bottomed chair; she then got Bosthoon to place upon the top of this the upper stone of a hand-mill, or Quern—a domestic machine, which in mountainous and remote districts was, until some few years ago, occasionally used to grind the family corn. Upon this, after something that might almost be termed a pitched battle, she at length forced Bosthoon to sit like a brooding hen upon her eggs, in order that he might express all the juices quickly, so as that the course of the breakfast might experience no delay. Bosthoon himself, to tell the truth, felt this indignity to the core, and the more so, as certain hot exhalations, arising from the pillow case through the hole in the centre of the Quern, rendered his position little less than that of a martyr. This explanation we deemed necessary, that

the reader may understand the cause of Bosthoon's silence, and some startling ejaculations which, during the remainder of the breakfast he will from time to time be forced to make.

"Praise your reverence," said Molsh, placing the delicacy aforesaid before Father M'Flewsther, "this tay did not boil up wid me as I expected. Myself, in troth, is afeared that it won't go round the whole of yees; but in the mane time, if you can, your reverence, give them all a taste."

"What is this consarn at all, Mrs. M'Flail?"

"Deed it's the tay, your reverence, as I said; an' though I say it, that ought not, it's as well buttered and peppered as e'er a dish o' tay ever you ett; and along wid all that, I slipped in a few cloves and a bit o' cinnamon to give it a flavour."

"There's evidently a mistake somewhere," said Father Darby, softening the matter as well as he could. "This is sartinly the *ould* mode of making tay, Mrs. M'Flail, but the modern and polite way is to reverse the whole process."

"It is a fine specimen," observed the Curate, "of the hewatheron botheron, or putting the car before the horse." "Never mind," said the other, "we'll show her the polite and fashionable mode. Mrs. M'Flail, is there any of the broth that this was boiled in forthcoming?"

"Every *spudh* safe, sir," she replied, "and that's more by good luck than good guiding."

"Very good," said the priest; "get us in sugar and crame, and a cool o' the broth, afther that as many noggins and other utensils as you can spare, and then we'll show you the fashionable method of making a raking pot o' tay."

This was complied with, and in a few minutes tea of enormous strength was circulating among them in wooden noggins, porringers, bowls, and such other vessels as could be at all rendered available. During all this time, however, Bosthoon was invisible—a circumstance which had already been noticed once or twice by the priest, who now asked Molsh what detained him.

"Deed, your Reverence, he's just fixin' himself a bit in the room above, but he'll be here in a jiffy. Bosthoon, man alive, what keeps you there, an' his Reverence Father M'Flewsther wantin' you? Arrah, why don't you come and be cheerful, wid you?"

"Bosthoon entered with a visage which no pen could describe. In fact all the features of his face were evidently in a state of insurrection."

"Arrah, death an' ages, Bosthoon, why don't you sit down wid the company an' be pleasant?" said Molsh again.

"Be me sowl, I suppose the next thing I am to do for you is to cackle," replied Bosthoon, giving her a look which smelt strongly of unjustifiable homicide. "Faith, my daisy, when you get me to hatch another brewin'—but no mather—I say nothing—though be me sowl the feelin' o' me has it hard and fast. Sit—devil resave sich sittin'—an' only it was for him that it was for, I'd a seen the whole bobbery at the dickens afore I'd be par-boiled as I am."

"What is the matter, Bosthoon?" enquired the priest; "something seems wrong wid you."

"Ay! seems!" replied Bosthoon,—faith your Reverence knows little about it; but if you *felt* as I *do*, may be 'tisn't your larnin' 'ud console you."

"Come, come, man," said the priest, "take a cup o' tay, wid your crossness—it'll put you in good humour."

"Tay!" replied Bosthoon—"much obliged to your reverence, but I got *my share* in the room 'ithin. Molsh knows I did. Thonomon-dional, what's this for! Merciful mother! oh!"

All the graces of his countenance were now called into play. He twisted, he twined, and put his body through such a series of evolutions, as could rarely be witnessed even in the agonies of a dying bear.

"Take a cup, man," said the priest, "it'll settle you."

"I thank you, sir," replied Bosthoon, "I'm settled as it is, thanks to a jinteel breakfast for it, and to Molsh's method of cooking it; but I don't care if I taste a dhrop o' the heresy, as your reverence calls it, though, be me song, I think it's liker the throe faith for all that, as far, any how, as purity goes. Honom an'—well, no matther—thunder! Gentlemen," addressing the priests, "both your healths, at all evints—the company's health I wish—and young Blackthorn! Bid Fogarty, bring him forrid here. Here's to you, my young cock—long life, good health, and prosperity to you, and may I never die till I see you as larned as Father Darby and Father Bartle here."

"It's a good wish, Bosthoon, and I hope it may happen; but in the mean-

time I'll undertake to promise you a long life at any rate—so far, at least, as one of us is consarned."

Father Bartle looked a little piqued at what he considered not only an invidious distinction, but in some degree an imputation on his general knowledge.

"Why not include both," he asked; "I think I oughtn't to be thrown overboard that way."

"Do you include yourself, and lave me out on some other occasion," returned Father Darby rather drily. "Blackthorn's a good name, Bosthoon, a good stout, tough name, just the one that a M'Flail ought to have."

"He'll be a knotty fellow, Bosthoon," said the curate, forgetting for a moment the slight put upon him by his superior.

But before we proceed farther, we may as well state in a few words that Father M'Flewsther was in daily expectation of being preferred to a better parish, and that his curate, to whom he had promised to use his interest with the bishop to have him appointed his successor, let no opportunity of flattering Father Darby's vanity pass. Indeed, under any circumstances, it was their interest to compliment each other upon their extensive knowledge, as they possessed little else, except the imputed acquisition of learning, and the mere fact of being in orders, to give them that respect in the eyes of their flocks, which their positive ignorance and coarseness of manners were calculated to lessen. Independently therefore, of the peculiar motive by which the curate was influenced, it was their policy to sustain each other by mutual acknowledgments of their acquirements, and to impose upon their flocks by those exhibitions of mock-knowledge that were calculated to keep up the delusion.

The reader may have already perceived that O'Fag, who of the two had a readier turn of mind, though scarcely a better education, entertained a lurking contempt for Father Darby, which, in spite of all his vigilance, often peeped out in a bit of small sarcasm, a joke, pun, or some inflated and ironical compliment, masqued under the appearance of sincerity. There was also some degree of jealousy in the case. Father M'Flewsther was voracious of praise on the score of his learning, but although liberal enough of it towards O'Fag, yet he still contrived to wind up their debates by a rather un-

equivocal hint at the curate's evident inferiority. The latter had often remonstrated with him upon this, as being both unfair and impolitic, and a violation of the *esprit de corps* which ought to be maintained for their general good. M'Flewsther admitted this, and often promised to avoid the error, but so invincible was his vanity, that no sooner did he find himself in the same circumstances, than he committed without remorse the same offence. The reader, therefore, may readily perceive that there is likely to be a collision between them, originating from the causes I have already detailed.

"He'll be a second O'Fag yet, I hope," said Father Darby; "and if so, he'll have a very passable share of knowledge. O'Fag's no joke; but touching a man I won't name, Bosthoon, I say again I'll promise you a long life."

"I hope you'll keep your word, sir," said Bosthoon, understanding the promise in its literal meaning.

"Perhaps other people, Bosthoon, could just *promise* you as long a life."

"Long life to you both, gentlemen," replied Bosthoon. "Faith I can't say but you're generous."

"I think, Bosthoon," said Creepy O'Sleeven, "that between both gentlemen you're not likely to die at all. I hope they themselves will live to keep their promise."

"That's very well said, Creepy," observed the curate, "only rather insolent."

"I differ wid you there, Bartle," said Father M'Flewsther; "and I dont see why you should be so seavare upon him. You often attempt a joke yourself, and God he sees wid what success."

"Gentlemen," said Bosthoon, "wid great respect I say it, but I think you might a thought it worth your whites to drink young Blackthorn's health; it required little larnin to do that, and his mother an' I 'ud feel proud of it."

"I was just filling my glass to do it," replied Father Darby.

"I would have *did* it long ago," said O'Fag, "but that it does'nt become the curate to taiche the parish priest his manners."

"Particularly whin he has'nt larned thim himself," retorted M'Flewsther. "Come, gentlemen and ladies, fill a bumper; here's the health of young Blackthorn M'Flail; may he live long and happily, and die a bishop!"

This was drank with great enthusi-

asm, after which Mr. M'Flewsther proceeded—

"Blackthorn Bosthoon is a good sacred scriptural name, and I highly approve of it."

"Scriptural!" exclaimed O'Fag; "upon my reputaytion I don't see that."

"Upon my divinity, then, I think you ought; don't you know after all, and the common discipline of our church in Ireland shows it, that a good blackthorn is the best Bible, particularly in the hands of an able instructor."

"You can select a good text there, I grant," returned Father Bartle; "and apply it too. The impression you make is deeper than it's wholesome though."

"I say, when you have an obstinate reprobate to dale wid, there's nothing like it. Faith I know where there's a great dale of excellent divinity growing at this moment. There's a hedge behind my garden, and I could point you out as good an edition of the New Testament in the first three perches, as ever was cut—I mane published—and all root growing too, which is the best of it."

"You have the advantage of the original text there," replied O'Fag, "and that's a very convanient thing to some people. You stand in need of no interpreters. Yours is not the first hedge that has been useful to many."

"If you go to that, Bartle," retorted M'Flewsther, "you yourself are under serious obligations there; you know the sunny side from the shade as well as I do."

"I trust I was educated under a very different sort of hedge," coolly retorted the curate, "a much more extensive one, certainly, than ever you sat under. I don't wish to make invidious comparisons—ahem!"

"None of your sneers, Bartle—I wont bear them—my hedge was a more jinteel and fashionable one, than ever you opened a Readimilaisey or a Reynard the Fox, under—pure whitethorn, every bush of it—and you must admit there's no quickset for protection against sun or wind at all aquil to it."

"I sink the shelter," replied Bartle, throwing off all restraint; "I despise your sun and wind, Father Darby—give me a classical hedge, and to the devil wid brambles. I deny that it was a hedge you were educated under at all. No, it was a ditch—a mere com-

mon-place vulgar ditch, an' I'm mightily mistaken, or you smell of the ditch water till this present day. Whitethorn! who ever heard of it in the classics—come, sir, what's Latin for whitethorn?"

"Faith, if it's Latin you're for, I'll pepper you. Will you conjugate Lavo? Come, now, show what you are—conjugate *Lavo*, if you have the stuff in you!"

"Father Darby," rejoined Bartle, "your hedge was contemptible. I was educated under no lumber of *brusna*—under no fence of stragglng brushwood; I received my larning in a paddock, enclosed by *four* legitimate hedges, and we entered it by a *gate* too, a civilized iron gate. I was educated under a row of oaks, Father M'Flewsther, under a stately row of oaks—and the oak, not like your dirty whitethorn, is a classical tree. A fig for your fence!"

"And I dare say you found the acorns convanient, too," retorted Father Darby with a loud laugh.

"A fig for your fence, I say again. Every one knows whitethorn's not to be depended on; and I believe, neither are your whitethorn scholars. They snap when the tug's hardest on them. Am I intelligible?"

"It's what you seldom are—but, since you go to that, where was your acorn seminary, when Tom Jenkinson sacked you on Transwibstantiation?"

"And where was your *brusna*, when you couldn't tell the bishop at the last conference at what time the sacrament of Penance is administered. I believe the branches of your knowledge are as brittle as they are slender."

"Neither could you; I believe you found yourself in your paddock again."

"I didn't wish to shame you as my senior, otherwise I would have answered him."

"Thank you for nothing, Mr. Curate. I can't swallow that, though—it sticks in my throat like an acorn; but you expect my influence with the Bishop, dont you?"

"You promised it to me, and I hope you're honest enough to keep your word."

"I'm not bound to observe it, when I find that I wouldn't promote the good of the church by so doing."

"It was and is always painful to me to trate you with disrespect," replied O'Fag; "but you don't give me my due as to knowledge, although no man

speaks more highly of you than I do. And if I'm hot before your face, you little know the justice I do you when your back's turned—but I see my thanks."

"If I have said any thing disrespectful to you," said the curate, who did not wish to make the other his enemy; "I beg your pardon. I'm a little hot myself, as well as you—I own it."

"That's enough, then," said the placable Father Darby, "give me your hand; *hac veniam petimusque damnasque vicissim*."

This tiff respecting the comparative merits of the rival hedges, was heard with something like awe by the company, not one of whom durst venture to utter a word upon a contest between two men, who were themselves deemed so capable of deciding it. No sooner, however, had the reconciliation taken place, than the company expressed their satisfaction, by compliments to them both, for they feared to flatter the one at the expense of the other.

"Well, well," said Creepy, "it's a great thing all out, to hear two learned men disputin'—begad it's as good as a sermon. Who the dickens 'ud think, though, that the hedges in Ireland are so mighty cute, or so well educated?"

"Creepy," said Father M'Flewsther, "you are a knowing fellow, but it's dangerous to play wid edged tools. Take care and dont bring Father Bartle on your back."

"Faix," replied Creepy, who was actually a bit of a humorist, "I'll have as little to do wid hedge tools as I can. When they clip each other so keenly, they wont spare me. But to tell you the truth, Father M'Flewsther, I'd be no more in dread of your hedge Bible than of Father Bartle's learned oak;—*manin'* at the same time no disrespect to aither of you. Father M'Flewsther, your health! Father Bartle, yours; and long life to you both, gentlemen—an' be my word it wouldnt be aisey to match yez."

Bosthoon had again withdrawn, and was engaged in the next room, but in what manner, or for what purpose, no one could tell. Ejaculations such as would naturally proceed from a man ill at ease, they did certainly hear, and an occasional imprecation against something that sounded very like the word *tay*, also reached their ears; but beyond this they could form no possible guess

as to what had put him so sorely out of countenance.

Now, let not my readers imagine that because I have only reported the dialogue which took place between the two principal persons of the company, no conversation was carried on among the other guests. The truth is, that the Hedge Priests are as a class utterly defunct, and my object was to give them to the canvass before they became altogether forgotten. Some of them, 'tis true, may still be in existence, but they are few and far between, and, in the course of a brief period, indeed, this ignorant, harmless, and inoffensive class of men will have left their places and be no more seen. In fact, the conversation among the other guests, was such as is usually witnessed at similar festivities. Each contributed his or her share, nor was Bosthoon or Molsh at all deficient in either talk or attention, although we have not detailed it to the full extent in the sketch which we have given of the breakfast.

Father M'Flewsther and his curate, were too politic to allow those who had witnessed their dispute to form any impression from it that might derogate from their character. They, accordingly lapsed immediately into a friendly intimacy of tenfold strength, laughed loudly at their own quarrel, and more loudly still at those who were so simple, they said, as to believe that they were in earnest. Then did they again recommence their Latin—again did Father M'Flewsther sack the Bishop—and again was Father Bartle one of the soundest scholars in the "*Dioccy*" barring one that Father M'Flewsther wouldnt name.

The breakfast was now over, but not so the christening; the best part of which, viz. the dinner, was yet to come. But as the time between the two meals must be filled up by something better than humdrum conversation, a piper was soon procured, and dancing, as a natural consequence, commenced. The priests having some parochial business to attend, left them for the present, but with a certain promise of their return to dinner. Many of the neighbours assembled to join the dance, and as the news of the mirth spread, the assembly kept encreasing so fast, that they were forced to adjourn to a green before the house, where they kept it up for the greater part of the day.

Time, however, flies, *tempus fugit*;

and his appointed periods return with a regularity, which ought to teach us wisdom, but does not. The hour of dinner and the priests both came together. Molsh was full of bustling importance—her voice loud, and her gown sleeves tucked up above the elbows. From Bosthoon the penalsense of his morning's disaster had passed away, and he was again in high spirits. The priests and guests were all welcomed again with the same colossal exhibition of cordiality which they had experienced before.

"Gintlemen, won't your Reverences take a drop o' *diogh an dhurru* afther your ride?"

"*Diogh an dhurru*, Bosthoon!" exclaimed Father Darby; "surely you're not going to turn us out?"

"Ay, *diogh an dhurru*—a sup at the mouth before you and the hunger part, your Reverence—for be my sowl you won't be long together, I can tell you."

"Bosthoon, what's that in the large pot in the yard, with the hand-barrow and cross-cut lying beside it?"

"Can you keep a sacret, Father Darby?"

"To be sure I can."

"Well, so can I, not makin' you at the same time an ill answer. You'll know before your beard reaches your waistband, any how. All I can say now is, keep one o' the far corners for the same big pot; hoch, ogh! The Lord be praised, the young chap tuck the wather, we, ho, ho. Molsh, the dinner, my shiner. Honoman dioual, the dinner, woman alive; here are the clargy ready to set us an example how we ought to lead a good life; eh, gintlemen?" And he winked like an ogre at the priests as he spoke.

Dinner at length came; Father M'Flewsther was placed at the head of the table; and Father Bartle at the foot. Before the former was laid, what Bosthoon called a fat bishop, and before the curate, nearly half a side of boiled bacon. Fowls, pullets, hams, and corn-beef were distributed around the tables, for there were several together, with one or two doors fixed upon tubs and chairs. The two clergymen were now in their glory; no chance at all of a dispute as to which was the more learned, or educated under the more classical hedge. It was no longer oak against whitethorn, or fallow against paddock. No, no. Nothing harmonises the petty discords and prejudices of social life so effectually as a good

dinner, especially in the case of those honest fellows, who have the heart and soul to enjoy it, and to surrender themselves to the spirit which presides over genuine conviviality.

"Father M'Flewsther," said Bosthoon, "I'll bould you a taisther, your Reverence; wid all your larnin, can't tell the name of what's before you."

"Either a turkey, Bosthoon, or a leg of mutton, if Greek can do it."

"Why, well—there might be worse guesses sure enough, but that's not it."

"Very well, I'll thry it in Habrew: bonum securum! hicstum hœcstum hocstum—tu es magnum blockstum—fungus funkit—slithery slunkit—big bag hog—genitivo hodge, Dative Whack. If that's not it, Habrew can do no more."

"Begorra you're a witch at the dixonary, that's clear; but still, it's no guess; 'tis a fat bishop that's before you; an' now if you spare him you're not the gintleman I tuck you for."

Molsh, then, in order to "insense his Reverence into the thing," related the anecdote of Bosthoon's slaughter in the farm-yard, and recounted the names he affixed to the fowls he mowed down so remorselessly.

"Salvation to me, but it's a good name, Bosthoon; come, who's for a slice off of the fat bishop?"

"Only," said Creepy, "that I'd be afraid to meddle wid heresy, in the presence of your Reverences, I'd have a cut of him."

"Never mind that, Creepy; we drank heresy at breakfast, and we may now ait it at dinner. At any rate the danger's gone since I said grace over him."

"Mister M'Flewsther," said Miss M'Faitrich's brother, who had been asked to accompany his sister to the dinner, with a strong spirit of presbyterian sympathy for the sister establishment, which he felt to be insulted by this coarse attack upon its dignitaries; "I'll trouble you for the Pope's nose."

Now, as honest Father Darby had never been at three truly respectable dinners in his life, he knew no more what part of the turkey the Pope's nose constituted, than an infant.

"The Pope's nose, Mr. M'Faitrich," said he, "why, where the dickens about a heretic bishop can that be?"

"Just where it ought to be, and where you'll find it," retorted the bitter presbyterian, rising at the same time, and pointing it out to the priest, who,

with the face of a man stunned by an unexpected blow, cut it off, and putting it on the other's plate, wiped his temples, and looked about him with a very blank visage.

"We've got it," said the curate, "but I say it's all fair; you drew it on yourself, Father Darby; at a convivial meeting there ought to be no religious distinctions, or nothing that would hurt another's feelings at all, at all. *Fides religionis nostræ fundamentum habetur.*"

"*Recte domine,*" replied the Parochial *Fecundy calices, quem non facere desart'em—bonus, melior, optimus, O'Fag.*

"*Certe, domine—sed malus, pejor, pessimus, nunc—iste presbyter davit nobis durissimum.*"

"*Diabolus a mattera, bonum securum forthat—et possum provare domine—id's the chattem.*"

"The fact is, I may give him up," said O'Fag, to the rest of the company; "it's no matter what language he's taken in, it's all the same."

"Why, I dont think that last piece of larning, smells much of the—the—what you know—the Whitethorn, O'Fag."

"It smells rather of the classical beech, Father Darby; and I'm quite satisfied there must have been a beech in the vicinity of what we were jocosely disputin' about."

"Ay, as Virgilius says, *Tithyre tu patulæ recompense sub tegmine fadgy.*"

"I don't think there was much birch there, 'tany rate," observed Creepy, in reply to the curate's observation.

"Take care you dont come under a knottier switch than either o' them, Creepy; and that's the blackthorn," replied Father M'Flewsther, who, during this short and learned dialogue was helping his friends on right and left to the turkey, for he somehow felt little relish in the joke of the fat bishop, since the retort of the presbyterian.

With such choice and varied erudition, did they for the most part entertain themselves and the other guests, during dinner, which indeed passed off very pleasantly, considering that many who were to grace their festivity in the evening, were not able to attend it. Towards the conclusion, the whole company were astounded by the appearance of an immense smoking globe, which Bosthoon, and Brian Boroo M'Scutt carried in upon a hand-barrow, and turned over upon a borrowed

tea-tray that was placed upon the end of the table exactly before Father M'Flewsther.

"Saints project us!" exclaimed the parish priest; "what's here? Arra, Bosthoon, is it a portable volcano you've brought us? By St. Dives, but it will take the devil's punch bowl to drink down such a reeking hill as this, man alive. Wid what weapon can you expect me to attack it?"

"Your faith, Father Darby, must not, for the sake of the cloth, be worse than Bosthoon's or Barney M'Scutt's, for you see with your own eyes that they're able to remove a mountain," said the curate with a chuckle.

"But what am I to demolish this wid, I say again?" asked Father M'Flewsther. He had scarcely put this very necessary question, when Bosthoon and Brian Boroo both went out, and in less than a minute returned with a cross-cut, which, in the midst of roars of laughter, they placed with one handle next him, and the other opposite the curate.

"Talking of faith, gintlemin," shouted Bosthoon; "show it now. I said this 'ud be no common christenin', and it isn't; have at it, your reverence, have at it; thundther and strawberries, sure there's no dear summer here to-day at any rate. Sthrip gintlemin, and to your business; hew away, an' the devil give yez good of it if you spare it. You remimber I told yez to keep one o' the far corners for some nate aiten; hogh, ogh, agh—wee, ho, ho!"

The two priests entered into the mirthful spirit with which the first appearance of this solid monster balloon was received. Both immediately stripped, tucked up their sleeves, and, amidst the convulsions of the guests, commenced, in a very workmanlike manner. This, however, was no easy task, for the long straws with which it was bound, caught the teeth of the saw, and obstructed the operation, which, every moment, became more difficult. Father M'Flewsther being fat, and unaccustomed to anything in the shape of active bodily exercise, soon began to exhibit symptoms of distress. He wiped his forehead, from which the large beads of perspiration were now fast rolling—he puffed—he groaned—he grunted—by-and-by the curate began to fag, and presently to beg an intermission of labour, till he also should wipe his face.

"Salvâtion to me, but you must re-

lieve guard, some o' you," exclaimed the parish priest; "this is downright persecution against your clargy, Bosthoon. Come and relieve guard, I say, I'm knocked up."

"No, dioual saize the one wid simmission; you know the ould say, it's a sin to take the priest from the puddin', and a blacker sin still to take the puddin' from the priest; thry again, your reverence; blood alive, sir, at any rate don't let Father Bartle take the shine out o' you."

"He could never do that," said Molsh; "any how, I'd back Father M'Flewsther for a wager."

"So would I, your reverence," said Bid Fogarty; "and I naither," said another. "We'll all back Father M'Flewsther," said the females. "Go it, your Reverence; you've a good blow in you still."

"By St. Dives, I know that, panted the priest; you see, Bartle, I've the ladies on my side," and as he spoke, he gave a wicked heave to the cross-cut, which almost capsized the curate.

"I'm not without my own party," replied the latter, returning the heave, and fairly hitching the other backwards off his chair.

"Your curate's faith is the stronger of the two," observed the presbyterian.

"Faith, I deny it," replied Father M'Flewsther, getting up and laughing. "My side o' the mountain's farther down than his; Bid Fogarty a word wid you."

Bid having heard what he had to whisper, he proceeded—

"Now, Bartle, fair play; I'm standin', and do you get up too; I would scorn to take an advantage of you; are you set now for the next heave?"

"I am," said the curate.

"Well, take your sate," he continued; "and let us do the thing more at our aise."

The old priest's joke was successful. The curate, on going to sit, tumbled backwards upon the ground; Bid Fogarty having, upon the strength of Father M'Flewsther's authority, drawn his chair from behind him.

"Arra, be the stones o' Kincora," exclaimed Brian Boroo M'Scutt, "neither the blood o' the Boroos, nor of the M'Scutts, will bear to see a man ill thrated behind his back, widout takin' revinge o' them that did it before their face," and as he spoke, he seized

the fair culprit, and inflicted a smack on her for the offence.

"How dare you do that, Barney?" said the parochial; "dout you know, you spalpeen, that it's what the church calls a deadly transition to kiss a woman in the presence of your clargy?"

"Never heed him," replied O'Fag; "it's only sortilege, and I'll forgive you. She deserved it, and ought to get a fall herself for it, into the bargain; I forgive you, Barney."

There was much mirth at this, but as neither of them could exactly claim the laugh, and as there was more pudding carved than would have been sufficient for four times the number present, it was deemed unnecessary to continue the operation. The cross-cut was accordingly removed, and the two priests commenced the distribution of what was before them.

"Gentlemen," said Creepy O'Sleeveen, now edging in his shrewd observation; "although there was a good dale of cross-cuttin' between yez today, yet there's naither of you very handy at it."

"Prove that, Creepy," said O'Fag.

"Why," he continued, "you'd both o' yez have cut the puddin' wid little trouble, if yez had greased the cross-cut."

"By the bones of St. Dives, Creepy," observed the parish priest, but you're no Manus, any way; you never spake, Creepy, but you say something."

"It's not every one can say as much for themselves," replied the sarcastic little chandler.

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I say they must go all out, except those that got an invite to the christenin'; and I say, moreover, that we'll keep the fiddler. I'll tell you what it is, you reprobates, we wont be smothered and schroodged by yez at all—you have my license, lave, and liberty, to go and get a fiddler or piper for yourselves; and that's more than you disarve, ye antherntarian squad! Out wid yez."

In a few minutes he cleared the house of the crowd, that had gradually stole in, first to witness, and ultimately to join in the dancing.

"I fear, sir," observed the lad, Daniel O'Connell, "that you have interfered with the rights of the people. If Bosthoon is willing that they should

remain, I dont see by what authority you put them out."

"By the authority of the church, young man, if you go to that; an authority that you and they are bound to obey."

"I grant you that," replied Daniel; "it takes place of every other; and I, for my part, rather than oppose it, would kiss the dust before your feet."

"And that's spoken like a promising youth," replied Father M'Flewather; "let me look at you; by the bones of St. Dives, you have an eye that knows how to take care of NUMBER ONE; lots of blarney in your Milesian face; a nose well set for controversy; and as much sathyr in your upper lip, as would bate down a bench o' lawyers. Mr. Spare-rib, I have the pleasure of drinking your health; Mrs. Spare-rib, yours."

"My name is Joseph Spare-rib, friend M'Flail; and the name of my wife is Repentance. I beg thee, therefore, and the company, to call us so; for it is contrary to our principles, either to receive ourselves, or to give to others, any title of worldly honour; we are a simple people."

"You are so, verily," replied Phedlim M'Fun, who, together with a few others, who had been asked to the dinner, found it inconvenient to come until evening; "Was it not your father, Joseph, who, from mere simplicity, bought an egg for an oyather? But, come, death alive, where's the music? Torly M'Flewather, get up, you and Yallow Wattle M'Flail, and cut the buckle; up, I say, bring out a pair o' girls, and dance us off a four part reel. What the sorrow is the music for?"

"It is all right and proper," said Father Bartle; "there is a time to dance, says Scripture—a time to dance; you'll find it in the Revelations—and a time to play the fiddle; which time—"

"I thranslate that, bagpipes, Bartle," said Father M'Flewather; "but the fact is, it's an intherpurgation—*dronum* is the word in the original, and is the regular Greek for bagpipe; but that's naither here nor there; up wid yez; I give you all absolution from the sin of it; only, Bartle, you'll find it in Dutherology, and not in Revelations."

The dancing now commenced, as did an undercurrent of conversation from detached knots in all parts of the room. Father M'Flewather beckoned the women over to him one by one

for the purpose of enquiring if they had any grievances to be redressed at home; if their husbands were affectionate, faithful, or on the contrary, negligent or dissipated.

But the best plan is to give one brief dialogue which took place between him and Molly M'Fud—Schaddhan M'Fud's wife; which the reader is to consider a fair specimen of his *tete-a-tete* with the others.

"Mrs. M'Fud, how is every bone in your body, my darling?"

"Faix can't complain, thanks to your reverence for axin'."

"That's right, Molly; you're betther than middlin', I hope."

"Deed, sir, it's good to be middlin' itself in the kind o' times that's in it."

"That's thrue enough, Molly; but is there any thing out of its place wid you—any thing a throuble to you. I suppose you have no complaint against Scaddhan?"

"Oh, the sorra complaint—as good a husband and as hardworkin' a crathur as ever yet got up."

"I'm proud to hear it; and I believe he was always that, Molly."

"Always, your reverence, especially since he gev up the liquor."

"And he *has* given it up?"

"The sorra dhrop he tastes now, barrin at a christenin' or a weddin'; and half a pint, and a quart o' porther in the Lammass fair. Oh, faix I forget; he does on Christmas day an' Aisther Sunda—an' that's all."

"Scaddhan," cried the priest, addressing the husband, "Scaddhan M'Fud, pay attention, sir; I'm getting a good account of you here; and I'm glad of it—you're improving, man alive. Your health, Scaddhan."

"I thank your reverence," said Scaddhan; "begad, sir, if there's a hole in my coat at all you'll get it out of Molly. We must be on our p's and q's, your reverence; or if not you'll hear of it all from the women."

"Well, Molly—come here avourneen—well, and is your sister still living wid you?"

"Deed she is, sir; but wont be long I b'lieve."

"Why, how is that? no quarrel I hope?"

"No, sir; but she's goin' to change her condition; an' indeed none of uz 'ill intherfere, although she's goin' against our will in the business. How-andiver she's no chicken now, your reverence, an' ought to know her

own affairs best—goin' upon nine and twenty—will be that, indeed,—next Micklemas."

"And who is the bachelor?"

"Indeed I can't deny but they're a long time spakin' to one another; an' it's not that we have any bad feelin' or ill will at all against the boy—only she can get better. Why, sir, he's a son of Harry Buie M'Cabe's of the Three Corned Ring, near the hangin' chapel."

"Well, well, if her mind's made up on it, in the name of goodness let them get the words said and have done wid it. Is he in good circumstances?"

"Faix, for that matther he's comfortable enough—he has a brave stout horse, four cows, and sixteen acres of good land, rasonable; still she could get a warmer match; but indeed he's a clane, smart boy as you'd see in a fair."

"Tut, woman, it must be a match. Well, there's nothing troubling you that I could set right?"

"Thank God an' you, sir; the sorra a haporth."

"Throth I'm proud to hear it. When you go to your duty next, come to me; Father Bartle's rather sharp, an' he's not up to family failings as I am. Send over Bid Fogarty till I catechize her, the thief; and see, Molly, I say, take care of yourself."

While this dialogue went on, and for some time before it, Father Bartle was engaged in close conversation with Molsh, from whom he was anxious to receive a correct account of the dream, which occasioned our hero to be called Blackthorn. After having heard this he complimented her upon what he termed "as good logic as ever a drame was expounded with."

"Indeed," said he, "I had a curious drame myself last night; I thought I was dancing the Black Joke on a tombstone in my stocking soles; and that Bosthoon was playing the De Profundis on the bag-pipes; and when I asked him, Bosthoon," says I, "what's that you're playing?"

"The Black Joke," said he—"cut the buckle, your reverence;" and although I knew it was the De profundis, still I thought it was the Black Joke, and danced to it accordingly; I was troubled this morning about it, and intended to fast off any harm there might be in it to me; but I now see it well enough; drames, you see, go by contraries; the tombstone was the

christenin' any how; but I don't somehow understand Bosthoon's playing the bag-pipes."

"Perhaps your reverence," replied Molsh, "it manes that while you're all dancin' and enjoyin' yourselves at little Blackthorn's christein' tonight, Bosthoon must pay the piper."

"But what does the Black Joke mane?"

"Why little Blackthorn himself; sure it was he the weeny pct that brought about all the jokin' we had this whole day. Mightn't the name itself tell a body that it was him it meant."

"Upon my consequence, Mrs. M'Flail, you are one of the ablest expounders of a drame I ever met, barring Daniel the prophet, and ould Harry Connolly; except them, I never scen your aquil. They say, indeed, it runs in some families—are you a seven-ventha daughter?"

"No, indeed, sir, I'm only the sixth."

"Well, that's next door by. Bring that child down to me in a day or two, and I'll write a gospel for him; and afther that, with the help of Goodness, he may laugh at the fairies. If you bring a quart bottle too, I'll give you as much Double X holy wather as will keep them from the house and family altogether."

Molsh promised to do this, and having returned thanks for his intended kindness the dialogue terminated.

By this time the dancing had commenced; and to use the words of Burns—

"The mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

The two good-natured priests, secure of the affections of all who were around them, sat enjoying the hilarity, from time to time commanding, restraining, directing, and advising the youngsters as circumstances might require. My uncle Phedlim, the heaven's be his bed, was in his glory.

"Here, Father Darby, Kate Muldowney wont dance wid Brian Boroo M'Scutt; come and put your reverence's comedher an her—then she'll do it."

"Is it Kate Muldowney, Phedlim, my own favourite? Arra, up wid you a colleen, an' take a turn wid the haro of Clonturk."

"Well, to plaise his reverence I will, Barny; but bad cess to the toe I'd shake wid you only for him, or

ever will agin—more an betoken, you're a scut by naker as well as by name—an' nothin' else."

"Devil rease the thrate I thrated Biddy that day, now."

"And who cares whedher you did or not. (This was a bit of jealousy by the way.) I wont dance that—you must get something else."

"Very well—hould hand, music—she wont have that—play up the Black an' the Brown—the brown's for you, Katty. Come, you jewel, you; augh, be the holy, it's we can do it." And off they set the hero of Clontarf, cracking his fingers with that mad buoyancy of glee which can be witnessed no where in its perfection except in Ireland.

One thing was rather remarkable at this period of the evening, and this was, that although Creepy O'Sleeveen appeared, during the preceding part of the day, to have engrossed Miss M'Faithritch to himself utterly beyond all hope of competition, yet the fact was, and we must recount it, that the lad, Daniel O'Connell, was now found on one side of her literally disputing her favour inch by inch with the most successful and accomplished gallant of his day and place. Nay, it was, at the moment we speak of, quite evident that Creepy was fast losing ground, if one could judge by the progressive coldness with which she turned to him and heard what he had to say. Indeed Brian Boroo noticed this, and with a degree of exultation, quite incompatible with benevolence, said in a whisper—

"Creepy, my man, what's wrong? Your nose is gettin' fast out o' joint."

"An' even if it be retorted, the bitter little chandler, it's not the first time I've put yours in the same way, my haro."

"Come, Father M'Flewsther," said my Uncle Phedlim, "bad end to me, but it's time you should dance your favourite—the Priest in his Boots—the whole company's dyin' till you get up; an' be gorra, sir, it's yourself can do it—awooh! be me sowl Mrs. Spare-rib, his reverence is the boy that could take the pearl off your eye."

"Phedlim, not tonight, a hagar—not tonight, Phedlim."

"Oh the divil an excuse, Father Darby."

"Why, I haven't my boots on, Phedlim; but if you let me pass, there's my brother Torley will dance

it for me—he does it in prime style, Phedlim."

"Will I let him off," said my uncle, aside, to Father Bartle.

"Do," said the curate, "barring you could get him and the Quaker's wife out."

"More power to you, Father Bartle; be me sowl I'll take that hint as a cat would new milk; wait till by and by and I'll show you fun. Come, thin, Torley, up wid you in Father Darby's place, and voe betide you if you disgrace him."

Thus did the dancing proceed in the house, whilst a large crowd were at the same time similarly engaged on the green, a piper having been procured in accordance with the permission of the clergy. The whiskey had now begun to impress its influence upon them all; the priests grew merry, and Father M'Flewsther's toe was observed to move in time with the music. Father O'Fag frequently shook his head with a good-humoured threat at Bid Fogarty for the trick, which, at the instance of Father Darby, she had played upon him, at which shake of the head Bid tutered and blushed, and did the bashful. Ladle M'Flummery and Turgesi Linsey, or Torgy, as they called him, each danced a horn-pipe against the other. Ladle, Moll Roe, and Torgy, the Humours of Glynne. This saltatory contest excited much mirthful interest, their respective friends supporting them with most vociferous encouragement. Father M'Flewsther was for Ladle, and Father O'Fag for Torgy.

"Bravo! Ladle, shouted the former; upon my Divinity 'tis you that can skim the floor in style."

"Torgy, look sharp," shouted the curate, on the other side, "I support you, Torgy. Come, Torgy, light and nimble, like a willy wagtail: tip him the treble; that's it; single treble; go it again; double treble; better and better; treble treble; ho! ho! victory, Father Darby. Ladle, you may go to the pot you came from—ho, ho, lo triumphe, lo triumphe."

"A fig for your lo thrumpsy, Bartle. Dont you see that Ladle's dancin' him down, takin' the soup out of him. Bravo, Ladle, lie in to it. You have the tune on your feet. Look there, Bartle—correctin' the music—salvation to me but he is. Whirroo, Ladle, that's your sort; Ladle, you're the broth of a boy—sowl you have Torgy

drippin'. Bravo, I say. Now, Bartle, where's your Io thrumsy!"

When this contest was over, which consisted in each forcing the other to dance the hornpipe along with him, at which he himself was most expert, Creepy O'Sleeven formally asked Miss M'Faithritch to dance; but to his utter mortification, was answered that she was engaged, and just about to go out with Mr. O'Connell.

"Boroo heard this, and was at him again; awouh! Creepy—I tould you as much—sowl, Dan's the boy."

This dance also excited much interest and was loudly cheered.

"Capital, capital, Dan," exclaimed the parochial; "you're a promising youth; whomsoever you may oppose, my boy, I'll go bail it wont be your clergy. Holy St. Dives, but there's shuffling of the first foot."

"Splendid shuffling," said the curate. I defy you to know the right foot from the left; upon my consequence his feet's ambidextrous."

"Recte, Daniel, recte—bonus melior optimus," said Father Darby.

"It is so," replied the curate; and with what unembarrassed ease of countenance he does the pushing step."

"Faith the same youth will make his own way in more places than one yet," said Father Darby. "Bravo, Dan—more power to you; bonum securum! Come," he continued, leaping to his feet, "by the bones of St. Dives, Phedlim, but I'll take the hint you gave me a while ago. Mrs. Penance Sparerib, if you please, ma'am, you and I will have a dance."

This was received by clapping of hands and cheering; the curate and the Quaker, the latter of whom loved a joke as well as any present, being the loudest in their plaudits.

"My wife's name, as I told thee, friend M'Flail," said the Quaker, winking at the Cowjutherer, "is Repentance, not Penance."

"Ay," replied Father Darby; "I suppose she has repented of you long and many a day ago; but I say her name is Penance."

"I say nay," replied the Quaker; "and if thou dost not call her by her proper name of Repentance, thou shalt not shake a toe with her tonight."

"It's unscriptural," returned the priest. "What says St. Paul in his Epistle to Colossus? except you do penance you shall all go also to the parish."

"I will not have my wife miscalled out of her name by any man," replied the Quaker; "on these terms if thou and Repentance will have a jig together, ye may."

"It will be a good joke, Father Darby, to see the Priest and Penance dancing a reel!"

"It's not the first time that I and Penance have made others dance; but faith to a very different sort o' music," replied the other.

"Come, Mrs. Penance, the time's passing, and my feet will run away wid me if you don't hurry."

"Not till thou callest me Repentance."

"Why, woman alive—beggin' your pardon—I mane ma'am, that's the heretical version of you; we translate you penance. You're Penance in the Doway Bible, and in the Wulgate—isn't she, Bartle?"

"She is," replied the curate, "and in the Rhemish also."

"Yes, ma'am, and in the Rhenish also; and God knows, although I am goin' to have a hop wid you, it's not that ever you were a special favourite o' mine. You may have been made for the Quakers, ma'am; but you never were for the priests. Eh, Bartle! bonum securum!"

"I think, Father Darby," said the curate, anxious to overcome his scruples and have the dance, "I think as she is a Protestant you may call her Repentance—to be sure, if she was a Roman Catholic you could not."

"Upon my sanctity, I believe you're right, Bartle. Come, thin, Repentance, let you and the priest have a piece of fun together. What will you dance?"

"Go to the devil and shake thyself."

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, that's not over civil," returned the priest, astounded.

"That is the tune," she replied, correcting him; "that thou must dance with me—desire the musician to play it in quick time."

The priest and the Quakeress commenced amidst such a peal of mirth as was seldom ever heard at a christening. The novelty of the thing alone was irresistible. They had not been long on the floor, however, when it was quite evident that Repentance had danced many a reel and jig before. In truth she footed it deftly, and with all the lightness of a fairy. As they proceeded, she called to the fiddler

from time to time to play quicker ; “quicker, friend, much quicker than that ;” and as he did it, the comical attempts of the somewhat unwieldy priest to keep time created indescribable mirth.

“Now, friend M’Flewther,” said she, “do thou represent Penance as I do Repentance, and we shall see which is the proper version. My version against thy version ; quicker, friend musician—much quicker than all that.”

“Come, Father Darby,” said the curate, smiling, “that’s putting it on a different and more serious footing ; remember you have now our church to dance for.”

“By the Cord of St. Francis, but I’ll be disgraced, Bartle—there’s not a puff in me. Faith, Repentance, I never felt you till now. Oh is there no dancing saint in the calendher that would lighten my heels ? Salvation to me but I’d rather fight in defence of my religion than dance for it—wurrah, wurrah. Asy, darling, asy ; the heaven’s bless you and go it asy. My best days are gone, you see ; have compassion on an ould man whose joints are stiff ; but there was a day—oh wurrah, wurrah ! Devil a thing this is but upright marthyrdom.”

“Well, dost thou admit my version to be better than thine.”

“Ay, heaven sees do I ; it’s as clear as noonday—are you done ?”

“I was only beginning ; but as thou hast given it against thy own church, I am satisfied.”

Thus closed, amidst loud laughter and good humour, one of the most celebrated dances of that day. Such was the noise it made, that the fiddler, to whose music they danced, composed that excellent air upon the circumstance, known as *Merrily Danced the Quaker’s Wife*, although it is now improperly called by the husband. The fact was, however, that both the Quaker and his wife *did* dance frequently in the course of that night.

As the night was considerably advanced, the two priests, in order to close the meeting, sung each of them a song. This, however, would not do. Bosthoon insisted that it could be only closed with propriety by a dance on the part of himself and Molsh.—When this was over, Father M’Flewther went out to disperse those who were taking their moonlight fling upon the green, which he did, and again joined those who were waiting for him and the lad Daniel, that they might all take *Deouch an dhurru* before they went. This closed the festivity of the night, and the christening of my worthy cousin, the Rev. Blackthorn M’Flail.

Gentle reader, ever irregularly thine,
PHEDLIM M’FUN.

MORE ON THE SCOTIC CONTROVERSY.

We have received the following communication from Mr. Skene, which should have appeared in our August number, but for an unexpected press of matter. The writer of the review of Mr. Skene's Essay has added a running commentary, which closes the discussion of this subject in our pages. In justice to the promptitude with which Mr. Skene's reply has been met, we deem it right to state that the commentary has been in our hands since the date underneath—[Ed.]

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR,—The June number of your excellent Magazine contained an article entitled "The Scotie Controversy, and the Highland Society's Prize Essay," which consisted principally of a criticism of the work on the history of the Highlanders of Scotland, which I lately published. In addressing to you a few remarks on that article, I am aware that it is unusual for an author to demand the privilege of replying to a criticism of his work, and had the writer of that article confined himself to a statement of its contents, or a judgment of its merits, I should not have proposed doing so; but as his article is almost entirely of the nature of a reply to the arguments contained in my work, and, as in my opinion, he does not meet me fairly upon the real point at issue, I trust that you will give insertion to a few observations, in which I will reply as shortly as possible to his objections.

Previous, however, to entering upon this question, I must be allowed to take notice of a few passages which appear to me as offensive in tone and spirit, as they are uncalled for. Upon this point I must decline meeting the writer, as I have long been of opinion, that if a person cannot write calmly upon such subjects, he ought not to write upon them at all. I shall, therefore, merely remark, that such a tone of writing generally accompanies a bad cause, and that the good taste of such remarks as those in which he indulges regarding the origin of my work, and the patronage of the Highland Society, &c.

appears to me very questionable. Neither, sir, shall I meet him in the tone of humour which runs through his essay, recollecting as I do, on which side of the channel I have been born, and from which side he writes; but I may be allowed to say, that his mirth most unaccountably reminded me somewhat of the sort of uneasy smile which I have sometimes seen an unfortunate skater exhibit, when recovering himself from a severe fall upon the ice.

In the justice of his account of the previous state of the controversy, I, on the whole, acquiesce,^a nor do I intend to defend my predecessors in this field; but I must here allude to a remark made by the writer, touching my claim to originality in the views which I have set forth in my work. Now, sir, I do not mean to deny that previous writers have advanced that the Picts were a Gaelic people,^b and so far I do not, nor ever did pretend to originality; but, sir, this is but incidental to the immediate subject of my work. My object was a history of the Highlanders, not of the Picts, and the grand feature of that history was, the confining the Scottish conquest to the Southern Picts, and the descent of the Highlanders from the Northern Picts. I am not aware that that view, which I firmly believe to be the true one, is to be found in any previous work, and until the writer of that article can prove the contrary, I must still persist in holding that my work has at least the merit of originality.

^a "In the justice of his account of the previous state of the controversy, I on the whole acquiesce."—I am glad to observe that Mr. Skene has given up Macpherson. When I find a Scottish antiquary admitting the justice of observations in which the poems of Ossian are treated as works of modern imagination, it gives me good hopes of seeing the fourth league of the Dalriada and Northern Picts ranked ere long with that famous treaty which, we are told, was once negotiated between Fingal and King Conor, through the instrumentality of their mutual friend and cotemporary—Cuchullin.

^b "Previous writers have advanced that the Picts were a Gaelic people"—add, and that the present Highlanders are their descendants.

I shall now commence my remarks by observing that the writer commences his by a quiet assumption of the whole question at issue,* when he observes that, "the Highlands of Scotland are at present inhabited by a people who speak the *Irish* language, retain *Irish* habits, and refer themselves to an *Irish* origin." For the word *Irish*, substitute the word "*Gaelic*," and this is correct. Ireland and the Highlands are both inhabited by people speaking dialects of a common language, which antiquaries are agreed in denominating *Gaelic*; they both term themselves *Gael*, and the whole point at issue is whether the Gael of Scotland came from Ireland or not.

This most unwarrantable *petitio principii* colours the writer's remarks throughout, and if granted, might entitle him to term my work the last and most extravagant effort to shake off the Irish connection; but let him endeavour first to establish this position

which he thus assumes, and he may perhaps find, that my work is the first attempt to establish the truth upon critical principles.

After giving a luminous enough sketch of the previous state of the controversy, the writer proceeds to quote that portion of Chap. IV. in which I have summed up the evidence adduced, and passes over the first proposition, observing only, that "it is directly against the testimony of Beda and the annalists, from which it is certain that an Irish colony (whether Attacotti or not, makes little difference) had settled on the western coast of North Britain, before the arrival of Fergus M'Erc." Now to this I answer, 1st, That Beda states it as a tradition, not an historical fact,⁴ it being beyond the commencement of the history for which he had records, and, therefore, I do not *here* admit him as an authority; 2d, The writer has hazarded an assertion which is not true," and dis-

* "*The writer commences his remarks by a quiet assumption of the whole question at issue, when he observes that the Highlands of Scotland are at present inhabited by a people who speak the Irish language.*"—It is the fact.—They speak, as they did in the days of John Major, Gordon, and Martin, a language which is identical with the Irish language, and they call it the *Erse* or *Irish* language. "*Adhuc Scotiae ferne medietas HIBERNICE loquatur; et a paucis retroactis diebus plures HIBERNICE loquuti sunt.* (Io. Major. l. i. c. 9.)—"Even unto this day the country of Sutherland is yet called Catey, the inhabitants Cateigh, and the Earl of Sutherland Morweir Catey in old Scottish or *Irish*; *which language the inhabitants of that country doe still use*" (Gordon's Genealogical history of the Earls of Sutherland. p. 18.) "The inhabitants of this isle speak *Irish*." "They speak the *Irish* tongue only"—"yet because of their language which is *Irish*" (Martin. Western Isles. *passim*). Nay, even in Galloway the Irish continued to be spoken and called by its proper name, until after the time of Elizabeth (see Description of Galloway, &c. in Mus. Brit. and Dunbar's Satires against Kennedy in Ramsay's Evergreen.) Further, the Highlands of Scotland are inhabited by a race who retain habits identical with those of the native Irish; and who are, and have been for ages, known by the same name as Irishmen, viz. *Erse*, *Yrsh*, and *Yrshmen*; and finally, that the Highlands of Scotland are inhabited by a people who refer themselves to an Irish origin, Mr. Skene's efforts to overturn their received genealogies which have referred them to such an origin in written documents since the fifteenth century, sufficiently demonstrate.

But, although I have here stated no more than the fact as it sensibly exists, I have not any where used it as a *petitio principii*.

⁴ "*Beda states it as a tradition, not an historical fact.*"—The direct contrary is the case. The passage from Beda is so explicit as to have arrested attention by the unhesitating character of its statements. "Camden, Usher, Luid, Stillingfleet, Innes and others, who rejected much of Beda's accounts relative to the southern Britons and Picts, did all implicitly receive his assertion of the above colonization. Indeed it is the only one of the three events which Beda himself affects to speak of *with any certainty*; his opinion of the British colonization being given "*ut fertur*," and of the Pictish "*ut perhibent*" (D'Alton in Trans. R. I. A. vol. 16.)

* "*The writer has hazarded an assertion which is not true.*"—I confess an error. I ought to have said Beda and the *Chroniclars*, not Beda and the *Annalists*. It was this passage from the Chronicon Rythmicum, that I had chiefly in view.

plays ignorance of his native annalists, for they happen to be unanimous upon this point, that there was no Irish colony previous to Fergus M'Erc.' On looking, however, to my first chapter, he will find that I have not overlooked the settlement of the Attacotti in the third century.

In commenting upon my second proposition, he commences by displaying equal ignorance of the topography of Scotland, for, after admitting most clearly the distinction between Drumalban, or the mountain chain, which traverses the centre of Scotland, and divides the eastern from the western waters, and the Montes Mound, or chains which run from east to west and intersect it, the writer, to suit his own purposes, and without a vestige of authority, asserts the latter to be the boundary of Dalriada.⁵ This view,

however, he himself overthrows, by admitting that the latter was the chain mentioned by Beda as separating the northern from the southern Picts. How the same chain could perform the double duty of separating the divisions of the Pictish nation from each other, and the whole nation from the Dalriada, I do not well see.⁶

He then proceeds to accuse me of adopting for the Dalriadic boundary the only portion of the chain which is not mentioned by name in the evidence. Now, sir, you will be surprised when I tell you, that the southern half of this chain, which is the portion here alluded to, is the only portion which is mentioned by name, for it is that part only to which the *Regiam Majestatem*, Buchannan, Monypenny, and others can by any possibility allude.⁷ Although a chain of hills is named as

"In tamen Ergadia vixit per tempora multa
Hæc gens sub lege naturæ sed sine rege
Donec ad Ergadium tulit audax nomine quidam
Fergusius lapidem, &c. &c."

⁵ "They happen to be unanimous on this point, that there was no Irish colony previous to Fergus Mac Erc."—They are silent as to its existence only. So is Beda as to the existence of Patrick. Let it also be borne in mind that in Tighernach, the chief authority on early Pictish history, there occurs, about the time referred to, a *lacuna* of upwards of a century.

⁶ "The writer, to suit his own purposes, and without a vestige of authority, asserts the latter (i. e. the part of the mountain chain which runs east and west, and is referred to by Beda) to be the boundary of Dalriada."—It is the privilege of antiquaries as of poets to be irritable; but we expect strong efforts of the imagination from the latter only. I cannot permit Mr. Skene to trench so far upon the province of Macpherson without submitting that, like the Corroborator of Tighernach, he has got no original. Indeed, so far from asserting the Grampians to be the boundary of Dalriada, I have stated what seems to me a *strong objection* against such an assumption.

⁷ "How the same chain could perform the double duty of separating the divisions of the Pictish nation from one another, and the whole nation from the Dalriads I do not well see."—Yet nothing can be plainer. The mountain system to which the general name of Drumalban has been given by Scottish writers, consists of two chains, one of which, viz. that of the Grampians, abuts on the other, which other is described by Mr. Skene as commencing at Loch Long, and running up the centre of the island until it is lost among the mountains of Caithness. Now nothing can be plainer than that the first limb should separate the divisions of the Pictish people from one another, while the second on which it abuts, separated the whole Pictish nation from the Dalriads. A moment's reference to the passage in the original paper will satisfy the reader that the whole of Mr. Skene's observations on my alleged confounding of these chains must be the result of misconception.

⁸ "The southern half of the chain is the only portion which is mentioned by name; for it is that part only to which the *Regiam Majestatem*, &c. can by any possibility allude."—According to the *Regiam Majestatem*, Drumalbane separates the territory north of Forth, from Murray, Ross, and Caithness, as well as from Argyle and Kintyre. Thus, at least one half of the chain must here consist of the Grampians. Again, according to Monypenny and the others, Drumalbane separates the rivers which run into the eastern, from those which run into the western sea, "a peculiarity," to use Mr. Skene's own words, "which belongs only to a long range of hills, commencing at Loch Long, and running up the centre of the island, until it is lost among the mountains of Caithness." How is it then that

the boundary of a province, it does not follow that the boundary includes the whole of that chain, and that the northern portion of Drumalban did not form any part of the boundary, I prove by the evidence of Bede and Walafrid Strabo. On this the writer observes, that the reader will perhaps smile at my producing their evidence. The Irish reader may perhaps smile at my laying any stress upon writers of so high a character, and so great antiquity,¹ when I can have recourse to later writers, whose testimony is not so much at variance with the received notions of British history, but I am assured that the impartial reader will not. And I may here remark, once for

all, and especially with reference to the succeeding objection of the writer, that my rules of criticism imperatively demand the preference of the older writer to the more recent, unless where a strong case is made out against the credibility of the former.

In the present case the authority of Bede is of course met by that of Tighernac, but notwithstanding the great respect which I entertain for Mr. Innes's judgment, I must submit that this is still an open question, and that in this instance he was wrong, for, independently of the high character for accuracy and information which Bede so deservedly bears,² the mere fact that he wrote in the year 731, while Tighernac

these writers cannot, by any possibility, be made to allude to anything but the *southern half* of the latter chain?

So far we see the general name Drumalbae applied to the whole mountain system, but hitherto no specific name applied to the southern limb. But the specific name of the *Mounth* is applied to the northern limb. "*Mons Mound dividit Cathanasiam per mediam.*" It is also applied to the main group of the Grampians by Cambrensis: "*Corpus vero est mons qui Mound vocatur qui a mari occidentale usque ad mare orientale extenditur.*" And even in a more marked manner by the author of the tract in the Cotton library (Nero, D. xi. 7.) "*Quoddam vastum quod vocatur le Mounth, ubi est pessimum passagium sine cibo,*" referring particularly to the Cairn of Mounth, which runs eastward from Atholl by Dunotter and the Dee, (Innes, v. i. p. 84)—so that the southern limb of the group is not specifically mentioned by name in the evidence adduced by Mr. Skene; while both the other limbs are so.

¹ "*The Irish reader may perhaps smile at my laying any stress upon writers of so high a character and so great an antiquity; but the impartial reader may say.*"—The smile was directed not against the venerable authority, but against the pains which Mr. Skene had taken, first, to prove that the northern limb *did* constitute a part of the boundary, and then, that it *did not*. I trust there is nothing peculiarly Irish and partial in smiling at a contradiction so palpable.

"*Notwithstanding the great respect which I entertain for Mr. Innes's judgment*"—Add, concurrent as it is with the express opinions of Usher, Mabillon, Colgan, O'Connor, Smith, and Lanigan, from which last, as he bears the character of extreme candour and impartiality with Mr. Skene, I add a few words, "How is it to be supposed that Bridius, who was still a Pagan when Columba arrived at Hy, would have been applied to by him for any grant, or would voluntarily have made him one? Bede, indeed, thought that Columba did not get possession of Hy, until after the conversion of Bridius and his subjects; but this supposition cannot be reconciled to the series of the saint's history, as constantly given, from which it is plain that he did not undertake that mission before he had there formed his establishment. Without appealing to O'Flaherty, the four masters, and several old Scotch authorities (see Tr. Thaum. p. 496.) Chalmers admits (*Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 265, and 322,) that Hy was granted to the saint by Conall. Those who have called it a *Pictish* island, merely followed Bede." He here evidently alludes, among the rest, to Walafrid Strabo.

² "*The high character, for accuracy, which Bede so deservedly bears.*"—Nevertheless he is on all hands admitted to be in error, when he postpones the acquisition of Hy to the visit of Columba to Bridius; as manifestly appears from the testimony of Admonan, the earlier authority; so that if he be also in error with regard to the donation of Hy by the Picts, here are two material mistakes, to justify the scrutiny I have instituted into the orthography of the passage; a passage it may be remarked, which Alfred has not thought fit to embody in his Saxon translation. The altered reading which I have ventured to suggest, is, it will be observed, one of the most simple in the range of such emendations. The circumflex, it is well known, is frequently written as a single straight

died in the year 1088, is of itself amply sufficient. It is also to be observed that Beda had no interest in misrepresenting the fact, while the grasping character of the Irish antiquaries, of which, by the by, the writer of the article in question affords no bad specimen, might be sufficient to account for the errors of the annalist; so that I must hold myself justified in preferring the Saxon author of the beginning of the eighth century, to the Irish author of the latter part of the eleventh.

The criticism upon the passage of Beda will be sufficiently disposed of, when I mention, that in order to get rid of its force, the writer is obliged to suppose that in a sentence of two clauses, Beda was mistaken in the fact announced in the first, and that there is an error of the transcriber in the second; but, be it remarked in passing, that I do not found upon the much

controverted fact of the gift of Iona, but upon the distinct and clear assertion of Beda, that the Picts inhabited the neighbouring shores, against which the writer has produced no authority whatever.

The only other authority produced, is the passage in the life of St. Cadroe, of which I was previously well aware, but which I did not mention, because it does not at all apply. The writer, before founding on this passage, ought to have known that the Rossia there mentioned is not, as is well known, the district of Ross in the *North* of Scotland, but that of Fife, which was known to ecclesiastical writers by the name of *Ross*, (of which traces still remain in the names of Kinross, Culross, and Muckross,) and in which the two towns alluded to of Bellachoir or Ballochore, and Rigmoneth or St. Andrews are situated.^m The settling of the Scots

stroke; and I will venture to say that there is scarcely a Latin MS., nay, scarcely a printed Latin book of the age of the seventeenth century, in which the plural terminations of past tenses are not ordinarily so indicated. Besides, this is an emendation in the suggestion of which I am sanctioned by the example of Mr. Skene himself. "The word read by Innes, *Gouerin*, ought, undoubtedly, to be *Garörin* or *Garmorin*." (vol. i. p. 245, n.)

^m "The Rossia there mentioned is not, as is well known, the district of Ross in the north of Scotland, but that of Fife, in which the two towns alluded to of Bellachoir and Rigmoneth, or St. Andrews, were situated."—The passage from the life of Cadroe will neither apply to Fife, nor to any district near Fife. The writer, after stating that the Scots coming from Ireland had occupied Iona, proceeds to say, that, crossing the sea, adjoining the mainland, and going over the river Ross, (which I take to be Inver-Ross, at the head of Loch Morrer, between Arasaig and Knoidart,) they occupied the region of Rossia, and settled there; and then, "Rigomnath quoque Bellether urbes, *a se procul positas petentes, possessuri vice-runt*." Now, if Fife be the region of Rossia here mentioned, it is necessary to suppose—1st, That the Scots took a long sea voyage round the Mull of Cantyre and up the Clyde, and afterwards crossed the mainland to Fife, whereas the passage in the life of Cardroe makes them arrive at Rossia at once by sea; "pelagus Brittanniæ contiguum perlegentes, per Rosim amnem, Rossiam regionem manserunt." 2d, It will be necessary to give the name of the Ross river to the Clyde, which has gone by its present name since the time of Ptolemy. 3d, It will be necessary to suppose that the Scots going *out* of Ross to cities situated *at a distance from* Ross, came to these cities *in* Ross, from which they had set out, which is incomprehensible; and, 4th, it will be necessary to suppose that they first took peaceable possession of the territory, and then going *out* of the territory, took forcible possession of the cities which were in the territory *at a distance from* the territory—which is absurd. I know not who first broached this crude interpretation; but I grant him a worthy disciple of the school of Goodal, for as the master turned geography upside-down, in order to discover the Mona of Cæsar in Emonia, "an isle of an acre of ground in the Frith of Forth." So does the pupil turn it *inside-out*, in order to discover the Rossia of the author of the life of Cardroe in that remarkable Scotch county, which contains the cities situated at a distance from itself.

But, says Mr. Skene, they could not have occupied the present Wester Ross; for it was then a portion of Argyll. The question, however, is not, was Ross so called at the time of the alleged Scottish settlement; but did it bear that name in the time of the writer of the life of Cadroe? It was called "Ergadia quæ est comites de Ros," in the fourteenth century. It was, therefore, part of the ancient Earldom of Ross which Mr. Skene himself will have to be as old as the

alluded to, was in fact the Scottish conquest of the year 843, for we know that previously to that date, these towns were possessed by the Southern Picts, and after it Donald the Second, King of the Scots, is mentioned by the Pictish chronicles as having died at Bellachoir.

This is, therefore, an unfortunate passage to have brought forward, for even according to his own interpretation, it extends the Dalriads into Ross, which lay entirely to the east of Drumalban; the present Western Ross being then a part of Argyll, and no part of Ross; and, consequently, that chain could not have been the Dalriadic boundary, and according to the proper

interpretation, it confirms my view that the Scottish conquest was confined to the southern Picts.

I must then hold that the writer has utterly failed to shew that the possession of the Dalriads ever exceeded south Argyll; and that they did not extend beyond it in Bede's day, is sufficiently proved by his expressions above referred to, and the mention of Drumalban by Tighernac in 717 plainly as the boundary; consequently Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness-shire must remain as a preserve of Picts in spite of all the attempts of the writer to expell them from their strongholds.

The writer next proceeds to deny my division of the Picts into the

time of Ptolemy's Karnones; although the earls themselves must be granted to have been rather anomalous Picts, for "the oldest authorities concur in asserting the patronymic or Gaelic name of the Earls of Ross to be O'Beolan." (vol. ii. p. 223.) But to return to Wester Ross. Whence did it get its name of Argyll? "Arreathel dicitur quasi margo Scottorum Hybernensium." (*Cambre. de situ. Alb.*) Can there be stronger evidence that they were the Irish Gael who occupied Wester Ross at the time alluded to? Mr. Skene may, if he please, object that it was to the southern end of Argyll only, the Irish Gael gave their name; but that the Gael of Wester Ross were Gwyddyl Fichte. If he do so, it must be in the face of the fact, that no part of Argyll was so called before the coming of the Irish Gael, and that all of it, even to Caithness, and as Cambrensis would lead us to believe, to Cape Wrath, was so called soon after.

To conclude the controversy regarding Drumalban. It is manifest that Columba, in going from Hy to the residence of King Brude, at the further extremity of Loch Ness, would travel by way of the Linnhe Loch and the Great Glen; for this is not only the shortest, but the most practicable route, and the fact of his having navigated Loch Ness, which lies along the Great Glen, as part of his journey, is on record. It is truly unwarrantable to suppose that he should go out of his way gratuitously to encounter the "*pessimum passagium sine cibo*," which he must have found had he turned first to the east, to climb the mountains of the present Argyllshire, and then to the north-east, to make his way over the Grampians into Strathspey, (as he must have done to cross Drumalban any where south of the Linnhe Loch,) a journey, even at the present day, attended with difficulty, and, in some places with danger—when the direct road which lay before him was then, as now, the nearest, the safest, the easiest of all others. But in this route he crossed the Dorsum. Loch Linnhe and the Great Glen, therefore, crossed Drumalban, but did not bound it. Again, Argyll was so called from being inhabited by those people whose kingdom Drumalban bounded, and Argyll extended north of the Linnhe Loch. Hence, I conclude as well from the position of Drumalban as from the extent of Argyll, that the Dalriads were to the north of the Linnhe Loch; and that, consequently, the western districts of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, can not be assumed to have been in the possession of Picts at the time of the Scottish conquest.

"The writer next proceeds to deny my division of the Picts into the northern and southern, and the application of the name of Piccardach to the latter."—As far as can be judged from the report of Dio, the northern part of Britain was, in his day divided into the two great nations he mentions; the *Meatæ* being towards the walls, and perhaps, to a considerable extent between the walls, and the *Caledonii* beyond them. But we have no grounds for inferring an equally marked or exclusive division of the Pictish people in the *Dicaledonæ* and *Veturionēs* of Ammian; for, Ammian does not speak either of the Picts as they existed in his own time, or of the nations of the Picts as they existed in Pictland. "*Eo tempore (A. D. 368,) Picti in duas nationes divisi, Dicaledonas et Veturiones—per diversa vagantes, multa populantur.*" Here it is of the division into two

northern and southern, and the application of the name of Piccardach to the latter. In proof of the former, it is sufficient to quote the following passage from the Irish annals, under the year 782 :—"Dubtolarg rex Pictorum

tribes of those of the Picts who at that time invaded the provinces in a predatory excursion ; not of those divisions which may have obtained among the resident Pictish people, that Ammian speaks ; and when we find the Vecturiones wholly overlooked by Ptolemy, and only introduced by Richard as a small tribe occupying, with the Horestii and Taixali, that corner between Forth and the Grampians, it is not easy to reconcile the importance even of the known southern Picts in after annals, with the small figure made by this tribe on the map of Scotland. I am, therefore, not prepared to go even the first step with Mr. Skene in this argument.

Neither can I admit that these Dicaledonæ and Vecturiones, whether they be Caledonii and Meatae or not, are respectively the Cruithne and Piccardach of the annals. Mr. Skene admits that the term Cruithne is "no doubt occasionally applied to all the Picts." (vol. i. p. 36;) and he has not shown it to be applied to any one who does not come within the kingdom of the Piccardach. "Cruithne", is therefore, not exclusively synonymous with northern Pict. Again, the northern and southern Picts are found engaged in wars which the annalists characterise as wars among the Piccardach themselves ; "εσσην πικκαριδαβν ρειη;" "inter Pictos invicem ;" the term Picardach is, therefore, not exclusively synonymous with southern Pict. And thus we see that not even in name has this alleged division been indicated in history.

Much less can I tolerate the theory of two independent Pictish monarchies ; for I have no evidence for, but much evidence, both positive and negative, against such a division.

The fact of the Pictish provinces being separated by a mountain chain is no evidence of two independent monarchies. Gallia Cisalpina, and Gallia Transalpina were alike under the sway of one people.

The fact of a Pictish king pursuing a rebellious sub-*rex* into a neighbouring territory, is no evidence of two independent monarchies. Dalriada was the natural place of refuge for all the disaffected of Pictland.

The fact of a capital of Pictland being at one time on the banks of Loch Ness, and at another time on those of the Tay, is no evidence of two independent monarchies. Eamania was capital of northern Ireland, before Tara was capital of all Ireland.

But the fact of Brude, who dwelt among the northern Picts, granting the island on Loch Leven to monks dwelling among the southern Picts, (*Regul. S. And.*) and the fact of Angus, who dwelt at St. Andrews, making a grant or being believed to have made a grant) of *Doldench* beyond the mount, to St. Regulus, (*Regist. S. And.*) ; and the fact of Nectan, who dwelt, it matters not whether in Athol or in Fife, issuing a royal mandate "*per universas provincias Pictorum*" (*Beda*, l. v. c. 22.) are positive evidences of the unity of the monarchy of all the Picts.

And the absence of all mention of any separate πικκαριδαβν, or independent king of the northern Picts, from the annals ; and the absence of all mention of any war whatever εσσην πικκαριδαβν εζουρ πικκαριδαβν, or war between the northern and southern Picts, from the annals, while various wars εσσην πικκαριδαβν ρειη, or wars among the Picts themselves, against one another, are there recorded ; are strong negative evidences of the unity of the monarchy of all the Picts ; for, if the northern Pictish monarchy was so much greater than the southern, as Mr. Skene would argue it to have been, why are the kings of the lesser state only mentioned, and the kings of the greater state invariably overlooked ? And if the intestine broils of the lesser state are worthy of special notice in the annals, why are the general wars of that state with this great neighbouring and hostile nation, not to speak of the similar intestine broils of the latter, never once hinted at ?

But Mr. Skene thinks that he has ascertained three wars between these nations in the territory of the Dalriads. That on two occasions, kings of the Picts pursued rebellious Picts into the neighbouring territory, I can well conceive ; but that these refugees were independent monarchs of the north of Scotland ; and that the southern Picts, instead of fighting them single-handed on their own ground, should select a hostile territory for the conflict, and *never*

cit monot," or Dubtolargg, King of the Picts, on this side of the Mounth.^o And as the writer admits that the Mounth is made by Bede the boundary between the northern and southern Picts, it follows, that in 782 that division of the nation into two still existed. Throughout the whole of his remarks upon the Piccardach and Pictones, or Pictores, he is glaringly inaccurate. He confounds Nectan, the

son of Durst, king of the Picts, mentioned by Bede, with Nectan, the son of Derile, styled by Tigernach, king of the Piccardach.² He confounds Fortren with the kingdom of the Picts, whereas if he had looked to the appendix to my first volume on the seven provinces of Scotland, he would have found that it included the province of Stratherne only. He denies that the Ulster annals use Pictores or Pictones

encounter them elsewhere, I may, indeed, by a stretch of imagination conceive of, but I cannot, by any exercise of reason, believe.

I, therefore, conclude, that Piccardach and Cruithne are convertible terms; and that the alleged division of the Pictish people into two independent monarchies at the time of the Scottish conquest, did not exist.

"*Dubtolargg, king of the Picts, on this side of the Mounth.*"—The quotation is incomplete. The passage records the death of Dubtolargg along with the decease of various other persons. *Cit. Monot.* refers not to the place in which he exercised his authority, but to the place in which he died. The invariable practice of the annalists in this respect, will be illustrated presently.

"*He confounds Nectan, the son of Drust, king of the Picts, mentioned by Bede, with Nectan, the son of Derile, styled by Tigernach, king of the Piccardach.*"—Although I am unconscious of such a confusion, for Nectan is not called the son of Drust by Bede, yet I thank Mr. Skene for the argument suggested by his objection; for, if it was Nectan, the son of Drust, to whom Ceolfrid wrote that letter which produced the restoration of the Roman order in the churches of the southern Picts, and if, as Mr. Skene will have it, this Nectan was king of Athol; then we have a king of Athol, alleged to be in the Cruithnic territory, regulating the church alleged to be in the Piccardach territory; and if it was Nectan the son of Derile, who was written to on that occasion, then we have evidence of the same person, who is styled by Tigernach, king of the Piccardach, being styled by Bede, "*Rex Pictorum qui Septentrionales Britanniae plagas inhabitant*," "the phrase," says Mr. Skene, "by which he points out the northern Picts;" so that, take it which way you will, the Cruithne is a Piccardach, and the Piccardach a Cruithne.

But, indeed, there is no doubt that it was to Nethan the Third, the son of Derile, the letter of Ceolfrid was directed in 715; and when we compare the statement of Bede, (I give it as condensed by Usher:) "*Naitanum regem Pictorum qui septentrionales Britanniae plagas inhabitant, Ceolfredi abbatis literis monitum, per universas Pictorum provincias Romanum observandi Paschatis morem propagavisse; Hyensibus tamen monachis institutum suum pristinum deserere renuentibus*," with the statement of Tigernach, that the monks of Hy were expelled beyond the Dorsum, by king Nectan, in the year 717, there cannot remain a question of the unity of the entire Pictish monarchy under Nectan; or of the evident fact that these adherents of the primitive mode of celebrating Easter, and of the Columban tonsure, were the same Hiienses who had come to Rigmoneth and Bellachor, "*urbes a se procul positas petentes*," out of Ross, as stated in the life of Cardroe.

"*He confounds Fortren with the kingdom of the Picts.*"—Brude Mac-Bile, who ravaged the Orkneys in 681, and conquered Egfred, king of Northumberland, in 686, was sole king of Pictland, both at the periods of those events, and at the time of his death in 693; and Tigernach styles him throughout, Bruidhe Mac Bile, king of FORTREN: the Ulster Annals also give his death at 692, as the decease of Brude Mac Bile, king of FORTREN. Again, Angus Mac Fergus, at the time of his invasion of Dalriada, in 735, was sole king of Pictland; and the Ulster Annals mention that invasion as a war between Dalriada and FORTREN. Again; Brude Mac Fergus, at the time of his death in 762, was sole king of Pictland, and the annals of Ulster give his death at that year as the decease of Brude, king of FORTREN. Again; Constantine Mac Fergus, the founder of Dunkeld, which Mr. Skene will have to be the arch episcopal seat of the Northern Picts, was sole king of Pictland, when he died in 819, and the annals of Ulster have, at that year, the death of Constantine Mac

synonymously with the Piccardach of Tighernac, asserting that the former use that name only thrice, whereas, on a reperusal of these annals, I beg to repeat my statement. The term occurs five times in the annals of Ulster, and wherever the same event is recorded in Tighernac, it is used synonymously with Piccardach; and, lastly, he attempts to identify Fortren with the Cruitintuait, or northern Picts, because it is stated in the Ulster annals that the Norwegians invaded Fortren, and ravaged the latter.⁴ This may as well be two separate events, as different modes of expressing the same.

If any doubt should remain that the division of the Picts into Vecturiones and Dialidones down to the ninth century, I shall, before leaving this subject, add one more proof. If the writer will look to my first chapter, he will find evidence that the early division of the inhabitants of Caledonia into Caledona and Meatae was the same as the subsequent division of the Picts into Dicaledones and Vecturiones. Now, if he will look into the second life of St. Patrick, (Colgan, tr. th. p. 248,) he will find it mentioned that Palladius died at Fordun, in *Campo Girgiu*, which place is well known to

be situated in Kincardineshire; and in Fiech's Scholiast, (tr. th. p. 5,) that Fordun was in *extremam partem Modhaid*; and further, he will find that what is styled by Tighernac in 596 the battle of Chirchind, is called by Adomnan Belliun *Miathorum*. He will likewise find from Tighernac, in 752, that this Circi or Merna was a possession of the Pictones or Piccardach. The identity of the Meatae, Vecturiones, Piccardach, and southern Picts cannot, I apprehend therefore, be doubted; and with due deference to his superior judgment, I cannot but hold that that of the Dicaledones and northern Picts follows as a matter of course.

We now come to the most important part of the question. The extent and effects of the Scottish conquest, and that it was confined to the southern Picts only, I attempted to shew—1st, By looking to the events immediately preceding it; and, 2dly, To the state of the country immediately after it. This the writer terms "a double sophism;" but I will thank him, in the absence of all direct authority, to point out any other mode of determining the question, and his idea of what constitutes a sophism is a singular one, for, after all, he does not impugn the

Fergus, king of FORTREN. Again; Angus Mac Fergus the Second, who founded St. Andrews, which Mr. Skene will have to be the archiepiscopal seat of the Southern Picts, was sole king of Pictland, when he died in 833; and the Ulster Annals, under that date, have his death as king of FORTREN. Thus we see that the kingdom of Fortren embraced the whole realm of Pictland, as well north as south, as well Piccardach as Cruithne; yet, Mr. Skene, out of mere presumption would confine it to a petty district on the banks of the Tay!

In no part, indeed, of Mr. Skene's essay, is the absence of everything like evidence, more observable, than in his notions regarding Fortren. Fortren, he presumes to be identical with Phant, and Phant to be identical with the Novantæ of Ptolemy, and the south-western, and maritime Novantæ of Ptolemy; ὅσοι μιν τὴν χερσονήσον—τὴν ἀλλοτρεῇ ἢ παρακείμεναι ὅτι Ἰουβερνίου Πικτανίας καὶ ὁ Οὐμπεργίου, he presumes to be identical with the north-eastern, and inland district of Stratherne. This is mere *phantasy*; and fit only to furnish materials for a play upon words.

⁴ "He attempts to identify Fortren with Cruitintuait."—That the Cruitintuait were within Fortren, is palpably the meaning of the passage. "Ierunt Pictaviam et vastaverunt Pictos omnes."—"Olave and his chieftains followed by all the Galls of Ireland and Scotland, went to Fortren. There they plundered the Cruithens, and brought off hostages." The ancient and modern translations are alike with me on both points. Neither O'Connor nor the translator quoted by Johnston, dreamt of "Cruithne of the North;" and the mode of expression of both gives evidence that they considered the Cruitintuait to be within Fortren. More of Cruitintuait presently. The succeeding paragraph of the above I have already answered.

"His idea of what constitutes a sophism is a singular one."—Mr. Skene's final proposition is a sophism of that sort called "*Ignoratio Elenchi*," because the conclusion "that the northern Picts were aiding in the subjugation of the southern Picts by the Dalriads at the time of the Scottish conquest," will not follow from his premises "that on three several occasions, the

legitimacy of the deductions, but denies That the events recorded immediately the facts which form my premises. preceding the conquest are few in

Dalriads and northern Picts had united against the southern Picts," and that, "on a fourth such occasion, the same union would take place," without the creation of a new proposition by the assumption of a suppressed premiss, viz. "that the Scottish conquest was such an occasion,"—and even this it was not.

Let us now re-examine the evidences on which Mr. Skene has inferred his first premiss, "that on three several occasions the Dalriads and southern Picts had united against the northern Picts."

In the first instance, Mr. Skene infers a league between *all* the provinces of the northern Picts and the Dalriads, against the provinces of the southern Picts, from the fact that a king, who is not shown not to have been king of *all* the Picts, pursued a rebellious sub-*rex* of *one* of the Pictish provinces, into the natural asylum of all Pictish rebels.

In the second, he draws a like inference from the fact of his own inability to ascertain what countryman a certain enemy of the Dalriads was, in a contest *between* the Dalriads and Cruithne. Now, first, if these were the Scottish Dalriads and Cruithne, the error into which Mr. Skene has fallen; in the translation of the passage, leads to results ridiculously fatal: for, here it is no league at all, but a *war* between the alleged contracting parties that the annalist has recorded; so that, instead of a series of three leagues, leading to the inference of a fourth, we would have alternate hostilities and alliances, leading according to Mr. Skene's argument, the inference of a *war* between the Dalriads and northern Picts, on the very occasion when it is essential to Mr. Skene's theory, that the fourth league should have taken place.

But the following passages from the annals, the first being the one in question, will show that, in all probability, the Dalriads and Cruithne here referred to, were the Dalriads and Cruithne of Ireland:—

A. D. 740. "Bellum Droma Eathmail inter Cruitniu et Dalriati for Innrech-tach."—*Ann. Ul.*

742. "Obitus Aedhi Balbi filii Indrechtagi Regis Connacæ."—*Tigern.*

749. Prælium Damdergense—Indrechtachus O'Conaing victor fuit."—*Tigern.*

752. Indrechtachus filius Muredagi parvi—Regis Conallæ maritimæ moritur."—*Tigern.*

775. Bellum Druing iterum in eodem anno inter Dalnarai, in quo cecidit Cinæth Cinge Mac Cathasaig et Dungal hi fergus a forcridh. Tomahtagh mac Indrechtai, et eochaid Mac Fiachna victores erant."—*Ann. Ul.*

The name, Indrechtagh, is still familiar in Ireland, in the numerous family of Hanratty.

In the third, he draws a like inference from the fact that a certain individual encounters and kills a rebellious Pict in his wonted asylum. Now, until Mr. Skene shall show that there were no rebels among the Picts but northerns, and that, whenever one Pict rebelled, the whole of Scotland north of Dunkeld, rose in arms for the purpose of vindicating his quarrel, and the whole of Scotland, south of Dunkeld, rose in arms to put him down; these meagre facts will prove nothing but that there were broils among the Picts themselves, and wars between the Picts and their neighbours, as there have among all rude nations since the world began.

To prove how unjustifiable is the assumption of the second premiss, I shall apply it to a parallel case in modern history. Three wars between France and England, produced three successive alliances between the Scotch and French. A fourth war would have a like result. Therefore, at the battle of Waterloo the Scotch were fighting on the side of Napoleon! Further, should the French ever overrun the British empire, the Scotch will be aiding in the subjugation of England! And, should a people speaking the French language, retaining French habits, and referring themselves to a French origin, be at any time hereafter found occupying Scotland, these will not be a French, but will infallibly be a Scotch people!

I shall not rashly impugn the sagacity of that man who may smell something of Fluellin's logic in these conclusions.

number, is certainly no fault of mine,* we must take them as we find them; and I maintain that they are sufficient to bear out my proposition, that on three several occasions the Dalriads and northern Picts had united against the southern. With regard to the first occasion, I must hold, that when I find a king of the southern Picts attacking Dalriada, penetrating into Lorn, and there taking prisoner first the sons of the Dalriadic king, and then a king of the northern Picts, that although the account of this transaction is short, it absolutely implies a league between the two latter against the former. But, says my antagonist, you have not proved the king of Atholl to be a northern Pict. I have, however, frequently stated, that Atholl was in the territories of the northern Picts. This I did upon the authority of Ptolemy and the annalists, and to this I may add, that Beda styles Nectan the son of Drust, whom we know to have been king of Atholl, "*Rex pictorum qui Septentrionales Britanniae plagas inhabitant*," the phrase by which he points out the northern Picts.

The second occasion is where the Ulster annals mention "the battle of Drum Eathmail, between the Cruithne and Dalriads against Innrechtach—the defeat of the Dalriads by Angus MacFergus." Upon this he remarks that it does not appear who Innrechtach was.

Here we have the Cruithnæ and Dalriads united against a third party. That third party must either have been a Britain or a southern Pict; but the name shews he was no Britain, and

therefore I conclude he was a southern Pict; and surely when we find this aggression upon the southern Picts by the united Dalriads and northern Picts, followed by an attack upon the Dalriads by the king of the southern Picts, the point is made out.

To the third occasion the objection is made, that I have not proved the parties to be respectively northern and southern Picts; but in this he is mistaken, for the one party was undoubtedly a northern Pict, as his history shews; and the other I have demonstrated to be a descendant of Angus MacFergus, king of the southern Picts.

So much, therefore, for the first sophism, the deductions from which the writer does not attempt to impugn, and the facts of which he has failed to disprove. Against the second he passes over all other evidences for the existence of a part of the Picts as a separate nation after the Scottish conquest, and asserts that I am mistaken in interpreting Cruithnait by northern Picts, which he says would be expressed by Cruithnigh tuaiscirt. In this objection he is equally unfortunate. What may be the case in Irish, I cannot tell, but unluckily I maintain that the Picts spoke a language of which the Scottish Gaelic, and not the Irish, is a descendant, and from which, of course, the peculiar name of the people would be derived.¹ Now, in the Scottish Gaelic there happens to be no such word as *tuascarl*, the adjective northern being expressed by the word *tuath*; moreover, if the substantive *tuath*, a country, were here intended, it would have been placed before the word Cruitin, and not after it." In

"But," says Mr. Skene, "*I will thank the writer, in the absence of all direct authority, to point out any other mode of determining the question.*" If Mr. Skene cannot determine it otherwise than by a violation of the rules of right reasoning, I would, had I been consulted in time, have recommended a course which is both safe and easily pursued, namely, not to attempt determining the question at all.

"*That the events recorded immediately preceding the conquest are few, is certainly no fault of mine.*"—It is not of the paucity of Mr. Skene's premises, it is of the redundancy of his conclusions, I complain. I would, I confess, wish to preserve the gravity due to a discussion with a gentleman born on his side of the channel; but who can help laughing at these leagues, which, like accommodation bills, have been negotiated out of nothing?

"*The Picts spoke a language of which the Scottish Gaelic, and not the Irish, is the descendant, and from which, of course, the peculiar name of the people would be derived.*" But which would no more be used by an Irish writer, than *los Espagnoles* would be used by an English writer, speaking of the Spaniards.

"*If the substantive tuath, a country, were here intended, it would have been placed before the word Cruitin.*" That is to say, *Tuath* only means north when used as a suffix. But, in the only instance in which *Tuath* is known to signify north in Irish topography, viz. in Thomond, or North Munster, it is used as an affix.

proof of this meaning of the word, I shall produce a parallel case from the Red Book of Clanronald, written by the MacVurichs previous to the seventeenth century. The western Highlands were formerly known in Gaelic by the name of Oirir Alban; now MacVurich repeatedly terms the northern part by the name *an oirir tuath*, and contrasts it with the southern or oirir a deas.

Before leaving this point I shall adduce a few more testimonies to the fact of the northern Picts having remained a separate people after the Scottish conquest.

1st, In the Ulster annals, I find under the year 865, "Cellach mac Ailello Abbas Cilledarro et abbas Ia (Iona) dormivit in regione Pictorum; so that in 865, Iona was still considered as being in the possession of the Picts, or at all events its Abbot died in a country which they still possessed."

2dly, The whole series of authorities for British History are unanimous in asserting that Galloway was possessed by the Britons for as late as the year 974, and, consequently, that the Picts of Galloway did not exist until after that date," notwithstanding the assertions of Pinkerton and Chalmers, the former of whom misrepresented Beda to suit his own views, and the latter of whom misunderstood the annalists.

Beda is perfectly distinct, that down to 781 there were no Picts in Galloway. In 823 the Ulster annals calls Galloway "nam Breantan," or British; and in 974 Jacobus, termed by some Saxon writers, Rex Gallwalliæ, is by the others called Rex Wallorum.

There is no evidence whatever for the existence of Picts in Galloway previous to this date; it is therefore clear from these authorities that it was still British. The Picts, however, are

"Or, at all events, its abbot died in a country which they (the Northern Picts) still possessed."—If Mr. Skene be familiar with the annalists, he knows that they never mention the place of an individual's death when he dies at home. In the whole series of the abbots of Clonmacnoise, the practice is never once departed from. Out of a catalogue of perhaps fifty abbots, the places of the deaths of three only are mentioned, viz.

A. D. 988. Donchaid O'Braoin died at the city of *Armagh*.

1052. Echtigern O'Ergin died on his pilgrimage to *Clonard*.

1070. Ilii O'Hairetaigh died on his pilgrimage to *Clonard*.

To hint, therefore, that Iona was still considered Pictish in 865, is far from being discreet. And these Picts among whom the abbots died are not even stated to be northern Picts.

"The Picts of Galloway did not exist till after 974." That the Picts were in Galloway in 870 appears evidently. The Annals of Ulster state, at 869, "Obsessio Alcluæ a Nordmannis, c. i. Aulaf et Ivar—et destruxerunt in fine IV. mensium arcem et predaverunt;" and Caradoc marks out the extent and direction of the invasion, by stating that Alclyde was taken, and Northumberland spoiled in the next year. The ravages of this invasion, therefore, were confined to the country south of Dumbarton. But in this invasion Caradoc mentions that the Picts particularly suffered; and the annals record the arrival of Aulav and Ivor, with many English, Britons and Picts, their prisoners, in 870. These, therefore, must have been Gallovidian Picts. Again, Asser, in his book, "de Elfridi rebus gestis," states that the Pagan Danes, under their leader, Halfden, after occupying the region of Northumberland, ravaged the Picts and Strathclydenses in the year 875. The Anglo-Saxon Annals mark the same event as an invasion of the Picts and Strathclyde Welsh; *peohȝar & strathclyde Wealar*. Fabius Ethelwardus (I take my authority from Usher) gives it as an invasion of the Picts and *Cumbri*; but the Ulster Annals mention Picts alone, and these they term Albanach, as well as Picts. Now, first, the Danes were as hostile to the Scots, as to the Picts, and could not have passed through the Scottish territory, to attack a nation of Northern Picts, without invading the Scots. But there is no mention of any invasion of the Scots. Therefore, the Picts, whom they invaded, lay south of the Scots, and must have been the Gallovidian Picts. 2nd.—The progress of the invasion is marked as from south to north, and in that progress the Picts are encountered before the Strathclyde Britons; so that they must have lain south of Strathclyde, i. e. in Galloway. 3rd.—The Ulster Annals, by mentioning Picts alone, show that the Britons were comparatively an insignificant people in Galloway, in 875.

mentioned as a separate people by the Saxon writers, as late as 925; and as at that period the Scots undoubtedly possessed the Lowlands, and Strathclyde and Galloway was inhabited by Britons, there remains only the Highlands for the Picts. But this will appear still more clearly, as will their independence also, from the following facts. There exists a charter by Edgar, king of England, dated in 964, of which the following is the commencement—

"Altitonantis Dei longiflua clementia, qui est Rex regum et Dominus dominantium, Ego Edgarus, Anglorum Basileus, omniumque regum insularum oceani quæ Britanniam circumjacent, cunctarumque nationum, quæ infra eam includuntur, Imperator et Dominus, gratias ego ipsi Deo Omnipotenti, Rege meo, qui meum Imperium sic ampliavit et exaltavit, super regnum patrum meorum, qui licet monarchiam totius Anglice adepti sint, a tempore *Athelstani*, qui *primus regum Anglorum omnes nationes qui Britanniam incolunt sibi armis subegit.*"

It appears, then, that Athelstan was the first king who extended his

sway to the extremities of the island. But the Saxon writers are unanimous in asserting that all the Kings of the Welsh, the Cumbrians, the Strathclyde Britons, Gallwegians, and the Scots were subject to Edward, the immediate predecessor of Athelstane, there must, therefore, have been some nation beyond these which Athelstane subjected, and what that nation was, appears very distinctly, for, in his reign, the Picts are for the first time mentioned as subject to the Anglo Saxon Emperor. It follows, therefore, that these Picts could not have been the Gallwegians; and, as they became subject for the first time in 926, while the Scots are mentioned as subjected in 921, that these Picts were then independent of the Scots, and must have lived beyond them to the north.

The writer now leaves this part of the argument, with what success, we have seen, and proceeds to the next point of attack, that of the language of the northern Picts. Here he is at once met by the Welsh Triads, and endeavours to get rid of their autho-

4th—The name Albanach points them out as the same race of Gallovidian Picts, who, at the battle of the standard, long after, used the same name as their war-cry.

In plain truth, the only Picts who can be proved to have survived the Scottish conquest were Southern Picts. How extravagant, then, to suppose that the united efforts of the Dalriads and Northern Picts could not remove the traces of one small nation, while no evidence whatever of the existence of the alleged exterminators, after the very event which ought to have doubled their importance, has been adduced.

If, then, the Gallovidian Picts were a well-known people in 875, the argument drawn from Edgar's charter falls to the ground. I must not, however, permit Mr. Skene to make use of any charter of Edgar, in an argument against me, without apprising the reader of the value of such an authority; and I cannot do so better than in the words of Pinkerton, "Edgar founded no less than forty-eight religious houses; and the tales of ecclesiastics concerning him, are, therefore much to be suspected of panegyric. The reign of Edgar was quite peaceable, and, stripped of monkish panegyric to their patron, was that of a slothful and debauched prince, sunk in pleasures, and in the most contemptible slavery to the clergy. The charter of Oswald's law, in which Edgar asserts his having conquered all, even to Norway, with a great part of Ireland, is a gross and notorious instance of monkish flattery; (the flattery of monks) who, in gratitude for their charters, thus set that weak prince's seal to the most absurd falsehoods. The Irish, Scottish and Northern writers, hardly even mark Edgar's existence as king of England. The *Chronicon Pictorum* represents Kenneth as invading England, instead of paying homage. The annals of Tighernach, and of Ulster, barely mention Edgar's death. The *Orkneyinga Saga* knows nothing of him." (Part 5, c. iii.)

Still, if the testimony of a Charter of Edgar will assist in opening Mr. Skene's eyes to the fact that the Picts as an independent people had totally disappeared in the tenth century, I would quote a passage from the Foundation Charter of Ely, "Ego Edgarus Basileus dilectæ insule Al'sonis, subditis nobis sceptis Scotorum, Cumborum ac Brytonum, ac ~~eorum~~ circumcirca regionum, quæta pace perfruens," &c. Here the Picts are *wholly overlooked*.

rity in three ways.² 1st, He suspects they are forgeries. 2nd, He doubts whether the Welsh *Gwyddyl* is equivalent to our Gael; and 3rd, he doubts whether I have not invented the passage altogether. To this I answer—first, that I regret to see a writer who ought to be above such subterfuges adopting the commonplace mode of getting rid of an unfavourable passage.

The authenticity of the Welsh Triads is now universally admitted, and it will require more than the mere suspicions of this writer to overturn them. 2dly. The whole series of Welsh writers, and the whole course of Welsh history demonstrates the identity of the names *Gwyddyl* and Gael, and the writer's analogy from the name Gall will not do. 3dly. If the writer, instead of quoting Llyud, will betake himself to the original text as printed in the Welsh Archaeology, he will see that the passage is no invention of mine; and if I mistake not, he will find some others equally conclusive. On the whole, the Welsh Triads afford an unanswerable evidence, the force of

which, it will puzzle the writer, with all his special pleading, to evade.

The next evidence is from Adomnan, that the inhabitants of Sky spoke Gaelic;³ and to this the writer objects. 1st, That *Dobur*, a well, the word used, is to be found in the names of places in South Britain, and also in some Eastern languages. 2dly, That some MSS. read for Sky, Scotia.

To the first objection I beg to apply a phrase of the writer's own "that it is a weak quibble." The question is, did the Picts speak Gaelic or not? and if I produce evidence of the use of a Gaelic word by them, it must *pro tanto* go to the evidence, although the same word may exist in the island of Ceylon, or in other languages. It certainly is neither Welsh nor Teutonic, which is sufficient for my purpose.

To the second, I beg to quote a passage from Dr. Lanigan's excellent history of the Irish Church, a writer whose extreme candour and impartiality affords a favourable contrast to many of his countrymen.

"Messingham's edition," says he, "in-

² "Here he is at once met by the Welsh Triads."—The utmost extent to which the evidence of the Triads can go is to show that the Picts were known to the Welsh, (not to one another, be it remarked) as *Gwyddyl*, just as the Danes, Scandinavians, English, all foreigners in fact, were known among Irish writers by the common epithet *Gall*; and as all the different nations of Christendom are known to the inhabitants of Constantinople, by the generic term *Franks*; and as the three nations of *Galli* Narbonenses, *Galli* Aquitani and *Galli* Belge were known to the Romans by a common epithet, though Cæsar testifies that their language and manners were dissimilar; so that, if these generic appellations will not justify a theory which would make all the nations of modern Europe, and three of the distinct nations of ancient Gaul, of common stocks respectively, neither will the common name, *Gwyddyl*, in the Triads, bear out Mr. Skene's position, that the Irish and the Pictish Gael were the same.

I by no means claim any credit for originality in impugning the authenticity of the Triads. The Welsh Triads have been pronounced within the last three years to be "modern fictions, grounded on the more ancient fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth—totally unworthy of credit as muniments of British history," (*Betham in Gael and Cymb.* p. 362,) and I am not aware that their authenticity has since been the subject of special investigation by any man of learning, or before any learned body; so that, whatever countenance Turner, or M. Thierry, may appear to have given to them, the impugnors of their credibility have been last in the field. But, indeed, those Triads, if received as authorities by Mr. Skene, will be found to be quite irreconcilable with his Pictish theory; for they draw a marked distinction between the Caledonians and *Gwyddyl* Fichti, whom Mr. Skene will have to be one people.

³ "The inhabitants of Sky spoke Gaelic."—They used the word *Dobur*, not in the sense of a "well," but in the sense of "water," as it is still found in Dover, on the coast of Kent. In any sense, the word is now extinct in Scotland, (*See Hig. Society's Dictionary.*)

As to the passage from Lanigan, I am surprised that Mr. Skene should have thought it necessary to bring in an ally to answer what I myself condemned as the objection of a quibbler.

stead of *Scia* has *Scotia*. This is a mistake, as appears not only from *Scia* being the reading also of Pinkerton's copy, but likewise from the circumstance of Adomnan's, although he usually called Ireland *Scotia*, never adding to it *insula*, in the same manner as he does not to Britannia. For, notwithstanding these being both islands, they were too well known to require the addition of that epithet, besides their having been considered as a sort of continent, in comparison with the western islands."—Vol. 2, p. 169.

The writer next proceeds to cavil at my explanation of the mention of interpreters by Adomnan, and he has here most unfairly taken advantage of a few general expressions, and of one of the references being misprinted to cast a reflection upon me, as if I had wished to garble the passages. This is not true.* I stated the meaning generally, deeming the difference between the two passages, being *interpretem* in the one, and *interpretatorem* in the other, too trifling to be noticed. My argument was this, that this phrase being used *only* in connection with the words "*Verbo Dei recepto*," or a similar phrase, and *never* in any other intercourse of the Saint with the Picts, it cannot refer to a simple interpretation of the language of the Saint into that of the Picts, but to some mode of expounding the Scriptures.

Thus in the very first meeting be-

tween the Saint and Brude, King of the Picts, in which the latter is said to have addressed the former, there is no mention whatever of an interpreter. (lib. 2, c. 34.) Again, in the chapter describing the conversion of the plebeians, it is perhaps stronger; for while the Pict is receiving "*Verbum Dei*," the interpreter is mentioned; but when the Saint returns, and a conversation takes place, of which the dialogue is preserved, there is no mention whatever of the interpreter (lib. 2, c. 33.); but perhaps the strongest proof occurs in lib. 1, c. 38, where it is mentioned, that Columba and his companions were celebrating divine worship "*ex more*," near the palace of Brude "*quidam Magi ad eos propius accedentes in quantum poterant prohibere conabantur, ne de ore ipsorum divinæ laudis sonus inter gentiles audiretur populos*." Divine worship was in those days performed in the vulgar tongue; and if the gentiles did not understand that tongue, there would have been little occasion for the anxiety of the Magi. And does the writer deny the fact, or attempt to meet me upon this fact? No. He carefully avoids the real point at issue, and betakes himself to a quibble upon my mode of stating the argument.

On this point I will again quote the more candid opinion of Dr. Lanigan. (vol. 2, p. 160.)

* "*To cast a reflection on me, as if I had wished to garble the passages; this is not true.*"—I would first beg to quote a passage from a judicious writer whose opinions ought to have some weight with Mr. Skene; "I have long been of opinion that, if a person cannot write calmly upon such subjects, he ought not to write upon them at all," (*Skene in Scot. Controv. D. U. Mag.* 1836,) and then submit, that the garbling complained of must have been done involuntarily; for garbled the passages were, and garbled they still are, even in Mr. Skene's reply. As a reluctant witness must be examined, cross-examined and re-examined before the ends of justice can be fully answered, so must the whole truth of this story of the plebeian and the interpreter, be elicited *carpatim* from Mr. Skene. Even now, when he is a second time on evidence, he has only got as far as "*interpretem*;" he cannot bring himself to pronounce the fatal words, "*a sancto*"—" *sancto predicante viro*"—nay, so obnoxious are they, that even, as a part of his quotation from Lanigan, he cannot bear to see the least of them included. They are conclusive, that it was the *preaching* of Columba which was interpreted to the Pict; and their studious omission by Mr. Skene, both in his essay, and in this reply, is conclusive that he cannot interpret them in any other way.

The passage from Lanigan is by much the weakest, indeed almost the only absolutely weak passage, in his whole work. What anile dreaming is this, of a man being so barbarous as not to understand his own language, yet so intelligent as to sustain the most interesting conversation recorded by Adomnan? No man speaks a jargon in a primitive state of society. The dialect of Somersetshire, to which probably Lanigan alluded, is, if a jargon, a jargon consequent on the conquest, and the subsequent civilization of England. It is idle to talk of any difference of dialect, compatible with a Pictish origin of the highlanders of the present day, obliging Columba, who had already preached in all the

"From this passage it has been deduced, that said man did not understand the language in which Columba preached; if so, he must have been a foreigner, or so illiterate as not to understand the language of his own country, in the same manner as there are in all countries persons who, being accustomed to some barbarous dialect or jargon, know so little of the correct manner of speaking, that it appears to them a sort of foreign tongue.

"It is not to be supposed that Columba would have preached to the Picts in any other language than their own; and without enquiring into whatsoever affinity there might have been between that and the Irish, it is sufficient to observe, that he might have learned it even before he went to Hy, as there was a colony of Picts settled in the north of Ireland long prior to that period. Yet the words of Adomnan can, I think, be well explained without recurring to any question as to difference of language or dialect. His meaning probably was, that as said man was of an inferior rank and uneducated, he was instructed by a better informed person, or, as we may call him, a catechist in the nature of the mysteries and

truths announced by Columba in his sermons. *Interpreter* or *Interpres* is more generally used to signify an expounder of difficulties than an explainer or translator of words."

And in point of fact this explanation is the correct one, for Burgham informs us that there was in the primitive church an order of clergy termed *interpretares*, whose duty it was to read the Scriptures to those who understood not the originals, while the reading of the Scriptures was never performed by a priest of the rank of Columba.*

There now remain but two more objections to notice. The first is, that the names on the east coast and central Highlands, commencing with the word Aber, could not have been imposed by the same people who used the word Inver on the west coast. Now, sir, this argues an ignorance of the genius of the language and the people; for, if there is one thing more remarkable than another in Gaelic etymology, it is that we find them invariably marking the most minute differences in natural objects, by different words;† and of this there can be

provinces of Ireland, and in the isles, to have recourse to the services of an interpreter.

But why is the interpreter mentioned in these instances only? First, because an incidental mention of what must have been well known in the time of Adomnan, that is, of the difference between the languages, as implied by the use of an interpreter, was sufficient. Secondly, because most probably, of the difficulty of procuring an interpreter among the ruder sort of Picts, and in a remote part of the country. But why is the interpreter not mentioned in Columba's Communications with Brude? Because his services were there nothing remarkable; interpreters being ordinary officers in the courts of all princes; also because Brude himself probably spoke both languages. But why is he not mentioned in the subsequent conversations of Columba with the plebeian? Because Adomnan most probably thought his having mentioned him at all, a work of supererogation.

Mr. Skene dwells on the chronological consistency of his evidences; yet, in this question of the Pictish language, he assails Adomnan with Burgham, and Cormack of Cashel with the late librarian of the Royal Dublin Society.

* "*The reading of the Scriptures was never performed by a priest of the rank of Columba.*"—Then Mr. Skene grants that it was "*while the blessed man preached,*" and gives up his position in the essay, "*that Adomnan does not say that Columba used an interpreter when conversing with the Picts; but merely that he interpreted or explained the word of God, that is, the Bible, which, being written in Latin, would doubtless require to be interpreted to them.*" (v. I, p. 72.)

† "*If there be one thing more remarkable than another, in Gaelic etymology, it is that we find them invariably marking the most minute differences in natural objects by different words.*" Does Mr. Skene mean to say that a Highlander, if asked to characterise the mouth of any river, no matter what might be its physical features by an appropriate name, would call it "*Aber!*" I say no. No one but a Pict, or a Welshman, would call it "*Aber.*" The highlander, no matter what its peculiarities, would call it "*Inver,*" as all of the same nation do on this side of the channel. "*Aber*" is a word which belongs to the *dead* language of Scotland, and it has only survived the extinction of the Pictish language because it has been preserved in that grand depository of all dead

no better illustration than the use of the *nine words* which signify a mountain. There are, therefore, two causes which may give rise to such a circumstance. 1st, difference of dialect between the namers. 2dly, That the physical character of the two districts gave such a difference, however minute, to the natural object named as to require a different word to express it. The writer admits that both words are Gaelic, and when I find the Aber oc-

curring only in districts of one physical character, and not to be found in districts of another, even although likewise a part of the Pictish territories, it is plain that the second cause is alone here applicable. And the writer might as well say that because *Mam* is used for a hill in the north-west Highlands only, and *Shabh* in South Argyle only, that therefore there were three different dialects of Gaelic in Scotland.

languages, topography. But "Inver" is the *living language of the people*; and it is so only because these people have conquered, and supplanted, and succeeded to the country of, the Picts.

• The difficulty of supposing a rude people, instituting an investigation into the different minute characteristics of a river's mouth, so critical that, to discern the alleged distinctions would baffle the most scientific modern, before they should decide whether it was to be called "Inver," or "Aber," is, in itself, an insurmountable objection to the conjecture that these names only occur in localities of a physical nature peculiar to each. But, supposing the conjecture as regards Scotland granted, the question arises, how comes it that the physical characteristics of the "Aber" are not to be found in *any* river of Ireland, nor those of the "Inver" in *any* river of Wales, for *all* the Irish river-mouths are called "Invers," and *all* the Welsh river-mouths are called "Abers?" Now, it is certain that, if such characteristics did exist in the rivers of Scotland, one set of these characteristics could not be altogether absent from the Irish, and the other set of them altogether absent from the Welsh, rivers. This conjecture is, therefore untenable; and, if Mr. Skene admits a difference of dialect equal to that between "Inver" and "Aber," (if these be really the same word, he admits a difference of nations, at least as marked as that between the Welsh and Irish; so that, either way the "Aber"-naming Pict could not have been of the same nation with the "Inver"-naming Highlander.

To conclude the disputation as to the differences between the Pictish and the present Gaelic languages, I hold these languages to have been different.

First, Because Columba, speaking the Scotie or Irish language, needed an interpreter to explain his preaching to the Picts.

Secondly, Because Beda tells us that, in his time there were five different languages in Britain, one of which he distinguishes as Pictish, and the other as Scotie or Irish.

Thirdly, Because, Cormac's Irish glossary has but one Pictish word—(and these three authorities are previous to the tenth century.)

Fourthly, Because the very ancient interpolator of Nennius distinguishes between the Pictish *Pen-guaal*, and the Scotie or Irish *Cenail*, as the name of the same place.

Fifthly, Because, when Servanus at Culross, among the Picts, exclaimed, ("patria lingua" as distinguished from the language of those around him.) "*Mohohe, mohohe,*" i. e. "*Care mi,*" to young Kentigern, he spoke in Irish. (Jocelyn in vit. Kentig.)

Sixthly, Because Henry of Huntingdom expressly states that, in his time the language of the Picts was "*ita omnino destructa, ut jam FABULA videatur.*"

Seventhly, Because the topography of those parts of Ireland which are known to have been inhabited by a Pictish people is distinguishable from the topography of the surrounding districts by the prevalence of those words which distinguish the eastern topography of Scotland from the western.

Eighthly, Because the whole of Pictish topography bears manifestly more traces of a similarity between the Pictish and the Welsh, than between the Pictish and any other known language. But the whole testimony of history is in favor of a greater similarity between the Welsh and the British than between the Welsh and any other known language. Consequently, if we find that, of two languages the Pictish must be one, and if one of these languages be the British, we must reject the other. But Patrick, who was educated among the Cruithne of Ulster, and who must consequently have spoken the Pictish

The last objection is, that my assertion of the name Maormor being peculiar to the Picts is not true; and this he proceeds to prove by—an admission of the fact. He says I should have searched the Irish annals before I made such an assertion, and lo! He has searched the Irish annals, and cannot produce a single instance of the word being used by the Irish; for with great submission the Maors and Ardmaors of the Irish tribes were very different officers from the Maormors of the Scottish Earldoms.* With this most lame and impotent conclusion he completes his remarks, and with this detection of it I shall complete mine, only taking notice, before I conclude, of a little piece of clap-trap at the end, where he winds up with recommending to me not to count too confidently on Irish ignorance, when, for the consolation of Caledonian pride, I set up my next theory in the teeth of Roman, British, and Irish history.

Throughout this article, when I quoted the Roman authors, the writer

has met me by quoting Beda and the Annalists. When I quoted Beda he met me by quoting Tighernac—when I quoted the Welsh Triads he met me by doubts of their authenticity—when I quoted Adomnan he met me with Manus O'Donnell.⁴

If this be his view of setting up a theory in the teeth of Roman, British, and Irish history, it is at least, to use his own style, an Irish one; and I am afraid that any historical work I may write in future will always be obnoxious to this censure; and let me tell him, in conclusion, that it is precisely this uncritical use of the authorities and preference of later to more ancient historians, which has given rise to all the monstrous systems of history which have distinguished the past centuries, and to the Irish origin of the Highlanders of Scotland among the number.

I am Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM F. SKENE.

Edinburgh, 5th July, 1837.

language, is stated by Jocelyn to have spoken but four languages, viz. Latin, French, British, and Scottish or Irish. Of these, the Pictish must have been the same, or very nearly the same, with either the British or Irish. But we are bound, in such a case, to reject the Irish.

Are Mr. Skene's "Dobur Artbranaui," and "Gwyddyl Ffichti," worthy to weigh, for a moment, against these testimonies?

"*The Maors and Ardmaors of the Irish tribes were very different officers from the Maormors of the Pictish earldoms.*" Of the earldoms I admit; but can Mr. Skene say as much of the Scottish Maors, previous to the introduction of feudal manners?

"*When I quote the Roman authors,*" &c. This sentence, amended so as to agree with the facts, would stand thus—"When I quoted the Roman authors, for an inference, the writer has met me by quoting Beda and the annalists (chroniclers) for an assertion; when I quoted a vague report of Beda, he met me by an explicit statement of Tighernach; when I quoted the Welsh Triads, he denied their relevancy, and doubted their authenticity; when I quoted garbled passages of Adomnan, he met me by the words of Adomnan, which I had omitted, and by the explanatory comment of Manus O'Donnell," &c.

On the whole, I conclude with John Major "*Multiplici Argumento certum est nos (for I am myself of Scottish extraction) ab Hibernicis originem traxisse. Hoc ex Beda Anglo didicimus. Hoc idem loquela manifestat. Hoc idem per nostros Annales liquet, quorum scriptores in hoc non erant negligentes. Dico ergo; a quibuscunque Hibernici originem duxere, ab eisdem Scoti exordium capiunt*" (Io. Major. l. 1. c. 9.)

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Dublin, July 17, 1837.

CLASSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN OPINIONS AND USAGES IN IRELAND.

It is a source of regret to the curious, that the spread of matter-of-fact opinions should be so rapidly destroying every remnant of the peculiar customs and usages that once afforded such an ample fund both of study and amusement. This is not the consequence merely of the spread of improvement, for while many of a really pernicious tendency—the effects of religious darkness and superstition—still hold an undiminished sway, others which were innocent, if not useful, are falling into neglect. Even our national usages are gradually fading away, and ceremonies which a few years since were observed by every rank in society, are falling into such total disuse, that one is almost ashamed to acknowledge an acquaintance with, much less profess the observance of, customs, which our unsophisticated forefathers would have considered it disgraceful to omit. The spirit of reformation in these things has gone so far, that we have known it seriously objected to wearing our national emblem on the 17th of March, that it was a popish custom to honour saints. Even sextons and grave-diggers, once the universal “cicerones” of every seeker of traditionary lore, begin to look down upon you if you ask them for a story or superstition, connected with the solemn relics of antiquity which they daily visit. We met with such an enlightened individual, at one of the most beautiful and romantic scenes in Ireland, the ruins of Adare. We listened with the patient submission of martyrs to a minute detail of the various beauties of the chief pew in the parish church, which he repeatedly assured us was made “by a Dublin carpenter.” We, of course, expected that when he was done with the Dublin carpenter’s handy-work, he would come to something more interesting to us, who were no very enthusiastic connoisseurs in the architectural adjustment of ten-penny nails, and half-inch pannelling; so, apprehensive of putting the fellow out of humour by interrupting him, we listened with profound respect to the analysis and chronology of every daub of paint on the new pew. However, seeing no probability of a conclusion to the lecture, we at last ventured to hint that he “might have heard some traditions about the old abbeys in the neigh-

bourhood.” He turned upon us with great dignity, and scornfully told us, “he might, when he was a school-boy, but indeed, he never burthened his memory with such foolish trifles.”

Now, as there are many wiseacres who, like the sexton of Adare, never burthen their memory with such foolish trifles as the traditions of their own country, while they regard as great literary curiosities things of precisely the same kind, when written in Latin or Greek, it may not be altogether useless to shew them, that the very customs which they admire, when recorded in the pages of Pliny or Aulus Gellius, have their counterpart among those which they may hear from the lips of many an old crone, whose legendary information will be sufficiently rewarded by finding an attentive listener. For their instruction we have collected the following “pishogues,” and compared them with allusions to similar observances, found in ancient authors, which, we trust, will shew that our national usages are far from being so *unclassical* as is commonly supposed.

FUNERAL CANDLES.

When a corpse is lying in the house, before interment, candles are always kept burning round it. This use of candles is by no means peculiar to Ireland. They are an essential part of the funeral preparation in almost every Catholic country at the present day. In Brazil the people stand at the door of the house where the body is lying, and pressingly invite every person passing by to take a lighted wax taper in his hand, and attend the corpse to the grave. The refined reason assigned by a Roman Catholic clergyman for the practice was, that light is the symbol of life and immortality, and is therefore placed immediately beside the dead. The same reason is given by the Delphin Commentator on Persius, (Sat. iii. 103,) on the word “Candelæ,” which he says were then, as now, placed beside the bodies, both when laid before the door, and when carried to the sepulchre. He adds, “lumen enim virtutis et gloriæ signum est et symbolum.” Among the Irish the impression is somewhat similar. The candles are a sign “that the soul may have light everlasting,” and are

so indispensable a part of the funeral ceremony, that when paupers beg for money to bury their friends, they generally ask it "to buy candles." Sometimes they place in the coffin a rush-light, or a piece of a taper consecrated by the priest, "to light the soul of the dead to purgatory."

The use of candles at funerals seems to have originated from the practice of burying at night. Nocturnal interments are at present common in many parts of the East, and it is possible that the burning of candles over the corpse may have been borrowed without that part of the ceremony which originally gave occasion for them. Be the reason, however, what it may, the practice is a very ancient one. The Romans used candles along with funeral music, as we find in Persius, in the passage before mentioned.

"Hinc tuba *Candela*."—*Sat.* iii. 163.

and this was probably in imitation of the ancient inhabitants of Italy, as we find a similar ceremony recorded by Virgil.

"*Et de more vetusto*

Funerem rapuere facem."—*Æn.* xi. 142.

The influence of lights on the condition of the departed, is not, however, in Ireland, supposed to be confined to their use at funerals. It is not uncommon in the south, to light candles on the eve of the festival of All Souls, from a belief, that at that particular time, the souls of the dead are permitted to converse with one another in purgatory, and the lighting of candles is supposed to facilitate their meeting. A friend of ours, on a visit with a relative in the county of Waterford, happened on this festival accidentally to go down to the kitchen, after the family had retired to bed. On opening the door she was surprised to find the whole apartment illuminated with candles, placed on the table and dresser, some of which, for want of a sufficient number of candlesticks, were stuck in potatoes scooped for the purpose. As she did not know the object with which they were placed there, and from the length of the unsnuffed wicks, conjectured that no one was attending to them—thinking it dangerous to leave so many lighted candles without any one to prevent their setting fire to the wooden furniture near them, she put them all out. There was a country girl who had lately come, as an underservant, to the house.

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Her mistress observing her in the morning to be very melancholy, asked her why she was not in her usual high spirits. The girl was at first unwilling to tell the reason, but, on being questioned, confessed that she had lighted caudles, on the evening before, for the benefit of her mother and several of her dead relations, whom she believed to be yet in purgatory, and found in the morning that they had all been extinguished before they were nearly burned out, from which she conjectured that her friends must be very unhappy. She, of course, believed that they had gone out supernaturally; but her mistress thought differently, and, wishing to discover who the human agent was who had interfered, she mentioned the circumstance to the other members of the family. The mystery was easily solved, and when the poor girl learned the truth, her joy knew no bounds, as, she said, she knew her friends had been permitted to use the candles, so long, at least, as they had been left lighting. This superstition, which, it must be acknowledged, is sufficiently extravagant, is not nearly so common as the former. It is probably borrowed from the Romans. Burning lamps in tombs and temples, with various mysterious meanings and purposes, was one of the most common of heathen ceremonies.

CARRYING THE CORPSE.

In bearing the corpse from the house they always, in Ireland, carry it feet foremost. The Romans observed the same custom. Persius alludes to it in his third satire—

"*Compositus lecto crassoque latatus amomo*

In portas rigidos calces extendit."—*Sat.* iii. 164.

"A stiff corpse heels foremost at the door."

Gifford's Trans.

Pliny assigns for this a most extraordinary reason, that, because we come into the world head foremost, we should go out of it feet foremost, "*Ritu naturæ capite hominem gigni, mos est pedibus efferri*." (Lib. vii. cap. 8.) Many modern nations observe the usage, though we do not find that they ever assign Pliny's reason for it. In Ireland we have often seen people attending a funeral, both Protestants and Roman Catholics, reprimand those who, from accident or ignorance, attempted to bring the body head foremost out of the house, and carefully turn the coffin, that the feet might first pass the door.

MONEY IN THE COFFIN.

Putting a penny in the coffin, with the body, is another custom mentioned by Juvenal, who also assigns the reason for it.

—nec sperat cœmōsi gurgitis alnum
Infelix, nec habet quem porriget ore tridentem
Sat. iii. 965.

Not hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurled
Without his farthing to the nether world.
Gifford's Translation.

Lucian frequently ridicules the practice, but assigns the same reason for it as Juvenal. It is common in Ireland to put a small piece of money in the coffin, though the reason for doing so is not well understood. When they do not put money, they generally place a pair of shoes beside the corpse, with a purpose very similar to that of the Pagan penny; the penny being intended to procure a safe passage over the Styx, and the shoes, as the passage of Christians to heaven is over fire and not water, for the penitent soul to wear in purgatory.

KEENING.

But of all the ceremonies observed at Irish funerals, none is more remarkable than the Irish cry. Good "keen-ers" at funerals are in such request that in some places it is not uncommon to send several miles to procure a crone to lament over the corpse, who is paid in proportion to her celebrity in her gloomy calling. Keening is now generally supposed to be peculiar to Ireland; but, however, confined the custom may be at present, it was observed, with a few slight variations, by many ancient nations. Campbell, in his "philosophic survey of the south of Ireland," asserts it to be of Phœnician origin, and quoting Virgil's description of Dido's funeral—

Lamentis gemituque et semineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt—

remarks the similarity of sound between the term "ululatus," describing the Phœnician ceremony and the Irish keen, "hulluloo." This, however, can give us no trace of its origin, as the word synonymous in meaning with

"ululatus," or "howl," like the common instances of "sack," and "earth," is strikingly similar in many languages, and would serve to trace the custom to the Greeks or Hebrews just as well as to the Phœnicians or Latins. But without having recourse to etymology at all, we may gather from several passages in Scripture, that the custom was an Eastern one. In Ecclesiastes xii. 5. "For man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." In Jeremiah ix. 17. "Call for the mourning women, that they may come." Similar is the allusion in 2d Chronicles xxxv. 25. "And all the singing men and singing women, speak of Josiah in their lamentations." And that hired mourners were employed in Palestine in more recent times, we may conclude from the passage in Matthew ix. 23, when our Lord is healing the ruler's daughter, "when he saw the minstrels making a noise, he said unto them, give place."

Campbell rightly remarks that the employment of hired mourners was known among the Romans. Thus Horace—

Ex qui conducti plorant in funere.
Art. poet. 431.
As mourners paid for their funeral test.
Francis.

From the descriptions given by the ancient poets, we cannot infer whether the mourners were hired by the relatives of the dead to join in the lamentations; they were certainly entertained at their expense, as we find them constantly near the body, along with them, and so far resembled Irish keeners. Homer's description of the ceremonies observed over Hector's body represents them as precisely similar to an Irish wake. In Ireland, the keener enumerates the virtues of the dead, and, at intervals, others, chiefly the women, join in her screams. It is generally the wife of the deceased that begins. In Homer's description, Andromache is the first to dwell on the virtues of her husband, and when she ceases, the women all unite in her screams, just as at Irish funerals.

Ὅ, δ' ἵκεν ἰσάγγαρον κλυτὰ δάμνατα, τὸν μὲν ἴππευα
Τρηταῖς ἐν ληχίσσῃ θίσαν, παρὰ δ' ἵσαν αὐδαῖς
Θρήνην ἱέρχουσα, ὅτι στυγίησαν αὐδῇ
Οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἰδρῆναι, ἐπὶ δὲ στυγέοντο γυνῶναις
Τησὶν δ' Ἀνδρομαχῇ λιπαρόλινος ἤρχε γόου,
Ἐπταροὶ ἀνδροφόνου πάρε μιστὰ χερσὶν ἴχουσα.

Iliad n. 720.

* In Hebrew, *ḥay*; Greek, *δαλίζω*; Latin, *ululo*.

Arrived within the royal house, they stretched
 The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,
 And singers placed beside him, who should chaunt
 The strain funereal : they with *many a groan*
The dirge began, and still, at every close,
The female train with many a groan replied ;
 Then, in the midst, Andromache white armed,
 Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head
 Pressing, her lamentation thus began.

Cowper's Translation.

After Andromache's lamentation, the women all unite again in her screams,
 "ὦ Ἰφάρ κλεινὴ! ὡς δὲ στενάχοντο γυναικίς.

Cowper's translation is—

So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all
 With sighs accompanied—

which is incorrect—as it would lead one to suppose they were sighing while she was speaking. He afterwards translates a similar phrase correctly—

—to whom with groans
 The countless multitude replied.

Virgil alludes to a similar ceremony, but as most of his descriptions are mere imitations of Homer, much reliance cannot be placed on them, as correct accounts of the customs they describe. It is, however, probable, that there was some foundation for the following allusion to a similar observance among the ancient Latins—

Filla prima manu flavos Lavinia crines,
 Et roseas laniata genas; tum cetera circum
 Turba furit; resonant late plusq̃toribus ædea.
Æneid xii. 605.

EGGS.

There are many articles of food to which the superstitious in various countries attach importance; to none more than to eggs. They are a constant ingredient in incantations, and divinations of various kinds are derived from them. Among the Romans they were esteemed particularly ominous, as we find in Persius—

Tum nigri lemmures, ovoque pericula rupto
Sat. v. 185.

Then a cracked egg-shell fills you with affright
 And ghosts and goblins haunt your sleepless night.
Gifford's Translation.

The method of divining by the assistance of eggs, was to place the egg on the fire, and watch the process of roasting, to observe whether the globules of water, which are seen to perspire through the shell, burst from the side or end. If, in the experiment, the egg burst, it was considered an unlucky omen, whence the expression of Persius. It appears that it was in

the shell that the mysterious properties resided, from which danger was apprehended; it was, therefore, deemed safest to break the shell so soon as the meat was eaten. This we find recorded by Pliny, whose expression would lead us to infer also that they used to suck their eggs. "Thus," says he, "as soon as any one has sucked the juice of eggs, they are immediately broken." Huc pertinet, ovorum ut exsorbuerit quisque calices, protenus frangi.—Lib. xxiv. c. 2. Turnebus is more particular in his description. He says, if the shell be perforated with a needle, witches will have the power of injuring the person who has eaten the meat, and therefore the prudent always crush the shells. Brown, in his "Treatise on Vulgar Errors," does not suffer this to pass unnoticed. "To break the egg shell," says he, "after the meat is out, we are taught in our childhood, and practise it all our lives; which, nevertheless, is a superstitious belief. The intent hereof was to prevent witchcraft. For lest witches should draw and prick their names thereupon, and so veneficiously mischief their persons, they broke the shell.—Lib. v. c. 21. In Ireland, the superstitions about eggs are very similar; they never fail to thrust the spoon through the bottom of the shell, or else to break it, when the egg is eat; and should the person who eat the egg be so careless or sceptical as to neglect doing either one or the other, the hostess, if she is anxious for his welfare, never fails to remedy the mistake. The Irish reason for the practice is not unlike the Roman. They say, that witches might otherwise employ the shells as vehicles to injure the person who eat the egg, generally by using them as boats to go from place to place on their malignant errands, which, of course, is impossible if they are rendered unfit for sea service, by having a hole in the bottom. It is also a prevalent belief, that none but idiots, or naturals, as they are hu-

manely called, can roast an egg well, as they only can prevent its bursting. In Ireland, as in Egypt, there is a degree of sanctity supposed to be attached to these unfortunate beings, which, exempting them from every malevolent influence, defeats the power of witches. It is not very difficult, however, to find a more probable reason for their culinary skill in roasting eggs. From the habit, natural to idiocy, of meddling and handling everything near, they are perpetually turning the eggs, and never suffer one side to remain exposed to the heat long enough to burst. In Scott's inimitable Waverley, the skill of Davie Gelatly, the Baron of Bradwardine's fool, in roasting eggs, is not omitted in the catalogue of his virtues, given by old Janet.

CHEEK BURNING AND EAR TINGLING.

Another "vulgar error" mentioned by Brown, is that the sensations of cheek-burning and ear-tingling are signs that others are speaking of us. "When our cheek," says he, "burneth, or our ears tingleth, we usually say some one is talking of us." The reason which he adds is a very strange one—"we must concede a signifying genius, or universal mercury, conducting sounds to distant objects, and teaching us to hear by the touch."—Lib. v. 12. It was among Brown's peculiarities that he united the strangest credulity with great acuteness, and, while he so sensibly exposed many absurdities believed in his day, gave credence to others no less absurd. He believed that cats and dogs had a language which they spoke to witches, and, therefore, thought it probable that a "universal genius" might, by an operation of the same kind, teach us to hear by the touch. Though he was a physician, it does not appear to have occurred to him that his supposed omens were nothing more than physical symptoms; the burning cheek generally of phthisis, and the tingling ear, of apoplexy. Be the cause of the sensation what it may, there is no superstition more general in Ireland at the present day, than the belief that they are supernatural indications. Pliny mentions the same opinion as received among the Romans. His words, quoted by Brown, are, "absentes tinnitu aurium præsentire de se receptum est." Delecampius asks why does his garrulous ear tingle, and he answers for himself—

"Nescio quem dicis nunc meminisse mei."

"You tell me some one now remembers me."

Some of the Irish peasantry attach a different meaning to the sensation of ear-tingling, and believe it to be an indication of some one's death, and caused by the departed spirit passing near them, as it is supposed that it has to visit all the scenes with which it was acquainted when united to the body, before its final departure from this world. This reason, however, is not so commonly assigned as the former, and is never, that we know of, supposed the cause of the burning cheek.

SYMPATHETIC CURES.

The belief in the effect of sympathy in medicine is very ancient. When Telephus was wounded by Achilles, at the war of Troy, he was cured by the rust or wood of the spear which struck him. Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, mentions the employment of a spear for the same purpose, healing the wound it had inflicted; but the method of using it is different from that tried by Telephus. Sympathy, however, is supposed to effect the cure in both cases.

She has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And saved the splinter o'er and o'er;
William of Deloraine in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled the wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of night and day.
Full long she tolled; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

Lay, Canto III.

Bell, in his journey to Ispahan, mentions the belief that the poison of the tarantula can be cured only by the application of the bruised insect to the wound. Scorpions also are used in Persia to heal the wounds they inflict, as we find mentioned by Dr. Walsh, in his *Treatise on Gnostic Gems*. The Irish are firmly persuaded of the efficacy of sympathetic cures. They believe them the only certain and infallible remedies in many cases. From several examples which we have known we may mention one, which shows how strong the prejudice in favour of them is, as it required a very tedious and troublesome process to find the instrument which had inflicted the injury. A boy fell upon a sheaf of straw, and the end of one came in contact with his eye. The hurt caused him most exquisite pain, and as the easiest mode of relief that could be devised, the whole sheaf was unbound, and each

straw applied to his eye in succession, with the assurance that the pain would never cease till the very straw which caused it again touched him. After the process had been continued almost an hour the pain, of course, ceased of itself, but every one present believed the last straw applied to have been the identical one which had inflicted the wound, and the cessation of the pain was universally ascribed to the sympathetic connexion between them.

ROSE OF JERICHO.

There is a little plant, called the Rose of Jericho, which, though called a rose, bears not the slightest affinity to the beautiful class of flowers with which it is associated. It is a minute shrub, of the cruciform class, growing in Palestine; and, from some singular properties with which it is endued, has been supposed to be the rose alluded to in Ecclesiasticus, thus mentioned in the Vulgate—"Quasi palma exaltata sum in Cades et quasi plantatio rosæ in Jericho."—Eccles. xxiv. 14. This we translate "a rose plant in Jericho," but it evidently means the true rose, as it is in the Septuagint *ῥόδον καὶ ῥόδον*. The branches in a dry state close up together in a spherical form, giving it some resemblance to the plant whose name has been conferred upon it. It has also something of the appearance of a closed up hand, and this circumstance, with its extraordinary properties, has acquired for it the Arabic name of "Kef Marjam," translated by the Latin monks into manus Mariæ, the hand of the Virgin Mary. When found in a dry state on the sands of the Jordan, or the shores of the Red Sea, it is contracted into a ball, but, when blown into the water by the wind, it rapidly imbibes the moisture, and again expands to its former dimensions. This property it retains for an indefinite length of time, perhaps for a century, without showing the smallest tendency to decay; it, therefore, soon became one of the speciosa miracula of the monks, and marvellous stories were told of it. It was said that it spontaneously expanded at Easter, to intimate its joy at that glad festival, and hence it was called *anastatica*, or the plant of the resurrection. It was also said to open at the eve of Christmas, and close the next day, thus indicating a double mystery, *aperiens et claudens uterum virginis Mariæ*. This last supposed property made it an object much sought after, as the monks reported

that the Virgin had given it the power of indicating the result of a woman's confinement. If, on being thrown into water, it expanded, the womb would open and the result be fortunate; if it remained closed, the event would be fatal. Before the Reformation all travellers who visited the East brought specimens home to their friends, which were preserved in families with great care. In Ireland, till very lately, and perhaps at the present day, the belief in this property strongly prevails. The relative of an Irish peer, who was a Roman Catholic bishop in partibus, visited his oriental diocese, and brought home with him one of those miraculous plants, which was for many years in high repute in the county of Tipperary. It was always sent for, by respectable families, when a female was about to be confined, and we have heard that a Roman Catholic member of parliament was brought into the world under its auspices.

HISSING SOUND OF THE SETTING SUN.

The belief that the sun makes a hissing noise when setting in the Atlantic, was probably imported into Ireland from Spain, where it is very general. Is it not however of Spanish origin. Juvenal, speaking of an enterprising voyager, says,

Audiet Herculis stridentem gurgite solem.

Sat. xiv. 280.

See Phœbus sinking in th' Atlantic lave
His fiery car, and hear the hissing wave.

Gifford's Trans.

And Statius dwells on the happiness of those who live in the Canary Islands, if indeed they are the insulæ fortunatæ, who can see the car of the sun descend into the sea and "hear the hissing of his glowing wheel,"

Stridoremque rotæ candentis audient.

Sylv. lib. 1.

Nor is this to be supposed merely the result of a poetic fancy or figurative hyperbole. A very grave prose-writer, Cælius Rhodigius, relates it as a fact "that hence the sun plunges into the ocean, and as he sinks causes a sound like hot iron." "Hinc solem in oceano mergi, cumque mergetur, quasi candens ferrum, sonum edere."—Lib. xxiv. c. 13. The opinion prevails at the present day, near the very place where the Romans supposed the event to happen. We have been told by an officer, who resided for a considerable time at Gibraltar, that the common people in

Andalusia believe firmly, that if they were near enough to the sun, as he sets in the Atlantic, they could hear him hissing. In parts of the western coast of Ireland the same thing is believed. Indeed of all delusions it seems that best calculated to make an impression on the mind of the ignorant, as nothing can more nearly resemble a globe of fire than the setting sun, and nothing can seem more certain, to a spectator on a western coast than that he plunges into the sea.

TOADS AND SERPENTS.

The absence of toads and serpents from Ireland was once a universally acknowledged fact, though we have known some, at the present day, sufficiently sceptical to doubt it. One friend of ours goes so far as even to assert that he had *seen* toads in the county of Cork; but, as he is not a very good natural historian, we suspect his toads were only *sickly frogs*. But let naturalists decide the question of the modern habitats of the toad as they may, no genuine Irishman ever doubted that our patron saint banished them in ancient times. Brown frankly admits the superiority of Ireland over his native country in this respect, though he has not sufficient faith to acknowledge the cause. "They thus," says he, "in elder times not only ascribed the immunity of Ireland from any venomous beast unto the staff or rod of St. Patrick; but the long tayles of Kent unto the malediction of Austin;" and again, "thus the sunne which with us is fruitful in the generation of frogs, toads, and serpents, to this effect proves impotent in the neighbour island."

The absence of venomous reptiles, as well as poisonous plants, has always been assigned as a privilege of those countries supposed to be the especial favorites of Providence. Thus Virgil

"Nec rapit immensas orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis."—
Georg. 2. 153.

"Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide
Or raised on such a spiry volume ride."—
Dryden's Trans.

The toad has been universally esteemed noxious, though it is hard to find the reason, as it is not in the least degree venomous. Ancient authors lavishly bestow on it the epithets hurtful, swollen, cursed, &c.; and Virgil classes it among "the many monsters which the earth produces."

"Inventusque cavis bufo, et quæ plurima terras
Monstra ferunt."—

Georg. 1. 184.

In Ireland it is in peculiarly bad repute, and its destruction is esteemed one of the most glorious achievements of St. Patrick. Indeed the banishment of the toads is far more boasted of than the absence of serpents, as Ireland is not singular in the enjoyment of the latter blessing. What our apostle has done for us St. Paul has done for Malta. We remember an argument between an Irish clergyman and a Maltese divine on the question, whether the Melita, visited by St. Paul was the island in the Adriatic, or the modern Malta. As a proof that it was the former, the clergyman urged that there are no serpents to be found in Malta; but there were in the island on which the apostle was shipwrecked, for "there came a viper out of the fire and fastened on his hand."

"That," replied his antagonist, "is the strongest possible argument in my favor; for there were vipers here *then*; but as an evidence of his power, and an everlasting memorial of his visit, the apostle banished them all."

Dr. Walsh gives an account of an argument which he had with a Maltese on the same subject; and his opponent terminates the discussion by the remark "*non decet Hibernicum talia disputare.*"

BLESSING A PERSON WHO SNEEZES.

It has often been remarked that the Irish are naturally a religious people. In the "Island of Saints" the habit of appealing to Providence, either in prayer or thanksgiving, on every occasion, is so general, that it gives rise frequently to the strangest expressions, which, to one unacquainted with the customs of the people, would appear more like a jest, than a serious appeal to heaven. Every one has heard of the man, who, when asked what had become of his son, replied "Ough, wasn't he hanged, *the Lord be praised.*" The practice of blessing any one who sneezes, might seem at first only a consequence of this habit; but it is not, for, though there is nothing very impressive or important in the act of sneezing, the custom of blessing the person affected is not only very general, but very ancient. The Irish never omit it. The usual prayer is, "Die Ling!" God protect you. They say that it has some mysterious connection with the power of fairies; if the person affected sneezes only once or twice, he is under the protection of the saints, but a third sneeze,

unless counteracted by a blessing, leaves him at the mercy of the good people. Although neither the Greeks nor Romans believed in the existence of fairies, both nations strictly observed this custom. We find it alluded to in an epigram preserved in the Anthologia.

"Οὐ δύναται ἐν χυρὶ Πρέχλος εἶναι μιν
ἀπομυσσεῖν

Τὴς μὲν γὰρ ἔχου ἐν χίρᾳ μικροτέρῃ.

Οὐδὲ λίγῃ ΣΕΤ ΣΩΣΩΝ, ἰδὲ σπαρῆ, οὐ γὰρ
ἀποσῶν

Τὴς μὲν, πάλιν γὰρ τῆς ἀποῆς ἀπὶ χύλῳ."

"The prophet of Proclus extends such a space
He in vain tries to blow it; he cannot come
near it,

Nor says, when he sneezes, God bless me, alas!

The sound's so far off the poor man cannot hear
it."

Petronius records the custom, as prevalent among the Romans, in his time, and, what is very remarkable, the third sneeze seems to have been the dangerous one which called for the blessing; in this exactly resembling the Irish superstition. "Gnito," says he, "sneezed three times so violently that he shook the bed on which he was lying; disturbed by the motion Eumolpus, turning towards him, blesses Gnito. 'Ad quem motum, Eumolpus conversus, salvere Gnito jubet.'—Petron. Lib. IV. Whether the omen was to be regarded as good or bad, was determined by various circumstances, the time of the day, the season of the year, the occupation or attitude of the sneezer. In love it was looked upon as particularly significant, and generally regarded as favorable, though it is hard to say why, for it is impossible to conceive anything more ungraceful or unsentimental than the attitude and features of a person sneezing, and one would suppose it rather to betoken rejection and contempt, than tenderness and fidelity in affairs of the heart. The Greek poets, however, thought otherwise. Theocritus says, in praise of Symmachis,

"The lover sneezed upon her."

"Συμμαχίδα μὲν ἔδωκεν ἰασηταῖον."—
Idyl. 7.

And when Penelope is harassed by her suitors, as she reproves them, and prays for Ulyses' return, Telemachus sneezes loudly. Penelope is rejoiced at the omen. "See you not," says she, "my son sneezes at all my words,"

"——— γὰρ δὲ Πηνελόπειαν
Οὐχ ἴδμεν ἰ μὲν οἷος ἰασηταῖον πᾶσαν ἰασηταῖον."
Od. xvii. 541.

The effect of sneezing on love affairs in Ireland seems confined to the wed-

ding night, when the third sneeze betrays the bride into the power of the fairies, unless it is counteracted by a blessing, as we find in Crofton Croker's well-known and amusing story.

The custom of always blessing the person who sneezes, is very general in modern times, particularly in the East. The Turks say, "Emrouni tchoke allion! may your life be continued; or "Ther ossun," may it do you good. The Arabs never fail to ejaculate "Alla y hamet," may God have mercy on you. The modern Greeks "Zethi," long life to you. There is, however, one peculiarity in the Irish expression which agrees well with their characteristic shrewdness. For fear any person might elicit an undeserved blessing, by applying stimulants to make himself sneeze, they generally say, "Die lath morra sneesheen," God bless you unless it be snuff. We do not know of any other nation who accompany their prayers with this prudent qualification.

WEDDING RINGS.

The wedding ring has been worn from time immemorial on the third finger of the left hand, and the custom is as universal as ancient. The left hand is supposed to have been selected, as nearest the heart. The choice of the finger originated in a similar cause. Aulus Gellius, in his "Attic Nights," accounting for the custom among the Greeks and Romans, assigns the reason in a quotation from Appian; "that by dissecting and laying open human bodies, as is the custom in Egypt, which the Greeks call anatomy, it was discovered that from that finger only a very fine nerve proceeded, and passed quite to the heart: wherefore it does not seem without reason, that that finger should particularly be honored by such an ornament which seemed to be a continuation of, and as it were united with, the principle of the heart." Quod apertis humanis corporibus, ut mos in Egypto fuit, quas Græci ανατομῆς appellant, repertum est, nervum quendam tenuissimum, in eo uno digito de quo diximus, ad cor hominis pergere et pervenire; propterea non inscitum visum esse, eum potissimum digitum tali honori decorandum, qui continens et quasi connexus esse cum principatu cordis videretur. (Lib. x. 10.) Similar is the account of Macrobius, who is indeed generally but an echo of Gellius. "I have found," says he, "a certain nerve originating in the heart extend completely to the finger of the left

hand which is next the little finger, and terminate there, becoming connected with the other nerves of that finger." Verum reperi nervum quendam de corde natum prorsus pergere usque ad digitum manum sinistræ minimo proximum, et illic desinere implicatum cæteris ejusdem digiti nervis.

THUMBS.

But above all parts of the hand the thumb has been made the subject of most superstitions. Roman Catholics generally cross themselves with the back of the thumb, and assign as a reason that it is the only part of the hand that can never participate in the perpetration of a guilty act; thus in grasping a knife or dagger, the back of the thumb never comes in contact with it; and in holding a cup or glass, or indeed in any ordinary employment of the hand, it is never used. This idea of the purity of the thumb seems to have been held by some ancient nations who employed it in making solemn engagements. Montaigne in his essays (Vol. 2. cap. 26.) quotes Tacitus's account of such a custom among some barbarian kings, who used to join their hands close together, and twisting their thumbs, strain them till the blood appeared at the end, and then prick them with some sharp instrument and suck them. Peculiar importance was attached to the thumb in the Levitical Law also. In the ritual, for the consecration of priests, one of the ceremonies was to touch the thumb of the right hand with the blood of the offering. "Then shalt thou take the ram and take of his blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, &c." (Exod. xxix. 20.) In cleansing a leper the blood of the trespass offering and the oil were applied in the same way. (Levit. xiv. 14. 17.) It is not impossible that this use of the thumb in the Jewish law suggested to the Christians the practice of crossing themselves with it instead of any of the fingers.

But the preference of the thumb to the fingers, is not confined to religious observances. The small white marks which come upon the nails, are supposed to foretell that something will be given to the person on whose hand they appear; hence they are called "gifts;" and there is a common proverb—

"A gift on the finger is sure to linger;
A gift on the thumb is sure to come."

There seem to have been some old English superstitions assigning a prophetic power to the thumbs, common in Shakespeare's time. Thus the witch who foretells Macbeth's arrival, says:

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes."
Act 1, Scene 1.

They were deemed valuable in incantations also, as we may conclude from the importance which one witch attaches to the acquisition of a pilot's thumb in the same play.

"1st witch. Look what I have.
2nd witch. Show me, show me.
1st witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come."
Act 1, Scene 3.

The Roman method of expressing dislike or approbation in the circus, with their thumbs, is well known; and has cost commentators much trouble to find a reason for it. Both Horace and Juvenal allude to it. The former to the use of the thumbs in expressing approval—

"—Utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum."
Ep. lib. 1. xiv. 66.

"Will praise your game with both his thumbs." Juvenal to their use in condemnation—

"—Et verso pollice vulgus
Quemlibet occidit populariter."
Sat. iii. 35.

"And put to death whoever the rabble by turning their thumbs condemn." The most probable account of the origin of this practice is given by those who trace it to the ancient military punishment of cutting off the thumbs. The Israelites inflicted this penalty on Adonibezek, who had himself treated in the same manner seventy other kings. (Judges, i. 7.) The Athenians punished the Æginetans in the same manner. The penalty was evidently selected because it effectually maims the hand and prevents the sufferer from ever bearing arms afterwards.

DROWNED BODIES.

Pliny asserts, that dead women, when they rise to the surface after submersion, always float on their faces; this he fancifully supposes to arise from a sense of delicacy and propriety, and to be a "concession of nature to the modesty of the sex;" veluti pudori defunctorum parcente natura. Crooke, in his *Microcosmographia*, a curious medical work, published in London,

A.D. 1651, acquiesces in this opinion of Pliny, adding at the same time some physical reasons. It was also an opinion of the old physicians, that the bodies of both sexes remained under water for nine days, and then only rose when the gall burst. This is one of the "vulgar errors" combated by Brown, who truly says that it arises from the putrefaction of the parts which become, in that state, light and buoyant, "like addled eggs;" and that those who are fatter float soonest for that reason. He tried various experiments by taking out the gall of inferior animals, and immersing their bodies in water, yet they did not rise. It is still, however, a "vulgar error" of the lower orders in Ireland, both that the body will not rise till the ninth day, and that then it is in consequence of the breaking of the gall bladder. The belief that the corpses of men and of women float in different positions is also common.

BEES.

Among the singular properties of bees is that susceptibility of metallic sounds, by which they are so easily attracted. Virgil, in his last Georgic, directs us, as a means of making them swarm, "to raise a din and shake the cymbals"

"Tinnitus cie, et matris quate cymbala circum."
Georg. 4. 64.

He even supposes that the insects themselves imitate these sounds, as a warlike excitement in their mutual combats.

"——namque morantes

Martius ille eris ranci canor increpat, et vox
Auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum."
Georg. 4. 72.

"With shouts the cowards courage they excite
And martial clangours call them out to fight
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds
That imitate the trumpet's martial sounds."
Dryden's Trans.

The ancient writers on agriculture, are not agreed whether this excitement arises from fear or joy; some say the former, and others with equal vehemence assert the latter, which is the most probable, as they always follow the sound. This is one of the early and common observations of nature, which could not fail to arrest the attention, and the peasants of every country, who have never heard of Pliny or Columella, collect their skillets and kettles, or whatever brass or other metallic implements they possess, to make a din and clatter, when the bees are about to swarm. But this instinct

sometimes gives rise to a curious, and apparently preternatural circumstance. It has been observed that bees, in the season, generally prefer swarming just before prayers on a Sunday, and set off as if with an intention of going to church, and are sometimes found clustered in the steeple. This church-going propensity of bees is easily accounted for, by the ringing of the bells when they were about to leave the hive. We know a clergyman in Ireland, who has been frequently applied to for permission to have bees on a Sunday, which were attracted to the church just as the service was beginning.

This circumstance is not regarded in Ireland as particularly ominous of evil; not so at Rome. The swarming of bees in a temple was regarded as a most alarming prodigy, and classed by Juvenal with pregnant mules, and fishes dug up in dry ground, or, what he thinks equally uncommon, an honest man.

Sollicitus tanquam lapides effuderit imber
Examine apium longa consederat uva.

Sat. xiii.

As if a swarm of bees together clung,
Down from the capitol thick clustering hung.
Gifford's Trans.

This prodigy did excite serious alarm, according to Tacitus, (Ann. xii. 64,) in the reign of Claudius, and the elder Pliny has left some remarks on the subject, which shew that he, too, thought it ominous. "Bees," says he, "disclose what is to happen in public and private, frequently the forerunners of important events, when a swarm forms a cluster in a house or temple. They lit on the lips of the infant Plato, even then foretelling the sweetness of his fascinating eloquence. They swarmed in the camp of the general Drusus, when he fought at Arballo, where he was signally successful, in contradiction to the prophecies of the Haruspices, who think that a calamitous event is portended by them." Apes ostenta facient privata et publica, uva dependente in domibus templisæ sæpe expiata magnis eventibus sedere in ore infantis Platonis, tunc etiam suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes sedere in castris. Drusi Imp. cum prosperissime pugnatum apud Arbalonem est, huadquam haruspicum conjectura qui dirum id ostentum existimant.—*Liv. ix. 17.*

CHARMS AND ANTIDOTES.

There is a great variety of charms in use, among different nations, and their efficacy in remedying the evils

for which they are used, is, in general, much more implicitly relied on by the ignorant, than the more philosophic, but less imposing means which science has invented for the same purposes.—Of the attachment of the Africans to charms, one instance, remarkable for the curious means adopted to secure its efficacy is recorded by Mungo Park. A man requested him to give him some one of those charms that were, he supposed, in use among his own countrymen. Park could think of nothing better than the Lord's Prayer, which he accordingly wrote out, and gave the man a copy of it, who, being determined to apply it in the most effectual manner, carefully washed off all the writing, and then swallowed the water he had used in doing so. Charms, similar to that accidentally selected by Park, are in common use among the Irish, though they do not apply them in the same manner as his African applicant. It is usual to hang round the necks of children, a verse of the Bible, sewed up in a little bag, and blessed by the priest. This is called a "Gospel," or "Agnus Dei," and is supposed to possess numerous virtues; among others, effectually protecting the wearer from the power of the fairies, who might otherwise steal him away. This, though almost always worn by children, is seldom, if ever, used by a grown-up person. The Romans in imitation of the Etrurians, used, in exactly the same manner, to hang a little ornament round the necks of children, which, when they reached the age of seventeen, was laid aside, as an offering to the Lares. What this ornament, which they called a *bullæ*, was, is a question among the learned to the present day; some maintaining that it was a little hollow drop or globule, as its name seems to indicate; others, that it was a ring; Macrobius says it was a heart; Plutarch, a crescent. The object for which it was worn, is as much disputed as its shape; those who think it was a hollow drop, say it was indicative of human fragility; the advocates of Macrobius' opinion that it was an incentive to virtue; while others, with the scholiast on Juvenal, think it was a badge of liberty, and worn only by freemen. It is not improbable that it was like our "Agnus Dei," supposed to protect the child from harm. But whether intended for the same purpose or not, all commentators agree in two particulars, in which it resembles the Irish "Gospel;" it was used by the

young, and was regarded as something sacred and connected with religion. In early times, the use of these bullæ was confined to the rich, and afterwards, when the poor, too, began to wear them, they had them made of different materials; the rich, of gold; the poor, of leather; thus Juvenal—

———Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
Vel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro.
Sat. v.

———Whose fortune was to wear
The golden boss; nay, to whose humbler lot
The poor man's ensign fell, the leathern knot.
Madden's Trans.

But charms are often used in Ireland, not only as prophylactics, but as medicines and antidotes; some of these "cures" are compounded of sufficiently strange materials. From many instances, which we have known, we select one example. In a village, near Dublin, a poor shoemaker applied to a family of our acquaintance, for permission to catch their cat, which he had heard was a black one. He said, his mother had got the "wild-fire," and that the best, indeed the only cure known, was, nine drops of blood from the tail of a black cat, mixed up with a little burned straw. As the man was in great alarm about his mother, and as it was vain to endeavour to reason him out of his opinion, so that some cat must eventually suffer, he was allowed to catch the one he asked for. Fortunately for her, however, she was discovered to have a grey spot on her leg, which entirely destroyed the efficacy of her blood. The man went away very disconsolate, saying, he did not know where to find a purely black cat, as the only one in the village had not a spud of tail remaining, large enough to produce the requisite nine drops. Absurd as this application of cat's blood may seem, it has a parallel, if possible, more absurd, in the serious writings of many learned Romans. Aulus Gellius tells us, that the blood of ducks fed in Pontus, has the power of expelling all poisons, and is therefore, an infallible antidote. He devotes a chapter too long to quote, to this subject, and adds that it was an ingredient in Mithridates' famous medicine. (*Noct. Att. Lib. xvii. 16.*) This quality of a Pontic duck's blood is mentioned by Pliny also, (*Nat. Hist. xxix. 5.*) and Dioscorides. Indeed, if any one had the patience to read through the list of extraordinary remedies given by the latter, and his laborious commentator,

Matthiolus, many of them borrowed from the Romans and Greeks, he would find several infinitely more absurd and extravagant than the cat's blood and straw, or any other of our Irish "cures." Of the many receipts that have been left, as the famous antidote of Mithridates, no two agree in almost any of the materials; it is unnecessary to say they are all equally puerile and useless. One is remarkable, as Serenus Sammonius, says the receipt for it was found by Pompey when he seized the property of the unfortunate monarch. It

is equally innocent and simple, and is contained in two hexameter lines.

*Bis denas ruta frondes, salis et brevis granum,
Juglandesque duas, totidem cum corpore scus.*

This mixture of "twenty leaves of rue, a little salt, two walnuts, and as many figs," was to be taken every morning with a little wine. It is worth remarking that the learned Sammonius, in recording this distich in the language of modern medical prescriptions, as Mithridates' own composition, forgets that he was an Asiatic, and did not speak Latin.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAP. V.—MR. DRUMMOND'S DOMICILIARY CIRCULAR.

"Should I be asked whether there is any necessity for spies in monarchies; my answer would be, that the usual practice of good princes is not to employ them. When a man obeys the laws he has discharged his duty to his prince. He ought at least to have his own house for an asylum, and the rest of his conduct should be exempt from enquiry."—*Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws—Lib. 12, C. 23.*

"THE Battle of the Diamond"—how few, even among the readers of our Magazine, could have conjectured but a little month ago a meaning for these words; how few among our countrymen at large would have paused, or cared to enquire about them; and now—the "Memoranda," in our concluding pages, bear witness to their notoriety and importance. It was one of the good things spoken, we believe, by Mr. Parsons, that he "never read a seditious libel until it had been published by the Attorney-General." We have always acknowledged, with certain necessary qualifications, that the wisdom of this expression is not less remarkable than its wit; and we are not influenced to change our opinion by seeing how successful, whatever may have been its design, our "pacifying" government has been, in bringing "the Battle of the Diamond," into fashion. Had it not been for such success, we should have been well content to let the name of the conflict "sleep in the shade" of its oblivion. We should not have broken in upon the order of our course to make a place for it; and when, in the regular progress of our narrative, we approached the melancholy contention, we should have glanced with a sad but transient regard upon the monument that such a thing had been, and have so constructed our "commemoration" as to leave unawakened the acrimonious remembrances with which it had once been associated.

We are constrained by the ill-advised officiousness of the government inquisition to change our purpose; and in justice to ourselves, (to apologise for a departure from the order of our narrative, and for a somewhat disproportionate space allotted to the incidents we are forced prematurely to notice,) we must beg leave to place on record a statement of the circumstances which have caused us to alter the designed arrangement of our narrative, and to postpone for comparatively recent occurrences, events of earlier date, and certainly not less importance. The facts we shall state as briefly as a regard for distinctness will permit.

The election for the county Armagh was held on the 7th of August; and, on that day, Colonel Verner, one (our readers do not require to be informed) of the returned members, entertained a large party of his friends at dinner. The *Newry Telegraph* of the 10th contained a notice of the entertainment, and a report of speeches delivered, and toasts given during the evening. With a discretion, however, for which that ably-conducted paper should be commended, it had the precaution to intimate, that the dinner was strictly private, observing that "it was provided by Colonel Verner," and that the guests "were invited." On the 22nd of the month, the Under Secretary, Mr. Drummond, addressed to each of the magistrates whose names appeared in the list of gentlemen invited to partake of the gallant

colonel's hospitality, a circular letter which will be found among our "Memoranda."

And here, in the outset, we wish to state distinctly, that we do not concern ourselves with the question whether the toast which has given rise to a correspondence so full of interest, and has drawn such consequences in its train, was, or was not pledged at the Armagh dinner. We think that a very undue importance has been given to the matter by the enquiries instituted by our government. We confess that we ourselves have heard the toast more than once; but we most solemnly asseverate that we have never known it to produce or to reveal a bigoted or intolerant spirit. We never heard an acrimonious expression respecting any portion of the people of this country follow it; but have heard the "Battle of the Diamond," described as an event which became an occasion of securing protection to all loyal subjects of every denomination—Roman Catholics as well as Protestants—as an event which put a stop to a series of "lawless and disgraceful conflicts," and rescued the county of Armagh from "the mercy of an ungovernable mob." We are perfectly well assured that if Lord Mulgrave and his secretaries were present, as we have been, when the toast of the Diamond was given and responded to, they would hear a statement so much in the spirit of peace and good will—so strongly condemnatory of every thing "lawless and disgraceful"—so thankful for deliverance from a state of things "in which the country was placed at the mercy of an ungovernable mob," that they would acknowledge, in the parties who commemorated the battle, men, whose principles and purposes were such as they have expressed themselves; and would learn that the difference between their respective opinions was occasioned solely by the different media in which the same object was seen—one party looking, directly, at matters, which were seen by his Excellency to disadvantage, through a medium in which they became inverted. We are not defending or apologising for a toast which we never heard given except in good feeling—a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness, and free from the slightest asperity towards any creature that breathes. We are merely noticing our purpose to abstain from the enquiry, as a matter of slight consequence, whether it was given, and to place on record our opi-

nion, that if there was any thing evil to be apprehended from it, the notice and the misrepresentation of the parties who have fixed it before the public are the cause. We turn from the toast, and address ourselves to the Circular.

But, before we enter upon the substance of that remarkable document, we think it right to advert to the circumstances under which the Irish government thought proper, for so many days, to withhold it.

The "Circular," it will be observed, was deferred until August 22nd; and as there are many who might not find, in the wisdom or beauty of the composition, a sufficient explanation of the delay, the Secretary very ingeniously contrived a diversion, by hitching a little enigma into a parenthesis, and insinuating that this interpolated Crux contained a solution for the more apparent difficulty. "Now that the elections are all terminated" is the riddle from which we are to find an answer for "Dublin Castle, August 22nd," the mystery upon which it is attendant. While the elections were in progress, his Excellency would not require gentlemen, on the bare authority of a newspaper paragraph, to detail what may have occurred at a private dinner-table; when "the elections were all terminated" he thought it fit or necessary to set up, *as he has, in Mr. Drummond's letter*, the precedent for instituting such enquiries, or, as we should more properly say, for a revival of the practice.

Now this is all very clear and distinct; but it is not quite satisfactory. The substituted difficulty is a source of much more solicitude than that which it professedly explains. Had we been left to ourselves, we might have accounted for the tardiness of the under secretary's epistle, on grounds which should cause it to be regarded as, at the worst, a mere irregularity. The paragraph in the newspaper might have, for some time, escaped the vigilance of his Excellency's informers. Accident, inadvertence, dilatoriness, for once, misplaced; any, or all of these causes combined, might have served to explain, why an occasion of affronting conservative gentlemen was left for ten days unemployed against them; but the circular, which teaches that such charitable attempts to solve the difficulty of its date, "shall not serve," has instructed us, also, that the compilers of it thought some solution

necessary, and has, thus, imposed upon us the perplexing task of endeavouring to explain the explanation they have offered.

After all our labours, we are forced to confess, we cannot do it. "Now that the elections are all terminated." While they were in progress, it would have been either inconvenient or wrong to propose the question in the circular. As poor Doctor Quail used to say—"the question recurs again." Why would it be inconvenient or wrong? Which of the two would it be? Was it inconvenient? Are we to understand that the faculties of government were so intently busy in the contests which some elections provoked, that such incidents as those noticed in the circular could not be thought of until the elections were all over? Was the government too laboriously engaged to have time for enquiry into the Armagh dinner? Or—was it wrong? Was it either unjust or inexpedient? Unjust? Is it unjust during the season of a general election to require that gentlemen shall betray the confidence of the private dinner-table; and is it only "until all the elections are terminated," that there is injustice in such an inquisition? Can any rule or principle be cited which recognises domestic espionage as a lawful department of the Irish government, at all times, except the period during which elections are in progress? Or was there any thing peculiar in the toast respecting which Mr. Drummond's circular was written, which placed it out of the reach of enquiry until the 22nd of August, and then rendered a scrutiny proper? Was the enquiry inexpedient? Did the advisers of his Excellency think, that while election returns were pending, it would harm more the cause which supports them, to issue official interrogatories respecting a toast at a private dinner, than their gross misrepresentation of the toast could harm their adversaries? And are we to understand by the "Now," &c. that, the result of the election contests having shown them the hopelessness of their condition, they have adopted the desperate resolve to run a muck against all the privileges of our free constitution and all conventional proprieties? "We are weary of conjectures."

So, we are fully persuaded, is our reader. Instead, therefore, of prosecuting questions or conjectures, we shall notice some matters, connected

with the circumstances under which the Secretary's "epistle inquisitory" reached its destination, which we conceive not unworthy of attention.

It appears, from Colonel Verner's reply, that the circular did not reach his country residence until after his departure for London. No doubt, had he been at his seat in Armagh, when he received the official mission, he would have communicated with such of his guests as were likely to have been favoured by the government with a similar attention, and have taken counsel with them how they should reply to a letter for which their habits as gentlemen, and their experience as magistrates, even in these latter days, could not have prepared them. As matters have turned out, we are well pleased that the letter was so timed as to escape the judgment which such a conference might have produced. It provoked the high-minded protest of Mr. Synnot against the principle in which its leading question was conceived; it called forth the frank and soldierly declaration of Sir Thomas Molyneux, the most competent witness now living, that all its important statements were untrue; it brought down upon its contrivers the full exposure and the scornful castigation visited upon them by Colonel Verner; and it rendered all these rebukes the more galling and effective, by causing them to be administered without any other concert or correspondence than that subsisting in the sympathies which bind gentlemen together in a fraternity of honor. But while we notice, thus, the humiliation to which the promoters of an unconstitutional enquiry became subjected by the date of their epistle, we should remember also the protection it afforded them; from the reproof, namely, which, after mutual consultation, the offended magistrates might have felt it their duty to pronounce on all parties engaged in so arbitrary and unprecedented a procedure. We have no authority for saying that the postponement of the circular was designed to ensure such protection. We have no knowledge of Lord Mulgrave, or his advisers, or instruments, to justify us in alleging that any of them could be influenced by so disreputable a motive. But we hold it of essential moment to remind the reader, that the secretary's circular was timed well enough not to find Colonel Verner at home; and we feel it necessary to place upon record the fact, which

should not be left out of consideration in solving the problem of the delay, that the intention of the honorable member to remain, in consequence of domestic reasons, but a very few days in Ireland, was thoroughly known, even before the date of his election, among his friends and acquaintances, both in Dublin and in the country.

Under ordinary circumstances, we would not ascribe so much importance to the date of a letter or the incidents which made it of consequence. For the almost jealous carefulness with which we are disposed to examine the missive now under consideration, we think we have a reason; the reader shall judge whether it is one which he would pronounce sufficient. Upon the private life of the gentleman to whom it was addressed "too late," the Irish government, by, at least, one of its acts, encouraged (whether designedly or not, we have no means of knowing) a system of espial. It is a fact, that a chief constable of police thought proper to report, officially, that a bonfire was lighted at Colonel Verner's door, and that his labourers were regaled with the wholesome beverage of good ale, on a rumour reaching the country, that Lord Grey had resigned office, and that the Duke of Wellington was appointed prime minister. It is a fact, that this incident was reported, not because of any breach of the peace which had sprung out of it, or was apprehended from it, but for the *avowed purpose of proving that Colonel Verner was not a supporter of Lord Grey's government.* It is a fact, which should be told, in order to do the noble lord's government no more than justice, that it does not appear to have rewarded the purveyor of this unconstitutional intelligence. It is a fact, that the neglected official, on submitting certain of his "reports" to a parliamentary committee in 1835, (when Lord Melbourne was in the place of Earl Grey, and Lord Mulgrave was called "Governor of Ireland,") thought it expedient to make public the proofs of his diligence in exploring the private life of Colonel Verner, and de-

tecting his political predilections; and it is a fact, that the individual who had thus distinguished himself by his zeal for Earl Grey, (and, so long as the noble Earl retained office, had found virtue its own reward,) met with a recompense more in the taste of the age from Lord Mulgrave, in his elevation from the condition of a constable of police, to the well-endowed dignity of a stipendiary magistrate. These are all facts; we doubt whether it is creditable to the conservative gentry of either Ireland or England, to have left us the task of disinterring the principal of them from the sepulchral volumes in which they have been these two years buried. They are our justification for being careful, almost to jealousy and suspicion, in examining Mr. Drummond's statepaper. It has been ascertained that the private life of Colonel Verner was subjected to constabulary surveillance; and that the official by whom this delicate duty had been executed, received high promotion from Lord Mulgrave. The circumstances of his advancement were not such as to deter watchful and zealous aspirants from imitating his example. It is certainly not uncharitable to assume, that a government, which would promote bearers of reports like that we have noticed, is not invincibly reluctant to employ them; and it might, accordingly, not be irrational to conjecture, that the under secretary at the castle received his directions to write the circular, when (and not before) the interlocutor of the spies, if there be such an official in existence, had ascertained, that the missive might be safely dispatched, inasmuch as the person most called upon to reply by an effectual rebuke had left, or should have left, the country, before it could overtake him.

Perhaps we have given to this comparatively trivial matter more importance than it deserves. Perhaps we have lessened the weight of things really important by exhibiting them in connection with it. Let the reader, if he please, censure our defects; but let him give the topics exhibited to him

* "As to Colonel Verner's wishes to oppose and embarrass the government, I feel it my duty to state the following circumstance, which I can have proved at any time when called on, and which took place during my absence on duty from this district; namely, that on the night the intelligence reached this part of the country as to Earl Grey's resignation, he (Colonel Verner) assembled the Orangemen of the neighbourhood to celebrate the event AT HIS OWN HOUSE, in front of which he had an immense bonfire erected," &c. &c.—*Report of Captain David Duff. Committee on Orange Lodges. Third Report, p. 123.*

the benefit of his correction. It may be a slight matter that the letter of the under secretary did not bear an earlier date; but it is not a slight matter to find that the government, which advanced to high station the constable who made the private life and opinions of a country gentleman the subject of an official report, is the same which demands of gentlemen assembled at a private dinner-table, that they shall answer questions, such as (within the memory, certainly of living men) no preceding government had been so rash as to propose.—Gentlemen of Ireland, we warn you to be careful in your conversation, and watchful that your most secret concerns and purposes are not treacherously and rudely investigated. We cannot convince you by proofs that you have spies in your household; but when you see that the public money was paid for the time and talents of the stipendiary who exhibited, as the return for his wages, evidence that a certain gentleman, however obedient and respectful he may have been to the laws, *was not favourable to Lord Grey's administration*, you cannot, surely, assign any reason why your opinions, too, may not be explored and denounced. You know that men of mighty influence are of the party which holds no secret sacred if it would promote their views to make it public. You know something of the treacherous artifices by which private letters have been purloined, and of the purposes to which they have been made subservient; and when you see that the government of the country condescends to act in a manner by which men engaged in the most scandalous practices might, however erroneously, imagine themselves countenanced—let the spectacle warn you, that you must become very cautious in whom you will place trust, or, rather, let it warn you to become so circumspect in all your words and actions, that the inventive malice of your most unscrupulous enemies shall seek in vain for an occasion to asperse you.

We have been hurried into this admonition without design, almost without our own observation; but it is written, and we will not blot it out. We repeat, that the conservative gentry of Ireland should persuade themselves that no place is private to them, and should conform to the new necessities of their condition by increased watchfulness and restraint, by not only abstaining as they uniformly have from

every act and observation in itself offensive; but from all such allusions as, because of being imperfectly understood, are more obnoxious to the danger of malicious misrepresentation.

Whether the toast to which the Irish government has been so careful to direct public attention, is one of those matters to which our admonitory strictures should be applied, we need scarcely pronounce an opinion. The spirit by which our publication is informed and pervaded, renders it unnecessary for us to declare, that, while we would have every great deliverance, national and individual, reverently and affectionately commemorated, we would allow of no manifestations designed or calculated to keep alive jealousies which ought to be renounced, or to exasperate acrimonious feelings. Our narrative respecting the Battle of the Diamond must be read, before our opinion, as to the toast, is thoroughly intelligible. But without determining on this matter, we can discuss the conduct of the Irish government.

Lord Mulgrave assumes that the appearance of a paragraph in a newspaper authorises him to enquire into the secrets of a private dinner-table. If his Excellency's assumption be correct, there is no longer any privacy in domestic life. Let it be admitted, that a newspaper assertion, respecting a company or an individual, empowers the functionaries of government to propose questions which may be in their form insulting, and in their drift inquisitorial; and the most retiring individuals or families may, all at once, be dragged into a most painful publicity, and harassed by most vexatious interrogatories. The adoption of such a canon of civil government, would, no doubt, be very profitable to the gentlemen of the press. Whenever the humblest subordinate of a newspaper establishment thinks proper to indulge his spleen, or perhaps to prepare for levying tribute, he has no more to do than to insert in a nook of the paper which neither proprietor nor editor ever observe, some false report respecting a dinner which had already been chronicled in the court intelligence; and, instantly, every individual of the company becomes subjected to the rigors of the government inquisition. We will imagine a case which shall render these apprehensions of ours more easily understood. A paragraph appears, let it be supposed, in the *Pilot* or *Freeman*,

describing, professedly to the credit of Lord C—, or Mr. S—, or Mr. O'C—, the splendor of an entertainment given at the house of one or other of these honorable personages, and adding that a toast such as "the Abolition of Tithes," or "Repeal of the Union," had been given, or a sentiment had been expressed favorable to either of these experiments. In the morning after, such a report is noticed to the Secretary by perhaps the individual who had, for his own vile ends, prepared it—a letter is written according to the formulary of Secretary Drummond—"It appearing in the *Pilot*, &c. &c., I am directed by his Excellency to desire that you will inform him whether it can be possible that you were a party to the approval of a fraudulent or treasonable design which had caused much of the blood of your fellow subjects to be shed, and which had, when attempted to be put in execution, placed large districts of your country at the mercy of an ungovernable mob." We have no doubt, that if his Excellency will direct the files of the Dublin or of any provincial newspapers to be searched, he will discover ample authority for writing such a letter as we have suggested, and this, too, without violating what used to be called the privileges of private society. We wish the advisers of Lord Mulgrave may induce him to adopt our half-insinuated suggestion; it would give us pleasure to comment upon the answers which the new circular would have the effect of eliciting.

But time is too precious to waste upon speculations like these. We must return to our subject. To assume, as Lord Mulgrave does, that a newspaper paragraph authorises him to demand that the secrets of domestic or social life shall be laid open to him, is to assume that he may make such a demand without a newspaper sanction, and to convert the chambers of Dublin Castle, not into whispering galleries, but into the convolutions of a Dyonisian ear, into which the secrets of every saloon in the country shall be poured at his Excellency's bidding. The consequence of such a change, (for surely it is a marvellous change,) in the principle on which our government is to be conducted, will be, if due precautions are not taken, a corresponding alteration in the character of all public functionaries, and a complete separation between the obse-

quious ministers of the Viceroy's will, and the independent gentlemen with whom various officers under the crown have heretofore associated. Every magistrate will henceforth be regarded as a "feeler" for the Mulgrave dynasty—a secret-sucker for the Dominicans of the Castle—and will be rooted out from any society which his parasitic presence tends to render unwholesome. Men of much influence and indirect purposes will cooperate with the tendency to make this change in our social relations, and will employ themselves (not so openly, but far more seriously than we once knew a lively and agreeable person to be engaged in a search for some body "ugly enough to be a governess,") in endeavours to obtain proposals from gentlemen "mean enough to serve as magistrates." If it be required of justices of the peace to betray secrets—not at the command of religious principle—not in obedience to the laws—but at the dictation of any viceroy and his informers, or his instruments—there is no longer any freedom of opinion in private life, nor can honor be found compatible with the duties of employment under the Sovereign.

There is a ground of objection in point of form also to the late Circular, which ought not to be overlooked. We believe the ordinary (certainly the courteous) practice of government, in addressing its interrogatories, is to enquire whether the report which had called for investigation was correct; and if it were, whether a satisfactory explanation could be given. We believe also, that there is no modern instance on record in which this decorous and constitutional form of enquiry has been so flagrantly disregarded, as in the queries addressed to Col. Verner and his guests, in which it is assumed that explanation is impossible, in which too, after a very plain intimation that a certain act would be most disgraceful, magistrates are asked had they been guilty of it. All men know that, in ordinary life, questions which, properly and plainly put, a gentleman will readily answer, by being accompanied with un courteous comments, may be rendered insults to which it is exceedingly mortifying to return a direct reply. We are very sorry to see station abused to the unworthy office of proposing such offensive queries, and cannot avoid complaining that the same courtesy which dictated the inquiry

to Papineau,* on the occasion of his recent insurrectionary resolutions, had not been admitted into council when Mr. Secretary Drummond's letter was constructed. If an enemy wished to degrade the magistracy of Ireland, he could scarcely devise a process more to his purpose, than to let the public see that the Irish government could sanction such a form of interrogatory as that by which they were, we must say, most grossly and most wantonly affronted.

But—to return to the substantial matters of the domiciliary investigation—what will the effect of these things be? How will the circular be followed up? Shall we see Col. Verner deprived of the commission of the peace? If we do, we see a precedent set up for the removal of any incorruptible and high-spirited magistrate. An epistle comes to him, not “from Caprea,” but the Castle, proposing a question to which it is the opinion of every man of honor he should not vouchsafe an answer. He acts as was anticipated from his character; and he is declared unfit to be a magistrate under the government which would make “every Irishman's house” Lord Mulgrave's “castle.” So much for the magistracy existent and expected.

There is another point of view in which the Circular and its consequences may be worthy of a brief regard.

It is well known that the Irish people are represented as susceptible of no impression stronger than of hatred towards the class of persons whom they

call spies and informers. Indeed, so marked is the detestation with which the practices of these obnoxious individuals is regarded, that plans of robbery and assassination have been composedly debated in public rooms, with little apprehension of betrayal. Now, supposing that the magistrates who are deprived of the commission, are those who refuse, as the people would express it, to turn informers against their companions, and that the magisterial bench is henceforth reserved for men whose acceptance of office stamps them as the “stags,” (such is one of the rude names given by the poorer classes to the men who betray secrets for gain or from fear,) of the Lord Lieutenant for the time being, it will be interesting to observe, whether, cherishing old prejudices, the people will form new attachments to the gentlemen with whose feelings they sympathise, or, retaining their ancient friendships, will renounce the prejudices which might shake them, and adopt the maxim which convenience recommends, to keep no secret longer than until legitimate authority requires that it be disclosed. Certainly we must do Lord Mulgrave's advisers this justice—it is not their fault if the people of Ireland continue to think an informer odious.

Are we to praise them for this? We shall be ready to award praise freely when we see our various officials not less alert in the endeavour to detect and prevent what the laws of God and the country pronounce crime, than they are in exploring and discounte-

“ Castle of St. Lewis, Quebec, August 12.

“ * SIR.—The attention of the Governor-in-Chief having lately been called to a report contained in the *Vindicator* newspaper of the 16th of May of the proceedings of a meeting held on the previous day at St. Laurent, in which you are stated to have taken an active part, and where resolutions were passed, some of which distinctly recommend a violation of the laws, I am directed by his Excellency to call upon you, as one holding a commission in the militia, to state whether you were present at that meeting, and concurred in the resolutions there passed; and if so, I am to inquire whether you have any explanation to offer in this matter.—I have, &c.

“ S. WALLCOTT, Civil Secretary.

“ To Hon. L. J. Papineau,
Major of the 3d Battalion Montreal Militia.”

Montreal, August 14, 1837.

SIR.—The pretension of the Governor to question me respecting my conduct at St. Laurent, on the 15th of May last, is an impertinence which I repel with contempt and silence.

“ I, however, take up the pen merely to tell the Governor that it is false that any of the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the county of Montreal, recommended a violation of the laws, as, in his ignorance, he may believe, or as he, at least asserts.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ L. J. PAPINEAU.

“ Samuel Wallcott, Civil Secretary.”

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nancing what they themselves regard as unacceptable opinion. We hear of young lawyers looking up to professional advancement, in these days, as they did in evil times at Rome, by practices of public defamation. We hear of some to whom nature has denied capacity for attaining eminence in the more boisterous department of the trade, addicting themselves to less obtrusive practices, and whispering their way to fortune. We cannot praise the system which encourages arts like these, and which would counsel aspirants to qualify for promotion by becoming incapacitated to live in virtuous society. But if, having once set the tide of secret intelligence flowing, and given encouragement to the practice of public accusation, our government will endeavour to give the motion it has produced a new direction, so as that (not innocent though unwelcome opinions, but) crimes and criminal purposes shall be brought into view, and discouraged, and defeated, we shall be as little niggard of our praise to the present ruler of Ireland, whether he be Lord Mulgrave or Mr. O'Connell, as we should be to Lord Haddington if he were mercifully restored to us.

But as to the "Circular" and its de-

mand. The honorable poverty of our language in terms to denote the varieties of an informer's trade seems to pronounce condemnation upon it. Our opinion is clear. If there had occurred at the Armagh dinner any thing contrary to religion, or to morals, or to law, every guest was bound to decry and denounce it. If the crown or its officers saw ground for instituting a legal enquiry, and thought fit to summon every individual who was present at the dinner as a witness, the summons should be obeyed, and the truth should be fully spoken. If an individual, cognizant of any matter by which law was violated, or the good of society menaced, had been inadvertently left unsummoned, he should feel that duty had a claim upon him, and his testimony too, should be honestly spoken; but if the caprice of a great officer of state, or the pernicious advice of one by whom he is enslaved or duped, dictate a rude question, to which no form of law gives authority, and to which no duty constrains to vouchsafe an answer, it is gratifying to have, among our gentry, individuals who can remember that private life has its privileges, and that those who are best qualified for enjoying or improving them, should be the foremost in their defence.

CHAPTER VI.—THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND.

"A lawless and disgraceful conflict."—*Mr. Drummond.*

"The day Lord Fitzwilliam arrived, peace was proclaimed throughout all Ireland. The day he quitted it, she prepared for insurrection."—*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation—Sir Jonah Barrington.*

"On Lord Fitzwilliam's recall in March, 1795, my father received a new proof of the affection and confidence of the Catholics, by their appointing him, in this precarious situation, to accompany the deputation which they sent to solicit from the monarch the continuance of his Lordship in the administration, and to draw the petition for this purpose, and the address to his Lordship. On the ninth of April following, soon after his return, the trial and death of Jackson took place."—*Life of T. W. Tone, by his Son, Vol. I. p. 123.*

"Mr. Jackson was so pleased with this paper and its author, that he pressed him very strongly to go to France, and enforce in person its contents."—*Pieces of Irish History, by T. A. Emmett.*

"The force necessary may be not more than 20,000, nor less than 10,000 men. Supposing them 10,000—7,000 should land in the west, and having secured and fortified a landing-place, should advance into the middle of the country; at the same time 3,000 should land immediately at the capital, and seize on all the stores, and such persons as might be troublesome. IN THAT EVENT THE NORTH WOULD RISE TO A MAN."—*Statement of the situation of Ireland, found on Jackson's arrest, and written by Theobald Wolfe Tone.*

The above extracts will prepare the reader for such details respecting the battle of the Diamond as we can now submit to him. They show, on authority not to be disputed, that Ireland was, according to the acknowledgments of Sir Jonah Barrington, preparing for insurrection when Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, but they do not countenance the insinuation that, had the noble Earl been permitted to remain, insurrection would have been prevented. On the contrary, they intimate that the Fitzwilliam government would have rendered valuable services to the disaffected, in leaving

them at liberty to extend and strengthen their treasonable organization. Mr. Tone's engagements show pretty clearly what was the condition and prospects of the country, and what were the designs and wishes of his party. He had been engaged to write a statement of the condition of Ireland, for the purpose of inducing France to invade it; this undertaking he had accomplished. He was engaged then, and by parties cognizant of his previous performance, to assist in procuring a restoration of the convenient vice-royalty of Lord Fitzwilliam; the assistance thus required of him, to the best of his ability

he rendered. He was engaged also to enter into personal negotiations with the French authorities, for the purpose of inducing them to send an army into Ireland; and this duty also, at the cost of his life, he discharged zealously. We need, then, little other comment on Sir Jonah Barrington's antithesis, than this—that the peace-proclaimers, who sent Wolfe Tone to bring back Lord Fitzwilliam, were the same parties who employed him, at the same time, to bring in also the armies of republican France.

But these are considerations at present rather out of place. At the fitting time we shall endeavour to do them justice. We must confine ourselves in this chapter to matters connected with the "lawless and disgraceful conflict," in which the Protestants of Armagh had the incivility to defend themselves.

The province of Ulster, according to the testimony cited from Mr. Wolfe Tone, who was rather better acquainted with its condition than Mr. Drummond appears to be with its history, had its treasonable organization so complete, that, in the event of an invasion, it was ready to rise in rebellion "as one man." The Roman Catholics of the province of Ulster were sworn into the fraternity of "Defenders"—very many members of dissenting congregations, as well as some persons belonging to the Established Church, were leagued as United Irishmen,—and considerable numbers from the humbler classes of the dissenters were associated as Peep-of-day-boys. The Peep-of-day-boys and the Defenders were at feud. In due time we hope to satisfy the reader that, in Ireland, contending factions may be subordinate to a common head, and subservient to the same purposes; but, for the present, we shall apply ourselves to facts, not speculations, quoting merely, as we pass along, a single expression, to show how possible it is to believe, that opposite parties in the year 1795 may have professed the same lawless allegiance.

A letter from one of the leaders of the United Irish in Belfast, addressed to Wolfe Tone, after his withdrawal to America, concludes in the following words, vol. i. p. 290: "Neilson has been called away this morning by express, to settle some serious disputes in the county Armagh, between the Peep-of-day-boys and Defenders. C. Teeling has been there before him." This appears very like the language of one who held the wires by which the con-

tending factions could both be moved. Whatever the disputes were which called for a hasty interference, they were the disputes of parties amenable to the authority of the Belfast leaders, or at least susceptible of their influence. The mediators, Teeling and Neilson, it is natural to conclude, were acceptable to both belligerents, having a commission, not to either of them, especially—being sent, not to induce Defenders to desist from strife, or Peep-of-day-boys to "sleep 'till the sun," but to apply themselves to both parties, and to "settle the disputes" between them. The arbitrators to whom this delicate task was confided, were both, not only members of the United Irish Society, but active partizans, (one, indeed, at the head of the rebel military organization,) in the insurrection of 1798. Placing, then, the prediction of Tone, of an extensive rising in the north, in juxta position with the arrangements of the Belfast United Irishmen for appeasing strife between two contending factions, it is a warrantable conjecture to presume, that the enemies of British connection reckoned upon both as constituting sections of the force by which the monarchy was to be overthrown. We feel ourselves pledged to show, at the proper time, that this inference is not a conjecture, but a conclusion. To complete the argument now would be out of place.

When we admitted the correctness of Sir Jonah Barrington's assurance, that, on the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, Ireland prepared for insurrection, the admission was made without prejudice to our counter declaration, that the contrivances of treason, and the preparations for insurrection had not been suspended on the noble Lord's coming.

Mr. T. Emmett was a much more competent witness upon a matter like this, than Sir Jonah Barrington. We give his decisive testimony as to the effect produced by the appointment of the noble Earl to the Vice-royalty in Ireland, and to the nature of the discontent manifested on the occasion of his recall. After speaking of the classes to whom the appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam gave satisfaction, and enumerating among them Roman Catholics, Dissenters, and some liberal members of the Church Establishment, Mr. Emmett proceeds thus:

"The determined republicans, however, and *members of the new organization*, while they favoured the demonstrations

of pleasure, because some internal, temporary alleviations might be gained, regarded the appointment as a mere change of ephemeral politics, which would serve to agitate the ambitious, and interest the unthinking; but the importance of which was soon to vanish before the mightier objects that were rising to occupy the Irish mind. These men also deemed the administration itself eminently suspicious, because it designed, as they alleged, by the popularity of partial measures, to turn public attention from more real grievances, and to excite, if possible, a general approbation of the war with France."—*Pieces of Irish History.*

Such is Mr. Emmett's representation of the sentiments with which Lord Fitzwilliam was welcomed by the party most to be dreaded in Ireland. The mingled feelings with which they regarded the noble Lord's removal, are described by the same unimpeachable witness.

"When the disagreement and its probable consequences were known, grief and consternation seized all who had flattered themselves that the measures of his excellency's administration were to redress the grievances, remove the discontents, and work the salvation of Ireland. *The event was also a subject of regret to those who, though they knew and did not disapprove of the irresistible progress with which men's minds were advancing to ulterior objects, yet wished to pass the intermediate period of expectation under an ameliorated system.* The active republicans and new United Irishmen, however, were not sorry that the fallacy of ill-founded political hopes had been so speedily exposed, and they rejoiced that the agitation and controversies which were springing up, would so entirely engross the attention of their opulent, interested, and ambitious adversaries, as that they and their proceedings would pass unnoticed. They well knew that, in the midst of disputes for power, places, and emoluments, neither the great nor their connexions would condescend to bestow a thought upon despised malcontents, on the advantages of an obscure system. *They, therefore, not unwillingly assisted in keeping the attention of government and of the higher ranks occupied with party contests, and even themselves yielded to that indignation which disinterested spectators naturally feel at the commission of perfidy and injustice.*"

Such are the representations of one thoroughly acquainted with his subject,

on the disputed matter respecting Lord Fitzwilliam's government. With that injudicious experiment, as an occasion for party controversy, we have nothing to do. It was instituted by "Liberal" authority, and interrupted with "Liberal" approbation. Its history is briefly this. The Duke of Portland sold his vote and interest in support of Pitt's foreign policy, for the "consideration" of having his own policy adopted in the government of Ireland. Accordingly, availing himself of the privilege he had purchased, he appointed Lord Fitzwilliam as his Lord Lieutenant; and in about two months afterwards, he "concurred in the vote" of a cabinet council in which he sat, "and submitted to be the official instrument of transmitting the letters, recalling *his second self—his nearest and dearest friend—whom he had persuaded to accept the Irish government—and to whom he had committed the important office of reforming the manifold abuses of that government.*"* The abrupt termination, then, as well as the intrusion of the Fitzwilliam episode into the plans of a government for Ireland, is to be ascribed, altogether to the Duke of Portland and his party. To us the whole affair, although a subject which may naturally awaken painful reflections, is purely historical. Pitt is chargeable with the crime of bartering the vital interests of our country for the support it procured him in maintaining war against regicide France, and the Duke of Portland is to be praised for having the moral courage to recall his nominee from Ireland, before the injury done, by his mal-administration of affairs, had become irreparable.

The disorders which broke out on the departure of the noble Earl, were of a very fearful character, and the purposes and plans which became plainly exhibited caused great and general alarm. Negotiations with the French Directory were brought to light, plans of invasion were known to be in contemplation, and, while emissaries were stimulating France to hazard the sending an army to Ireland, by representations of the eagerness of organized malcontents to receive them, incendiaries were no less active in congregating the Irish people into treasonable societies, and encouraging preparations for revolt, by promising the effectual aid of French auxiliaries. Their endeavours were successful, and,

* Emmett's *Pieces of Irish History*, p. 94. Italics as in the original.

as Mr. Plowden instructs us,* “during the summer the Defenders greatly increased.” In the course of our narrative, on a future occasion, we shall furnish evidence of the activity of the traitors in introducing disaffection into the army, and shall advert to the terrific tumults produced by their endeavours to seduce the military during the summer of 1795; for the present we confine ourselves to the “lawless and disgraceful conflict” to which his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has solicited public attention.

An adequate explanation has never been given of the almost preternatural supineness of the local authorities in the county of Armagh, during the summer of the year 1795, and unless the military, who should be at their command, were so infected with the prevailing treason as not to be trustworthy, the magistrates appear wholly inexcusable.† Emissaries, it is well known, were mischievously busy in enflaming the animosities of the people, and disseminating among them treasonable principles. The visible results of their exertions were such as ought to have excited very general alarm. Illegal oaths were administered, almost without an attempt at concealment, and the country was kept in a state of incessant disorder by feuds artfully fomented between the two principal factions. Papers were circulated denouncing woe, under the form of visions and revelations, against Protestants and their religious ministrations—counter invectives were prepared and sent forth in a similar spirit and language, and, most probably, by the same individuals, against the creed of the Church of Rome—infidel and republican tracts were prepared for those whose appetite was not sufficiently sharp for religious controversy, and were opposed, (not with equal industry or ability,) by recitals of the evils resulting from the anarchical despotism of France Fairs, funerals, weddings, dances, supplied arenas in which acrimonious discussion of these inflammatory topics was often allayed, (and only for the moment,) by blood; and, amid the crimes and dangers in which the law-

less of both parties maintained or propagated their principles, peaceable men were left to defend themselves as they could, as if the magistracy had agreed to let exasperated factions become moderated by the hurt they could inflict upon each other, and had forgotten that there were, exposed to disaster from their outrages, industrious and well-affected men, who rendered true allegiance to the crown, and were entitled to effectual protection.

Before proceeding further, it is just to exonerate one of the “illustrious” of our Gallery from the reproach incurred by this unaccountable supineness, to which his station in the county Armagh would have at one period subjected him. Lord Charlemont had resigned his office of governor. Offended at the conduct of the Irish government, when it had been announced in the Gazette that Lord Gosford was appointed to share in his authority, the distinguished nobleman who had been, in difficult times, the sole governor of the county, and had vindicated his title to the office by the wisdom, and the decision, and the moderation of his conduct, refused to hold a divided empire even with the honorable associate intruded upon him, and resigned. The inhabitants of Armagh appear to have been very much distressed by Lord Charlemont’s virtual deprivation, and to have addressed him in terms by no means complimentary to the government which had caused him to retire.

It is right, when condemning the supineness of the Armagh authorities in the summer of 1795, to remind the reader, that Lord Gosford was at that time governor of the county, and that, in 1788, when Lord Charlemont held the office, he had discharged its duties effectually, hastening to the scene of disorder, when tumults demanded his presence, and suppressing them. We cannot undertake to say what degree of blame, or whether any, attaches to the governor of Armagh for his forbearance in 1795, but at all events we have thought it just to exculpate Lord Charlemont from having a share in it.

It was a strange spectacle to see, in what was termed a civilized part of a

* History, vol. ii. p. 367.

† This mission of malignity was charged by the traitors of the time (and the charge has been repeated by their advocates since) upon the government—we shall have opportunities to show how falsely. It was the tactic of treason in the years preceding 1798, and it is a tactic not obsolete at present, to cover the enormities of the disaffected, by ascribing them to the upright and loyal. We shall have to detail some curious instances of this diabolical artifice.

country governed by law, the subjects, seemingly, of the same sovereign, assembled in thousands, armed and resolved to shed each other's blood. We use the qualifying word in the preceding sentence advisedly, because, of the two contending parties, one was composed, not of real, though refractory subjects, but of rebels sworn and organized to overthrow the monarchy, and dismember the empire. The Defenders were not subjects—they were enemies—enemies of the worst description; traitors—traitors of the worst description, who would compass their guilty ends by means conformable, practising industriously the trade of the assassin, while they waited for the day of open rebellion. We cannot delay upon their history now, but submit to the reader a single testimony to show how little they were entitled to the name which officials of modern times are so duped as to accord to them. Our citation shall be from Theobald Wolfe Tone.

"These men, who are called Defenders, are completely organised on a military plan, divided according to their respective districts, and officered by men chosen by themselves; the principle of their union is implicit obedience to the orders of those whom they have elected for their generals, and whose object is the emancipation of their country, the subversion of English usurpation, and the bettering the condition of the wretched peasantry of Ireland. The oath of their union asserts—**THAT THEY WILL BE FAITHFUL TO THE UNITED NATIONS OF FRANCE AND IRELAND.** I suppose there is no instance of a conspiracy, if a whole people can be said to conspire, which has continued for so many years as this has done, where the secret has been so religiously kept, and where, in so vast a number, so few traitors have been found."

Such were, on this incontrovertible testimony, the Defenders, composed, as we learn on the same authority, "of Catholics only." In June, Mr. Tone informs us, their organization "embraced the whole (Roman Catholic) peasantry of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught. About the same time, owing to arrangements devised towards the end of May, the leaders became enabled to know what wore the numbers at their disposal. And, in July, at the Fair of Loughgall, held on, we believe, the first of the month, the Defenders commenced offensive operations. In the morning of that day large bodies of strangers

were observed entering the town. Many of them were seen during the day, penetrating and passing through the groups occupied in traffic, taking but little interest in the business of the market, but, as was afterwards conjectured, testing, by signs and questions, who was of their party. On a sudden, the Protestants found themselves furiously assailed, and, after making faint resistance, and suffering dreadfully, were driven out of the fair. They rallied, however, and after hard fighting, remained, at night, in possession of the town.

From that day until September 21, the country was "at the mercy of an ungovernable mob." The Defenders, foiled in their open attempt, returned to their ordinary practice of more guarded atrocities. Protestants, if found alone, were beaten or killed; their houses were attacked at night, and, if not well secured, were plundered, and they were subjected, night and day, to an espionage, which, even compared with the elaborate and well-recompensed surveillance of modern times, was no despicable infliction.

The incorrect report of a spy, it is said, occasioned the first engagement at the Diamond. On a Saturday night, in August, some young people, acting as a watch, having posted their sentinels, agreed to pass away the heavy hours in dancing or other amusements. In one of the games, a young man, having appeared enveloped in a sheet, tidings of the circumstances were conveyed to a party of Defenders, accompanied by an explanation that it was designed to burlesque the Mass. They must have been ready for action, for the sentinels speedily gave notice of their approach. The Protestants were not surprised. They were roused in every house, and before an attack could be made upon them, were as well posted as circumstances would admit, on the Diamond Hill. No shot was fired against them during the night, but on the following morning, (Sunday,) they saw the Defenders in considerable force on the neighbouring eminence, Faughard, and immediately became exposed to a heavy fire. After the fight had continued several hours, the Protestants, whose ammunition was failing, although greatly inferior in numbers, hazarded a bold rush against the enemy's position, and the Defenders, acting on system, rather than, as our Roman Catholic informant affirms, from fear,

retreated and left their fort and hill to the bold assailants.

The two parties, however, continued arrayed, and, on the following day, Mr. M'Cann, Sovereign of Armagh, with a strong military force dispersed them, and made some prisoners. The state of preparation in which the Defenders took the field, can be understood from the fact, that there were fifty-six prisoners from their party, on whom there were found fifty-four stand of arms.

The interference of the magistrate on this occasion does not appear to have been attended with any permanent good effect. Crime and disorder increased. It would seem as if the Defenders had not a salutary dread of the military then stationed in Armagh; and, if it appear that the magistracy, without having certain intelligence, were distrustful of them, the abandonment of the country to "the ungovernable mob" which laid it waste, would have received an adequate explanation. We do not pronounce, but content ourselves with reminding the reader of the daring and insidious efforts which were too successfully made, to propagate treasonable sentiments throughout the army.

To return—from the fight in August up to the beginning of the month of September, the Defenders perpetrated their outrages by night; grown bolder with a growing sense of impunity, they soon marched in the open day, broke open houses, and maimed and murdered some unprotected Protestants; their adversaries, the Peep-of-day-boys, were not backward to retaliate; some among them, indeed, it has been said, were little better disposed to spare, and thus the country, by night and by day, was filled with rage and consternation. About the middle of the month it was discovered, suddenly, that the Defenders were encamped—that they had congregated, some thousands, it was said, in number, and that, undiscovered until their work was complete, they had drawn a trench constituting a species of rude fortification around them. The name of the place where this encampment was formed is Aunaghmore. It is but little distant from Portadown, and is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Diamond. The town-land upon which

the camp was pitched, was inhabited, exclusively, by Roman Catholics, and it furnishes, to some extent, a presumption that the Peep-of-day-boys were not intent, when unprovoked, to do their adversaries harm, to find that works and preparations, so extensive as the assemblage and encampment implied, should have been completed in the vicinity of many of them, to their great prejudice, and have wholly escaped their observation.

This circumstance, narrated to us as it was, most unsuspiciously, by individuals who had no thought of the conclusions to which it might lead, and who had never heard of the accusations to which it supplied an exculpatory answer, would have been sufficient (even had we more respect for that enterprising writer's veracity than we have found compatible with a knowledge of his performances) to have shown us the falsehood of one, at least, of Plowden's imputations. In his compulsory acknowledgment, that the Defenders provoked the Battle of the Diamond, he endeavours, by an innuendo, to exhibit the parties who resisted them as aggressors.

"In the neighbourhood of Portadown, the animosity of the opposite parties had taken so decided a turn, *that the Defenders remained under arms for three successive days*, challenging their opponents to fight it out fairly in the field, rather than harass them with murderous nocturnal visits."

Here Plowden confesses, what it was useless to attempt concealing, the open levying of war on the part of the Defenders, and excuses them by the insinuation that the nocturnal outrages of their opponents had goaded them into crime. When we were informed of the manner in which their encampment was prepared, not only without molestation but without observance—that, to all, excepting its contrivers, it was an astonishment as well as an alarm, we felt with how little reason the advocate of the Defenders could represent them as scared by "murderous nocturnal visits."

As soon as it was known that multitudes of armed men were gathered within entrenchments which they had secretly constructed, from which they could (and repeatedly did) sally out to commit depredations on the defence-

less neighbourhood, and, when it was necessary, betake them to their fastness again, the challenge sent out to those whom they had been taught to regard as adversaries, was promptly answered. It is, no doubt, a subject of wonder, that such a challenge, and such an array should have called forth, not the constituted authorities of the country, but men who ought to have been quietly pursuing the occupations of their calling, and who would have been engaged in them, had they obtained the protection to which all the king's subjects were entitled. But so it was. The display of armed multitudes, violating the law by their appearance and their acts, called forth other multitudes of men who felt, that, if they waited for the interposition of a lawful protection to do them right, they might wait until the first act of justice they obtained, was in the form of inquests on their mutilated corpses. Such Peep-of-day-boys as were in the neighbourhood collected, and sheltered themselves as well as they could, on eminences from which the fortification of their enemies was commanded;—a species of rifle warfare was commenced, and, during two successive nights and days, an intermitting fire of musquetry was kept up by the misguided and misgoverned belligerents.

Great terror spread over the face of the country. The timid Roman Catholics and Protestants fled for protection to the towns. The stouter-hearted remained to defend their homes;—and during a period of more than a week, within a range of six miles of the Diamond, every house had some of its inmates who kept a constant watch throughout the day as well as the night. While the affray continued, they could hear, within that distance, the reports of musquetry, by night, in frequent but not general discharges, (as if the videttes of the opposite parties fired to keep their enemies at a distance,) but, as soon as the morning light appeared, it was saluted by a loud volley quickly returned, and repeated from both armies with little intermission until the evening had faded away. It is said, that whenever, after a short pause, or at the commencement or conclusion of the day's battle, the combat was renewed or concluded,

on each side, by a general discharge, it was possible, at the distance of six miles, to distinguish the party who gave fire; and the hearts of Protestants, according to their character, died or burned within them, when they compared the faint report from their friends, with the heavy and artillery-like thunders of the far out-numbering enemy.*

So far as we have proceeded in our narrative, the battle lay between two parties, one, consisting of sworn traitors, the other of loyal, though not perhaps the most orderly subjects; the time was at hand when men of a different character were to take a share in it. As peaceful but resolute Protestants stood together within the hearing of sounds of war, comparing and commenting on the rumors which were thickly and rapidly scattered over the country, they asked each other, was it right that they should leave the few, among whom they had friends, to continue the combat with so disproportionate numbers. They learned that auxiliaries hourly swelled the ranks of the Defenders; should they leave the Protestant side deserted? The result of such conferences was what might have been expected; volunteers from various parts of the country were to be seen hastening to the fight, and it became felt by the challengers, even within their encampment, that they could not long maintain their position. The dangers, too, sure to result from the continuance of a strife which must speedily bring into action the whole population of the country, became manifest; and efforts were made, by individuals of influence on both sides, to procure a suspension of hostilities. These charitable, though somewhat too tardy, efforts, were successful. A meeting was obtained at a house in the Diamond, kept by a man of the name of Winter; a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. — Treaner, appeared on the one side; Mr. Atkinson of Crow Hill, a gentleman remarkable for his personal strength and courage, as well as for other qualities which ensure popular esteem, answered on behalf of the other; and a deed, imitating all proper forms of law, was framed, binding the priest and the Protestant gentleman, as sureties for

* The great superiority in point of numbers on the side of the Defenders is universally admitted; Emmett, and even Plowden confesses it.

the respective parties, on a penalty of fifty pounds,* that peace should be kept strictly, on both sides, for a period, we believe, of some years, but certainly of duration long enough to contain the promise of a tranquil winter.

The truce was proclaimed; and the opposing parties began to disperse. As Mr. Atkinson rode homewards from the congress, where he had been a peace-maker and merciful, *he was waylaid and fired upon.* He escaped unhurt, and said, with his ordinary composure, to some Protestants whom he met a few moments after the attempt on his life, "the truce is proclaimed, boys, but you'll do well, some of ye, to keep for a while within call."

Mr. Emmett shall now take up the history of his party—

"The Defenders were speedily defeated, with the loss of some few killed and left on the field of battle, besides the wounded, whom they carried away. After this, in consequence of the interference of a Catholic priest and of a country gentleman, a truce between both parties was agreed upon, which was, unfortunately violated in less than twenty-four hours. The two bodies that had consented to it, for the most part dispersed; the district, however, in which the battle was fought, being entirely filled with Orangemen, some of them still remained embodied, but the Catholics returned home. In the course of next day, about seven hundred Defenders from Keady, in a remote part of the county, came to the succour of their friends, and ignorant of the armistice, attacked the Orangemen, who were still assembled. The associates of the latter, being on the spot, quickly collected again, and the Defenders were once more routed."†

Mr. Emmett's statement, so far as regards the violation of the truce, is correct. His notice of "Orangemen" is premature. His description of the

violence of the Defenders, altogether inadequate. The attempt to explain the violation of a truce so recently made, is more creditable to his boldness than either his judgment or candor. That a multitude should march for ten miles, through a district inhabited thickly with Roman Catholics, and should not have heard of the most momentous incident of the week; that they should, in the end, enter a village where everything was peace, and commence a war of extermination, all owing to a mistake, is far from probable. It is far, also, from the fact. There was no mistake. On the contrary, a ruse was practised to ensure the success of the renewed attack. Rumors were spread among the Protestants that parties of Defenders were on their march from the adjacent counties and were coming with the most determined purpose of destruction, well armed and in very great numbers. Some Protestants went forward to repulse them, and imagined that, by occupying one or two important passes, they could hold them in check. Owing to this arrangement the village of the Diamond was left vacant for pillage, when the unexpected attack was made upon it. The parties who had taken possession of the passes did not know how they had been duped, until fugitives from the Diamond summoned them to its defence.‡

It is a curious fact, that one, and the most violent of the parties which came to the breaking of the treaty, seemed to be a graft, if one might so say, from southern insurrection. They were distinguished by a uniform of *white* jackets, and were called, from the dress, *Bawning* boys, a corruption perhaps of the Boughilee *Bawn*, or White-boys. This party was most conspicuous for its zeal, and most truculent in its menaces.

"We'll spare," they used to cry, "neither the grey head nor the white; no

* It is a curious fact, and very characteristic of that stubborn regard for justice by which the Northern Protestants are distinguished, that, after all the troubles of the Diamond fight were over, they sturdily insisted on having the priest who had forfeited his bail, debarred the privilege of celebrating Mass in the parish, until he had fulfilled his engagements, or satisfied them of his inability to do so.

† *Pieces of Irish History*, p. 114.

‡ "On the night of September 20," as we have been credibly informed, "the Protestants were again alarmed with the news that the Roman Catholics, east of the river Ban, and those west of the Blackwater, were preparing to cross, and that a large party was on its way from Monaghan. They sent a small party to guard the ferries, which had hardly marched three miles when it was overtaken by express, to say that the Monaghan or White-cross party were destroying houses near the Diamond.

pity for the infant or the old; no pity for body or beast; slaughter and wrecking for every thing English." [i. e. Protestant.]

Of this description were the cries which tradition has retained, as uttered by that very party whose march Mr. Emmett has noticed. Their course, it is said, was memorable *for the first introduction, in the sense it has since borne, of the word "wreck,"* and, for an illustration of the word in the first instance of the outrages it denoted. With that unerring tact which the instinct of perfidy often exhibits, they selected the house of Winter, in which the articles of truce had been signed, as the first which was to be "wrecked." There was no force in sight to make them pause; the fury in their hearts they imparted to the brothers whom they came to aid. Winter's house was assailed with cries that,

"As it would be within an hour, so should the house of every Englishman (Protestant) be within a week; a smoke might be about it, but it should have neither roof nor chimney."

Such were the cries and the purpose with which the Defenders, strengthened and rendered furious by their new auxiliaries, attacked the village and the house where they had recently prayed forbearance, and sworn to be peaceful. This was the assault which provoked the "Battle of the Diamond."

The site of this engagement is a long hill running east and west, of a gradual ascent on the north side, where the Protestants were numerous, and descending rapidly to the south on a district inhabited by Roman Catholics, commanding the two eminences of Ross and Faughard, which were situated on its right and left fronts, (or on its south-east and south-west,) and were separated from each other by a swamp. It is distant about two miles from Loughgal, in a north-eastern direction, and four miles west from Portadown. Covering, as it did, the Protestants of Grange O'Neiland, and commanding the strong-posts of the Roman Catholics, it was of great moment to gain or to recover it. As soon, therefore, as it was made known to the real defenders, that the Diamond was attacked, they detached two small parties to guard the ferries of the rivers Blackwater and Ban, and hastened to make good the position by which alone their families could be defended.

The day on which the conflict took place has been recommended to the remembrance of posterity by its name. It is called "the Running Monday." From all parts of the country men were seen crowding the roads and fields, hastening to the stormed village. The Defenders poured out their swarms; the Peep-of-day-boys hastened to the affray; but on this day Protestants, in general, gave proof that they felt their own best interests at stake, and left their menaced homes, with arms in their hands, under the strong conviction that a war of extermination had commenced against them, and that they must either go to meet the enemy, or abandon their possessions. The result of the struggle was long uncertain. As the danger increased, one after another of the gentry appeared among the sore-pressed Protestants, and gave them courage. We could mention the names of gentlemen, then boys of sixteen years of age, who escaped from their guarded homes, to make, at the Diamond, their first essay of manhood, and who have never since deserted the cause to which, in that scene of peril, they so early devoted themselves. The emergency having become still more alarming, persons of maturer years and graver authority took their place in the ranks of the fighting Protestants; and, as it drew towards evening, scouts could be seen, in various directions, rapidly traversing the country, hastening detachments in aid of each of the contending parties, and bringing in supplies of food and ammunition. We shall select from the store of these collateral incidents of the battle, one which was most memorable for its results, by which some light was thrown upon the purposes and spirit of the conflicting parties, and by which the fortune of the day was decided.

The Defenders, who had made considerable preparations for the hostile encounter, were far better supplied with ammunition than their adversaries; and it was their policy to prolong the combat at a distance, until the fire of the opposing party became silent. With this view, after they had left, and probably dismantled, their original entrenchments at Annaghmore, they selected the place called Faughard, to which, when they were resisted at the Diamond, they betook themselves. It was from this they continued the fight during the morning and afternoon of the 21st. Symptoms, at length, were discerned in the slackening fire of their op-

ponents, that ammunition was becoming scarce, and the courage of the Defenders was proportionally excited. Doubt and apprehension were beginning to spread through the ranks of the less numerous and worse supplied Protestants, and a dread that every thing was lost if their great want remained long unprovided. Late in the afternoon two gentlemen were seen, riding at a fiery pace, their horses covered with foam, into the little village of Moy, and, halting at the door of the only house in which gunpowder was vended. The door was open when they reined in their horses; *before they had sprung to the ground it was closed and barred.* "Knock, you," said one of them, "I go for the key." The knocking, as may be imagined, was ineffectual; not so the key. There was a forge near the shop, and the smith, as well as such other inhabitants of the village as dared appear, was at his door. "Hand me your heaviest sledge," said the gentleman, and, armed with this rude implement, he struck two blows, such as, it is said, there was but one man beside him in the district capable of delivering. To such ungentle constraint the door soon yielded; and, after supplying themselves largely with the material of war, and throwing ample payment for the powder and the burglary, on the counter, they turned the heads of their foaming horses to the seat of battle again, and rode the race thither with unabated rapidity.

The Defenders had been encouraged, by the failing fire of their opponents, to quit the fastness where they had a shelter, and to advance to a closer and more bloody encounter. They were welcomed with a sudden and startling cheer;—it was raised for the arrival of the two riders on their return from Moy, and was repeated when a few score of fire-locks had been charged from the supply obtained at the critical moment;—and, as the Defenders still, though somewhat less spiritedly than at first, marched up towards, or as some say into, the Diamond, a party of the Protestants shouldered their muskets, and (while others were, some distributing powder, and some loading their pieces) stepped out to confront the advancing enemy. Their heavy and fatally directed discharge decided the battle; it checked and routed the Defenders, and, before a second volley was fired, they were rapidly dispersing.

About this time the military, sent

from the fort of Charlemont, made their appearance. They consisted of some companies of the Invalids, and were supported by two pieces of artillery. They had been sent for by the Protestant party, or rather by some of the Protestant gentry, early in the day, but were tardy in their march to the rescue. Some Protestants were on a hill looking out on the flight of the Defenders, when the army appeared. An officer was sent up to them to give notice that the king's troops were at hand, and to deliver the customary orders. "Tell your commander," said one of the combatants, "that he came too late to stop the fight." "And you may tell him, forbye," said another, "that, although we know nothing of discipline, we can shoot *straight*."

Thus ended the Battle of the Diamond. The skirmishes by which it was preceded were contests between two opposing parties. The Diamond fight was a battle between an organized multitude who designed the extermination of all who had not taken their treasonable engagement, and loyal men, compelled to seek, in their own resolution, the protection for life and property which the law did not, and could not, afford them.

Upon these loyal men, accordingly, the reproach of the conflict must abide. Had they given up their country, their houses, and families to pillage and butchery, there would have been no battle. Their adversaries had no desire to provoke one, but, on the contrary, as their conduct proved, would have been as well contented to destroy or plunder where no resistance was attempted, as American Indians, who surprise and massacre a hostile tribe, and hold the glory of the scalps they have won enhanced by the security with which they have been torn from the skulls of enemies murdered in their sleep. The Protestants of Armagh were not sufficiently accommodating; they awoke too soon; and, because the party they overcame consisted of murderers, and truce-breakers, and traitors, some well-instructed adviser of our conciliating viceroy would award to them, agreeably to the principle of Indian heritage, and with the moral weight of Lord Mulgrave's name, the infamy of the men they vanquished.

It may be satisfactory to the sons and daughters of the brave and faithful who are thus calumniated, to remember, that "the lawless and disgraceful

conflict" in which their fathers defended them from brutal violence, was the event also, which, by breaking the strength of treason in the province of Ulster, rendered rebellion unsuccessful. Surely this is a remembrance which should influence them to make slight account of sarcasms, better printed, and of less suspicious authorship than those which issue from Dublin Castle. It is natural that allies and officials of the Repealer should inveigh against an event which, under God, secured the integrity of the empire, and it requires but little reflection to be persuaded, that the reputation of men who were made instruments to save their country, is not harmed by such invectives.

Our tone, upon this subject, may seem to some full of too high promise. We do not fear that, with God's blessing we shall be able to redeem our

pledges expressed and implied. Until the time of performance comes, we would commend to the impartial reader a sentence from the Diary of a writer, not of our party, which, we think, will reward his attention. The following words are to be found among the mottoes prefixed to this chapter:—"The north would rise to a man." From Woulfe Tone, their author, we borrow a conclusion also—"In all this business I do not see one syllable about the North, which astonishes me more than I can express. Are they afraid? HAVE THEY CHANGED THEIR OPINIONS?"

How are these two passages to be reconciled? One was written while the cause of treason was prospering; the other was written after Northern "rebellion had ill-luck," at the Battle of the Diamond.

CHAP. VII.—ALLEGED CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND.

"The immediate consequences of which was, as testified at the time by all the leading men and magistrates of your county, to place that part of the country at the mercy of an ungovernable mob."—*Under Secretary Drummond.*

The real results of the Battle of the Diamond we shall exhibit when our narrative arrives at the institution of the Orange Society. For the present, we confine ourselves to matter suggested by Mr. Drummond's allegation. And, in the first place, we are bold to say, that, seemingly, whatever ground there may be to justify him in his censure of the conflict which he misrepresents, he is wholly without excuse for his attempt to stigmatize "all the leading men and magistrates" of Armagh as witnesses in his favor. We, without the slightest hesitation, pronounce the charge of the gallant secretary, against these gentlemen, groundless and most unjust.

We affirm that no such testimony as he supposes exists, or ever was hazarded. If we are in error it will be easy to disprove our assertion. We stake our reputation on the issue; what the odds are, it is not for us to say, between the *University Magazine* and the Litchfield-Housed Castle of Dublin; nor should we advert to them, but for the purpose of showing how slightly we think of the hazard we encounter, when we cheerfully risk so disproportionate a stake upon the result.

The only meeting of any moment at which the leading men and magistrates of Armagh, assembled at the close of the year 1795, the only meeting, we mean, from which a document

emanated, which could be distorted to the service of Mr. Drummond's purpose, was that which was called by Lord Gosford, in consequence of reports of nocturnal outrages, and was held December 28. To the gentlemen assembled on that occasion the noble Lord Gosford "spoke," as Mr. Plowden informs us, "a written address," which has since been very frequently cited, and has rendered far better service in these days, when the circumstances which served to correct and explain it have been forgotten, than at the time when it was first delivered. The statement made in this celebrated address, and the resolutions adopted at the meeting, described the county Armagh as in a state of disorder, and declared, that the Roman Catholic inhabitants were grievously oppressed by lawless persons unknown, by whom they were threatened with immediate destruction, unless they abandoned their habitations. Such, with a censure passed on the supineness of the magistracy, was the substance of the speech and the resolutions of December 28. Frequent reference, as we have observed, has been made to the proceedings of that day. It was long the fashion to read in them evidence of Orange atrocity. The cross-examination of the present Lord Gosford, before the Committee

on Orange Lodges, has served to abate that nuisance. Henceforth the speech and resolutions of the noble earl's father shall serve to show the state in which Orangeism, at its institution, found the County of Armagh; the history of the succeeding forty years testifies how it has kept it. But "the leading men and magistrates" "testified," on the memorable 28th, (for we are strongly persuaded that it is from some bewildering misconception of this day's proceedings, our Secretary has been influenced to make History pay tribute to his Circular,) to the ill consequences of the fight of the Diamond? They did no such thing. It does not appear that that engagement was named at their meeting. Neither speech nor resolutions contain an allusion to it. Neither speech nor resolutions declare even the length of time during which the county had been "placed at the mercy," as Mr. Drummond affirms, "of an ungovernable mob." On this day, then, no such testimony as the Secretary, in the name of the Lord Lieutenant, professes to cite, was recorded. We call upon him to produce the evidence from which he reasons. We repeat our assurance of his inability to do so: there is not—there never was—any such testimony in existence.

But, although Mr. Drummond was without excuse in ascribing to the magistrates what, he erroneously affirms, they "testified," he may have, not perhaps irrationally, inferred from their testimony the substantial matter of his allegations. Men of lively parts and defective or confined education, are seldom exact in discriminating between their judgments and their perceptions. We must not, therefore, be too severe. If the Secretary can justify his conclusion, and will acknowledge the error into which he was betrayed, we will pardon the confusion he confesses. But we must premise, that we are wholly incapable of deducing the inference on which the "Circular" is to escape censure. It is true, that the testimony on which it professes to rest, acquaints us with the troubles which disordered the county of Armagh; but the absence of all note of time renders it impossible to refer them, as consequences, to the Battle of the Diamond. In truth, that battle itself is one of the troubles to be explained; so is the three days' fight by which it was preceded: so are the outrages by which the county of Armagh, and parts of the neighbouring county were harassed for weeks before

the Defenders had completed their entrenchment. We have shown that "the immediate cause" of the Battle of the Diamond was, what the Secretary, in his gracious and well-considered epistle, describes as its "immediate consequence," and we therefore deny, that the testimony of "all the leading men and magistrates" is liable to his construction, or available for his argument; because, to agree with him, would be to assume that the Battle of the Diamond had produced, as its "immediate consequence," the excesses and the menaces by which it *had been provoked as well as preceded.*"

We do not mean to deny that results of some magnitude, and crimes of a very heinous character followed in the train of that melancholy conflict. This is not the place to trace them out, and to assign their authors. But we cannot conclude even this portion of our subject, without a notice which the case seems to demand, of the circumstances of the county of Armagh, at the close of the year 1795, and the misrepresentation of them in Lord Gosford's speech and resolutions.

The expression employed by Mr. Plowden, that his Lordship "spoke a written address" at the meeting, appears to countenance the rumour which assigns the authorship of the address to one whose name was not directly connected with it. The composition was ascribed to a gentleman of popular and attractive manners; one who could not be charged with a disposition to favor the foul deception he undesignedly promoted, but whose political principles and personal friendships were likely to bias him towards what have since been termed, liberal opinions. He was, we believe, one over whom the speculations, and the wishes of Edmund Burke exercised a strong influence. It is well known, that Burke was very instrumental in effecting those cabinet arrangements, which inflicted Lord Fitzwilliam on Ireland—that he entertained a high respect and esteem for that honorable and misguided nobleman, and felt indignation, as well as regret, at his removal from the country. His admirer and friend, exercising influence over the governor of ungoverned Armagh, preparing for his use the stirring address by which he was to compensate, at the close of the year, for his supineness during the summer and autumn, was likely to receive the rumours of the peasantry with a mind attuned by the magnificent spe-

culations of the great political philosopher, to the generous credulity which accepts sufferings as evidence of wrongs, and to embody his feelings in a composition which ought to have contained only the conclusions of a sound and sober judgment. To us, we confess, it will not seem wonderful, if the "written address" which Lord Gosford "spoke" is, yet, found to have been the composition of Edmund Burke himself, spoiled down to the occasion. Appearing under such circumstances, we are not disposed to attach much weight

to the noble lord's authority. In accusing the magistrates of supineness, we regard him as passing censure on himself; and, while we hear of nothing to exonerate him from the charge of inattention to his duties, during a year of anarchy and disaster, we pay little regard to the statements, which he procured to be written, in order that before December had ended, he might throw upon the magistrates whom he had not urged on or aided in their duty, the blame of his own unexplained neglect, if not misconduct.*

* It is very far from our intention to write disrespectfully of the noble lord. The worst we have ever learned of him has been taught us by the "written address." If Armagh were really in such a state as that address describes it—the governor, much rather than his subordinate magistrates, was disgraced by a most criminal supineness. We do not, however, think so ill of the noble lord as the address represents him. We believe him to have been deceived by artful representations, and to have acted as a generous and just man would act, while under a false persuasion that individuals, whom he should have protected, were cruelly oppressed and persecuted. It appears, that Sir Thomas Molyneux takes the same view of the whole matter which we have been endeavouring to exhibit, and we feel no little gratification in being able to confirm our argument by the authority of this honourable and intelligent soldier and gentleman. The speech to which he alludes must re-appear before us in the course of our narrative, on a future occasion, and we shall have to offer some remarks upon it. We content ourselves for the present, with subjoining those of the gallant General:—

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR THOMAS MOLYNEUX'S LETTER.

"To the Editors of 'The Dublin Evening Packet' and 'The Newry Telegraph.'

"In consequence of the publication of the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, by the Earl of Gosford, in which are embodied a speech delivered by his father, and resolutions thereupon, entered into by a large body of magistrates of this county, 28th of December, 1795, I think it proper to add a few words in corroboration of the statement made by me in my letter to Mr. Drummond, of the 23d of August, 1837.

"In reply to the allegation in Mr. Drummond's letter, that in consequence of the battle of the Diamond, 'this county was placed at the mercy of an ungovernable mob,' I asserted 'that no manner of disturbance took place, at least for the eighteen months that my regiment remained in the district.' Without at all wishing to detract from the high character for honour and veracity, which the late Lord Gosford always held, or from the respectability of the meeting, of which my own father formed a part, I must be permitted to observe, that the speech and resolutions must be taken to refer to the *alarms* which the Roman Catholic part of the population professed to feel, and to the *threats* in which the Protestant party (exasperated by the treachery which led to the Battle of the Diamond) may have indulged. It must be recollected that, in the year 1795, the military performed the duties now assigned to the Constabulary. I commanded the only infantry regiment of the county. If the speech refers to circumstances that actually occurred in the county, it naturally follows that I, who commanded the regiment stationed at Armagh, was in total ignorance of the fact, 'that more than half the inhabitants of this populous county were driven from their homes, deprived, at one blow, of the means as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven, in the midst of an inclement winter, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families, where chance might guide them.'—(*Vide Speech.*)

"If the statement in Mr. Drummond's letter be a just construction of the resolutions entered into by the magistrates, I must believe that the county, from the 21st of September, 1795, to the 28th December, 1795, was at 'the mercy of an ungovernable mob,' whose excesses I was never called upon to quell. I have now before me the orderly book of my regiment, which shall be open to the inspection of any gentleman of either party, who may choose to honor me with a visit. I must premise that, at that time, the parties which were sent out on duty were entitled to a remuneration from the collector, and it was therefore necessary to keep a correct list of the parties,

Time, and more mature experience, influenced many persons to become less credulous respecting the persecutions which were said to have driven innocent Roman Catholics, belonging to the county of Armagh from their menaced habitations. It was a piteous tale to tell of the numbers proscribed and banished, for no reason, as Lord Gosford's written address affirmed, than that they were members of the Church of Rome; and it is not surprising that the pathos of this narrative turned aside the scrutiny which should have been instituted into its truth; but when in time, it began to be observed, that those who were first to fly, had escaped, not from rustic violence, but from the terrors of the law—that some whose crimes had brought discredit on the Protestants, were surprised in the act of outrage, and found to be Roman Catholics and Defenders, that some were detected in the act of posting notices "to hell or Connaught,"

on their own doors, after they had carefully removed everything worth taking away from the deserted abodes; and, finally, when it became known, that the emigrants, who had settled in Connaught,* and who had been received compassionately, and were living in prosperity, gathered at once to the standard of the army of France, the first to welcome the invaders, and the most fierce and cruel of the rebel bands against their recent benefactors—then a change came over men's minds, and they ceased to regard the reports of Protestant persecution with the deep abhorrence they had at first awakened, and to consider the sufferings of Roman Catholics wholly unmerited and unprovoked. We shall have, in due time, to relate incidents by which this change of opinion was effected; we confine ourselves now to one or two particulars to which some observations in these pages have more directly conducted us.

The reader may remember an ex-

the dates of their services, and their respective destinations. This orderly book comprises all the services of the regiment, from the 2d of November, 1795 (about two months previous to the date of the resolutions,) to the 1st of April, 1796, and I subjoin a correct copy of the orderly book, as far as it relates to parties called out in aid of the civil power, during the above period:—

List of Services performed by parties of the 2d battalion of the Rothesay and Caithness Highlanders, Armagh, from the 2d of November, 1795, to 1st April, 1796.

Date.	STRENGTH OF PARTY.						By whose Order.	For what Service.	What service performed.
	Captain.	Lieutenant.	Ensign.	Sergeant.	Corporal.	Drummer.			
1795. 9th Nov.		1		1	2	20	Lord Gosford.	To protect a house.	
26th Nov.				1	1	12	Do.	Hamilton's Bawn-Fair.	
24th Dec.		1		1	2	20	Sovgn. of Armagh	To search for prisoners.	No success.
1796. Jan. 7th.					1	6	Do.	For Rioters.	Took a father and three sons.
Feb. 28th.				1	1	12	Do.	In search of Arms	No success.

"I challenge the whole world to impugn the authenticity of this document, of which the above is an extract. It comprises a period of five months, of the winter of 1795 and spring of 1796. It is perfectly clear, that nothing that could be fairly called a disturbance of the peace of the county, officially came to my knowledge, during that period. With this I leave the question, and

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"THOS. MOLYNEUX.

"Castledillon, 6th September, 1837."

* A Protestant colony from Ulster, had been settled in Connaught, before the arrival of the fugitives. Their introduction of the linen manufacture prepared a market for the labour of the men, whom persecution also was supposed to recommend to general benevolence. The fugitives, true to their character, were enterprising and industrious in propagating falsehoods, by which the reputation of the Protestants of Ulster, and the security of the colony in Connaught, appear to have suffered materially.

tract, which he will find in the preceding chapter, from a letter addressed to Wolfe Tone, by "a united Irish leader in Belfast," informing him that two persons of the highest consideration in the union had been sent into Armagh to settle disputes between Peep-of-Day Boys and Defenders. The feuds to be appeased had occasioned the tumult of which we have written. The date of the letter is September 21—the day on which the Battle of the Diamond was fought;—on the morning of which, the second ambassador of peace had left Belfast for the neighbourhood of Portadown, the scene of conflict. When General Neilson* arrived, it is probable the fight was over. He must have come, at all events, as well as the commander of the king's forces, too late to be of any immediate service. But he might be serviceable after the battle, and we will not do him or his associate, Teeling, the injustice to suppose, that either would return to Belfast, without endeavouring to render his mission as useful as circumstances would permit. Accordingly, we will imagine these two rebel-leaders giving counsel among the Defenders, and will judge how the advice which it would seem wise in them to give, corresponds with the conduct of their party.

The letter, from which we have quoted, informs us, in addition to its notice of Neilson's mission, of three things: 1st, That the co-operation of France was expected; 2d, That the writer thought it desirable to have a semblance of peace maintained, until the foreign aids were ready to ensure success in war; and, 3d, That, owing to the disputes between Peep-of-Day Boys and Defenders, "Armagh had always been a plague to them." In such a state of things, nothing can be clearer, than that "the Union," would consider it a gain to have the disturbed and inflammatory district relieved from men whose presence was a provocative to strife; and, if it could be contrived, that what had been a perpetual blister in Ar-

magh were applied in some place, where, acting on a sluggish disposition, it produced only a wholesome excitement, the benefit would be more than doubled. Both of these gains were effected.—The most intemperate of the Defenders were drained off from Armagh—they were drafted to a part of Ireland where they gave the French troops useful aid upon their landing. So far there is correspondence between the policy by which Neilson and Teeling ought to regulate their counsels, and that by which the Defenders actually shaped their course. Again—if, as the Belfast letter insinuates, the union had influence with both contending factions, the emissaries, studying the preservation or the recovery of their power, ought to accommodate themselves to the temper of the angry Protestants, as well as to the necessities of the Defenders. Having decided, therefore, that some of one party should be removed, they could gain credit with the ultras of the other, by recommending to them a system and subjects of proscription. Here, too, the policy to be adopted, and the plan pursued, appear mutually to coincide. And, as it is obvious, that it would be wise to cover the treachery and violence which provoked the conflict of the Diamond, with charges of Protestant outrage and persecution—it was a ready ruse, to recommend all who fled, to explain their "fitting" in such a manner, as should win compassion to them, and should excite anger and abhorrence against their supposed oppressors. To believe that all these schemes were put in practice, it is only necessary to imagine Neilson and Teeling moderately acquainted with their duties, and willing to discharge them.

We shall have, as we observed, more to say hereafter, on the emigration of Roman Catholics from Armagh. We conclude, for the present, with a strong presumptive proof, that it was effected by means which those who aspersed Protestants as its pro-

* Mr. Neilson—or as Wolfe Tone designates him—"the Jacobin." This gentleman's history is far too important to be confined to a parenthesis, or dismissed in a note. In due time, we shall remember it. He was one of those most active in advancing the military organization of the traitors. He was arrested, while examining the prison in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was confined, with a view to the making an attack on it, on the night when Dublin was to be given up to pillage. He was among those who, in consideration of the intelligence they gave to government, were pardoned, on condition of transporting themselves to another country. He was among those, also, who, for their treacherous practices, in secretly promoting a further insurrection, were imprisoned at Fort St. George. We hope to find a time for his history.

moters would not venture to acknowledge. Exaggerations, which dare not be hazarded any where but in Ireland, were employed to create pity for innocent sufferers, and to arouse indignation against crime. But when it was demanded boldly and perseveringly—who were the sufferers whose wrongs had not been redressed—enterprising and angry philanthropists, who frightened the isle with their declamations, could not venture to ballast their clamors with the weight of a single name.

We have promised an opinion on the propriety of giving the toast respecting which our controversy has arisen, and we will endeavour to keep our word. Circumstances have occurred since the foregoing pages were written which make it more than idle ceremony that we should do so. Colonel Verner has been deprived of his commission of the peace; and it is not altogether irrational to fear that the cause or occasion of his removal may give an interest to the toast which it never possessed before, and may recommend it for adoption, where we believe it has never yet been given—at public dinners or meetings. We implore our Protestant brethren not to let their indignation prevail over their better judgment. We have a strong assurance upon our minds that the high spirited gentleman—who defended the privileges of his private table against an unauthorised invasion, and when he had to choose between recognising the propriety of domiciliary visits or surrendering his office, ceased to be a magistrate that he might assert the right of a British citizen—would not hesitate for an instant to give the satisfaction required, had the information demanded from him

respected the incidents of any public occasion; and, without affecting to pronounce what toasts may have been given at his private dinner, we venture to express a doubt whether at a public dinner he would commemorate the Battle of the Diamond. Our reason for doubting is obvious. It is notorious that Colonel Verner's family has been connected with the Orange Society from its institution to the present day, and has taken a leading part in all its movements; that he was himself admitted a member very shortly after the origin of the society, and so early as to be a party to the construction of its original system. It is also notorious that the day of the Battle of the Diamond was the day on which, after the termination of the conflict, the first Orange lodge was formed; and when the influence of the gallant colonel is taken into account, and it is remembered that the Orangemen of Ireland have never commemorated that event, it is reasonable to doubt the willingness of Colonel Verner to join in any public celebration of it.

We would therefore urge upon our friends, that, when Colonel Verner cannot be said to have ever presided at a public dinner where the Battle of the Diamond was a toast, and when it is notorious that the body of which he was long so distinguished a leader, although instituted on the occasion of that conflict, has ordered no commemoration of it, they will be acting more in the spirit of true Protestantism by imitating the forbearance which characterised the proceedings of their best friends, than by allowing indignation against the despotism of any party or individual to hurry them into intemperance. We perceive that our opinion has been given before we have assigned a reason for it; but it has not

* We were sorry to read the poor special pleading by which Lord Morpeth attempts to fasten a character of publicity on Colonel Verner's dinner. The Lord Chancellor, we observe, has actually pronounced it such. And yet, we are satisfied that, when the noble and learned lord entertained his friends on his return as a representative for College, although speeches and toasts were pronounced at his table, more eloquent perhaps, but certainly not more constitutional or temperate than those reported as having been delivered at Armagh, neither the host, nor any of his guests, would admit that the privileges of a private party had been forfeited. Expressions used at the noble Lord's dinners were freely circulated, some, we think, found their way into public prints; and yet, if the Provost had taken umbrage at any of them, and demanded of Dr. Plunkett, as a gentleman whose name appeared on the books of the University—had any particular toast been given, we are persuaded to think that the noble and learned Lord would have refused to answer. It is the circumstance of the "invitation" which discriminates a private from a public dinner. It is between the giver and the acceptor, a pledge of confidence which no man should be required to violate.

been given rashly. It will be approved by all who take into account the comparative obscurity of the event of which we write, the misrepresentations by which it has been industriously disguised, and the eagerness with which every topic which may promote or engender strife is at this day unscrupulously seized upon. The fame of a success must be fully vindicated before a commemoration of it is desirable; and our respectful advice to the Protestants of Ireland is this, that instead of engaging in celebrations which are sure to be described as equivocal or offensive, they should endeavour to ascertain the truth of every memorable passage in their history, and to confirm it with evidence as enduring and unimpeachable as that which authenticates the renown of the gates of Derry or the passage of the Boyne.

The enemies of the British empire wish to keep Ireland divided into hostile parties. As to the "men of figure" who execute the show work of government, when they are put upon duty which demands knowledge of the country, they really know not what they do. There are subtler spirits abroad who would suppress a true history of the Battle of the Diamond, and would trumpet forth to the world the fact or the surmise of its being toasted at a Protestant dinner. Their wishes explain themselves. The "toast" would irritate where the truth would convince—the one would serve to hold the people in division—the other would draw away from the anti-Anglican ranks all whose presence could do them honor. Therefore we say to the Protestants of Ireland—create as many facilities as you can for making your character and history understood—give your enemies no excuse for saying that you are more ready to irritate than to instruct them. We give our precept the value which example confers, by abstaining from an attempt which we had seriously meditated, to prove the want of respect evinced towards the Roman Catholics of Ireland by those who profess to believe that they must necessarily be offended by the commemoration of an event like the Battle of the Diamond. This we spare our reader, but with a hope that the suggestion we have offered him may profit by our forbearance. Let not the introduction of a system of domiciliary visiting provoke the Protestants of Ireland to the commemoration of

any thing which otherwise they would have left unremembered.

As to what may take place at private meetings, such as Colonel Verner's dinner, it never for a moment entered into our minds to constitute ourselves toast-masters general to the nation. We have had too much experience in the world not to know that private parties will regulate their own proceedings far better than we could; and we well remember the great mischief done on a very memorable occasion when an English clergyman of high name and of the best intentions thought well to remonstrate against a toast in common use with a very distinguished society of his countrymen. We content ourselves therefore with a general observation that these are times when no chamber in which gentlemen meet can be considered closed, and that many an expression used in the gaiety of the best heart, and in accordance with the most benevolent purpose, is capable of being misrepresented, and, by being divested of all the adjuncts from which its real character was derived, may be exhibited, as something in its nature exclusive and intolerant. The charge, our friends may rest assured, will often be made where the justification cannot follow; And, as in the instance of the domiciliary circular, a question may be so insultingly framed as to render it difficult, if not impossible, for a man of high spirit to return a conciliatory answer.

But, the matter of most consequence is—the course which the magistrates of Ireland should adopt with reference to Colonel Verner's dismissal. And in the first place, we earnestly urge this.—LET NO MAGISTRATE RESIGN. Whatever they may *do*, let them in this instance eschew "resignation." There is a party in the country to which, evidently, it would be a matter of great value, that the local administration of justice should be separated from the possession of property. Therefore we say—let no color be given for withdrawing the commission of the peace from the gentry of the country. But, we would respectfully suggest—let an address to her Majesty, as well as petitions to Lords and Commons, be prepared from such justices of the peace as are of opinion that it ought not to be required of them to act as spies upon friends whom they invite to dinner, or upon the host whose hospitality they have accepted;—let the petition

be, then, open to all, of whatever religious or political party they may be, who think that private life and social intercourse have confidences which ought not to be rudely or treacherously invaded; and we confidently predict that the signatures to the petition will be numerous and varied beyond Lord Mulgrave's fears, and equal to the expectations of old Irish gentlemen. We defy any man of candour to peruse the correspondence in our Memoranda, without coming to the conclusion that there was cruelly unprecedented exercised against unoffending gentlemen, and that principles full of evil have been acknowledged by the functionaries of government. And we think we could name supporters of Lord Mulgrave's policy—who will burn

with honest indignation as they read the rules which he has laid down for the management of the state engine at present confided to him.

We must conclude. Let it be borne in mind that the question to be solved by the conduct of our magistrates is of no party or creed—it is simply a question whether, in Ireland, justices of the peace shall be so far indulged by the government—that they may retain the feelings of gentlemen. They have been placed, we must tell them, on their trial. On the manner in which they comport themselves, it will depend, whether England pronounces them worthy to retain their rank among her gentry, or declares them base enough for the vile uses to which Lord Mulgrave's masters would employ them.

MEMORANDA FROM OUR TABLETS OF THE MONTH.

THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND.

On the 7th of August Colonel Verner entertained at dinner several of his friends and supporters in Armagh. Among other toasts proposed, or said to be proposed at this dinner, was, "The Battle of the Diamond." An account of the proceedings having appeared in the Newry Telegraph, the following Circular was addressed by the government to three magistrates, who were mentioned as being present:—

"Dublin Castle, August 22, 1837.

"SIR,—It appearing in the Newry Telegraph of the 10th instant, that at an election dinner given by you on the 7th instant, one of the toasts was, 'the Battle of the Diamond,' I am directed by his Excellency, now that the elections are all terminated, to desire that you will inform him whether it can be possible that you were thus a party to the commemoration of a lawless and most disgraceful conflict, in which much of the blood of your fellow-subjects was spilt, and the immediate consequence of which was, as was testified at the time by all the leading men and magistrates of your county, to place that part of the country at the mercy of an ungovernable mob.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"T. DRUMMOND."

To this Circular the following replies have been given:—

"Castledillon, Armagh, August 23, 1837.

"SIR—I had the honour of yours of the 22d instant, and I beg leave to state, for the information of his Excellency the

Lord Lieutenant, that I was not present when the toast you mention—"the Battle of the Diamond"—was drunk at Colonel Verner's dinner (if it was given), and am not in the habit of drinking toasts commemorative of the civil discord of my country.

"And I beg you will further state, for the information of his Excellency, that I believe he has received a very erroneous statement of the circumstances under which the above conflict took place, as it was totally caused by the hostile incursion of a band of Roman Catholics, who came over the Blackwater, from the county of Monaghan, and the counties to the west of it, for the purpose of attacking the peaceable inhabitants of this county, who were fortunately met and repulsed by a very small body of yeomen, at a place called 'the Diamond.'

"I am convinced there is no man living knows more of the transaction than I do myself, as I was then in command of a Highland regiment, which was ordered from Blaris Camp into this county the day after the affray took place, and I can confidently assert that no manner of disturbance took place afterwards, at least for the eighteen months that my regiment remained in the district.—I am, &c.

"THOMAS MOLYNEUX.

"T. Drummond, Esq. Dublin Castle."

"Ballymoyer, August 26.

"SIR—I have received your letter, stating that my name appears in a newspaper, as present at a dinner when a toast was given, which has called forth the disapprobation of the Lord Lieutenant.—

Without entering into either the practice of demanding from a gentleman a disclosure of the proceedings of a private party, or expressing any opinion as to the toast mentioned, I hereby beg leave to say, that I was not present when it was proposed.

"I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

" MARCUS SYNNOT."

" Carlton Club, London, 29th August, 1837.

" SIR—I have received a letter dated August 22, bearing your signature, and enquiring of me, by the direction of his Excellency, 'Whether it is possible that I was a party to the commemoration of a lawless and most disgraceful conflict, in which much of the blood of my fellow-subjects was spilt, and the immediate consequence of which was, as testified at the time by all the leading men and magistrates of my county, to place that part of the country at the mercy of an ungovernable mob.'

"I am disposed to think that when you put a question in a form like this, you can hardly expect, on cool reflection, that I should condescend to answer it—at least, I would imagine you could expect no other answer than one, which I hold superfluous, namely—that I am not capable of being a party to the commemoration of anything lawless and disgraceful. I would request, if I am ever again to be favoured by a question which you are directed to propose, that it may be expressed in terms better calculated to invite an answer, and more likely also to be understood. I must say that your letter does not appear to me very intelligible.

"His Excellency seems to assume that the appearance of a statement in a public newspaper authorises a call upon me, to contradict or confirm it. I do not feel myself at liberty to do either. I had the honour to entertain several of my friends at dinner on the day to which your letter refers. I am bold to affirm that at that entertainment nothing took place which loyal and honourable men would hesitate to avow. Most frankly—but I speak, I am confident, the sentiments of my friends and of every gentleman whose freedom is not restrained by official station, when I say, that a question like that in your letter ought not to be proposed to me, and that I am bound to decline replying to it.

"But, Sir, while I refuse to enter into newspaper controversy respecting the conversations at my private table, I invite you to institute what seems more directly the duty of the Irish government—an enquiry into matter which may properly be submitted for investigation.

"On the morning of the day to which you refer, I addressed the electors of Armagh from the hustings. This was a public proceeding, one for which I am answerable, which I am ready to explain.—Of my speech the Dublin Evening Post gives the following representation:—'Colonel Verner got up, and for an hour spoke in such a manner as to inflame the minds of the Catholics, if any had been present.'

"I pronounce this representation false and slanderous, and, if it be the truth that this journal is the organ of the Irish government, I feel myself justified in demanding that an inquiry shall be instituted into the practices of its organ, and that if they are found to be alike malicious and untrue, it should be no longer favoured.

"Upon the various misrepresentations—unintentional, I have no doubt—which your letter contains, I have no desire to comment. I feel it necessary only to assure you, that of all the conflicts, and they are unhappily numerous, which took place at any of the various places called by the name of Diamond, in the county of Armagh, there is none to which your description is in the least degree applicable; but you have only shared in the misconceptions respecting the history of Ireland, with which Irish officials in various departments are not now ashamed to confess themselves chargeable.

"I have nothing further to observe, except that your letter did not arrive at Churchill until I had left for London, otherwise I should not have had to explain the delay of my reply.

"I have the honour to remain, your very obedient servant,

" WILLIAM VERNER.

"To T. Drummond, Esq. &c. &c. &c.
Castle Dublin.

To the letter of Colonel Verner, the following is Lord Morpeth's reply:—

"Dublin Castle, September 5th, 1837.

"SIR—I have had the honour of submitting to the Lord Lieutenant your letter of the 29th ult.

"His Excellency regrets that you should have had any difficulty in understanding the letter addressed to you on the 22d of August. But for such an assurance his Excellency would not have supposed that the unsatisfactory nature of your answer could, in any degree, have been ascribed to that cause.

"As a magistrate appointed to administer justice between her Majesty's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects, his Excellency desired that you should be called upon to state whether, at an elec-

tion dinner, of which an account appeared at length in a public paper, you had proposed, or been a party to the proposal of, a toast commemorative of a sanguinary feud between the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Armagh. By whom, or to whom that dinner was given—on what occasion, or in what place—his Excellency considers a matter of comparative indifference; but as head of the executive government in Ireland, it concerns him to know whether you and other gentlemen in the commission held up such an event as that known by the name of ‘the Battle of the Diamond’ as one deserving of being commemorated.

“You profess yourself unable to recognise the conflict alluded to under the above title, by reason of the many such conflicts which have unhappily occurred in the county of Armagh, at places called by the name of Diamond. If his Excellency could have anticipated that you would have experienced, from this cause, any difficulty in replying to the question addressed to you, he would have referred you to your own evidence, published in the report of the committee on Orange Lodges in Ireland, and more especially to the following question and answer—No. 92:—

“Question—‘The battle of Diamond Hill took place the 21st of September, 1795—did it not?’

“Answer—‘It did.’

“His Excellency need scarcely observe, that the number of such conflicts does not render the commemoration of one or more of them less objectionable, or make it less imperative on him to ascertain the fact of magistrates having joined in such a proceeding.

“On account of the long-continued and bitter animosities springing from religious differences, which have disturbed the good order of society, and led to the most lamentable consequences, especially in the county of Armagh, the legislature has declared certain acts to be penal in Ireland, which, in other parts of the empire, are not only not punishable, but not blameable, because perfectly harmless. If an assemblage of persons, even less in number than those who were present at the election dinner in question, should walk in procession through the streets, bearing party emblems or playing party tunes, they would thereby subject themselves to the punishment of the law; and it may be known to you, that many have suffered imprisonment, and many are at this moment amenable to the law for no greater offence.

“The peasant thus offending is, in his Excellency’s opinion, less culpable than the man of station and education who, on

an occasion to which publicity is given through the public press, celebrates a lawless action arising out of the civil discords of his country, in which the lives of many of his countrymen were lost, as an event, the remembrance of which it is desirable to perpetuate with honour.

“The former offends against a positive enactment; the latter, keeping within the letter, violates the spirit of the law, counteracts the object and intention of the legislature, and thwarts the exertions of the government to carry them into effect.

“If you and other gentlemen had not seemed to question the proposition, his Excellency would have considered it too obvious and incontrovertible to require it to be stated, that if any meeting of persons is held—no matter under what circumstances of apparent privacy—and if such persons take steps to permit, or do not take steps to prevent, publicity being given to their opinions and proceedings, they are as fully and justly answerable for whatever effect these may have, or may be calculated to have, on the well-being of society, as if such meeting had been held with open doors, or in the open air.

“But that is a question which does not arise in the present case. The meeting to which his Excellency drew your attention was, in every respect, public, and not private. It was attended by every circumstance which distinguishes a public from a private meeting. It was a dinner given at a public hotel, on the occasion of a public election, to celebrate a public event; public toasts were given, and political speeches made, as usual at public dinners; the entire proceedings were reported in detail, in a public newspaper, as public intelligence. The newspaper which first reported the proceedings, was not one likely to misrepresent what had happened to your prejudice. Conceiving the occurrence reported to be such that a participation in it would disqualify you, and others invested with the powers of a magistrate, from beneficially exercising your authority, and would naturally and deservedly cause your fellow-subjects of the Roman Catholic creed to withdraw their confidence in your administration of justice, his Excellency, in the exercise of his bounden duty, called on you and them to state whether the report was correct.

“It is the invariable practice when any representation is made to the government affecting the character or usefulness of a magistrate or public officer, for whose appointment or continuance the executive government is responsible, to communicate such representation to him, before any proceedings are taken thereon, that he may have an opportunity of explaining or disavowing the statements made to his

prejudice. That course was followed in the present instance, and his Excellency conceives that he had a right to expect a distinct and unequivocal avowal or disavowal of your having been a party to the proceedings in question, or a satisfactory explanation that the nature and tendency of the proceeding did not deserve the character imputed to it.

"His Excellency deems the public considerations dependent upon this transaction to be of such importance, that he is less inclined to remark upon the extraordinary tone in which your whole letter is written, considering that it is an answer to an official communication addressed by direction of her Majesty's representative to a gentleman holding the commission of the peace, and requiring an explanation of his conduct.

"Upon a full consideration of the case, his Excellency will deem it expedient to recommend to the Lord Chancellor, that you should not be included in the new commission of the peace about to be issued; and will also direct your name to be omitted from the revised list of Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Tyrone.—I have, &c.

(Signed)

"MORFETH."

This communication was speedily followed by another from the Lord Chancellor:—

"September 7, 1837.

"SIR—In consequence of a communication made to me by the desire of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, enclosing copies of a correspondence between the executive government and yourself, relative to the occurrences at a public dinner, given on the occasion of your return as a representative in parliament for the county of Armagh, I think it my duty to inform you, that I cannot include your name in the warrant for the new commission of magistrates for that county. I think it right to state, that I entirely concur in the opinion which has been formed by his Excellency.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"PLUNKET, C.

"Colonel Verner, M.P. &c."

ANSWER.

"London, 12th September, 1837.

"MY LORD—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th instant, which bears the post mark of Ballinrobe, and having been redirected from my residence in Armagh, has, in consequence, but this moment reached me, announcing to me that it is not your intention to include my name in the warrant for the new commission of magistrates for the county of Armagh. I should not have felt myself called on to notice that communication, but that (in your Lordship's haste, I presume, to mark your sense of the enormity of my magisterial delinquency, in having ventured to give a toast, which, proposed under the circumstances, and in the spirit in which it was, by me, could not be considered objectionable by any of her Majesty's loyal subjects, or in having presumed as an independent country gentleman, holding the commission of the peace, to question the right of the Lord Lieutenant, first, to put his own offensive and mistaken construction on that toast, and then to impute to me that I had proposed the toast in that sense,) your lordship has fallen into a mistake in supposing that I am a magistrate of the county of Armagh; I have, for some time, ceased to be one; but I am happy to inform you that I am a magistrate of the county of Tyrone, as that will afford your Lordship an opportunity of doing me the honour of removing me from that situation—sincerely assuring your Lordship, that, although I have now, for upwards of thirty years, held the commission of the peace, without an imputation on my character or conduct, I cannot regret the no longer holding any office under the Irish government, constituted and conducted as that government is at present.

"I have the honour to be, your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,

"WILLIAM VERNER.

"The Right Hon. Lord Plunkett, Lord Chancellor, &c. &c. &c.

THE O'CONNELL POLICE.

From the Carlow Sentinel, a provincial journal of the highest character, we take the following account of the loyalty of those who are now admitted into the police:—

"The best proof of the moral unfitness of such men to fill the office of constable may be seen from one fact, which we set forth on the best authority. A few weeks since, some men duly appointed at

head quarters, arrived at Goresbridge from Cashel, to be enrolled among the revenue police—a fine and efficient corps, who render great service by protecting the trade of the country. On the southern 'policemen' being called on to take the oath of allegiance to our most gracious Queen, they laid down the book and peremptorily refused to take the oath, and having done so, they deliberately left the office and returned home, to the astonishment of all

who witnessed this manifestation of disloyalty. There is no doubt but these were Ribbonmen, who could not take the oath, after having previously sworn fealty to another monarch, and bound themselves to extirpate Protestantism. If the government will inquire into this fact, they will find it strictly true; and if so, what a picture does not this present to our view.

Here were Ribbonmen duly 'appointed, to serve the Queen, and who, but for the accidental discovery of their principles, would be enrolled on the revenue police staff, and would receive the pay of her Majesty to propagate sedition, and sow the seeds of disloyalty among the peasantry.

GOVERNMENT PARTIALITY.—MR. GUINNESS AND MR. HECTOR.

September 8th.—The Gazette of this date offers a reward of 80l. for the conviction of "sixteen men who, on the evening of the 3rd instant, walked into the Royal Canal Company's store yard, and broke eight half barrels, two full barrels, and one hogshead of porter, belonging to Mr. Guinness, brewer."

The combination against Mr. Guinness is perhaps the most extraordinary occurrence on record, even in the annals of Irish election. The vote of this gentleman at the city election was visited by penalties of the heaviest description.—His porter was at once proscribed from every radical tavern—instances were brought before the magistrates in which persons were maltreated merely for the crime of asking for it. But this was not all. His draymen were attacked and beaten in the streets, and the porter which they carried spilled. A conspiracy was evidently formed to ruin the firm of which he is the head. In the case of one less wealthy and less established, the conspiracy must have worked its end. But while force and violence were unscrupulously employed to forward the objects of the conspiracy that thus avenged the vote given against the government candidates, Lord Mulgrave does not interfere to protect the property of the injured individuals—until even the radical journals had repeatedly declared that the violence of the conspirators was injuring their own cause—until the remonstrances of the Protestant press had effectually excited public alarm—until the fury of the conspirators was beginning to exhaust

itself—when the tardy carefulness of his Excellency offers for the punishment of one of the outrages a reward of 80l.

Sometime previous a reward of 100l. was offered for the discovery of persons engaged in a far less flagrant outrage on the property of Mr. Hector in the fisheries of Donegal. Some nets were destroyed by the peasantry in consequence of a dispute as to the right of fishery—the mob imagining, probably, that under Lord Mulgrave they might, with all propriety, take the law into their own hands. If we are to judge of Lord Mulgrave's anxiety to punish a crime by the reward he offers for its detection—we may calculate that 70 per cent. is detracted from its enormity when it is committed to punish a vote against Mr. O'Connell.

But perhaps the following is the most extraordinary of all the extraordinary proclamations on the subject.—

From the Gazette of Tuesday.

"*Dublin Castle, September 16.*—On the 14th instant, John Noonan, who was conveying from the brewery of Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Sons and Co., four puncheons of yeast to Longford, was attacked on the Cabra road (not far from Dublin) by six men, all armed but one, who carried a sledge, with which he stove in the heads of the several casks, and that one of the party presented a blunderbuss at the breast of the said Noonan. His Excellency, for the better apprehending and bringing to justice the perpetrators of this outrage, is pleased hereby to offer a FREE PARDON, &c."

"Wonderful munificence!!"

FREEDOM OF ELECTION IN SLIGO.

August 29th.—The Gazette of this date contains a proclamation stating that—

"August 26, 1837.—As two men Thomas M'Kenzie, of Tubercurry, and Thomas Allen, of Oaghone, both in the

parish of Achonry, in the county of Sligo, were recently proceeding with a freeholder to the election of Sligo, they were attacked and severely beaten by a large party at Cloonacool, in said parish, and afterwards brought into the mountains, where they were kept in confine-

ment until the night of the 19th instant, and that from the effects of said beating Thomas Allen died on the 20th instant."

And offering for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage the reward of £50. The real character of this inhuman transaction could scarcely be guessed at from the statement in the Gazette, certainly never inferred from the sum offered as the reward. We shall therefore take the liberty of filling up the meagreness of the Viceregal sketch with the particulars of a murder beside the barbarity of which the acts of savage nations become mercy itself.

Lord Mulgrave does not state that the individuals severely beaten and kept in confinement were Protestants; although in other proclamations he has thought it right to mark out the religion of the parties assailed; he does not state that the victims were on their way to vote against the government candidate when the friends of the government so gently detained them. He merely insinuates that they were "kept in confinement!"—kept in confinement!! The reader might imagine it to be a durance as harmless as that in which our peasantry sometimes were wont to retain the gauger until the time for the prosecution was past. Let us reveal the secrets of the prison house. The *Mayo Constitution* gives the true account of the confinement—

"As two Protestants, named Allen and M'Kenzie, were proceeding by a mountain road to Sligo to vote, they were seized upon by a large mob, who were evidently on the watch for them and others of their description. After beating the two men in a most inhuman manner, breaking one of their arms, and inflicting other desperate injuries upon them, they dragged them to a lonely part of the mountain, where they tied them in such a way as that they could not move hand or foot, and having blindfolded them, left them in that terrible situation far from the haunts of men, or the reach of assistance. There the unfortunate men remained SIX DAYS, exposed to cold and hunger, and suffering under the savage treatment they had received at the hands of their assailants. At the expiration of that period they were discovered by their friends."

This is the harmless amusement which Lord Mulgrave designates as keeping men in confinement; and for which he offers £50! for the discovery

of the perpetrators. The following additional particulars we take from the *Sligo Journal*:—

"It appears that during the late contested election for this county, the deceased (Allen) and his companion, M'Kenzie, were sent on a jaunting car to the neighbourhood of Cloonlacoole, in the barony of Liney; they were met by a mob not far from that village, who dragged them off the car, beat them severely, bound them with cords, and so led them to an out-house in the village, where they tied bags or sacks over their eyes, and conveyed them from thence thus blindfolded into the mountains; when there, they were treated with the most fiend-like barbarity; they were repeatedly beaten with cudgels, and wounded, and bleeding thrown into a hole dug in the mountain, made purposely narrow at the entrance, and widened inside. Here the unfortunate sufferers lay bound and blindfolded. At one time, in the heavy rain, the pit having filled with water, they narrowly escaped being drowned, which would have been to them a happy release indeed. After some time they were carried to a hut, where they were left without food or drink. When in this state, a poor man who had been acquainted with M'Kenzie, came (unknown to the savages), and with the feelings of a Christian, unloosed their bonds, took the bags from their eyes, and carried them one after the other on his back to his own house (for they were unable to walk,) and gave them warm milk and an egg. Allen's stomach could not retain the food. They were traced and taken off again at midnight, and after six days and nights of inhuman treatment, such as would disgrace the Inquisition in the days of its greatest cruelty, the inhuman ruffians conveyed both on horseback, each supported by two men, to M'Kenzie's house, opposite the church of Tubbercurry. Allen died next morning. Our correspondent writes—'I saw his remains—the most sickening sight I ever beheld; his widow pulled the clothes off his legs—they were both marked at the ankles with the cords—the skin all off—the legs discoloured, and as it appeared to me in a state of mortification. Mrs. Allen told me that the calf of one of them fell off rotten when she was washing the corpse. I sickened at the recollection of the scene; there were some actors in the tragedy who are known, and who, I trust in a merciful God, will be brought to justice.' An inquest was held on the body of Allen at Tubbercurry, and a verdict returned 'that deceased came to his death

by wounds inflicted on his body by some persons as yet unknown."

September 23rd.—An investigation before the magistrates has fully borne out the statement we have quoted; it seems to connect a clergyman of the Roman Catholic church in this horrible affair. Our readers will, we trust, appreciate the motives which induce us to make no further allusion to a case

which must, we suppose, come before a court of justice.

The accounts from the counties of Sligo and Longford are really fearful. The men who presume to work for the voters in the Protestant interest are beaten by mobs. "The country is at the mercy (?) of an ungovernable mob."

STAR-CHAMBER PROCEEDINGS AT CARLOW.

An incident occurred at the late Carlow election, which has given rise to a course of proceeding on the part of his Excellency, the most extraordinary, perhaps, which it has ever been our lot to record.

During the election, an attack was made upon some freeholders entering the town. Captain Vignolles, the resident magistrate of police, exerted himself to arrest the person leading the attack; and being himself placed in circumstances of some danger, he called on chief constable Gleeson to protect him; and on that officer shewing some reluctance to interfere, he seized on that gentleman's sword, and used it in self-defence. Some barristers of the Association, who were acting the part, we believe, of spies in the town, had a memorial forwarded to Lord Mulgrave, praying for enquiry into the conduct of Captain Vignolles. Two gentlemen were sent down, who held an enquiry with closed doors. The result of this was, that both Captain Vignolles and chief constable Gleeson were removed from the county Carlow, and still more strange than this, chief constable Fitzgibbon, whose only crime was that he gave evidence on the investigation, is made a sharer in the same punishment.

This proceeding has excited the surprise and reproof of all parties. We print the only document which can throw light upon the mystery—the minute declaring his Excellency's sentence:—

"His Excellency, having had under his consideration the report of Mr. Green and Major Holmes, appointed to conduct the investigation into the charge preferred by Captain Vignolles against Captain Gleeson, and the counter charges advanced by Captain Gleeson against Captain Vignolles—and having also examined the evidence for and against these charges, has come to the following decision, with respect to Captain Gleeson:—
• That Captain Gleeson acted most im-

properly in not voluntarily coming forward to aid a magistrate when endeavouring to take into custody an individual committing a breach of the peace, and that the impropriety of his conduct is increased by his having, when distinctly called upon by the magistrate, refused his own assistance, and that of the men under his command, to enforce the authority and protect the person of the magistrate. If Captain Vignolles was endeavouring to effect such arrest either with unnecessary violence, or contrary to law, he was responsible for the illegal or improper exercise of his powers; and although his Excellency does not wish it to be understood that an officer of the constabulary is bound under all circumstances to yield implicit obedience to a magistrate, yet the former ought to be very sure of the grounds on which he refuses to support the authority of the latter. On the present occasion there may have been a want of temper, and even uncalled-for violence, on the part of those from whom greater forbearance is expected, but his Excellency cannot discover any sufficient reason to justify Captain Gleeson's refusal, or palliate the language and manner in which that refusal was couched. On the contrary, his Excellency considers that by so doing, he had formed a very erroneous notion of the obligations which his office imposes on him, and gave a bad example to the men under his command.

"With respect to Captain Vignolles—His Excellency regrets to observe in the conduct of Captain Vignolles, on this and a former occasion, a want of the temper and self-command so essential to the beneficial discharge of the office of a magistrate. He has exhibited a proneness to resort to force, which generally indicates an absence of that moral influence, which seldom fails to attend the temperate and judicious exercise of authority.

"The occasions are rare on which a magistrate is required to act as a constable; and, in the present instance, Captain Vignolles should have desired the constabulary to arrest the individual, whom he conceived to be committing a breach of the peace, without attempting

to do so with his own hands. If the constabulary had refused, they would have incurred a heavy responsibility, and his conduct would have been more becoming the office which he holds.

"In attempting to arrest Captain Gleeson's sword from him, Captain Vignoles behaved in a manner altogether unjustifiable.

"His Excellency deeply regrets the necessity imposed on him of thus remarking on the conduct of a public officer, who has rendered good service on several important occasions, and has justly received the commendations of the government; but his Excellency trusts that this occurrence will lead Captain Vignoles to reflect more calmly on the nature of his office, and to take a more correct view of the manner in which its duties should be performed.

"His Excellency directs that Captain Vignoles and Captain Gleeson shall be strongly admonished as to their future conduct—that they shall not be again employed in the county, and that both shall be removed from the county Carlow."

Thus, the officer who quelled a riot at the risk of his life is punished—the very same punishment is inflicted on another, who, in the face of an excited mob, disobeyed the orders of his superior, and declined to interfere to preserve the peace—and a third person, who only is implicated in the transaction as a witness, participates in the punishment inflicted on the other two.

Captain Vignoles and Mr. Fitzgibbon are said to be the witnesses to Mr. O'Connell's celebrated bloody speech* at Carlow. We know not how far this can account for their punishment.

Mr. Gleeson is the friend of the priests, and a professor of the favoured religion. We know not how far this may account for his grave offence being so lightly passed over.

But this we know, that the tendency of the whole transaction has been to give this lesson to the people and the police. The former will interpret it to mean that there is a kind of tacit compact between the administrators of the law and its violators—the latter will understand it to imply that if they

so manage their official duties as to gain the favour of the disaffected, their delinquencies will be screened. If they suppress crime, their exertions will be visited with its penalty.

It may be necessary to add, that Captain Vignoles is a Whig, of Whig connections, and an officer of Whig appointment.

September 20th.

The *Evening Mail* of this date throws some further light upon this transaction. The entire of the affair is so extraordinary, and indeed we may add, mysterious, and connected with so much that to us is perfectly unaccountable—that we forbear for the present to offer any comment. The refusal of the government to comply with the requisition of the Carlow magistrates to institute an enquiry into the conduct of Mr. Gleeson, is perhaps the worst feature in the entire, especially when contrasted with their readiness on the demand of some nameless and noteless complainants to harass and punish Captain Vignoles. In the full confidence that the entire transaction must become the subject of parliamentary investigation—we wait patiently the result. It is fitting, however, that we should place on record the resolutions in which the resident magistrates of the county have recorded their deliberate judgment on the proceeding—these resolutions too bear testimony to facts which are calculated to afford serious ground of alarm—

"Carlow Court-house, 14th Sept. 1837.

"At a meeting of magistrates held this day, at the County Court-house, convened by special requisition, to receive the reply of government to the magistrates who, on the 9th of August, forwarded a statement, complaining of the conduct of Sub-Inspector Gleeson, during the election of members to serve for this county, and of his refusal to suffer the men under his command to obey their orders, and requesting his Excellency to institute an inquiry thereinto:—

"Resolved—That it is with the utmost regret and surprise we learn that the government has determined to refuse to the magistrates of this county the opportunity

* "Men of Carlow, are you ready? ('Ay, ay.') I am the last man to recommend the shedding of one drop of blood; but we have tried every means of attaining our just rights, and they have failed. We have no course left us now but that which I have hitherto deprecated—the shedding of blood! Blood must be shed. My reason for now saying that blood must be shed, is to prevent the shedding of blood, for if your enemies again get into power they will shed your blood."—*Mr. O'Connell's speech at Carlow.*

of establishing the truth of their charges preferred against Sub-Inspector Gleeson by an open and public inquiry.

"Resolved—That we deeply lament the injury to the administration of justice likely to result from this refusal, whereby it would appear that a public officer, whose sworn duty it is to obey the magistrates, may not only absolutely refuse to do so, but tell them, in the presence of an assembled multitude, that he 'does not care one damn for them or for their authority,' (Sub-Inspector Gleeson's own words,) with no farther risk than that of removal to some other county, where it might naturally be supposed that he would not be more fit to discharge that duty, whilst his demeanor and conduct towards the constituted authorities may, with impunity, be disrespectful in the extreme, and cannot be better characterised than in the words of his Excellency, as 'being unjustifiable, and not to be palliated by any sufficient reason.'

"Resolved—That whilst we are deeply impressed with the conviction that the authority of the magistrates is less upheld by the acquirements 'and exercise of a moral influence,' yet, if the emergency of the case require it, that we are prepared in every legitimate manner to uphold the law, and to arrest its violators with our own hands, rather than permit the guilty to escape, although on certain occasions of public excitement the magistrates be deprived of the aid and assistance of those whose duty it is to afford both.

"Resolved—That we feel ourselves in justice bound to declare that the conduct of Captain Vignolles has been most praiseworthy, so far as it has come under our observation, and that his well-directed zeal, promptitude, and decision, have, we are convinced, on several occasions, prevented incalculable mischief.

"Resolved—That we cannot forbear expressing our serious apprehensions that the removal of that officer, under the present circumstances, will be calculated to mislead the lower orders into a belief, that any attack on voters opposed to the government candidate, is not deemed a very serious offence.

THOS. BUTLER, Chairman, D.L.

P. BAGINAL,	A. BRUN,
J. BUTLER,	RZ. CLAYTON BROWNE,
P. WHELAN,	ROBERT DOYNE, D.L.,
JOHN WHELAN,	JAMES EUSTACE,
JOHN WATSON,	ROBERT EUSTACE,
HENRY WATERS,	JOHN JAMES LECKEY,
A. NEWTON,	J. H. EUSTACE,
W. FISHBOURNE.	

"We, the undersigned, being unavoid-

edly absent, approve of and adopt the above resolutions:—

WALTER NEWTON,	WM. DUCKETT,
J. B. BRADY,	HENRY FAULKNER,
A. ROCHFORD, D.L.	THOS. H. WATSON,
WM. J. BURTON,	WM. R. STEWART,
J. D. DUCKETT,	ROBT. DOYNE, jun.
SAMUEL ELLIOTT,	WM. CARY.

These resolutions, it is right to observe, were preceded by two distinct communications to government, which we subjoin without note or comment—the first is dated August 7th, the day of the occurrence in which the entire proceeding originated.

"Carlow, 7th August, 1837.

"As magistrates of this county, we, the undersigned, beg to call the attention of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to the conduct of Mr. Gleeson, the Sub-Inspector of Police, stationed here, as detailed in the accompanying sworn informations, and we at the same time assure his Excellency that many of us were eye-witnesses of the entire transaction therein deposed to.

"A body of freeholders, accompanied by a magistrate on horseback, having arrived in this town about half-past one o'clock to-day, were proceeding into the hotel yard; at this period a large crowd was assembled immediately about and in the avenues leading to the hotel, several of whom pressed on the magistrates, evincing a determination to assault him, which several of them attempted. At length an individual rushed at the magistrate, kicked and struck his horse, and attempted to seize his bridle. This the magistrate endeavoured to prevent, and in doing so struck with his whip at the assailant. A general rush was then made by the crowd towards the magistrate, and a riot and fight ensued. Captain Vignolles, the resident stipendiary magistrate, fortunately came up at the moment, and arrested a prisoner, who was actively engaged in the fight, apparently the ring-leader. He was immediately struck at from all sides, and the prisoner was forcibly rescued; but Captain Vignolles succeeded in making one of those engaged in the rescue a prisoner; this prisoner was also rescued. However, Captain Vignolles finally succeeded in arresting and detaining three prisoners, two of whom had actually assaulted himself, and while so engaged he received several blows, and a wound from some sharp instrument. At this crisis, and whilst, with the assistance of two or three police, Captain Vignolles was himself holding one of the prisoners, he called on Sub-Inspector Gleeson, who had just descended from the police stationed on the

court-house steps to assist him, which the said Gleeson peremptorily refused to do; Mr. Vignolles then ordered him to bring up twenty police, in reply to which Mr. Gleeson said he would not do so; Mr. Gleeson was then required by two other magistrates who had joined Captain Vignolles, and were endeavouring to protect him, to bring the police, and assist in quelling the riot, which still continued; this also Mr. Gleeson refused to do, stating, that 'he did not care a damn for them, and that he would not obey the magistrates;' he then proceeded to the court-house, followed by a large portion of the mob, who cheered him loudly up the steps of the court-house."

(This document is signed by nineteen magistrates.)

The commissioners sent down by the government to inquire into the conduct of Captain Vignolles stated in reply to the demand of the magistrates that it was not intended that their inquiry should extend to the above complaint, the following letter was then addressed to the Chief Secretary:—

"Carlow, August 14th, 1837.

"SIR,—On the 7th instant a communication was addressed to you, signed by nineteen magistrates of this county, complaining of the conduct of Mr. Gleeson, sub-inspector of police, in refusing to assist the magistrates when called on to quell a riot which took place at the late election.

"We did expect, before this, to have received from you a reply to that communication; however, not having heard from

you, a deputation from the magistrates waited this day on Major Holmes and Mr. Green, in Carlow, to inquire if they had received any instructions relative to their complaint; from whom they learned, with much surprise, that although they had been sent by government to hold an inquiry, yet that such inquiry was to be strictly private, merely for the purpose of investigating the matter between Captain Vignolles and Mr. Gleeson, but without reference to the complaint made by the magistrates—in fact, that the magistrates and the public were to be excluded from the investigation.

"We, therefore, feel called upon to protest against such a partial inquiry, which we consider equally objectionable, both as regards ourselves, and as regards Mr. Gleeson, for by such course the magistrates are precluded from a full and open investigation into Mr. Gleeson's conduct; and as regards Mr. Gleeson, it may hereafter be insisted that his conduct has been already investigated, and that it would not be just to put him on his trial a second time, by a second inquiry.

"We, therefore, consider it to be our duty to request government will now direct a full and public investigation into Mr. Gleeson's conduct, in relation to the complaint preferred by the magistrates against him, for refusing to assist them when called on, to preserve the public peace, and at which inquiry they request the opportunity of being personally present."

(Signed by the Magistrates.)

The refusal of this demand occasioned the resolutions we have quoted.

MR. CRAWFORD'S LETTERS.

August 22nd.—Under this date Mr. Crawford has addressed to Mr. O'Connell the first of a series of Letters, which he heads with the brief but pithy motto, "Ireland never trusted that she was not betrayed." Mr. Crawford's straightforward honesty has been a sore thorn in the side of Mr. O'Connell. The object of his present letters appears to be to expose and denounce the present alliance between Mr. O'Connell and the ministry. The terms of that alliance are now manifest to all persons. The popish party in Ireland support the ministry on condition that they have the patronage of Ireland placed at their disposal, and this while all legislative measures are suspended. Mr. Crawford objects to this compact, as involving a base

abandonment of all principle, and resting on a basis the most selfish and corrupt. We fear his protest, however, is unavailing. It is perfectly well understood in Ireland that Mr. O'Connell no longer desires to make the contest one of principle, but a more struggle for prey. So long as his own creatures are appointed to every vacant situation, *the ministry may just do whatever else they find convenient.*

There is one sentence which we deem it right to extract. It may be well to place on record the evidence of Mr. Crawford that **THE PATRONAGE OF IRELAND IS VESTED IN THE HANDS OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE INDIVIDUAL.**

"The people of England could find no bond of union between your professions and the professions of the ministry; but

yet they found that an actual combination existed, a mutual support was manifested; hence the suspicion was generated that you had no object but the aggrandisement of the Catholic party, and that the ministry had no object but the holding of their places.

"I have now, sir, detailed the second source of your power in Ireland. All the expectants of office, in every class, will look up to you as the person to point them out to government, as being of the friends of Ireland.

"There are other sources of your power, which I shall notice hereafter; but this patronage of a great country, when virtually vested in an irresponsible individual, is one pre-eminently dangerous to public liberty. The interests of the people are forgotten—the flattery of the court is the prime object—you make the queen the object of your praise. What is the consequence? Is it not the case that the people, on the occasion of the late elections, claimed no other pledges or declarations from their representatives, except the support of the Queen and the Queen's ministry? Tithe extinction, tithe appropriation, corporation reform—all placed in abeyance; and the representatives of the people of Ireland elected, for seven years, to support the Queen and her government.

"Is this constitutional doctrine? Is it constitutional to use the Queen's name to influence the people at elections? Is this a proper precedent to emanate from the supporter of democracy? The liberator of Ireland, agitating to convert the Irish nation into a great depot of castle hacks, to do the bidding of their superiors! Well, well, well—a most honorable situation, truly!"

In these sentences Mr. Crawford has not only borne witness to a fact; he has described in eloquent and most forcible terms the exact grievance of which the empire has to complain. By the purchase of Mr. O'Connell, the popish population of Ireland is converted into "A GREAT DEPOT OF CASTLE HACKS, READY TO DO THE BIDDING OF THEIR SUPERIORS;" from that depot has been draughted the mercenary battalions that are to turn the scale in the parliamentary battle-field of Britain.

September 7th.—A third letter from Mr. Crawford to Mr. O'Connell, di-

rected to expose the unconstitutional power vested in the government with regard to the constabulary force and the appointment of stipendiary magistrates. His letter concludes with a most inconvenient reference to Mr. O'Connell's former declarations—

"Permit me to recall your own words to your recollection, with reference to a former administration. In the proceedings of the Catholic Association, in the year 1828, I find an address from you, dated 30th September, 1828, calling upon the inhabitants of Tipperary to desist from disorderly meetings and combinations. In that address, I find the following sentences:—'You give an enumeration of reasons why the people should desist from these practices. Under the fourth head you say—'The Lord Lieutenant, the Marquess of Anglesey, is a sincere friend of the peace and prosperity of Ireland; he is what you all like and love—as brave a soldier as ever wielded a sword; he is most desirous to produce peace, tranquillity, and happiness in Ireland; he is anxious to put down oppression of every kind, and crime of every description. The Orangemen hate him and fear him—the people love and respect him.' Under the fifth head, you say—'Let me, as a fifth reason, tell you, that we have, also, in the government, a most impartial and upright chancellor'—Sir Anthony Hart. Under the sixth head, you say—'Let me, also, tell you, that we have in the government, another manly, independent, high-minded, and honest friend to the people of Ireland—I mean Lord Francis Leveson Gower.' Again, in the last sentence of your address, I find as follows:—'A parental government, now held out to us, will compensate for centuries of misrule.'"

Thus wrote Mr. O'Connell on the 30th September, 1828; how writes he on the 2nd September, 1837—

"Let it be remembered that we never before saw a ministry who were not disposed rather to join our enemies than to assist us. Nay, every prior administration was in fact, or in intention, the decided enemy of the Irish people. The worst of all, perhaps, was the Grey government, as administered by that weak and silly man, the unfortunate Anglesey, and by that irascible and bigoted being, Stanley. They made their appointments to office from the worst of our enemies, and they annihilated the constitution by enacting the coercion bill."

"We never before had a friendly administration."

MR. O'CONNELL'S MANIFESTO.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a species of manifesto to the people of

Ireland, which may, perhaps, be intended as a reply to the letters of Mr.

Crawford. We have not space for comment, but we extract the more remarkable passages, occasionally translating them into plain English as we go along.

"The Irish carried the bill to emancipate the Protestant dissenters of England; the Irish carried the bill to emancipate the Catholics of both countries; the Irish carried the English parliamentary reform bill; the Irish carried the Scotch parliamentary reform bill; the Irish carried the English municipal reform bill; the Irish carried the Scotch municipal reform bill; and now the overwhelming majority of Irish reformers give to the Queen's government the opportunity to carry through the House of Commons every other measure tending to increase the liberties and franchises, and to lessen the burdens of the British people."

Since the fatal measure of 1829, an Irish popish party govern the country, and will continue so to do as long as the present ministry retain office.

"When I come to suggest the course I should advise, I beg of the Irish people to recollect these two facts:—

"*FIRST*—That never yet until the present day was there one English Sovereign who did not hate or despise, or entertain both sentiments conjointly, towards the Irish people. It should not be disguised, and it would be vain to deny it.

"*SECONDLY*—That we have at length, blessed be God, a sovereign on the throne free from passions and prejudices against us, and determined to treat us precisely as her English and Scotch subjects are treated. It is all we ask or desire."

As long as the late sovereign was alive, the popish party flattered him as the patriot king; he is gone, and they now attempt the same flattery to his successor. Who does not recollect the fulsome adulations that were heaped upon William the Fourth, during the period of the reform bill; by the very person who now insults his memory almost before his ashes are cold in his grave.

"Next to the Queen and ministry, but second to none in reliance, are to be placed the Irish nation.

"Let this be understood—let it be distinctly understood—I say that we have now in our moral, virtuous, and open combination, the entire Irish nation.

"At present the Irish Protestants, in great and increasing numbers have joined the patriotic cry of justice to Ireland. We have at present twenty, probably one hundred, Protestants in the ranks of the

friends of Ireland, for one who joined us before emancipation."

We quote this passage just to mark its insolence and its falsehood. It is not true that he has the Irish nation with him; it is utterly false that the Protestants in his ranks are more numerous than before emancipation. Every day is recording the desertion of liberal Protestants from the ranks of Mr. O'Connell. We do not believe that he can mention a single individual of note who was opposed to emancipation and is now attached to his faction. One hundred names must recur to the recollection of the most careless reader, of persons whose exertions mainly contributed to carry emancipation who are now the objects of Mr. O'Connell's foulest invective.

"My reply is ready. It is my deliberate and long-considered advice to support the Queen's government upon all possible occasions, and by all possible means, and to place the most implicit confidence in the intentions and determination of the Queen.

It is only, therefore, the opposition of the Conservatives that prevents the ministry from passing the measures which the Popish faction consider as their undoubted right; what these measures are we find stated in another passage.

"Justice to Ireland demands principally these four things:

"*FIRST*—An extension of the county constituency to a five-pound franchise at the utmost—a strict definition of the value of that franchise, and the utmost facility in registering the franchise.

"*SECOND*—To disembarass the town franchise from all the rate-paying clauses, and to render the registry effectual for the year, notwithstanding a change of domicile.

"*THIRD*—A complete corporation reform extended to all towns of sufficient population or property.

"*FOURTH*—The total abolition of the tithe system, and the throwing on the state the providing for the vested interests of the existing Protestant clergy."

These four measures, therefore, including the total abolition of the Protestant church in Ireland—mark, reader—the total abolition—no humbug appropriation clause—but the total extinction of the Irish church—the ministers are prevented from passing only by the Conservative opposition.

But, besides these claims peculiar to

Ireland, there are other measures demanded by justice for the entire empire.

"Our duty will be to vote for every extension of suffrage to the English people.

"We owe a similar duty to the people of Scotland.

"The shortening of the duration of parliament to at the utmost three years will be another duty.

"But the greatest of all is the ballot, I must confess."

Extension of the suffrage, triennial parliaments, and vote by ballot, have all encountered the repeated opposition of the ministry. Of course then, the obstacle to the passing of these measures of justice lies in the principles of her Majesty's ministers. No such thing.

"It is a species of melancholy consolation to know that the same obstacle which prevents "justice to Ireland," equally prevents that "justice to England," which consists in the exclusion of the suffrage, in the shortening of parliament, and the voting freely by ballot—I mean the House of Lords."

Thus, notwithstanding the often repeated pledges of ministers, we have Mr. O'Connell's testimony to assure us that, if it were not for the House of Lords, we would have, first, the total destruction of all church establishment in Ireland—second, an indefinite extension of the suffrage—third, vote by ballot, and, fourth, triennial parliaments, or "oftener if need be."

We wish much that some Conservative member of parliament would bring these declarations before Mr. O'Connell and the ministry, face to face, and put the question to them both, whether it is true that the Conservative opposition, and the House of Lords, are the only obstacles to these revolutionary measures.

One sentence more, and we have

done with our extracts; the sentence contains a pledge made with all the solemnity of an oath; a pledge that his present support of ministers is offered them with the full conviction THAT ITS ONLY USE WILL BE TO SERVE THE CAUSE OF REPEAL.

"Irishmen! beloved countrymen, with whom or for whom I have laboured for near forty years—for whose welfare my heart is as warm, and my spirit is indefatigable and as undaunted as when, with the blood of boyhood boiling in my veins, I commenced my enthusiastic, and not unsuccessful career. Irishmen! beloved, esteemed countrymen—you who have the germ of every virtue implanted by nature's God—blessed be His holy name—in your hearts and dispositions—you who have so much contributed to obtain political advantages for Scotland and England—you who have been usefully numbered in every battle, but as yet basely deprived of the benefit of your own victories—Irishmen! attend. Remember I am a Repealer—remember I tell you it is my belief that justice will never be done to you until you have once again a parliament in College-green; and every fact that arises proves more and more strongly the utter hopelessness of relief from the British parliament.

"Irishmen, attend—With these convictions deeply impressed on my mind, I am doubly persuaded of the prudence, the policy, and wisdom of making our present experiment."

With the conviction that "justice never will be done to Irishmen until we have a parliament in College-green"—with the conviction deeply impressed upon his mind that "with the good will of England justice will never be attained for Ireland"—Mr. O'Connell is doubly persuaded of the prudence, the policy, and the wisdom of keeping the Melbourne ministry in office. If there be meaning in words, the inference is plain, because he is convinced that their retaining office will advance the cause of Repeal.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

In the Tuam Herald—a paper supposed, we know not how truly, to be under the more immediate control of Dr. M'Hale—a paper, however, which certainly speaks the sentiments of the Connaught priesthood—we find, under the head of "female patriotism," the following paragraph, to which we beg the earnest attention of our readers:—

"The following instance of female patriotism is one among the many instances of the kind which occurred in this county previous to the last election:—A girl in a village called Russeltown, in the union

of Liskivry and Adregool, who was for some time attached to a young man in the village, happened, on the very eve of the election, to be led to the hymeneal altar by the object of her affections. Just at the moment when the indissoluble knot was about to be tied, she recollected that her lover had a vote, and dreading that this vote might have been given to the enemy of her country (he being a tenant to a zealous supporter of Mr. Daly,) she immediately 'forbid the bans,' and declared that much as she loved him, 'she loved her country more,' and that she

never would marry him, unless he promised before God that he would vote for Bodkin and Martin—the lovesick swain did not hesitate to comply with her wishes, and the happy union immediately followed. Such facts as these prove to a demonstration what Voltaire said some years ago in alluding to France, “that no country could remain long enslaved, once the women of that country became patriots.” Should enthusiasm like this be allowed to rise to a higher pitch of intensity by the further denial of Ireland’s rights, nothing but their high sense of religion and virtue can prevent the females from imitating the example of Charlotte Corday, who, with her own hand, laid one whom she thought was an enemy to the liberties of France, in the dust.”

We have no right, of course, to question the perfect propriety of the motives which governed the choice of the high-minded maiden of Russeltown in her matrimonial speculations—we have no right, perhaps, to comment on the genius of that religion which thus permits its solemn sacrament to be de-seccrated by political intrigue—we have no right to complain that the romantic genius of the enthusiast of the Tuam broadsheet, should form out of such unpromising materials, so very beautiful a scene—but we have a right very seriously to complain of the manner in which this admirer of female virtue holds up his heroine to the imitation of his countrywomen. Voltaire—the French Revolution—and Charlotte Corday, are the associations which the mention of female patriotism recalls—infidelity, licentiousness, and murder, are the virtues of this new school of revolutionary heroines.

Some light may be thrown on the paragraph in the Connaught priest’s instructor, by the following communication, relative to the recent Cork election, which has been kindly sent to us by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the scenes he so graphically describes:—

“The riots which disturbed this city during the election, have been marked by a feature which I believe is new even in the wildest excesses to which popular fury has risen in Ireland. The patriot mobs have been, to a great extent, comprised of women—whose characters may be guessed without difficulty from their manners and appearance. Troops of these wretches parade the streets with green boughs in their hands, indulging in the most licentious expressions and gestures—and shouting for “ould Ireland,” no words can convey any idea of the de-

moniac frenzy which seems to actuate them—they do not conceal that it is the presence of a strong military force alone, which prevents them from slaking their fiendish propensities in blood. They seem under the influence of a political intoxication, which deprives them of all control over their actions. I had read accounts of the scenes which were enacted at Paris during the French Revolution—but I could never realize to my mind these in which fiends in female shape are described, until I saw the streets of Cork, during this election. *I can now understand them all.* Patriotism has been said to be the last refuge of the scoundrel—I can now understand how revolutionary fanaticism can become the hellish religion of women who have no other.

“I cannot, of course, attempt to convey to you any more definite notion of the wild and unrestrained orgies in which these beings celebrate the triumph of the cause of reform. Dancing through the streets, tearing off their clothes—and screaming in the most hideous manner, they leave on the mind an impression of something worse than human.

“I have been credibly informed in several quarters—that a lady whose husband professes radical principles, had the folly to drive out in her carriage dressed in green—a mob attended her in triumph, the enthusiasm of one of these patriot bacchanals carried her so far, that in the intoxication of her patriotism, she disdained the incumbrance of garments, and disrobing herself with the most frantic gestures led the orgies of her companions. I have heard this story repeatedly—it may perhaps be exaggerated, as such stories often are, but certainly from what I have seen myself, it is not improbable.

“The Southern Reporter, the priests’ paper in this city, dwells with delight on the patriotism of the females of Cork. Complaints having been made that the military were not active enough in quelling the riots. The priests’ paper boasted that the reason was, that the mobs were mostly women, and many of them were young and handsome women—the soldiers were gallant fellows, and a hiss to a young fellow in the lines was a wonderful peacemaker.”

This, we repeat, may throw light upon the meaning of the writer in the Tuam Herald—we understand the female patriotism which it seems desirable to the priests and their party to excite. Strange that the admiration of the writer in the Connaught paper for female patriotism, and the horror which our Cork correspondent entertains for it—should excite in the minds of each reminiscences of the French revolution.

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CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD STEVENSON O'BRIEN, ESQ. A.M.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DUEL.

How I became acquainted with the circumstances I am about to narrate, or when they occurred, the reader must not enquire. I have taken the liberty of arranging the incidents, so that their narration will afford no clue whatever to the solution of these questions. The reader must be content to accept of the assurance of an old friend, that the narrative of this chapter is a true account of events which, to my own knowledge did actually occur.

Ellen Irving was the only child of a clergyman, well known and respected in the neighbourhood of Dublin—a man distinguished in the church by every quality calculated to ensure popularity and command respect, he filled for many years a prominent position in the public eye. By the mysterious dispensations of that Providence which so often takes away “the excellent of the earth,” just when earth seems to want their excellence most, he was removed in the very prime of his life, and the very height of his usefulness. A beautiful monument in the parish church of —, erected by his surviving parishioners, bears record that they felt his removal as a bereavement. Just over the costly memorial of his people's grief, a small marble tablet, plain and unadorned, except a deep sable border can be called an ornament, records in a few simple and expressive lines, the sorrow of his widow—a sorrow far transcending the grief, the tale of which is inscribed on the proud monument below.

I might have taken another and a shorter method of telling my readers

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that his wife survived him; but I confess I have never gazed on that tablet without feeling my heart touched—as if there was something in its erection that told better than many words the character of her that placed it there. In the monument below there was enough, more than enough, to satisfy the vanity of grief. The public tribute to public worth—the long inscription where the sculptured figures bear the storied urn, and art has chiselled with her choicest imitation the forms of mourning—here there was more than enough to satisfy the vanity of woe—the only sacred vanity of the heart—but over and above it all, more precious in its simplicity, more touching in its unpretending sorrow, is placed the simple tablet, which is the offering to the memory of the dead, of her to whom that memory was most hallowed. The heart of the widow demands for its memories a tribute peculiar to themselves—the grief with which no stranger can intermeddle, would not unite in its record with the sorrows of the multitude.

At the time of her father's death, Ellen was about seven years of age. With this child of many hopes and many prayers, Mrs. Irving retired to a secluded residence near the village of Clontarf. Her husband, unlike but too many of the clergy, had left his family in a competence which amounted almost to affluence. Mrs. Irving was induced to select Clontarf as her place of residence, by the vicinity of her husband's only brother, a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune as a merchant. He had never married.

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His sister, a lady who had sometime passed the period when ill-nature attaches to unmarried ladies the name of old maid, had lived with him for many years. He made no secret of his resolution to die an old bachelor; and being warmly attached to his brother, he had declared his intention of leaving the great mass of his large fortune to Ellen. After Mr. Irving's death he had earnestly pressed Mrs. Irving to make his house her home. This offer, however, that lady had declined. With all that was amiable and upright in his character, the merchant united a deep respect for religion—neither he, however, or his sister seemed to feel its importance, as Mrs. Irving had been taught by her husband to do. She knew that the first wish of his heart was that Ellen should be trained up with more than a respect for religion, and Mrs. Irving believed that she could better fulfil his wishes by keeping Ellen in a home, over all the management of which she herself should have the full control. A beautifully situated cottage, as it was called, was procured for her in the immediate neighbourhood of her brother-in-law's residence. This arrangement gave her all the advantages of his society and his counsel, while it left her still to bring up her child in a home where she should learn to see piety the regulating principle of every movement.

My readers must suppose some years to have elapsed, and time, of course, to have brought its change on all parties. The old maid, Miss Irving, had become Mrs.—not by the regular title of matrimony, but by that unauthorised assumption of matronly dignity, which some one has facetiously termed *brevet-rank*. The merchant had grown older and richer, and as his hairs grew whiter his disposition appeared to grow still more kind. Ellen's mother was beginning to sink with years—sorrow had hastened on the steps of old age—and Ellen herself had become a woman, and, without flattery, a lovely woman. Descriptions of female beauty are justly excluded from all narratives of which the writers desire to pretend to the reputation of common sense. Without any piratical interference with the peculiar property of fashionable novel writers—an interference which would be as cruel as dishonest—I may perhaps be permitted to say that Ellen was now about twenty-two years of age, rather low of stature, with black hair, features full of intelligence and

good humour, a very white and high forehead, and eyes through which "her soul looked," and that soul was full of softness and affection. My readers may fill up the description as they choose.

I must, too, introduce them to a new character, with whom it is desirable, for the progress of my narrative that they should make acquaintance. Mrs. Irving's brother had been also a clergyman in the north of Ireland. He too had died, leaving an only child, but he left him nearly altogether unprovided for. Charles Wilson had just completed his first year in College, with distinguished success, when the unexpected death of his father left him parentless and almost penniless in the world. His mother was many years in her grave, and all he inherited from his father was a good name, and a few hundred pounds, to struggle through a world where a good name is said to be but a poor inheritance, and merit and talents without wealth are but too frequently despised.

As Charles stood by the grave of his father, he felt the bitterness of all this. He heard the clods of dust fall with a deep echo on the coffin of his parent, and it seemed like a knell to proclaim to him that he was alone in a cold and heartless world. In bitterness of soul he returned from the grave, which seemed to have covered all his hopes and prospects on earth.

It was necessary for him to remain a few days at his father's late abode. He was there alone; and during these days of solitude, it is easier to conceive than to describe the feelings that passed through his bosom. Few persons but those who have experienced them can ever conceive the mingled feelings which enter into the pride and the ambition of a young man, successful in his first entrance into College. Indistinct hopes of the future grow upon the imagination, and mix themselves up with the hallowed recollections of the past. Many a one that will read these pages will remember that the sweetest and most sacred ingredient in that honourable pride is the joy that success may bring to a parent's heart—the knowledge that a father's and a mother's eye will grow brighter at the news of the distinction of a son. Charles had felt all this. Many a time had his mind been excited in the laborious struggle of competition, by the thought of his father. Many a time had the satisfaction of his success been enhanced

by the pride that glistened in his father's eye—it was a union in which the purest sympathies and emotions of our nature hallowed and beautified the passion for personal distinction, and the pride of personal success. But his father was now gone, never more to be glad at the honours of his boy—he felt his heart to be stricken down—the stay of his pride and his ambition was broken, and the feelings that leaned upon it hung drooping on the ground.

The violence of grief subsided into the cold and cheerless feeling of desolation. He regarded himself as an outcast on the world. He was poor, and he fancied himself friendless. His pride could not bear the notion of struggling with the real ills of poverty, and with a thousand others which he imagined to belong to it. He had confidence enough in his own talents to believe that he might depend on them, but when he thought of raising himself by their exercise, he felt as if he was a penniless adventurer, and his spirit could ill brook the taking of a character which the proud ones of the earth regard at once with suspicion and contempt. He was ready to give up all his prospects rather than meet the sneers and the repulses of a world which he pictured to himself all that was selfish and cold. A simple incident taught him a lesson, if not of truth, certainly one of usefulness.

The evening before he was to leave for ever the place of his birth, he went alone to take a last farewell of his father's grave. Unseen as he thought by any eye, he threw himself upon its new laid turf, and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

All the feelings which I have attempted to describe rushed through his bosom. In bitterness of soul he wandered from tomb to tomb, until he came to the low wall by which the churchyard was separated from the parsonage where his infant days had been passed, but which never must be his home again. He had now no home. Every spot called back some recollection of former days—and the brown hues of a cloudy March evening, which was rapidly closing in, shed over each familiar spot a sombre character, that was suited to his state of mind. The little stream still purled through the grove, where many a time he had searched for the blue-bell or the May-flower. The old thorn still rose in its rude and jagged antiquity, behind the rustic seat, where his father had often taught

him the lessons of religion. Every shrub was familiar—he could tell almost every blade of grass within the precincts of the place that “should know him no more.” No wonder that his heart was full;—he leaned against the grave-yard wall, and again gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears.

He was startled by a step close beside him—he turned round, unwilling that a stranger should have surprised him in his grief. It was a relief to him to find that it was old Robert Browne, sexton, who had known him from his childhood. He had been long a servant in his father's family; when appointed to the office of sexton, he occupied a cottage on the glebe land, and still regarded himself as a servant of “his reverence.” There was something in his appearance suited to his office. His dress was sombre, and, without being threadbare, its shape and fashion was of the olden time. In one hand he carried a shovel, in the other the huge key of the church-yard gate. There was a slight hobble in his gait, which was perceptible as he trod upon each of the grave mounds with which the yard was full. He transferred the key to the hand which held the shovel, and touched his hat to Charles, with a respect that seemed accorded as much to his grief as his station.

“Master Charles,” said the old man, “I don't wonder that you should take this sore to heart; but it's God's will, and the poor master was ready for it; he is happier in his grave to-night than many are out of it.”

Charles muttered an indistinct assent.

“We must all submit to the will of God,” continued the old man. “I ask your pardon, sir,” he added, after a pause, “for being so bold, but let an old man that loved the poor master speak to you. I seen you, sir, when you were sobbing on the grave beyant. I thought your grief was more violent than a Christian's ought to be—more than your father would like to see—we must all submit to God's will.”

“It is not always easy,” replied Charles. “You don't know, Robert, what it is to be left a lonely orphan in the world.”

“Indeed, sir,” replied the old man, “I knew it once,” and a sigh escaped him as he spoke. “Just at your age I was left without father and mother in one week; and what was more, I didn't know where to get my dinner the day after they were buried;

and I thought my heart would sink in my bosom. But my mother's last words were to me, that God was the father of the fatherless—and they gave me comfort; and from that day to this I never knew what it was to want. And I have brought up a goodly family, and seen them all well settled in the world but Sally, that's with me yet, and is a comfort to my old age, and her mother's. Thank God, Master Charles, you're good at the learning, and got on well in the College; there is no fear but you'll come to good, though I often heard the poor master say he had nothing to leave you but a good name; but, indeed, as I said to his reverence, that was better than riches with a bad one."

"But Robert," said the other, "the world does not think so—it's a cold and heartless world for a person to go through—a good name is little thought of without money. It's a selfish world, Robert," said Charles, bitterly.

"Master Charles," replied the old man, "it's not for an ignorant man like me to teach a College-bred gentleman like yourself, but old men sometimes know things. Now, it's odd enough that a great many ladies and gentlemen, I've remarked, are fond of speaking that way of the world; but, in throth, I don't just think it's all out so bad; it's wicked enough, God help it, but there are many kind and good people in it; and as to selfish, why every one looks to their own, as it's only proper they should; but, indeed, Master Charles, I believe that in the world there are plenty of people to do a good turn in reason to a neighbour. I never could understand them that was always complaining of the selfishness of the world, unless, may be, that they would expect that every one would put themselves out of their own way for them they might know nothing about, which to my mind would not be reasonable at all; but for kindness within reason, I think the world is far better than you might think, considering the wickedness that's in it."

There was something in the shrewd common sense of the old sexton that jarred upon the gloomy philosophy in which Charles had been indulging. Still he felt that there was truth in what he said; he mused for some time; at last he replied,

"I am afraid, Robert, it's but a poor world for one without either money or friends to get on."

"Don't say that, Master Charles;

if a man will stay complaining of the world, it's the long odds but he'll make reason for himself to find fault with it; but, if one will only just think nothing about whether the world's good or bad, but see what, with God's help he can do for himself, and do it—and if he will trust, Master Charles, in One who is far better than any one on this earth, he'll find, I'm thinking, that the world's nothing to complain of, and wonder how ever he could have thought it so bad. Many persons, I'm thinking, complain of the world because it won't do for them that will do nothing for themselves."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sally, the old man's daughter, of whom he had spoken. She came bounding over the graves as lightly as if nothing of death were under the sod—her long black hair flowing down upon her shoulders, and her black eyes laughing with the glee of youth. It was impossible to avoid being attracted by her singularly handsome figure, which her light step shewed off to great advantage. On perceiving Charles she stopped and seemed confused; her confusion appeared to proceed from the feeling that her levity of manner was inconsistent with his grief. With a natural propriety of feeling, which often in persons of an humbler rank anticipates the effect of those conventional rules which bind their superiors, she stopped and sobered down her manner to a suitable gravity. With a blushing hesitation she offered her simple condolence,

"Master Charles, I'm sorry for your trouble, sir."

Charles's reply was anticipated by the reproof of her father for climbing over the church-yard wall. Sally, it seemed, had been sent by her mother to call the sexton to his supper, and had found a short way to fulfil her message over a part of the wall which had partly fallen down.

"Indeed, Sally," said the old man, "you are too wild; you are getting a woman now, and must not be getting on with the ways of a wild girl."

His reproof, however, was delivered in a mild tone, and he could not conceal the satisfaction with which he looked on the sylph-like form of his really handsome daughter. She looked up archly and said,

"Father, I'll get old and sober time enough. I'm only a wild girl yet. They say," she added thoughtfully,

"that none know sorrow sooner than those that are born with a light heart, so I may make the most of mine."

"Sally," said Robert, "Master Charles is leaving us to-morrow, for good and all—" his voice faltered as he spoke, "the last of the old stock is going away"—and he struck the spade deep into the ground, and folded his arms across it. Sally's eyes filled with tears. "Well, God bless him wherever he goes. Master Charles," she added, "will you ever think of Glenvale, and the poor old parsonage here?"

Charles felt his emotions overcome him—large tears streamed down his cheeks—the little party were silent for some time—Charles leaned with his back to the wall—old Robert still resting on his spade, and Sally standing, looking wistfully up into the boughs of an old hawthorn that shot out its gnarled and straggling branches over the graves of the dead. The sexton was the first to break the silence; he spoke as if unconscious of the presence of his companions.

"Well, many a grave I have dug in this churchyard, and many a one, gentle and simple, I have seen laid low; but, never did I grieve for mortal as for him that I last put in—I hope those that come after him may be like him."

He dropped the spade on which he had been leaning—he advanced towards Charles, and grasped both his hands—"Master Charles, God Almighty bless you, and keep you wherever you go; and maybe, when you are a great man in the College, you would sometimes be coming back to look at his reverence's grave; and I'm thinking, Master Charles, you'll be a very great man before you're too proud to come to see old Robert Browne; it would do my old eyes good if I could once see you in your father's pulpit, and yet, maybe I might live to see you made provost, or some other post as good, in the college."

"Sally," said the old man "bid Master Charles good bye; the old master was always fond of you, fonder nor one would think from your wild ways. I hope when Master Charles sees you next, you'll not be as wild as you are now."

"I'm thinking maybe he'd see me wilder; but I pray God, he may see me as light-hearted, though indeed my heart is sore for the old master; but father," she added thoughtfully, "they say that when a light-headed

body comes under this old thorn they can spee; so I heard the people tell. Maybe it was speeing of me, that put into my head; so mind, Master Charles, when next we meet I may be wilder, but not so light-hearted."

She said these words in a half solemn half cheerful tone of voice; there was the superstition she mentioned connected with the tree—that half-witted persons, when standing under it, become endued with the gift of speeing or prophecy. She took Charles's offered hand—"Good by, Master Charles," she said, "God bless you and keep you; and maybe," she added, looking up at the tree, "when next we meet you'd have much need of his blessing."

Her father rebuked her for what he deemed her ill-timed levity.

"Indeed father," she said, "I could not help it. Master Charles knows my heart is sad, God help me, for them that's gone; indeed, father, there is no lightness in my words; they come into my head, as if I could not help to say them; maybe they have their meaning. God bless you again, Master Charles."

Charles took her extended hand; he almost involuntarily imprinted on it a kiss; "Good by, Sally, and God bless you."

As he grasped the rough hand of the old sexton he felt a warm tear fall on his own. "God bless you again," said the old man. "Mind, Master Charles, don't mind abusing the world, but see what you can do for yourself in it, and trust in God, sir. I'm like David, Master Charles, I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed—no, never, Master Charles, never"—he did not finish the quotation; he could not bear to use an expression that would even imply the possibility of his old pastor's son being brought to beggary.

This conversation the reader must suppose to have occurred a few years previous to the time at which I have chosen to commence my narrative. Charles had taken the old man's advice. He had not abused the world, but tried what he could do for himself in it, and old Robert's words had turned out true. He obtained a scholarship in the university, and with the help of this, and the few hundred pounds which his father had left him, he was able to make his way to the bar; the profession to which he had chosen to devote himself. His pros-

pects were now fair of advancement in life. He had made many friends, and had met with much kindness, and began seriously to wonder how ever he had believed the world to be so bad.

Other hopes too had come in to animate his efforts. When children, he and Ellen Irving had been playmates; and the recollections of her childish beauty had never wholly lost their influence on his mind. When his collegiate pursuits fixed his residence in Dublin, it was of course natural that he should be frequently at his aunt's, and in the society of his cousin, perhaps equally natural that he should form for her an affection which he persuaded himself was returned. Not that ever a word of love had passed between them; Charles's pride prevented this. He knew that Ellen was the heiress to a large fortune; he determined that he would not seek her hand until he could appear not altogether to seek it as an adventurer. With the natural enthusiasm of youth, he imagined that the attainment of his profession would immediately place him in a position in which he might honourably seek it. He knew that Ellen felt for him as he did for her, and on this assurance he was content to rest.

Mrs. Irving was not unaware of Charles's feelings towards Ellen, and she more than suspected these feelings to be returned. She did not, however, feel it right or necessary to discourage him. In Charles's principles she had the fullest confidence. She was not one of those who sought for her daughter a good match; or rather, she had different notions of what constituted a good match. She did not covet great wealth for her child, but happiness, and she believed that with a competence happiness might be found. She feared, however, that her brother-in-law might entertain different feelings; and, although she was determined to act as she thought right, whenever her daughter's happiness would be concerned, she rather desired that she might not be obliged to act contrary to the wishes of one who she naturally regarded as her protector.

Charles's father had been succeeded at Glenvale by a Mr. Leeson, who had been recommended to the appointment by the possession of some aristocratic connections. At the time of Mr. Wilson's death, Mr. Irving had very kindly undertaken to settle some matters of

business with the new incumbent. This created an acquaintance between these gentlemen, which was subsequently kept up.

Mr. Leeson had a nephew, a young man who had just succeeded to the family property, and was heir presumptive to a title now in the possession of some very distant relative. He had been educated at Oxford, which learned place he left with the enviable reputation of being the most dissipated man, the best pistol shot, and the idlest fellow in the university. After leaving the university with these valuable acquirements, he spent a few months with his cousin at his living; after this he visited Dublin; during his stay there Mr. Irving showed him some attention; at his house he met Ellen; he was struck by her beauty, and understanding that she would certainly be left a large fortune by her uncle, he began to think, as he himself expressed it in a letter to one of his companions, "that he might do worse than give over raking for a little while, and commit matrimony with a devilish good fortune, and a devilish fine girl."

An unexpected summons from England, the nature of which he did not disclose, and which no one of course inquired, prevented him from taking any steps, at that period, in his scheme. The following year, however, he accepted Mr. Irving's invitation to renew his visit. And as he had learned, on accurate authority, that Mr. Irving's wealth exceeded even the sum that common report had assigned to him, he did so with the full intention of carrying his matrimonial speculation into effect.

Charles was, at this time, just at the eve of being called to the bar. Every day confirmed him in his belief that Ellen was not indifferent to him. His ardent spirit, too, fancied that every obstacle would be soon removed, and that his prospects in his profession would soon assume so brilliant a colouring, as to present his proposal for Ellen's hand in an unobjectionable light even to Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! he knew little of the profession he had chosen—of "the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick!"

It was just then that the gay and fashionable Mr. Leeson presented himself as his rival. He was a young man of polished exterior, and of prepossessing manners. And having, of course, tact enough to conceal his real character, he was a favourite with Mr.

Irving. Without much difficulty he obtained that gentleman's sanction for his addresses to his niece. Mr. Irving was flattered by the prospect of a coronet, and imagined that there would be but little difficulty in procuring Ellen's consent to become Lady —.

Mrs. Irving did not regard this matter with the same composure as she had looked on the attentions of her nephew. Her first wish was that her daughter's husband should be a religious character. She told her brother-in-law, however, that she had made up her mind not to exercise any undue influence over Ellen's choice, she had great confidence, and justly so, in the judgment and feeling of her child; and if she thought she would be happy with Mr. Leeson, she would give her full consent to her marriage with him.

Leeson had been an open scoffer at religion; at Oxford he had narrowly escaped a heavy collegiate censure for his daring avowal of infidel opinions. With wonderful tact, however, he now accommodated himself to the feelings of those whom it was his object to conciliate. He professed a deep respect for religion; with great candour, however, he acknowledged that it had hitherto occupied but little of his attention. He assumed the attitude of an enquirer, and, if things must be called by their right names, he played the part of the hypocrite most admirably. On Mrs. Irving he completely imposed—on her daughter partially.

Ellen and Charles had never interchanged a word on the subject of their mutual attachment, and yet, in the inmost recesses of their souls, each had long regarded the other as the object of a conscious love. To Ellen's pure mind this feeling carried with it all the sanctity of an engagement; and, although she could not plead this in reply to her uncle's persuasions to encourage the addresses of Mr. Leeson, to her own heart it was in itself a sufficient reason why she should refuse them.

Not that she needed this motive to determine her. With that intuitive perception of character which often seems an instinct of the female heart, she felt that there was an undefinable something about him which she could not like, and, with all his winning manners, and even his appearance of regard for religion, she distrusted him. She felt, or fancied, her dislike was an

unreasonable, and, therefore, an unjust one; and, therefore, she tried to overcome it, but in vain; there are untaught and unreasoning antipathies of the heart which are under the guidance of something higher than either reason or experience.

Charles, however, could not see what was passing in her mind. It was natural that he should feel a jealousy of the addresses of one who had over him so much advantage in external circumstances—in all that men regard as calculated to bribe the female heart into regard. Born of a family far higher than his circumstances, Charles had all that sensitiveness of pride which such a position is calculated to nurture. He dreaded the character of an adventurer above all things. Had Ellen been destitute of fortune he would long since have plighted to her in words, those vows of constancy and love which he had registered in his heart.

Upon such a disposition, the sensitiveness of which was aggravated by a morbid nervousness of temperament, the result of sleepless midnight hours, and intense application to study, the presence of a rival like Mr. Leeson, produced effects almost amounting to madness. He fancied that Ellen encouraged his addresses, perhaps because he thought it most probable that any woman in her circumstances would do so. His pride could not bear the thought that ever he had offered the homage of his heart where it had been rejected. He determined to appear indifferent—he rejoiced that never had a distinct avowal of his affection passed his lips. He resolved to make Ellen believe that any past attentions had not been serious upon his part; he wished her to believe that he had trifled with her affections, so false is the passion which men call pride; he had rather that she should have a just cause for reproach, than an unjust cause of triumph.

And he almost succeeded in conveying to her the impression he desired, and he made her miserable; his visits gradually became fewer and fewer at the cottage, until even his aunt remarked to him that he was neglectful of his friends. Occupation, and the necessity of intense study, furnished him with an excuse.

In the mean time her uncle, and even her mother, urged upon her the propriety of receiving the attentions of Mr. Leeson, which were so marked as

no longer to be capable of being misunderstood. Mrs. Irving had been imposed on by the artfulness of his hypocrisy; she believed that he was such a man as her father would have chosen for Ellen; and, while she was not altogether dazzled by the worldly advantages of the match, so as to overlook higher considerations, she certainly did feel proud of seeing her daughter occupy that exalted station which she knew she was qualified to adorn.

Poor Ellen was greatly perplexed; she feared that Charles, if he had ever loved her, no longer regarded her with feelings of affection. She could find no rational grounds for her dislike, or rather distrust of Mr. Leeson; but she felt that she could not love him. Had she been a girl of less high principles, she would not long have hesitated; but she shrunk from solemnly pledging at the altar of her God, the tender of feelings which her heart told her she could not fulfil.

She told her feelings to her mother; Mrs. Irving was not altogether capable of understanding their depth. "My child," she said, "if your heart tells you that it will not go with the vows you make, let nothing ever tempt you to make them; but, Ellen, my dear, do not be led away by the notions of a romantic attachment which young people so often believe should be the foundation of marriage. Esteem is the real source of the only love that will last; it is almost in itself the love that a wife owes to her husband; do not, Ellen dear, refuse a man whom you esteem, because you do not feel that wild girlish sentiment which perhaps your education has not fitted you to form; but, consult your own heart, and pray to God to guide you to what is right."

The mother affectionately kissed her child; Ellen made no reply. She might have answered her mother's argument by analysing her feelings towards Mr. Leeson, and questioning whether the distrust she felt for him was consistent with esteem. But her own heart suggested a more sufficient reply; she had but to compare her sentiments towards him with those with which she still regarded her cousin, to know that she did not love him.

In sadness and sorrow she went out alone to a favourite seat which overhung the sea. I have been charged in these tales, with forgetting that any

persons were to read them but those familiar with the localities I describe, and that, presuming upon this acquaintance in my reader, I have sometimes made my narrative unintelligible to distant readers. I ought perhaps to plead guilty to the fault; but it was a natural one. When I began to write I scarcely anticipated that my poor memoranda would be read beyond the narrow circle of those personally acquainted, not only with the localities but the writer. I have been agreeably surprised in finding that I have readers who know nothing of either. The best that I can do to manifest my feeling is to insert such explanations as may be necessary to enable them to read my poor tales with whatever little satisfaction their perusal is calculated to afford. Those of my readers who do not require such explanations, can easily pass them by.

For the benefit then, of the unfortunate readers who may be so ignorant as to require such information, I may state that Clontarf is a little village on the sea-shore, at the distance of about two miles from Dublin. The magnificent bay spreads its broad waters before it; far across them, on the opposite side, rise the romantic hills of Killiney, and farther still behind them, the Wicklow mountains repose upon the sky; the city itself lies to the westward; like a German metaphysician, almost always obscured in the dun atmosphere of its own smoke; a little to the north-east rises the hill of Howth, and far away to the eastward you can discern nothing but the blue and apparently boundless billows of the Irish channel; except indeed at eventide, when, like a solitary star on that wild waste of waters, you can see glimmering afar off, the lanthorn of the light-ship, a vessel which is moored on a sand-bank many miles out at sea; bearing even on the bosom of the perilous element itself, the starlike signal of safety, or, to speak more correctly, of danger to the mariner, presenting this really romantic object, and performing these important services under the unromantic and unpretending designation of "the Kish Light."

The residence to which Mrs. Irving had retired, was situated on the sea-shore, some little way farther down than the village of Clontarf. The grounds, confined as they were, reached down to the beach. Just on some rocks which breasted the billows of the deep, a rustic seat had been con-

structed, so as to command a view of all the scenery of the bay. It was a favourite retreat of Ellen's; and, in her present frame of mind, there was something attractive in its sequestered situation.

It was almost the dusk of an autumn evening; the clouds hung heavy in the sky, and cast their dark shadows over the sea, along which the waves were running in troubled and irregular succession. The tide was near its height, and the spray was dashed high upon the rocks. One or two leaves from the trees which grew down to the water's edge, were now and then whirled round and round in the eddies of the rude blast. Ellen wrapped her cloak close round her, as she walked rapidly along the gravel walk. There was a melancholy in the aspect of nature, suited to the state of her own mind. She sat down on the seat, and leaning her head on her hand, she looked over the sea, where the wind was sweeping along the waves.

She had sat for some time; the shadows of the clouds were getting darker on the waters, and the Kish light, shining distinctly on the black horizon around. Ellen was just thinking of returning home, when her attention was attracted by a female figure that had been apparently making its way along the rocks upon the sea-shore, and was moving up to the cultivated grounds about the cottage. The female stopped, and looked earnestly at the cottage, for a few minutes, not many yards from where Ellen sat; she had, therefore, concealed herself by the trelliced paling that surrounded her, an opportunity of scanning the singular figure that presented itself.

The figure was tall, and, even amid the disfigurement of a large grey cloak that was wrapped around her, singularly handsome. The head was fastened round with a red band, and a profusion of the most luxuriant black hair streamed half way down the back, outside the cloak. Her feet and legs were quite bare; the cloak was manifestly intended for a shorter figure, and so indeed it appeared was the red petticoat which appeared under it, for the legs were uncovered nearly to the knee, and the skin, which was of a delicate whiteness, appeared torn by brambles. Her back was partly turned towards Ellen, so that she could not see the face; but the form appeared to have her finger in her mouth, and to be gazing intently on the cottage, and

muttering to herself. Ellen thought she distinguished her own name.

"Ay," cried the figure in a louder tone, "ay; little she knows about him; little—little—little——." The rest of the sentence was lost in muttering.

The beating of Ellen's heart was so loud as almost to prevent her from listening; she caught by the trunk of the beech tree which was close to her.

"Little she knows; little—little;" again resumed the stranger, "maybe, little she cares that he has forsaken one, and made the light heart a sad one;" again she fell into the low muttering. Ellen could distinguish nothing but the word "Glenvale." A mist came over her eyes; she thought she should have fallen. Her mind instantly reverted to Charles; she knew not what to fear; a thousand thoughts were in that moment. Her agitation made her move so as to attract the notice of her mysterious visitant. She turned round with a glance of fire from eyes of the deepest black. There was an expression of wildness in the countenance. Ellen felt as if she had seen the features before. Indeed, even through its wildness, there was a beauty that made it not easy to have seen and have forgotten. She rushed, or rather sprung, towards Ellen—"Ay, then, Miss Ellen, I'm glad—glad to see you; it is for you I'm looking; maybe, darlint, to save you from a sore heart—a sore heart, Miss Ellen, it's a sore thing. Maybe you don't know;—put your hand here, Miss Ellen;" and the poor creature flung open her bosom, and placed Ellen's hand upon her heart.

"Miss Ellen, you don't know me," she continued, looking up earnestly in her face, and in the earnest gaze Ellen recognized a face which she had not seen for years. My readers perhaps have before this recognized Sally Brown.

"I did not know you at first, Sally; I did not expect to see you here," replied Ellen, startled at the manner and appearance of her old friend; still more startled at a thousand terrible thoughts with which her appearance was associated.

"No wonder," replied the other; "no wonder. I'm not like what I was when I used to catch the lambs for you at Glenvale. I used to be light-hearted. I am light-headed now—my brain's not right, Miss Ellen dear."

It needed not these words to assure Ellen of the truth. The poor maniac

put her hand to her head and tapped several times with her finger on her forehead."

"I might tap long, Miss Ellen," she said; "but they're in it—whirling about—ay—ever since the day I saw them both—the sod's over them—and white daisies are on them—you know his hair was white—white, white—like the snow;" and she walked away apparently forgetting her companion altogether.

Ellen recalled her with a voice trembling with agitation—she raised its tone almost to a scream, before the other heard it—she started.

"Who?" says Sally, "oh ay, Miss Ellen, dear."

"Did you not say, Sally, you had something to tell me," said Ellen, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Oh, Miss Ellen," replied Sally, "I have to tell you—look at me, darlint; you wouldn't like to be like me—you wouldn't like to wander the world—you wouldn't, Miss Ellen, dear—now take care, Miss Ellen, don't trust him—he loved me too."

"Who?" interrupted Ellen, in violent emotion.

"Who?" exclaimed the other, looking with a piercing stare into her features, "are not you to be his bride—won't he make you a grand countess—didn't he say it to me?"

The maniac paused; Ellen breathed freely.

"Ay, Miss Ellen, he will put diamonds in your hair, but they will turn to serpents, and they will get about your heart—so don't take them—they're here;" and again she bared her bosom and pointed to her heart.

She sat down at Ellen's feet, and seemed more collected.

"I've wandered far to-day, Miss Ellen, to tell you this story; and when I did come I wandered in my mind—I can't think of any thing."

"How is your father, Sally?" enquired Ellen, hoping that the question might recall the scattered recollections of the poor creature.

She looked up full in her face, and an expression of deep meaning passed across the wildness of her features; she clasped her long, lank hands; and her only reply was by a troubled moan; for some minutes she continued this low and dismal sound while she rocked herself backwards and forwards with a motion that kept a sort of time to her moans.

She continued this motion for some

time; at last she started to her feet. She grasped her head wildly with her hands, and then caught Ellen's with a violence that made her shrink. A sudden fire seemed to light up the maniac's eye. "Listen to me, Miss Ellen," she cried, while her voice appeared to assume new energy; "listen to me, I must tell it; a woman does not like to tell her shame; but the vow of the dead is upon me?" and as she continued to speak, her breathing rose higher and higher; "be warned, Miss Ellen; it was Edward Leeson that made me what I am; it was he that broke my father's heart; be warned, Miss Ellen. He wants to marry you; I know he does; come, listen to me; there is no one near us, but them that you don't see; come, now, here give me your solemn oath that you'll never marry him." She paused—an unearthly fire lit up her eye—she squeezed Ellen's wrists with a painful and convulsive grasp; "Swear it, swear it," she repeated, with a violence that was becoming alarming, "as you would miss the curse—the curse—the curse, Miss Ellen," she screamed—"they're here to curse you—do you see him—there, there—swear—look at him, he's beckoning me—his hair is all white—swear." Her eye-balls were straining on some point by the sea-side—a cold shudder passed over all her frame, while Ellen was literally compelled to give the required vow. The maniac became calm; "did you see him, Miss Ellen," she said, in a low and fearful whisper, "my father—he was there; and she pointed in the direction in which her eyes had been previously directed. "I saw him standing on that rock."

She paused for a long time, overcome by excitement; she resumed, in a subdued tone, "Poor old man—he was always fond of you, Miss Ellen. Do you remember, long ago, when you were at Glenvale; and we were both children; and I was then the bonniest child in all the country except yourself; and Master Charles used to vex you, saying I had blacker eyes than you, and the old man would take you on his knee, when you would begin to look downcast, and tell you that you had the sweetest face in all the country side; and that you would yet make a nice wife for Master Charles—even in death he did not forget you—you have all my story, Miss Ellen darlint. My father and my child are in one grave;

his white hairs are in it ; but when he was cold under the sod he came to me in his winding sheet, and he sent me to you ; and I have to tell you—he—he—Miss Ellen—he forsook me—he left me to die by the road side, if I chose, when my father put me out ; ay, and the old man's heart was broke, and he never looked up more. I bore it all until I saw him die—and my child, too. I was with him when he died ; I saw him as the breath went from him ; and he forgave me, and he blessed me ; ay, and he blessed the baby ; but that, Miss Ellen, went hard with him ; but he did bless it, and he died ; and I sat day and night beside the corpse ; I talked to it all night ; they wanted me to quit it ; and before the morning light the child had gone to him ; the dead man's blessing was on it ; and it took fits and died ; then something passed through my head ; and from that morning out—they say I'm mad—but I saw him that's gone. He came to me in his white shroud ; and he laid the vow upon me to come to you, and then I was to wander the wide world a desolate creature, to go near neither kith or kin—to disgrace them—that was what he put upon me ; but may be there's good for me in the next world, there's none in this ; but I've done one vow, and I'll keep the other, though it's a hard one too, to be desolate in the earth—desolate—desolate—desolate ;” and repeating the word with bitter emphasis, she turned to depart down towards the sea.

It was now almost dark, and the tide had risen so high that there was no passage along the rocks. The mad girl stood just upon the edge of the water ; her dark figure clearly discernible amid the white spray that was dashing round her. “Look, Miss Ellen,” she cried, “look,” pointing out towards the light that glimmered on the horizon from the Light ship : “look ; it's all black but that one star—all, all, all.”

She stood for a moment gazing on the light ; then turned round, having discovered that there was no egress by the way she had come.

She once more advanced towards Ellen. “Good by, Miss Ellen ; if I have said any thing queer don't be angry with me—remember my poor brain is turned. I've told you all, Miss Ellen ; and keep your promise, darliut, and sometimes think of me ; maybe, Miss Ellen,” she added, doubt-

fully, “you would sometimes pray for me ; pray that my wanderings may be short.” She hesitated, as if it were almost impious in her to ask prayer for the only blessing she seemed to regard as possible for her.

“The tide's full in,” she began again ; and one might fall in along the rocks, but I'll be watched ; my time's not all in yet ; would'n't I make a pretty corpse, Miss Ellen, dear ; if they found me with my long hair all wet with the salt water.”

They were startled by the sound of Mrs. Irving's voice in gentle tones, exclaiming, “Ellen, my love, why are you out so late ?”

Sally started ; “I must be off,” she cried, wildly ; “my business was with you.”

Ellen almost mechanically held her.

“It is my mother, Sally—tell—tell her—tell her all.”

Mrs. Irving was now quite close to them. She was surprised at the strangeness of the figure which she saw wildly held by her daughter ; she had no time, however, for enquiry. The maniac suddenly disengaged herself with violence from the gentle grasp that had detained her. Her eyes glared with fire ; she raised herself up with proud dignity to an elevation that gave her fine figure a look of commanding energy ; and while she raised her voice to a shriek, expressing the mingled emotions of terror and triumph, she cried out in an unearthly tone, “There.”

Ellen looked in the direction to which her outstretched arm pointed ; there stood, motionless, and breathless, Mr. Leeson—her uncle was following a few paces behind.

There was, perhaps, fortunately for all parties, little time for thought or reflection. The maniac moved towards the object of her hate, as if she would have scorched him with her just indignation.

“Edward Leeson,” she cried, “I have found you. Edward, do you know me ; do you know the mother of your child ? When last you saw me you told me I might go with it to hell ; but it's in heaven, where you'll never be. Listen to me, villain, listen ; the very dead have come to warn me about you ; the blessed dead don't come back for nothing. If there is a God in heaven, vengeance will overtake you ; you broke my father's heart ; let this lady ask what of the old sexton of Glep-vale ; well she knew poor Sally when

she was a child ; she would not know her now ; but she promised ; and listen—the curse of the light heart that you have made heavy is with you wherever you go.”

A wild peal of laughter, such as none but maniacs laugh, closed this address in which no one had ventured to interrupt her. She rushed down towards the sea, and disappeared apparently into the wave.

“Good God, she’ll be drowned!” exclaimed Mr. Irving, as he rushed to stop her ; but her movements were too rapid ; she had passed with a light step along rocks that seemed almost impassable ; and before he reached the water’s edge the same fearful laugh was echoing from a place which he knew to be one of safety.

* * * * *

From the incoherent ravings of poor Sally, my readers will gather as much as they can wish to learn of the dismal tale of the transactions in which she was concerned. They can have no difficulty in conceiving the natural result of her terrible disclosures.

Of all these occurrences I knew nothing at the time ; my readers may therefore conceive my astonishment as I was accidentally present at the scene which I must now describe.

Charles Wilson, I have already mentioned, had obtained a scholarship in the University ; and he made his rooms his residence up to the time of his being called to the bar. An intimacy subsisted between him and me for some time. I remember it must have been within some days of this strange interview, we had made a plan for a day’s excursion into the county Wicklow ; we returned late in the day by one of the evening coaches ; we both were tired, and as we passed a tavern in—— street, Charles proposed that we should have supper.

I do not now remember by what accident we were shewn, not into the coffee room, but into a small room set apart for more private parties. There were two tables in it ; at one of which Charles and I seated ourselves, and were soon engaged in the discussion of our supper with the appetite of hungry men.

While we were thus engaged, a second party entered the room and took possession of the other table. One of them, who seemed to be the

leader, was a handsome young man ; at least he would have been both handsome and gentlemanly in his appearance, if he had not both the manner and look of a *roué*. He was accompanied by a dandy looking young officer, who was smoking a cigar, and a bluff and vulgar looking, middle-aged man, who had something the look of a dog-stealer, but was also engaged in the gentlemanly occupation of the cigar.

A strange glance passed from the leader to Charles. Charles was evidently confused ; there was, however, no sign of recognition.

“Do you know those chaps?” I asked, thoughtlessly.

“I don’t want to know them,” he answered, shortly, and began vehemently to pick the leg of a turkey, which had constituted a portion of our supper ; he shewed, however, no other symptom of agitation.

I understood the shortness of his reply as a reproof of my impertinent inquiry ; and like most persons who have received a deserved rebuke, I was very well inclined to be silent. Conversation altogether flagged at our table ; but the others appeared well inclined to make up for it by their noisiness.

Their leader commenced calling for champagne ; and I could not help thinking that he did so in a pointed manner, as if to ridicule the less aristocratic call which Charles had just that instant made for two tumblers of punch. It was, not, however, pointed enough to justify a notice. Charles’s face coloured, and he again vehemently picked a bone.

The others commenced a conversation in a tone so loud that most of what they said could be heard at our table, particularly as our humbler beverage by no means appeared as exhilarating in its effects as the champagne, of which their libations were certainly not stinted.

The officer talked of cock-fights and horse-races ; the fat-faced gentleman of fighting bull-dogs, in a tone, and with a zest that seemed to confirm my guess as to his occupation. The other was generally silent, although occasionally he joined with the others in boasting of exploits of a character even more disgraceful than those of the heroes of the cockpit and the dogfight.

At last he said to his companions, “Boys, I must tell you of my last ad-

venture; only think of it; an old rascal thought to hook me into matrimony with his niece."

"Into matrimony!" exclaimed the officer, incredulously.

"Ay," he said, "an old Jew of a Dublin merchant, who thought his money would be well spent in buying even the contingency of a coronet for a vulgar-looking niece that he has taken as his child; she was the daughter of some country curate; but I humoured the thing, and had a month's sport out of it, feasting with the uncle and flirting with the niece. I had them all in high tune; but egad, the plebeian wretches took the matter too seriously, and I have been forced to cut it short."

Charles' features underwent a thousand changes of color and position during this speech, which the speaker rendered still more disgusting by language and insinuations of which no gentleman could be capable. I felt anxious to escape the contamination of such society.

"Who were the wretches that had the impudence to try to take in *your lordship*!" exclaimed the dog-stealer, as he thrust repeated spoonfulls of some made dish down a throat which gaped like the crater of a volcano, which, indeed, he made it resemble in other respects by being guilty of a certain practice to which volcanoes are said to be addicted.

"Honour bright," exclaimed the officer, in a tone of jest with which much of seriousness was mingled.

"By—," said the other, striking his clenched fist on the table, "there is no 'honour bright' in it; their name is Irving."

It was the work of an instant for Charles to rise from his seat and move towards the blustering bully. He was calm and collected. In tones of thunder the words, "You are a liar and a scoundrel," burst from his lips; and his clenched fist had stretched Mr. Leeson beside his chair.

I now rose to interfere; for the dog-stealer had grasped a bottle of champagne, apparently with the intention of breaking it on Charles' head; the officer, however, dashed it from his hand, and raised up his fallen companion. Charles kept his ground unmoved. Mr. Leeson very soon revived. "This," said the officer, "must of course be settled elsewhere."

"Sir," cried Charles, "Mr. Leeson knows me. I am nephew to the gentleman of whom he has dared to speak

with disrespect; I am cousin to the young lady whose name he has dared to pollute with his ruffian lips; he was for months the guest of that gentleman; he sought that young lady's hand; he has been rejected because he was found out to be a scoundrel; and you know, sir," he added, emphatically, "if what I say be true, his conduct tonight has been that of a liar, a ruffian, and a coward."

"You shall answer for this, sir," cried the infuriate Leeson. "Fortescue, the matter must be settled soon," he added, with a cold, sneering expression to his companion; "the sooner the better—you will be my friend."

"I'm damned if I do," was the quick reply of the other, "in this or any thing else to a man who has acted so."

The young officer rose in violent agitation and pulled the bell; he asked for his share of the bill; and with a significant "Leeson, you know where to find me," he left the room.

Charles flung his card most contemptuously on the table; and we followed his example. Mr. Fortescue was apparently waiting for us in the passage; he addressed Charles—"Sir," he said, "I feel it right to apologise to you for having been in any way a party to the wanton insult that was offered to you tonight; but I have done what I could in the way of reparation."

Charles assured him that he had more than exculpated himself; the young officer walked down with us towards college; as we went along, he said, "We are both in for a shot from him; I may put you on an equal footing with myself. Leeson is a professed duellist; he can snuff a candle at twelve paces; this accounts for his conduct tonight; these bullies are always cowards at heart; but perhaps one or other of us might bore him; if the first of us does it, it will save the second; but I fear it's a blue look out."

At parting, he shook hands with Charles. I could not help thinking pretty much, as two men would do, who found a source of sympathy in being both condemned to death.

"O'Brien," said the poor fellow to me, "will you stand by and see me shot? It is but little trouble; but I must get some one to do it."

I scarcely knew how to act in taking this office upon myself. I was utterly unacquainted with the laws and usages of duelling; and it seemed a matter in which a knowledge of them might be

essential. At last I thought of consulting a relative of my own, an officer whose regiment was then quartered in Dublin. Charles and I had spent some evenings with him in barracks; and having obtained Charles' permission to communicate all the circumstances to him, I set off without losing a moment to ask his advice.

At the time of which I write, the law of public opinion did not bear so strongly against the practice of duelling as it does now. A duel, even where its termination was fatal, was esteemed a light matter. In this, as in every other instance, the tone of general feeling influences that of individuals. I confess I looked upon the matter in which I was engaged in a light very different from what I would now regard it. This much I may just hint in extenuation of myself to those who may be disposed to try my conduct by a rule more unerring than the fluctuating laws of public opinion. The world has grown wiser upon the subject since—the same years have taught me much. No one, perhaps, has ever passed through the changes and chances of a varied life without feeling that much of wisdom lies in the lessons of experience.

With some difficulty I made my way to Major Williams, in his apartments at George's-street barracks. He listened calmly to my story.

"The fellow escaped too lightly," he said, when I had concluded. "Of course he will send a challenge. Wilson must, of course, meet him; but he is not to receive his fire; he may shoot him the first time if he can."

I mentioned to him what I had heard of the skill of the other. He started and betrayed visible emotion. "Poor fellow," he cried, "this is a cursed system—this villain will shoot him like a dog—fellows like him insult society—damn the bully," he repeated, bitterly, at the conclusion of the broken sentences which he had uttered half as an address to me, and half soliloquising.

"Are you up to such matters?" he said, eagerly.

"I can't say I am," I replied.

"Did you ever load a pistol?"

"I have," said I.

"What for?" he said, with a smile.

"To shoot sparrows," I replied, catching at the moment from him an expression of gaiety that was far from my heart.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed;

"his chance is not worth a groat; this noble young fellow will be shot by that scoundrel; it is a cursed system—damnable—damnable—if it could be done without."

He paced up and down the room for an instant. "He shan't be murdered no by—," he added, with an oath. "Will he let me be his second, O'Brien—will you give me your place?" a smile played on his features as he spoke.

"Are you serious, Major?" I asked.

"Perfectly serious," he replied; "his only chance is in an experienced second. I have seen some affairs of the kind," he continued, with a melancholy air; "they are horrible businesses; but this poor young fellow must not be shot without a fair chance."

It was not difficult to obtain Charles' consent to the proposed substitution. "I do not, however," he added, with a ghastly smile, "release you from your promise you must come and see me shot."

Contrary to our expectation, we heard nothing from Mr. Leeson that night; I felt a kind of regret; I thought it would have been all over the next morning; there was a horrible suspense that was worse than the most terrible certainty; and yet I could not but feel that it was a day's reprieve to the poor victim of the system, by which a coward first insults and then murders, and calls this satisfaction to injured society.

Next morning, however, a gentleman waited on Charles, from Mr. Leeson; there was no apology asked or offered; the gentleman was referred at once to Major Williams to "arrange" every thing.

The place chosen was the celebrated spot in the Phoenix Park, known by the name of the Fifteen Acres; the hour fixed was as early on the next morning as there could be sufficient light for the work of death. All these arrangements were made, and communicated to Charles before twelve o'clock in the day.

"I have the rest of the day to myself," he said, bitterly, as Major Williams left him, promising to call for him at five in the morning; and telling him that he would settle all other matters so that he need think no more about it.

* * * *

My readers have of course—that is, if, as I am bound to believe, they be possessed of an ordinary degree of in-

telligence—understood the results of the disclosures of the unfortunate Sally. It may be imagined that Mr. Leeson very speedily took his departure from the cottage. Mrs. Irving fervently thanked God that her daughter had been preserved from misery. Mr. Irving appeared hurt at his own want of discrimination; he consoled himself, however, by the reflection that “the rascal was a most accomplished hypocrite;” but he added, “I might have suspected him when he took so suddenly to religion.”

Upon Ellen the effects of the extraordinary scene she had witnessed were such as might have been expected from its agitating nature. An illness that confined her for some days to her room was the consequence. Charles had heard something of the occurrence from her uncle, who told him at the same time that Ellen showed more sense than them all. She never could endure the fellow, though she could give no reason for her dislike.

These few words excited a tumult of feeling in Charles’ breast. His agitation could not escape the notice of the other.

“Ho, ho,” he cried, with the air of one who had just made a discovery; “maybe the secret’s out—maybe she liked her cousin best, ho, ho.”

There was nothing of displeasure in the tone in which he spoke. Charles’ heart beat too violently to permit him instantly to reply, and something having called off Mr. Irving, the conversation dropped.

Brief, however, as it had been, it had a deep import to Charles’ heart. Ellen had rejected Mr. Leeson—how deeply had he wronged her by his unmeaning jealousy. Her uncle, too, had alluded to the possibility of her loving him in a tone that conveyed no disapprobation. How did he long to ask her forgiveness, and declare his own love—something told him that he could find it no hard matter to obtain the one, and induce her to accept the other.

It was in this state of mind that he had met with Mr. Leeson in the manner I have described. He had not yet seen Ellen, as she was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave her room. When he found that he had one day, perhaps his last day to himself—he almost mechanically bent his steps to Clontarf.

The face of nature wore a gladness
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that could not but throw its hues of cheerfulness over one who felt that he might never look upon that face again. The keen air of autumn gave a clear blueness to the sky and the sea—and the bright sunshine coloured every object with a tinge of joyousness. As Charles passed along the shore, he paused to gaze upon the scene. The white sails of a hundred skiffs moved joyously along the little billows that danced in gladness on the bosom of the sea—the white clouds sailed slowly over the sky—and far away the mountains raised their summits standing out in unusual distinctness from the blue line of the horizon. All nature was in harmony with life—life and gladness—but that time tomorrow, what might he be—there was something sickening in the thought.

He thought, too, of her who had been the vision of his dreams—he felt assured she loved him. Then could she bear his death?—what right had he to sear the heart that was devoted to him? but it was now TOO LATE. It must be—and with this thought he quieted the emotions which, despite of himself, rose in his soul.

The thought, too, of another world, and of Him, before whom, perhaps, he must shortly stand—the recollections of his childhood rushed back upon his mind—he thought of the act in which he was about to engage—a cold shudder passed through his frame, as conscience whispered that it was a violation of God’s law.

“And yet,” he reasoned with himself, “am I not risking my life in a cause that conscience must approve—to defend the peace and sacredness of a happy home, against injuries perhaps as deep and deadly as those of which the law takes cognizance? The soldier on the field of battle may look for protection while he defends his home and his country from his foe, why may not he who singly defends the peace of society against the enemy that would invade it?”

His conscience distrusted the soundness of the reasoning—but it satisfied him.

On arriving at the cottage, he found that Ellen was so much better as to have altogether left the confinement of her room. A deep blush crimsoned her entire features when she met him; both their manners were embarrassed—persons are always embarrassed when each is conscious of their own acquaintance with a subject of common interest.

rest upon which they have never spoken.

Mrs. Irving insisted that Charles should remain there for dinner. Her brother and sister-in-law were to come and take share of a family dinner, and Mr. Irving would be glad to meet Charles.

Charles fancied there was some significance in the manner in which she spoke. He thought it might be his last day—he did not regret that it would be spent with Ellen.

Her cheek was pale from the effects of recent illness—when he gazed upon that pale cheek, and thought that before the morrow was over, sorrow might blanch it to a more ghastly hue, he felt as if his heart would break.

And yet, when he looked upon her, and thought of her so free from guile, so pure and upright, he felt as if she was not to suffer for his sake.

The Bible was lying open on the table, when he entered. His arm involuntarily rested on the sacred page.

"Charles," said his aunt, "will you finish for us a chapter we were reading when you came in?"

It was that chapter in the book of Genesis, in which Abraham prays for Sodom—when he came to the remarkable verse, "That be far from thee, O Lord, to punish the innocent with the guilty," his voice faltered—he could not go on.

Both his aunt and cousin fixed their eyes on him—he pleaded nervousness as an excuse for his emotion. He could not but remark the anxious glance his cousin cast at him, and the anxious tone of voice with which she told him to take care and not injure his health by study.

My readers must conceive an interview which I confess I am utterly inadequate to describe. He dare not allude to the feelings of his heart—indeed he had no opportunity, as Mrs. Irving remained constantly with him until the hour of dinner.

Mr. Irving came in great spirits, at the unexpected success of some mercantile speculation. He rallied both Ellen and Charles on their paleness.

"Why, man," said he to the latter; "you look like a man going to be shot." Fortunately, he turned away too quick to remark the effect his chance words produced.

Dinner passed away, and Charles and Mr. Irving were left alone. Their conversation was on indifferent subjects, until just as they were rising to

join the ladies, Mr. Irving said standing—

"Charles, you never told me if I was not right—there is something between you and your cousin isn't there?"

"Indeed, sir," said Charles, "if ever we had spoken to each other as you seem to suppose, it would not be concealed from you."

"Well, well," said the other, "that's very right; but I see plain enough you've a liking for each other." He moved off towards the door, and putting his hand on Charles' shoulder, he added—"She's my child, Charles, and believe me, I would rather see her married to you without a penny, than to some we know of with a title and estates."

Charles' heart was touched—he felt as if he should communicate to Mr. Irving the perilous adventure in which he was next morning to be engaged—he attempted to speak, but his voice was choked in his throat—and, while he was hesitating, the other had passed on, humming a tune.

The state of his feelings during the rest of the evening was bordering on agony, but he felt a mysterious assurance that he would be safe; the words "thou wilt not punish the innocent with the guilty," rested on his soul. When he looked on Ellen, he felt that there was a safeguard in her interest in him. Even when taking leave, the only sign of emotion he manifested was, that he mechanically retained her hand and pressed it for some time. She reddened and withdrew it—with something like an expression of anger.

Mr. Irving's carriage was at the door; he pressed Charles to accompany him, and remain all night.—Charles pleaded business as an excuse.

"Well," said the other, "come out to breakfast with me; get up early, and do your business first. Nine o'clock," he shouted, as the carriage rolled off.

"Yes," answered Charles, and proceeded to make his way home with some rather gloomy reflections as to the probability of his keeping his engagement.

That night he addressed two letters, one to Mr. Irving, and the other to Ellen, both of which he entrusted to my care to deliver, in case he should fall.

The College gates had just opened next morning, when Major Williams, true to his appointment, came to Charles Wilson's rooms. Charles and I were both waiting for him. He was

wrapped up in a military cloak, under which he carried a box, which, of course, I conjectured to contain a case of pistols.

"Make haste, Wilson," he said, "I have been kept waiting at these damned gates until the hour for opening came. Your college clock is like everything else about it, infernally slow."

Charles put out the candle which was burning on the table, and we moved down stairs. It was a rainy morning, a thick mizzling rain was drifted in our faces. As we passed through the college gates, two or three half-sleeping porters eyed us suspiciously, and yawned. Outside the gate, a hack car was waiting—on one side of it a gentleman sat—beside whom the major desired me to get. Charles and he got up on the other.

"Where now, yer honour?" said the driver, touching his hat with a leer that implied that he anticipated the answer.

"Up Dame Street," said the major, sternly, anxious to avoid the inquisitiveness of a porter who loitered lazily after us.

The driver applied the whip to the thing of skin and bones which supplied the place of a horse, and the animal dashed forwards with a speed which his appearance did not promise.

"To the Acres, yer honour?" said the driver, when he had gone far enough to need fresh directions—the major nodded assent.

"Gee up, my ould play-boy," said the fellow to his horse; and he applied the lash with a zest that seemed to indicate that he expected some sport and good pay.

The first dawn of day was scarcely discernible. The lamps were all burning in the streets—scarcely any one was astir—it was altogether a dismal morning, and, wrapped up in our cloaks, on the crazy vehicle on which we sat, we seemed a dismal party—not a word was spoken—the gentleman who sat next me, I presumed to be a surgeon—but we had enough to do to keep the rain and foggy air out of our mouths, by keeping our mufflers close to them, and neither of us spoke.

We had reached that part of the Phoenix Park where the road winds at the bottom of a glen, the sides of which are thickly covered with hawthorns; I do not know whether it has any particular name. A lady of my acquaintance has assured me that it

is called "the valley of thorns," but I more than suspect that her own poetical taste has been the source of this appropriate name. About 100 yards above the Magazine, the major desired the car to stop. We were then just in the very heart of the valley of thorns; we struck off the road at once. The light was by this time so clear that we could distinctly discern objects. Just as we passed an old hawthorn tree, a most extraordinary apparition burst upon our sight. I need not tax my reader's patience by circumlocution—it was that of Sally Browne. None of the entire party knew her except Charles, and even he at first did not recognise her. She presented, certainly, a most singular appearance, standing in our path in that sequestered situation. Her long hair was streaming behind—the red band could not confine it to her head. She rushed down, and looked from one to another of the party. She soon recognised the object of her search.

"Master Charles," she said, looking steadily in his face; "do you remember when last I saw you I speyed, Master Charles, and my speying is come true."

Even the coolness of Major Williams was completely disconcerted by this singular interruption.

"Sally Browne," said Charles—"what in the name of God brings you here?"

"What brings me here!—I know what brings you here; did you not revenge me long ago—long, long ago?—and now—he's gone up there—he would have taken my life but for them that were with him, who said it was a sin to harm the mad girl. I stood in his road like his wraith, and I cursed him—and he trembled like that tree, that the wind's shaking. It's a morning, Master Charles, that one would fear to meet their bad conscience; I cursed him—here—cursed—cursed."

"What, in the name of heaven, is the meaning of this?" said Major Williams, in a whisper to Charles.

"The curse be upon him," said Charles, earnestly; "this—this is his doing."

"The speying's come out, Master Charles, when they that heard it are with the dead. I'm wilder now, but not so lighthearted."

"Poor, poor soul," said the major feelingly.

"Sally," said Charles, "we have not time to talk now; go back home again;

this is no place for you at this hour."

"Home!" she cried with an hysteric scream, that was something like a whoop; "home! I have no home—I must wander the wide world till I meet with the old man—the dead man with the white hairs—my home's the home of the wind—but I'll go—I'll not stop you as I stopped him—I tracked him these three days, and I found out that he was coming here, and I met him to curse him—and I saw his heart all wither up, and now I'm gone to wander for the dead man—the old man with the grey head—my father—father—father;" and, still muttering these words, she passed us at a rapid step, and disappeared among the whitethorns.

The delay had kept us so much that we had not time to ask for explanation of this singular occurrence. I heard Charles say to the major, "a victim of his perfidy." The major sighed heavily, and we walked on.

A few minutes more brought us to the ground. Mr. Leeson and his second were there before us; and a third person, whom I recognised as the gentleman to whom I had attributed the office of dog-stealer. Mr. Leeson had brought no surgeon. By this time the light was clear enough for all our purposes. The gentleman who was to act as Mr. Leeson's second stepped out to Major Williams:—

"You have taken proper precautions—a professional gentleman, I presume," said he, in a tone that seemed to imply that his friend had no need of such precautions.

"I have done all, sir," said the veteran, "that I thought right," with a dignified tone.

"Very probably," said the other, drily.

"We are now ready for business," said the major, in a tone approaching to haughtiness.

"Quite," replied the other in a voice of imperturbable composure.

They moved a little farther from their principals to settle preliminaries.

"Twelve paces," said Mr. Leeson's second, with an appearance of sang froid.

"No sir," said the major sternly.

"It's the usual distance."

"I believe sir," said the major, "the challenged party has a right to some discretion; I wish fifteen."

The other retired to consult his principal; they talked a while in visible agitation.

The major eyed them with a look of which the scorn was not concealed.

"Major Williams," said the other, returning, "my friend seeks satisfaction for an outrageous insult—the distance you propose is too great."

"Then, sir," said the major, "you can have no objection to nine?"

I felt my blood run cold.

"It would be little better than murder," said the other.

"Nine, sir," taking no notice of what he said, said the major; "you have refused fifteen; I am anxious, on the part of my friend, to give you every satisfaction."

After some few words, the ground was measured at nine paces. When Mr. Leeson was placed, he became deadly pale—his coat was open, so as to expose a part of his linen on his breast. He attempted to button it, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not. The dog-stealer remarked it, and buttoned it for him.

The seconds loaded the pistols, and handed each to his respective friend. Some few words had previously passed between Major Williams and Charles, at which I moved off, that I might not overhear. He now handed him his pistol, and we all moved off.

The word was given—there was first one report—an instant afterwards the other. I trembled to look round—I heard some one exclaim, with an oath, "he's killed!" I looked towards the spot where Charles stood, certain that my eyes would be blasted by the sight of his bleeding corpse. But he stood, just in the attitude in which he had fired. Opposite to him, his friends had raised up his unfortunate antagonist.

I ran towards him. Our surgeon was beside him—the wounded man had his hand upon his left side, indicating the direction that the ball had taken. He had opened up his coat and waistcoat to search for the wound—the ball had carried in a portion of his dress into the wound. The surgeon shook his head.

The dying man perceived it. "I know it," he cried; "I'm done—damn it—I wanted his blood, and he has mine—damn him," he cried as he clenched his fist. "Nine paces—it should have been three—then we would have gone together—damn that mad banshee—DAMN YOU ALL," he roared with a fiendish energy. A few more terrible imprecations, a few gnashes of his

teeth, and that ferocious spirit had passed away.

There was silence for some seconds ; the surgeon was the first to break it.

"Fly, gentlemen," he said ; "it's all over here."

The admonition to fly was quickened by the appearance of a party rapidly moving towards us. All dispersed in different directions—Major Williams almost dragging with him his unheeding principal. There was something terrible in thus leaving the corpse of a fellow-creature, who, but a few minutes before, had come with us in health and strength—I felt I could not fly—I was amazed when I found that the party approaching was that of Mr. Fortescue.

"It's all over," I said, pointing to the spot where the dead body lay.

"Gracious God !" exclaimed Fortescue, "is it Leeson ?"

I answered in the affirmative. He walked over where he lay stiff upon the sod—he gazed upon the dead body with a strange expression of features ; I thought there was something of satisfaction in the consciousness that he had himself escaped. He said nothing, however, but merely asked me the distance they had been placed.

"Ah," said he, "he had a second up to his business—he saved his life—perhaps mine too. Leeson would have hit his heart at twelve—but he was unaccustomed to nine—besides, he was at heart a coward, and he got afraid."

He turned away from the corpse, apparently well satisfied that he was not occupying its place.

"It's a nice morning's work," he said, with an expression, half of galeity, half melancholy—he took his intended second's arm—they walked off.

* * * *

Charles kept his appointment with Mr. Irving that morning. "He had gotten up early and done his business." Of course he communicated to him the transaction. Mr. Irving was greatly shocked. The entire matter, however, raised Charles in his estimation—when he had a little recovered from the shock he began to question Charles about the particulars of the quarrel.

"Did the fellow say I wanted to hook him in—bad luck to his impudence ; did he dare to say it ? Well, Charles, you are a brave fellow—a pity your name's not Irving—you would be worthy of it. Maybe, Charles, you might take it yet," he added, significantly. "You must hide, Charles,

for a little while. I suppose there will be a coroner's jury—you will not be prosecuted, but you had better keep out of the way just now. I know no better hiding-place than just where you are ; you must not let yourself be seen by daylight ; you can take out one of the horses, and have a gallop by moonlight for exercise. The search will not be very diligent for you ; and this, very likely, is the last place they will think of looking. I remember the old woman in the farm-house in the country, used constantly to put you in the chimney corner to avoid the smoke, when the whole house was full of it. And, sometimes you may avoid danger by staying near to it. Even if you are taken, the worst is a few weeks in jail, and of course a verdict of not guilty."

Thus lightly did he talk of a transaction in which a fellow-creature had been sent to his last account—

"With all his imperfections on his head."

The coroner's jury, after examining one or two witnesses, found a verdict—"That deceased came by his death by a shot fired by Charles Wilson, Edward Williams and another being assisting thereat, and that the value of said pistol was twenty shillings." The coroner, on this very grammatical verdict, issued his warrant for the apprehension of Charles Wilson, and Edward Williams.

It was generally said that there was gross mismanagement in allowing a coroner's inquest at all. I could not help thinking it a very natural result of leaving a body with a pistol bullet in its side, lying in his majesty's park.

Major Williams obtained six weeks' leave of absence, the very day the duel was fought.

Mr. Irving made very light of the legal proceedings ; but Charles, in his own mind, could not divest himself of anxiety. The duel had been fought at an irregular distance ; he had overheard the expression of Mr. Leeson's second, "it will be regular murder ;" and just before the pistol had been placed in his hand, Major Williams had said to him, "remember there is no time for foolery now," words which Charles feared that others might have overheard, and which, manifestly, were meant as advice to shoot his antagonist if he could ; for I believe he was correct in his opinion, that when two gentlemen challenge each other to deadly combat, and fire loaded pistols each towards the other, with the best aim

they can, it alters quite the character of the transaction if anything has occurred, which would give reasonable ground of suspicion, that either of them did all this with any intention of shooting the other.

Charles, therefore, entertained reasonable fears that all the circumstances I have mentioned, by furnishing grounds for such a suspicion, would tell against him on his trial. His imagination was haunted with the most dismal visions of the future, perhaps only the reflection of remorse for the past.

He could not but feel remorse. None of my readers can know, I pray they may never know the feelings of the man, that has ever, under any circumstances, taken away a life. Blood, no matter how justly shed, leaves a stain upon the hand that sheds it. The shadow of the murderer's curse darkens where the curse itself does not fall. "He who sheddeth man's blood," still walks in the gloom of that shadow. It is a terrible consciousness to feel that you have been forced to cut short a fellow-being's days. The soul darkens under the solemn sanction by which He who gave it guards the awful sacredness of human life.

If this feeling attaches itself to the mere act of taking away human life, even where the necessity that justifies it is the most plain, much more did it exist in all its bitterness, when Charles had shed a fellow-creatures' blood under circumstances, the propriety of which he could not help feeling questionable. Not but that he reasoned himself into the belief that it was an act of self-defence—in truth, it was so when he was engaged in combat; and why had he thus placed himself in a position in which he was forced to take another's life to save his own—in defence, he reasoned with himself, of those charities of social life, which it is the first duty of every man to guard from aggression.

He might have calmed all the secret upbraidings of his conscience by this reasoning, if it had not been that he saw in the glance of Ellen her judgment that he had done wrong. He dare not allude to the subject in her presence; but there was an air of calm and resigned melancholy about her, which seemed to denote that a wound was rankling at her heart. The bloom of health had fled from her pale cheek, and often did the large tear fall unbidden from her eye.

Charles could not but mark the change. Day after day he passed in her society, until his whole soul became absorbed in the passion that preyed on it. Yet there was something in the calm and settled melancholy of her look—in the quiet sorrow that dimmed her eye—in the meek paleness of her cheek, which, while it added to her loveliness, seemed to awe into silence even love.

A few weeks thus passed, and the time came when Charles and his companion surrendered themselves to trial. A previous intimation from Mr. Leeson's friends had assured Mr. Irving that they would take no steps to prosecute. The trial was a mere matter of form—the prisoners were arraigned for the murder of Edward Leeson—a jury were impanelled—no witnesses appeared—and a verdict of not guilty was pronounced.

The day of his trial he drove home with Mr. Irving in his carriage. The joy of that gentleman manifested itself in a manner more expressive than was usual. He repeatedly shook Charles's hand:

"Well, my boy," he cried; "it's all over now—not guilty—it can never come against you again. It was far better for you to stand a trial—not guilty—huzza, my boy."

His joy subsided a little into a reflective mood. "Well, this is a glorious constitution under which we live—no man can be twice tried for the same offence. Quit for ever, my boy—it is a glorious constitution."

Charles heartily concurred in the eulogium on the free genius of British law.

"Your aunt must see you a free man," cried the good-hearted old gentleman, as he desired the coachman to drive to the cottage. Charles's heart fluttered in his bosom at the direction.

Mr. Irving's delight at Charles's acquittal appeared to have carried him quite away from his usual sobriety of demeanour. "Jane," he cried, as soon as he entered the cottage, "come and see your nephew quite free—not guilty, huzza."

Mrs. Irving heartily embraced Charles, and welcomed him, as she said, back to liberty. Her congratulations, however, were mixed with tears. There was one, however, who met him pale and trembling—she had no congratulations either on her countenance or her lips. Faintly she held out her hand, and with

an effort she murmured, "Charles, I am glad—you are—acquitted."

"Come, come, Ellen," cried her uncle, the ardent character of whose joy deemed such cold congratulations peculiarly inappropriate; "come, Miss, you are more glad than any of us. No pretence," he added, in a significant tone. Charles's face became scarlet—a slight tinge passed over the paleness of Ellen's cheek. She sat down without speaking, and took up her work, which was lying on the table.

"Well, well," said her uncle, "you women are the queerest beings in creation; it's well for them," he added, smiling, "that keep clear of you. There she is, happy in her heart to see her cousin back, and she looks as if she was just ready to cry—women always cry on their wedding day—I suppose it's the best method of expressing joy. Here, here," he added impatiently, "I know it all, Ellen," and he caught her hand. "Here, Charles, take her hand—I know it all." But the hand was sternly withdrawn. The old gentleman was surprised. "Perverse, perverse," he muttered. "Here, Jane, we'll leave them to themselves. Charles may make something of her; I can't."

Without giving her time for resistance, he hurried Mrs. Irving through an open casement into the garden, leaving the young people alone. Ellen did not raise her eyes from her work, but her face was deadly pale. Charles stood leaning on the mantel-piece—for some minutes he was silent.

"Ellen," he said at last, "Ellen, there is no need of affectation between us; you know I have loved you long—don't you Ellen, know that I have loved you for years?"

"I do, Charles," replied the other calmly, without raising her eyes. Charles drew a chair close to her; she was trembling violently. "And, Ellen," he added softly, "may I not believe that you have loved me?"

The other made no reply; tears fell large and fast upon the embroidery at which she was working.

Charles laid his hand upon her arm; his own heart was throbbing violently; she started—she looked full in his face.

"Charles," she said, "there is no need of affectation; I have loved you, but never, never, speak to me on the subject again."

There was an expression of agony mingled with determination, in the manner she made the request, that

gave it more the appearance of a command.

"Ellen dear," said Charles, but he knew not what to add; it was a pause of deep and painful embarrassment to both—"will you not be mine—mine for ever?"

She had risen from her seat, pale and breathless; she seemed like some marble statue, chiselled with incomparable skill; her hair, black as the raven's wing, fell down in glossy ringlets; the blood had left her lips.

"Charles," she said, evidently with an effort; "Charles, never, never speak to me on this subject again; it must not be; I dare not—no, I dare not; you have taken away a fellow-creature's life; I dare not—I would share with you poverty and suffering, but I dare not share God's displeasure."

As she uttered these words, she looked up to heaven, as if for support. Charles reasoned with her; he addressed to her the arguments by which he had silenced his own conscience—"It was self-defence," he said.

"Self-defence!" she answered; "Charles, dear, do not deceive yourself; why did you meet him in mortal combat? it was not self-defence that took you to the place."

"No, Ellen," he answered, "but it was the defence of what is dearer to me than life; I could not hear you spoken lightly of; I risked my life first."

"Charles, dear," she answered, in a tone of tenderness; "Charles, will this be a good excuse to your God for taking away the life he gave? What harm did those words do me? Were they worth being washed out in the blood of an immortal being?"

Charles was awed by the solemnity of her manner—"No man could listen to it, Ellen, and not punish it."

"Vengeance is mine, Charles, God says; it was not for you to take it from him—it was not for you to send a sinner to his presence."

In vain did Charles reason, and argue, and entreat. The simple girl answered every argument by an appeal to the words of the Bible. "Thou shalt not kill;" sternly did she refuse to be entreated. "I did love you," she said, "but my duty demands that I should forget *that*. I would have borne anything, but I dare not displease my God; perhaps it is a mercy. My foolish head had its dreams of happiness here below; they are gone

for ever. I will now think only of God."

She uttered these words in the spirit of one of those religionists who, in the Catholic church, solemnly dedicate themselves to God; indeed as she spoke—her hands clasped in the attitude of attention; the calmness of resignation settling with a lovely radiance on her pale and sorrowful features; her eyes turned upwards, as if to gaze henceforward only on heavenly things—she might, but for her dress, have been the original of the beautiful picture of "the nun."

* * * *

Charles still hoped that time would wear away, in Ellen's mind, the stern resolution which now alone seemed to interfere between him and perfect happiness. But when weeks had passed away, and no change came over the spirit of that dream of duty, he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair; he looked upon it as a judgment from God for having taken life. I might tell of scenes of suffering such as seemed enough to atone for guilt far worse than his. There were in the dark and gloomy history of the next few months, a chapter of truth which many might pronounce too highly coloured even for romance; it is time, however, that I should bring this chapter to a close.

Ellen's health and spirits declined so much, that her mother removed to the south of England, in hopes that the change might restore her. Mr. Irving,

who was deeply attached to his niece, accompanied her. Some short time afterwards, Charles Wilson left the country without bidding me farewell. I supposed that he had gone to some foreign climate, in the hopes of finding an early grave. I heard nothing of any of the party until some months afterwards, casting my eye over one of the English papers, I met the following announcement, under the head of marriages:—

"In the church of South Molton, Devonshire, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of —, Charles Wilson, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Ellen, only daughter of the Reverend Charles Irving, late rector of —, in the diocese of Dublin."

Many years had elapsed, when I saw them both happy and honoured in the midst of a growing family. Mrs. Irving was sitting by their fireside in a venerable arm-chair, smiling on the domestic circle. Mr. Irving had died full of years and honour, and left all his wealth to his nephew and niece, with the exception of an annuity to his maiden sister, who spent the rest of her life wheeling about in a wheel-chair, and drinking the waters at Bath. Charles had taken the name of Irving, and transferred himself to the English bar, where he had settled down into a snug situation.

I am glad, so perhaps will be my readers too, that over the close of one, at least, of my gloomy chapters, a gleam of sunshine has been cast.

A WORD IN SEASON TO THE CONSERVATIVES IN PARLIAMENT.

It becomes our statesmen to be deeply impressed with this truth, that the condition of Ireland will determine the condition of the empire. We hesitate not to say, that if only four years more of such government, or rather misgovernment, as we have had for the four years last past, be persevered in, either the country will be involved in civil war, or the British government will be reduced to the condition of conceding the repeal of the union; and how long after such an event the countries can continue in even nominal connection, it requires no great spirit of prophecy to divine.

These are calamities which we would fain avert, and which, with some little increase of virtue and energy on the

part of our constituencies, might, we are of opinion, be averted. Indeed, there has been so great an accession of late years to the ranks of those by whom sound conservative principles are professed, that nothing but the overbearing influence of a reckless and unprincipled government, could avail to counteract the spirit by which they are actuated, or defeat, even for a season, the energetic resistance which they have opposed to the democratic movement by which all that we hold most valuable is exposed to so much danger. And if we only continue to concert measures by which the cause of truth may be advanced, and the experience of the past may be brought to bear upon the future, so as strongly

to illustrate the folly and the wickedness of the unprincipled faction, to whose domination, for our sins, we have been abandoned, we do not despair to see that faction speedily driven with ignominy from the helm of power, and wiser and better men entrusted with the destinies of the empire.

But nothing short of all our efforts can now be available to avert impending destruction. Our adversaries have obtained a fearful advantage over us. This we say advisedly, notwithstanding the decided reaction manifested during the late elections. This we say, notwithstanding the triumphant manifestation of conservative feeling and principle, which, in England, has stricken ministers with dismay. This we say, notwithstanding the humiliating defeat of Roebuck, and Hume, and Bowring, and the gratifying success of men who are in every respect their opposites, and by whom the best interests of the country will be resolutely defended; because, our adversaries still possess that place in the government which may mightily enable them to countervail the powerful spirit which is rising for their overthrow, and because *we* are not as yet sufficiently awake to the whole extent of our duties or our dangers.

Can any one suppose that the present ministers will neglect the present opportunity, which circumstances have placed in their power, to poison the mind of the young Queen against their opponents? And can such an effect be produced in such a quarter, without leading to almost irremediable evils? Their play will be, to make her Majesty believe that the Conservatives are the enemies of the best interests of the people. They will present, as through a magnifying glass, any abuses which may prevail in the administration of the church, and fain persuade her, that their own measures, by which its foundation would be sapped, are the only remedies by which such abuses could be prevented. They will represent to her the dissenting interest, groaning under the pressure of church rates, at once a badge and a burden; and interest her generosity and her compassion in favour of a class of her subjects, whose tenderness of conscience should not, they will tell her, be shocked by being called upon to contribute to such an abomination as a form of Christianity established by law, and having the permanent and

authoritative promulgation of true religion for its object. But, above all things, they will refer her to the state of Ireland, and present to her pathetic pictures of the misery and degradation of its Roman Catholic population. This, they will not hesitate to tell her, has been produced by what is called Protestant ascendancy; and is perpetuated by the continuance of that spirit that has been generated by such ascendancy; and they will fain persuade her, that the only remedy for such a state of things, is, the humiliation or overthrow of the Irish church, and the advancement to places of power and dignity of the leading agitators of Ireland.

But can her Majesty be thus persuaded? Have we not good reason for believing that she is possessed of sense and spirit sufficient to detect and repel such false advisers? *Reader, remember that she is but eighteen years of age!* Imagine yourself, at such an age, called to fill the station which she occupies; and say whether, humanly speaking, you would be prepared against the wiles and the artifices of the insidious men by whom she is at present surrounded. *She may* possess a strength of mind *beyond* her years. *She may* be actuated by a spirit of wisdom which would render her proof against the sophistry and the delusion by which she will be assailed. We are not, assuredly, amongst the number of those who reject the belief that the hearts of kings are, in a peculiar manner, under the rule and governance of the Almighty; and that it is *He* who disposes and turns them as it seemeth best to his godly wisdom. On the contrary, our fixed persuasion of that divine truth, leads us daily to prefer our petitions to the throne of grace; that it may please the Giver of all good things to extend to our beloved Queen more and more of his benign guidance and protection, that she may escape the snares which are laid for her by ungodly and deceitful men, and become more and more, by her daily growth in virtue and knowledge, an ornament to her throne, and a blessing to her people. But not the less do we feel that a season of divine chastisement may have arrived, when it may please God to exact from us the penalties of our transgressions as a nation; and that our own conduct, in the very emergency in which we are placed, may determine, for good or for evil, the result of the present dispensation. If

then, while all the ability and all the artifice of our adversaries is employed to deceive her Majesty, we take no pains to set her right, the consequence may be, to the last degree, fatal. If, while they are industrious in possessing her with false views, we are indifferent in presenting to her true ones, it cannot be that an impression should not be made, by which the royal mind might be fatally influenced, to the serious, if not irreparable, detriment of her kingdom. Let us, then, bestir ourselves as men who had some stirring consciousness of the mighty issues which depend upon our exertions. Let us bestow upon *truth* the same attention which our adversaries bestow upon falsehood, if, indeed, we would do any thing to the purpose, or even be thought in earnest in the adoption of those principles by which we profess to be guided, and upon which the salvation of the empire depends. It is of the very essence of a destructive policy, that it is ever active for purposes of evil. A Conservative policy is, on the other hand, characterised by a remissness in pursuit of the objects which it proposes, by which it is seldom permitted to attain its ends. By many who profess sound principles, a tame disapproval of the conduct of their adversaries, is substituted for that energetic and determined resistance, by which, alone, their devices could be confounded. Unless all this be altered; unless a change come over the spirit of these men, by which they may be animated into a more active defence of the national institutions than they would seem, hitherto, to have deemed indispensable, *all will be lost*; their nerveless and negative virtue, if virtue it may be called, will never avail to rescue the perishing interests of their country from the active and daring villainy by which they are assailed. The bold, bad men will laugh to scorn the milk-and-water politicians who only oppose their schemes by vain expostulations; and it will be found, in the end, that the Destructives were indebted for their most complete success to the conduct of adversaries, who proved, to all intents and purposes, by the weakness and inefficiency of their measures, a kind of passive conspirators against the constitution.

It was only of late that we were struck by the singular wisdom of that law of Solon's, by which the individual was noted with infamy, who observed neutrality in civil contests. At first it

appears strange that a sapient legislator should seek to embroil a democratic state in more than its natural share of strife and contention. One would think that he would rather be disposed to hail the quietude of his fellow citizens, and to prescribe a reward for the man, who, when all around him were maddened by the spirit of faction, restrained himself from those excesses in which they indulged, and persevered in a calm imperturbability, than to assume the office of agitator-in-chief, and so exercise it as to resemble the anarchy of old "where chaos umpire sits, and by decision more embroils the fray." To our unreflecting minds, the legislator would appear to apply a stimulant when he ought to administer a sedative; and thus, instead of seeking to correct the natural vices of a democratic temperament, by infusing into the body politic a spirit of sober-mindedness, by which, during the gusts of popular passion to which it must be exposed, it might be restrained and steadied, to exasperate its constitutional headiness and violence so as to render it altogether uncontrollable. But there was no such mistake in Solon's regulation. He was not the man to commit so glaring an error in a matter of such prime importance. The very same divisions which obtain amongst us, obtained amongst the generation for whom he made his laws. There was a conservative party, by whom established institutions would fain be preserved; there was a destructive party, who either hail, or fancied they had an interest in the subversion of all existing arrangements. Between these two, a sort of instinctive and unappeasable hostility prevailed, by which the well-being of the state was perpetually perilled, and which caused the balanced system of liberty, which it was the pride of the legislator to have devised and instituted, to oscillate, according as the one or the other prevailed, between the licentiousness of a mob and the despotism of a tyrant. Solon foresaw, or his experience suggested to him, that, in the destructive party, there would be *no neutrals*; that all there would be activity and energy; that not merely their principles, but their instincts and their baser passions and propensities, would all conspire to stimulate them in the contest; while amongst the others, a love of ease, a love of pleasure, a love of abstract contemplation, a shrinking indisposition to engage in strife, would

cause the patriotic ardour of many to wax cold, if they could shelter, under the plausible pretext of neutrality, their constitutional antipathy to political conflicts. Solon saw, that if this spirit was to be indulged, the destructives would have it all their own way, when any vital question arose, upon which the parties were nearly equally divided. He therefore proclaimed the infamy of the man, who, in such a case, hesitated to take a decided part; and he did so with the perfect conviction that the law of opinion which he thus brought to bear upon the conduct of his fellow citizens, while it affected to regard all with equal impartiality, would, in reality, be felt to act upon ten Conservatives, for one Destructive; and would, therefore, operate as a stimulant to the indolence and the remissness of the one, while it would be scarcely felt in imparting any additional vigour to the industry and the activity of the other. There could not, in a democratic state, be a more truly conservative regulation.

Only let it be supposed in force in this our day, and where would we have to look for the men who would be, according to Solon's law, *notati infamia*? Would we have to seek them in our lanes and allies, or in our streets and squares? And if the regulation was effectual in quickening into activity the political virtue or energy, which luxury or timidity or constitutional indolence had caused to slumber, where would such an effect be most distinctly visible? Amongst the high or the low? Amongst the greasy artizans, or the more opulent and respectable classes of the people? Surely no one of us can for a moment entertain a doubt upon such a subject, when we look through our city and see that if only one third of those who either are, or might have been qualified to vote at the late election had duly exercised their constitutional privilege, the Conservative candidates would have been elected by a triumphant majority, if, indeed, they were not returned without a contest.

And if something similar, in its effect, to Solon's law—a sense of duty, or a law of opinion, or a feeling of danger, do not rouse our indolent Conservatives into action, and make each and every of them feel, that he is called upon to aid, individually, with all his might, in the momentous contest that is at present raging, and upon the issue of which depends our present and future prospects, fatal in-

deed may be the consequences of their remissness or infatuation.

Perhaps, since the world began, no country was ever placed in the precise position which is occupied this moment by the British empire. The recent elections in England have demonstrated a truth, of which we required no such confirmation, that the people are indisposed to heady or revolutionary courses; that they are well-affected to the monarchy and the church; and that, if left to the natural impulses of their own plain, unsophisticated English feeling, and sound good sense, no one of our national institutions would be endangered. Whence, then, arises our danger? Strange to say, from the quarter from whence it could least be suspected to proceed. In other unhappy countries, a maddened or deluded people have forced revolution upon the government; in ours, an unprincipled and desperate government are forcing revolution upon the people. All the influence of the monarchy has been exerted for its own undoing. The prerogative has been strained almost to breaking, in pulling down the pillars of the constitution.

Happily, as yet, without effect. The people are withstanding the madness and the wickedness of their rulers. The drunken and infuriate rider is doing what he can to force the horse down the precipice; but all his efforts have as yet proved insufficient to overcome the noble animal's instinct of self-preservation. He cannot, however, with safety, be left much longer to struggle, by himself, with his frantic master, who, if he be not speedily deprived of whip and spur, will use them until the animal is driven, in sheer desperation, to make the plunge by which both must be destroyed. Is this, or is it not, a fair representation of the position of the country at the present moment? And if it be, can we remain passive spectators of such a struggle, and yet persuade ourselves that we do our duty?

Wise and good men there are, from whom, upon any subject, it would pain us to differ, and who have expressed a confident opinion that her majesty was well advised, in continuing, upon her accession, the present administration. It may be so. When the *Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, and, beyond either, in our estimation, the *Standard*, says so, we are slow to dissent from such a judgment; but, nevertheless, we are compelled to say, that it does appear

to us to have been a measure by which the monarchy was placed in imminent peril, and by which all the instincts of loyalty, and all the prestige of a young female reign, were not only left without their natural rallying point, but pressed into the service of radicalism and revolution. That she should have kept them in place because she found them there, or because it was agreeable to precedent so to do, appears to us an insufficient justification of a course of proceeding by which all that we hold valuable was so seriously compromised; and indicates, we confess it, to our seeming, a partiality in the persons of those to whom she has given her confidence, to courses which cannot be even passively countenanced without danger. That it by no means indicates the predilections of her majesty, we firmly believe. It was not to be expected, from one of her age and sex, that she should have set her own opinion, whatever it may have been, in opposition to that of the experienced individuals to whom she was in the habit of looking up for counsel and for guidance. Upon *them* devolves the responsibility of the policy that has been adopted, be it for evil or for good. And our opinion has been freely expressed, that the monarchy has been compromised by its adoption.

All the aid, however, which the revolutionists have received from the influence of office, and the use of the Queen's name, has been as yet insufficient to enable them to accomplish their objects. The good sense and sound principle of England has been aroused, and they have felt themselves constrained to acknowledge an influence which they never suffered themselves to believe could have arisen, as it has, to defeat their machinations. But we would impress upon our friends, that what has been already done, will be to no effect, unless it be followed up by measures having for their object the complete exposure and utter defeat of the Whig-radical charlatanry by which the empire has been all but ruined. The guilty ministers are still in power—they still have the ear of the Queen—the whole influence of office is still at their disposal;—and *they* are not the men, under such circumstances, to relinquish the slightest chance of accomplishing, either by open violence or secret manœuvring, the measures upon the success of which they have staked their political existence.

Let it not be supposed that many amongst them are not conscious of the prodigious mischief that has been already the result of their counsels. They know it well, and they tremble for the consequences. They feel too surely that they would be painfully reminded of their misdeeds, if England only enjoyed a few years of quiet and security, under a wise and a righteous administration. "Where," she would ask, "is my internal tranquillity, my colonial aggrandisement, and my continental estimation? How comes it that my stability is now dependant upon every breath of popular feeling? that foreign states laugh to scorn my authority? and that my distant possessions have become so troublesome, and my tenure of them is so precarious, that they are almost less a benefit than a burden?" Think you not, Conservative reader, that those who have reduced Great Britain to this condition, have need to be apprehensive of those stern interrogatories? Can they calmly contemplate the awakening of this mighty empire, as a giant refreshed with sleep, without misgivings lest they should be called upon to render an account of their stewardship, and a secret consciousness that their malversations, and their chicaneries would be detected? Depend upon it they are too thoroughly "children of this world," not to be "wise in their generation;" and there is no expedient which the most unprincipled cunning can suggest, which will not be resorted to for the purpose of deferring their day of reckoning before the enlightened British people.

We would, therefore, fain prepare our friends for the sleight-of-hand by which the thimble-riggers will make as though they changed their policy, and seem to fall in with Conservative courses. We have already seen symptoms of an attempt on their part thus to deceive their royal mistress; with what success we are not prepared to say; but, most earnestly do we deprecate the success of any such attempt upon the Conservative wisdom and virtue of England. Can, we would ask, anything but evil result from an alliance, no matter under what pretexts it may be formed, with the bond-slaves of O'Connell, who is himself nothing better than the bond-slave of the Irish priests? "Oh, but they are prepared to cast off their dependance upon him." Indeed. But can they so easily call back their own characters again?

Time was, when they might have formed an alliance with the Conservatives, without involving them in disgrace. There was a period when they were as yet unsuspected of any designs against the church ; when it could not be predicated of them that they would lend themselves to schemes by which the constitutional functions of the House of Lords would be paralyzed, and the sovereign himself degraded into an alliance with the jacobinism by which his throne might be subverted. Then, indeed, a connexion with them, whatever it might imply of danger, would not have involved any degradation. If they were not altogether "sans reproche," they were not so utterly contaminated as to be altogether loathsome. But now, reeking from the embraces of O'Connell, to be taken into close alliance by men who have ever had a shrinking horror of any contact with the mendicant incendiary, " 'tis too horrible ! " We cannot allow ourselves to contemplate the possibility of a junction so monstrous and revolting. No. The day has gone by when such a thing was possible. The Lichfield House compact has put an end, for ever, to any such project. If that compact is to stand, the parties committed to it are pledged beyond retraction to courses by which the church and the monarchy must be perilled. If it be not to stand, what security can the violators of it give that any other compact will be observed longer than suits their personal convenience ?

Let, therefore, the Conservatives prepare themselves for a sturdy and vigorous opposition ; and let no overture from the O'Connell hacks tempt them to depart one iota from the straight line of rectitude and honor. Let them not be so solicitous for victory, as tenacious of principle. Let them hold in mind that the House of Commons is but the arena upon which the political combatants engage in the eyes of the people of England ; and that the impression made upon the spectators, by the one side or the other, is that which must ultimately determine the issue of the contest. In this view, when principle is fully brought out, when nefarious mal-practices are exposed, when flagitious mispolicy is reprehended, although the divisions in the house may be against the Conservatives, such defeats are often equivalent to victories. The public mind is

enlightened ; the public indignation is aroused ; and a heavy retribution will speedily be visited upon a guilty administration. Let the Conservatives only be duly solicitous to elicit the truth, upon all the important questions which must arise between them and their adversaries, and they will soon feel themselves endued with a might and an energy that cannot be long resisted. Let them fritter down truth—let them compromise principle—let them descend to a contest of equivocation and subterfuge, and "the thimble-riggers" will soon prove their superior dexterity in the use of *such* weapons, and will have abundant reason to rejoice at having dragged their adversaries, from their vantage ground, down to their own level, even if they should not triumph over them in argument.

But, we will be told, it is not so important to consider how the Conservatives are to conduct themselves while they remain in opposition, as how they could carry on the government should the sovereign call them to her councils. In that case we do think their path will be very plain. Safe reforms, practicable retrenchments, an earnest pursuit of the national interest, and an honourable adherence to national engagements—these should, and no doubt would, constitute the leading features of their system, in the conduct of public affairs ; and there can now be little doubt that, if favoured with the countenance of the sovereign, they would soon have support enough to carry into effect every necessary arrangement. Does any one now hesitate to believe, that an appeal to the country, they being in the government, would not give them a majority in parliament ? No one, we venture to affirm, could so far stultify himself. There is no Whig-Radical who does not feel in his heart, that nothing but their continuance in power, and having the late dissolution in their hands, could have saved the faction from annihilation. They are not men upon whom such experience will be thrown away ; and, assuredly, if Sir Robert Peel were again premier, they would not wantonly provoke another dissolution. He would, therefore, meet no serious obstruction from them, in any measures which he might deem indispensable for the public good. Every day would add to the number of his friends, and increase his claim upon the confidence of the country. As a

statesman it is idle to talk of any of his adversaries as "simile aut secundum." As an orator they are even still farther below his mark. As an honest man, having the well-being of England sincerely at heart, and whose noble fortune places him beyond the temptation of office, we will not insult him by a comparison with the needy and miserable tricksters, whose tenure of place is the combined result of a poverty both of purse and principle; and of whom even the most charitable can hardly help entertaining the belief, that they would serve his satanic majesty with as much zeal as they serve our most gracious Queen, if a similar amount of pay and of patronage was to reward their dutiful allegiance.

No. There would be no difficulty whatever in carrying on the government of the country, if it pleased her Majesty to devolve upon Sir Robert Peel the pleasing duty of constructing a new administration. The elements of a conservative cabinet are abundant, and the time has come when they would not appeal to the nation in vain "for a fair trial." We do not apprehend that the experiment will be immediately tried. We are not sufficiently behind the scenes to know how far the determination of the sovereign will sustain the present ministers against the indignation of the honest portion of the people. Such we know to be their boast; we know not how far they may be borne out in their boasting. But well we know that if their ground of confidence failed them in the sovereign, they would have but little to trust to in the country. They have, at length, been found out. Their tenure of office has long since enabled every observing man to perceive the danger of their policy, and to ascertain the utter hollowness of their pretensions. Who, but the silliest and most stupid of mankind, or the open or secret enemy of the weal and the honour of England, could desire any longer continuance of power to men in whom personal have ever predominated over national considerations? who have endangered Canada, convulsed Ireland, tarnished the character, and compromised the dignity of the country, by an uncalled-for and pitiful interference in the domestic concerns of foreign states, and who seemed, in all things, so to conduct themselves, as if they deemed that nothing great or effectual could be accomplished, until they had

exalted the profligacy and the miscreancy of the country upon the ruins of its property, its respectability, and its virtue.

But how is Ireland to be governed? "Ay, there's the rub." That is the crux in politics by which all our statesmen are perplexed. And yet, to us it appears a matter of no insuperable difficulty, if it were only looked at fairly, and undertaken in a proper spirit. We can fancy the surprise with which this statement of ours is regarded by the mountebanks and the nincompoops, to whose lot it had fallen to be more or less concerned, for the last twenty years, in the business of Irish legislation. But we say, advisedly, nevertheless, that had the case of Ireland been truly understood, it might have been long since provided for in such a way as to become the most tranquil and contented portion of the empire; and if even now, at the eleventh hour, our senators were influenced by sound views, and, setting aside party considerations, were resolved to consult for the good of the country, *and for that only*, a change for the better would soon take place in the aspect of Irish affairs, by which the hopes of revolutionists would be confounded.

Our misfortune has been, that a thorough knowledge of the country does not seem to have been deemed necessary, as a qualification for legislating for us, by almost any of the wise men to whom our destinies have been entrusted for the last fifty years. Ireland seems to have been regarded but as the chess-board upon which they played their game of political finesse. That their antagonists for office should be checkmated, seemed their only lookout; and no move which had not for its object the promotion of their party or personal ends, would seem to them deserving of any serious consideration. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the interests of the country were overlooked or neglected.

Will any one now contend for the profound wisdom, or the disinterested patriotism of the declaimers for emancipation? Will any one now stake his character for political sagacity, upon predictions which have been all falsified by the event; or affect to deny that those apprehensions have all been realized, for entertaining which honest and farseeing men were stigmatised as insane drivellers or political alarmists? We believe that day

has pretty well gone by ; and it is now pretty well understood, that the measure, or the series of measures, which bestowed upon a barbarous and a bigoted people, such a plenary indulgence of political power, as has, literally, made the pauperism paramount above the property of Ireland, were all cruelties in legislation, the results of passion, or prejudice, or party spirit, or want of foresight ; by which, in reality, the great bulk of the people have been as little benefitted, as the country has been convulsed, the church oppressed, and the landed aristocracy degraded. We believe the instances are very few, indeed, in which these acknowledgments would not now be made by those who were, at one period, loud and confident asserters of the superior efficacy of that conceding policy, by which the government, for the last half century, has been characterised ; and who, if the same measures were to be passed over again, would not rather sacrifice their right hands than be consenting parties to their enactment. But, they say, what can we do ? These measures have passed ; they cannot be recalled. We must now make the best we can of them ; we have but a choice of evils ; and we are not quite sure that the evils would not be diminished, by advancing to the extreme line, wherever that may be, of concession, than by stopping at any intermediate point, without the slightest prospect of being able to restrain the onward impulse of an ardent, a powerful, and an ambitious people.

Those who use this language, deliberately shut their eyes to what that onward impulse inevitably leads. Are they prepared for a repeal of the union ? For, "to that complexion things must come at last." At last—did we say ? Let only the municipal corporations be conceded, and nuclei of popish agitation, nurseries of sedition, be thus established in the country, and the repeal of the union will be demanded with a vehemence, which the conceders of emancipation, at least, would find it difficult to withstand. The "onward impulse," which our soft and conceding politicians, would encourage, would, thus, eventually, and in no long time, lead to the dismemberment of the empire. Are they prepared for that ? Because, if they are, it would be better to concede that measure now, and let the countries, in the name of God, be quietly and amicably separated ; than have it, by and by, torn from us by po-

litical violence, under circumstances, which can only beget and aggravate national hate and exasperation. To concede, because concession is easier than resistance, because to continue in the downward progress implies less vigour than would be required to retrace our steps, is the characteristic of cowards, as well as of fools ; and we must away with such miserable shifts and expedients, if we would not be utterly undone, as well as degraded in the eyes of enlightened Europe.

But let us look at the actual state of the case, at Ireland as it really is, and see whether, in good hands, its condition should be considered hopeless. Its property and its intelligence are decidedly Protestant and Conservative. Of its Roman Catholic population, we believe a considerable majority are well disposed to live in peace and amity with their Protestant fellow-subjects, and to continue in all things amenable to the existing laws. Notwithstanding the precepts of the priests, and the example of the leaders, we believe that a great many of them are with difficulty reconciled to the flagrant breach of solemn engagements. Ireland has now been three years under the Mulgravising process—for three years has Daniel O'Connell exercised a virtual sovereignty over the country ; he has made judges ; he has recommended revising barristers ; he has nominated and removed magistrates ; he has appointed the law officers of the crown ; he has had the patronage of the police ; he has commanded the influence of the Roman Catholic priests—all this openly ; and what his *secret*, *underground* influence has been, is only known to the ribbon societies, who look up to him as their great chief, by whom the country they love is yet to be vindicated from British thralldom, and made, indeed—

"Great, glorious, and free—

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

Well, notwithstanding all this, see what a struggle we were able to make at the last election. It will not now be denied, that all the power and influence at the command of government, was put into requisition to secure the triumph of the popish and radical members. It may, perhaps, hereafter, be proved, that efforts, somewhat unconstitutional were made with that object. But let that pass. And can it be denied, that government were put to their utmost shifts, to procure even

the apparent majority which they have procured; and that they are not perfectly conscious that that majority must be seriously reduced, by petitions to parliament? Well. What do we infer from this? That in *good hands*, the country would be safe; that it would be *easier* to govern it well, than ill; that the whole force of a perniciously-exerted executive, under the influence of one of the ablest as well as most unscrupulous enemies of social order, has made, as yet, but a faint impression upon the conservative strength and loyalty of the country; and that if the whole force of the British government, and the influence of the British crown, be not brought to the aid of the faction who are working heaven and earth to accomplish their destructive ends, that faction must be finally defeated.

Look to Kerry—the arch agitator's own county—and see how signally his nominee was put to the rout. We do confess we feel a peculiar pleasure in dwelling upon the reaction which took place there—because it is the first decided symptom of that returning kindness of tenants towards their landlords, which, if universally manifested, would ensure the salvation of the empire. And that, under a strong conservative government, it would be very generally manifested, we have no doubt at all. The British public are, as yet, but little aware of the degree in which the majority of the Roman Catholic electors are dragooned into a participation in the measures of the disturbers. Glad and fain would they be to be suffered to give their support to the Conservatives, or, at least, to lie by, and take no part in the elections. But that they may not do. Should they manifest any reluctance to go the extreme lengths which are required, the priestly malediction smites them from the altar, and the visit of the nocturnal incendiary, (the secular arm of the Church of Rome in Ireland, to which Roman Catholics who are weak or ignorant enough to keep an heretical oath, are handed over,) is sure to carry into effect the sentence that has been fulminated against them. Thus, they are not free agents. They dare not act as they like. The electors are controlled by a mob of non-electors, and compelled either to abstain from the exercise of their franchise, or to exercise it at the bidding of their up-roarious masters. Is this the boasted liberty, for which we are indebted to

the Reform Bill? Is it thus that, in Ireland, we are to enjoy the blessings of the British constitution? Such, however, is the undoubted fact. And if this frightful state of things be not regarded as indispensable for carrying out the Mulgrave policy, a remedy for it might be easily found, and that is all that would be necessary to make conservative principles ascendant in Ireland.

What, we would ask, has been the general character of the decisions by revising barristers, at whose arbitration the Irish constituencies were placed, we may say ever since the passing of the Reform Bill, but, more especially during the last three years, the happy period since the accession of the Mulgrave administration? Have they been such as to comply with the spirit, or adhere to the letter of the reform enactment? Upon this subject, we offer no judgment. We have, indeed, our own opinions. But we humbly submit it as a subject very worthy of grave deliberation. Do the constituencies, generally, consist of bona fide ten-pound freeholders? If not, we venture to suggest, there must be something wrong; and that nothing more than a respect for the reform enactment would be necessary to cause a revision and a purification of the registries. If this were done with sincere goodwill, we doubt if any thing farther would be necessary to give the property of the country its due ascendancy in the national representation. Yes,—we correct ourselves,—*one* other step would be required, namely, that bona fide electors should be suffered freely to exercise their franchise, and not be compelled to violate the oaths by which they pledged themselves that they would not use that franchise for the injury of the Protestant religion, by the threats of an infuriate rabble, aided by the maledictions of their spiritual advisers.

We earnestly recommend the republication of an admirable letter, signed B., which appeared in the *Times*, and which describes, with graphical fidelity and literal correctness, the scenes which take place at Irish elections. Indeed, the great difficulty will be, *to make the people of England believe the truth*. It has not entered into their imaginations to conceive the violence, the bloodshed, the temporal and spiritual terrors which are brought to bear against all those electors who presume to exercise their franchise against

the nominees of the priests. Many a brave man, who would readily mount a breach in the cannon's mouth, has yet been deterred, by the means that are employed, from voting according to the dictates of his conscience. It requires not only the courage of a hero, but the fortitude of a martyr, to endure the continued, the unremitting hostility which he is sure to provoke, by daring to act an honest and independent part, on an occasion when his duty calls him one way, and the priests and O'Connell beckon him the other. Election violence, the turbulence of a drunken mob, the confusion, the turmoil, the temporary anarchy which sometimes prevail on such occasions in England, with these the people of that happy country are acquainted; and when they hear of the scenes which take place amongst us, they regard them in no more formidable light, and look upon any excesses by which they are said to be distinguished from similar riots in England, as purely the result of Irish exaggeration. But, alas! alas! it is not so. Here, unhappily, the most baneful passions of our nature are marshalled in dreadful hostility against all who presume to disobey the behests of a conspiracy of demagogues and ecclesiastics, who have undertaken to control the representation of Ireland. Here, death temporal and eternal, is the doom of the unhappy wretch who dares to vote, as he is told, "against his country and his God."

Religion, which is utterly insufficient for any spiritual purpose, is abundantly sufficient to lend a preternatural energy to political feelings; and even to cause the masses who are actuated by them, to be, for the season, demonised. It resembles the wings of the ostrich, which, although insufficient to enable the animal to fly, imparts such speed to his legs, as enables him to outstrip in running the fleetest rider.

What, then, must be the condition of a people amongst whom religion is so employed? What can be expected, when the influence which ought to ameliorate and spiritualize, is so used as to deepen and render more inveterate the most brutal and malignant propensities of their nature? Is this the case, or is it not? Oh! gladly would we bear the brand of falsehood, could it indeed be proved, that in giving expression to our feelings on this painful subject, we have dealt in any exaggeration; but that we have not,

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the demagogues themselves well know. That no language which we could use would adequately describe the truth, we ourselves poignantly feel. And yet, it is upon that very fervency of impassioned representation, which the nature of the subject suggests and even commands, that our adversaries chiefly rely for procuring discredit to our statements. Awful is the condition of a country when the truth cannot be suppressed without leaving its evils unexplained, and the remedy for them undisclosed; and where it cannot be adequately set forth, without exciting the suspicion of the hearer by its incredible monstrosity, and causing him involuntarily to exclaim, "*credat Judeus Apella, non ego.*"

We, therefore, deliberately say, that the great end and aim of those members of parliament, who would fain do something to ameliorate the condition of this unfortunate country, should be to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with its actual condition, and then to devise the best means of making that condition known to the people of England. It is, we repeat it, nothing but an ignorance of the state of Ireland, that causes any difficulty in devising and bringing to bear upon it, the remedial measures by which its disorders might be corrected. Let only the truth be known, and not even the most radical constituency in any other part of the empire, would abide the reproach of countenancing a system which can only be upheld by perjury and murder. The factious government press would fain persuade their readers, that the Conservatives entertain an implacable hostility to the Reform Bill, and that they would repeal it to-morrow, if they had the power. But is it according to the spirit of that enactment, that bands of ruffians should be armed and congregated, for the purpose of menacing and mutilating the defenceless individuals, whose only offence is, that they exercise their constitutional privilege according to the conviction of their minds, and the dictates of their conscience? Is that the liberty which Lord Grey conferred upon the country, when he new-modelled the system of its representation? Were the rights which he conferred those which could only be exercised at peril of life and limb? And does slavery to a brutal and sanguinary mob constitute part of the price which we must pay for the abolition of the borough system, of which the very

worst that could be said, was, that by its means a mild and cultivated gentry were our masters? We say boldly, that *that* is to libel Lord Grey and his reform bill; that *that* is to represent his boasted measure, not as a blessing, but as a curse; and none are more deeply pledged to endeavour that such a character of it shall not be deserved, than those very individuals who assisted in its enactment. Did they, then, mean deliberately to hand over Ireland to the domination of a sanguinary banditti, by whom its rank, its property, its respectability, and its moral honesty should be trampled under foot, and nought consulted but anti-Anglican antipathies, evened by a sullen and remorseless bigotry? And if they did not, are they not bound to take some means of restraining the excesses of those who thus turn liberty into licentiousness, and cause a measure which was intended to increase the constitutional privileges of all classes of her majesty's subjects, to be virtually a measure of proscription and disfranchisement to all who are not willing to recognize a profligate and licentious populace as their masters?

Let, then, those subjects by which our view of this distressing case may be proved, be frequently and strongly brought under the consideration of parliament. Let not the apathy of would-be Conservatives—the indifference of the mere Gallios of the party—of those who possess, (we speak it reverently,) the outward and visible sign, without any of the inward and spiritual grace of sound conservative principles, prevent the better men, who look at the subject in its length and breadth, from doing the cause of Ireland ample justice. It is not their part or duty to eschew, with over-much niceness, topics of exasperation. The sore must be probed to the bottom, or the extent of the evil will not be made known. There must, therefore, be no squeamishness in denouncing perjury, whoever be put to shame by it, or profligacy and violence, how much soever it may wound the feelings of those sensitive gentlemen in the house, who, if they had any such delicacy *out* of the house, would not now be members of parliament. Above all things, he must not suffer any respectful reserves for what is called “the religion of a whole people,” to stifle the abhorrence with which he regards the sayings and the doings of those who use religion as a cloak to cover the designs which

they entertain against the peace and well-being of the empire. *That* cannot be religion, which is put to *such* uses. It will not do to suppress our abhorrence of fraud, and perjury, and violence, and murder, merely because our adversaries choose to give a specious and venerable name to these abominations. Conservative politicians must take a lesson from the unceremonious roughness of the Macedonian monarch, and “call a boat a boat.” They must let Dr. McHale, and his conferees, and *subjects* know, that they cannot carry on a foul conspiracy against the Church, and promote “*per fas et nefas*,” a system of wicked intimidation, by which the conservative energies of the country are sought to be prostrated, upon the plea that they are thus only acting according to the spirit of their religion, without forfeiting all that consideration to which a sincere profession of even an erroneous creed is usually considered entitled, by the wise and good, and causing their religion to be degraded by their politics, instead of having their politics exalted and sanctified by their religion. The same sort of respect to which O’Connell is considered entitled by worldly men, who are men of honour, when he pleads his “vow in heaven” against those claims which are sometimes made upon him to give personal satisfaction for the vile aspersions with which he feels himself at liberty to assail the character of his antagonists, is exactly the respect with which the claims to consideration, because of their religious opinions, in those whose religion it is to promote perjury, and violence, and bloodshed, should be regarded. They should not be suffered to *take sanctuary* in their pretended theory, against the penal consequences of their undoubted practice. The naked facts of the case must be looked at, without reference to any such theory; and if they should be found to be, indeed, the natural results of such a theory, by its own fruits the theory is condemned.

In truth, popery in Ireland has, generally speaking, ceased to be effectual for any purposes but those of the demagogue and the incendiary. It is, like its own old churches and monasteries, in a state of dilapidation and ruin, incapable of serving any other end than that of affording temporary shelter to the various hoards of banditti by whom the country is infested. Should the magistrate suffer his reve-

rence for such antiquated piles to prevent the vigorous discharge of his bounden duty, in dragging the offenders into the light of day? As little should the honest politician be diverted from his plain and straight-forward course, in exposing the evils of Ireland, and denouncing the authors of them in the House of Commons, because such authors may pretend a conscientious respect for what they call the religion of their fathers, as an excuse for the violation of those pledges by which they obtained political power, and the confounding of all things, human and divine, for the purpose of accomplishing their political objects. It is not religion, it is the *antipode* of religion which is invoked, when maxims of wholesale massacre are instilled into a heady, and turbulent, and an inflammable population. If Prometheus was condemned because he brought fire from heaven, the Irish agitators are not to be acquitted, because the fire-brands which they employ have been brought from hell. And, in truth, we are firmly convinced, that if the popish religion itself be not grossly disparaged, by those who thus represent it as the justifying cause of outrage and murder, nothing short of the coercion and the intimidation which have been actually employed, could reconcile, to the courses which have been adopted by the lay and the clerical agitators, a vast majority of the Roman Catholic population.

And some there are who have nobly withstood every influence which could be brought to bear against them, for the purpose of shaking their firmness, or corrupting their integrity. We trust these honourable men will meet with the estimation and the respect which they so well deserve. Our friends of the University will not forget the conduct of the barrister Mr. Mackey, of Leeson-street, who appeared at the hustings in College, to support Shaw and Leffroy, and in the city to support West and Hamilton. We confess we viewed his conduct on those occasions with deep admiration. There was a calm and resolute virtue in his demeanour, which reminded us of Sir Thomas Moore. We for a moment forgot the blasting influence of an unscriptural creed, in the contemplation of this triumph of sterling integrity and internal rectitude, over all the human motives that could be accumulated to deceive the mind, and to pervert the consci-

ence. There was a government, prodigately prodigal of its patronage towards those by whom the radical candidates would be supported. There was a press, vigilant and vigorous in the work of marking out, and denouncing to popular execration, any member of the Roman Catholic body by whom they might be opposed. O'Connell and his myrmidons were at work to put into requisition every engine of influence, spiritual and temporal, by which their bad cause might be aided; and there must have been a natural solicitude, in the mind of this honourable man, to go, as far as he could go, with those with whom he had been all his life connected by ties of regard and friendship; while corresponding antipathies to their opponents must, no doubt, have been engendered by the causes which, unhappily, have been so ceaselessly in operation to deepen and to exasperate their mutual alienation. But Mr. Mackey remembered his oath; he remembered the solemn compact by which his party had been admitted to political power; he called to mind the many declarations by which the leaders of the Roman Catholics endeavoured to lull the suspicions of those Protestants who felt apprehensive lest, by the concession of their claims, the Church might be endangered; he saw the utter recklessness with which these pledges and declarations were now regarded; he saw the fierce assaults that now are made upon the Church; he saw that, contrary to all their professions, the possession of political power was now valued chiefly as an instrument for its overthrow; and his soul revolted from the treachery and ingratitude by which the confidence of unsuspecting Protestants was required. He said unto himself, "Oh my soul, come not thou into their secret—to their assemblies, mine honour be not thou united;" and neither the desire of power, nor the fascinations of popularity, nor the constraining influences of party or family connections, nor the dread of popular execration, were sufficient to deter him from the righteous resolve of giving his vote according to the dictates of his conscience. We do trust that this noble single-mindedness will yet meet with its due reward; and that Protestants will deem it a sacred duty to single out, as worthy of their highest regard, the men who have thus shown themselves, under such dis-

couraging, we would even say, appalling circumstances, so nobly tenacious of truth and honour.

We say nothing here of the unhappy individuals of the Protestant party, whose conduct was, in every respect, a contrast to that of this most worthy Roman Catholic; individuals, some of them of high Conservative professions, but who basely betrayed their cause. Our feelings towards them are those of compassion, rather than indignation, and we only hope that something may be done for them, by those to whom they sold themselves, which may, in some degree, compensate them for the loss of character which they have incurred, and afford them some temporary refuge from the reproaches of their own consciences. We will here mention no names. Our desire, we say it in perfect sincerity, is not to wound these wretched men by any aggravation of their misdeeds, but only to hold them up as warnings, and to caution others by their example. Indeed, we know not whether it may not be truly said, that, upon the whole, good has been the result of the course which they pursued, rather than evil. We doubt if the marked abhorrence and disgust of the virtuous part of the community ever was so strongly exhibited, as when it became known that the cause of the Church and the Monarchy was deserted by men who were supposed, of all others, the most pledged by personal and professional considerations, to defend it. Even the faction with whom they voted, to the credit of that faction be it said, could not suppress the loathing with which they regarded conduct of which there could be but one explanation, namely, that for the base accomplishment of personal objects, these men betrayed their country and their God. We, therefore, wish them no worse than that which they have already experienced, and feel perfectly confident that, whatever be the promotion that may await them, there are fifty upon whom their conduct will operate as a warning, for one whom it would influence as an example.

To the middle classes of our countrymen, the empire is under great obligations. If political salvation is to be hoped for, it is in that class it will be found. The church question has stirred them up in England, and caused a spirit to manifest itself which has dismayed the profligate revolutionist; who, judging from themselves,

did not conceive that there was any such thing as a sincere love of religion in the world. In Scotland the assault upon scriptural education has aroused the spirit of the descendants of John Knox, and ministers have been made to feel that that noble people will afford but little countenance to their infidel schemes, no matter how plausibly recommended. The church extension project, which now engrosses the minds of its ministers, will, under Providence, be the means of exciting a feeling by which the hands of those who would uphold our venerable institutions must be considerably strengthened; and already have the volunteers, who are, as it were, the Indian allies of administration, been so dismayed and confounded, by the exposures which their wanton attacks have provoked, that they are everywhere withering away, and by and by they will be felt as an incumbrance to any party, and even the most unprincipled ministers will be as desirous of getting rid of them, as heretofore they were solicitous for their assistance. Every where, therefore, our affairs, at present, look promising. Let us only cultivate the good feelings, and the good principles which are multiplying around us, and we shall soon be safe from all our enemies. But, as we before observed, it is in the middle class that our hopes are chiefly centered. Upon them the reform bill has devolved much of the power which was formerly in the hands of the landed aristocracy; and as they use, or abuse it, our condition must be determined for good or for evil. We never participated in the apprehensions of many of our friends, that nothing but the most fearful abuses could result from entrusting such enormous power into hands, to say the very least, all unused to its exercise; and that we should prepare ourselves for a rehearsal of scenes which would terminate in the horrors of the French revolution. We considered that the people of England were a Bible-reading and a gospel-hearing people, for more than three hundred years. They were also a people not unused to the possession of liberty. We had no fear that "the stranger would get into their heads." And we, therefore, saw a safety in the new state of things which many others might be very excusable in not feeling to the same extent, from a natural suspicion of the dangers which have generally accom-

panied a large increase of democratic privileges. They looked with pain to an exemplification of the general rule; we looked with hope to an instance of the exception. And that hope, so far from deserting us, has been, to a considerable extent, already realized. In England, our confidence in that great people has been nobly vindicated. In Scotland, it is a great deal to say, that, despite every thing which could be done to seduce or intimidate them, the Conservatives have nobly held their ground. And in Ireland, nothing but priestly interference and popular intimidation, joined to government influence, could have prevented the Conservatives from considerably improving their condition, or broken the force of that strong reaction, by which almost all denominations of Protestants, and absolutely all classes of propertied men, are now beginning to see that there can be no hope for the country, if the Whig-Radicals should continue to possess a majority in parliament.

Now the question is, how these good dispositions may best be improved and extended. That is the problem which should at present occupy the attention of every man who feels that he has a stake in the country. By what means may we increase the numbers of those who are alive to the perils that surround us, and prepared to take the only effectual steps for giving the country a government under which life and property may be secure? How may we best defend constitutional liberty and social order, the palace and the cottage, the throne and the altar? Manifestly, we would say, by extending the convictions, in virtue of which they may be understood and revered, as well as a knowledge of the dangers by which they are menaced, from ignorant, from unprincipled, or from malignant legislation. Let this be done systematically and energetically, and the result must be such an increase of Conservative virtue and vigour as will soon displace a guilty administration. But, for this purpose, we must take a leaf out of the book of our enemies. Associations will be necessary, by which men who think alike may be brought together, and by which they may be mutually

strengthened and encouraged in their honest convictions. Men of weight and influence must occasionally come forward, for the purpose of discoursing before them upon topics of pressing and general concern, and refuting the sophistry of gainsayers, by whom plausible delusions are disseminated amongst the people.* Upon this we lay great stress. Most deeply are we persuaded, that if only common justice were done to the cause of truth, it would be speedily and signally triumphant. And surely our able men could not better employ their ability, than by illuminating the minds of their humbler brethren, upon subjects of pressing public interest, concerning which they cannot be left in ignorance, without a fatal compromise of public safety.

And this may also be done by the dissemination of such publications as are calculated to diffuse sound views and right principles, upon the great subjects that at present claim so much of public attention. Ill weeds, the proverb says, thrive apace. They require no encouragement. Radicalism, in all its pestilent varieties, is so congenial with ignorance and depravity, as well as so plausible in its accommodations to the weakness, and so skilful and insidious in its ministrations to the vanity, the presumption, the self-sufficiency, the arrogance, and the precipitancy of our nature, that it requires no other aid than that which it derives from the hot-bed of passion and prejudice, in which, without care or culture on our part, it finds itself deposited, and where it flourishes with a rank luxuriance. Conservative principles, on the other hand, can only take root in cleared and cultivated ground, and it is only when cherished with the tenderest care, that good fruits are to be expected from them. It is, in fact, all up-hill work in the one case—it is all down-hill work in the other. Now this, at once, indicates the policy that should be pursued, by those who desire the salvation of the country, from a system that cannot be much longer persevered in, without eventuating in universal ruin. They should do all that is in their power to make the press a wholesome corrective of the

* We cannot do better than refer to what has been already done in that way, by the Dublin Metropolitan Conservative Society, in Dawson-street. Dr. Martin's exposition of the voluntary system, Mr. Fleury's exposition of the system of national education, and Dr. Longfield's exposition of the Roman Catholic oath, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them.

vices and the errors which are epidemic; and emulate their adversaries, in their zeal and their earnestness to propagate sound convictions. *Against* the press they cannot stand—*without* the press they can do nothing. And unless they do what in them lies to make *their own* of that instrument, which, whether for good or for evil, possesses, at the present day, even more than the boasted omnipotence of parliament, there is nothing rash in predicting that a swinish democracy will speedily trample them under feet; and it matters little whether the institutions which they would fain preserve perish through their negligence or their corruption.

One hopeful feature in the signs of the times, presents itself in the interest evinced by the people of England respecting the Irish elections. The subscriptions which have been set on foot with that view, have done more to dismay the Destructives in this country, than any one event which has occurred for many years. And that, not merely because money is being collected to sustain the righteous cause, as because that cause is now likely to be made *thoroughly known*, and the Irish Radicals and political Romanists are well aware that half their efficacy will be destroyed, when light is let in upon their misdeeds, and when they can no longer carry on their operations under the cover of darkness.

This, then, is the point of view in which we would recommend the Irish petition fund to the special attention of the people of England. It will induce all who take an interest in it, to acquaint themselves specifically with the state of the country. It will bring under their view the tremendous influence exerted by the priests and the agitators, to render freedom of election a farce, when it is not made a tragedy, by the murder or the mutilation of those who may venture to give expression to their honest convictions. Let the scenes which took place in Tipperary, in Limerick, in Waterford, in Wicklow, in Wexford, in Longford, in Sligo, in the Queen's County, and in many other places, be but faithfully presented to the people of England, and a feeling of indignation and of abhorrence must be aroused, which will make the priests and O'Connell tremble. They will feel that the hand of every honest and Christian man must be against them, when the courses are known by which they secure their majority in parlia-

ment. They will feel that they can no longer mystify the public, by the juggleries of an unprincipled press. The truth will be made known, and the lying oracles will be put to silence. "Justice to Ireland" will soon be understood according to its real import. The people of England will begin to see that justice must be done *upon* the agitators, before justice can be done *to* the people. They will begin to see that Church robbery *is not justice*; that the proscription and murder of the clergy *is not justice*; that the virtual disfranchisement of the legally qualified electors, and the virtual conferring of their rights and privileges upon non-electors, *is not justice*; that connivance at the workings of a diabolical conspiracy which now pervades the whole country, *is not justice*; that the promotion of ring-leaders in that conspiracy to places in the police, or the placing them at the head of schools for national education, is not likely to promote the peace of the country, or to forward any one of the ends of good government in Ireland. And seeing all this, the remedy for it must readily present itself, and no insatiation, it is hoped, will be of power to prevent that remedy from being adopted.

It is not, therefore, the amount of the subscription, whatever that may be, which may be raised in England, that raises our hopes, or strikes terror into the hearts of the agitators in Ireland. We look to other and higher results. We regard the movement that is now being made, with delight, because we look upon it as the forerunner of a moral influence, which must speedily detect the frauds, and defeat the malice of the worst enemies of Ireland. It should, therefore, be the object of every lover of his country, to make known in every possible way the whole extent of our real evils. We see what has been already done by a perseverance in fraud and falsehood. We see how, by this means, the honest people of England have been deceived. Let us not doubt, then, the effect that must be produced by an exposure of this nefarious system. Let us, we repeat it again and again, tear off the flimsy covering by which our adversaries have hitherto contrived to conceal PERJURY and MURDER. Let the cloven foot be bared. Let the dreadful implements which they have used in carrying on their evil work, be held conspicuously in view, and no man who is not willing to bear, on his

forehead, the brand of Cain, will, any longer, give them countenance. Even their radical auxiliaries will be revolted or put to shame. If they do not shrink with abhorrence from such associates, they will eschew the disgrace of being any longer connected with them, when they are the convicted abettors of a course of violence, and oppression, and deceit, which must attach condign infamy upon all its supporters. We repeat it, the very extremity to which things have come in Ireland, inspires us with confidence. When the worst is once *known*, the worst has been *felt*; and the very calamities from which there seemed to be no escape, may be, under Providence, the means of exciting that feeling on our behalf, to which we shall be indebted for our salvation.

If what we desire on this subject were but wisely and vigorously done by our Conservatives, we could have no doubt about the result; and if we have any doubts, they arise from an apprehension that, from timidity, or indolence, or bashfulness, or want of persevering energy, it may be left undone, or be but half done. In that case, we will be playing the game of our enemies. We will, as it were, suffer judgment by default. It must, indeed, be the height of infatuation to suppose that we can have the benefit of *our right*, while they continue to enjoy the advantage of *their wrong*. The old cry of "justice to Ireland," will be raised and echoed by the Destructives, until an impression has been produced, against which the friends of truth and order shall in vain contend, and the foulest oppressions, and the grossest abuses will be imposed upon the people of Ireland, as enlightened and beneficent legislation.

Corporate reform, in the sense that O'Connell demands it, is the grossest abuse of municipal privileges that ever was pretended to be practised. Give him but that, and he need ask no more—he can easily *take* the remainder. Grieved are we to see Lord Wicklow, and some few others in the House of Lords, for whom we have an unfeigned respect, so far deluded upon this subject, as to be willing to go a certain length in the conferring upon certain towns in Ireland municipal corporations. We believe they do not contemplate them as likely to do any positive good; but only as gratifying, to a certain extent, a popular feeling, which cannot be safely altogether resisted. Now, this mode of viewing such ques-

tions we deprecate as most unsound. Our reasons for so considering it, it is not necessary here to enlarge upon. We see neither wisdom or policy in timid and unprincipled concession to the folly or the madness of the people. Neither do we feel that we pay any compliment to the intelligence of the people, by supposing that they cannot bear to be told the truth, and that they must be humoured like wayward children, if we would please them. On the contrary, our deep conviction is, that the people are easiest managed by being told the truth; and that a candid avowal of the formidable objections which lie against a favourite measure, will, in the end, much more surely conciliate their respect and confidence, than a compliance with their wishes, which proceeds from a timid apprehension of incurring their displeasure. We do not venture to say that Lord Wicklow is moved by any such motive. To the extent that he advocates municipal corporations, he may conceive them a positive good; and until his plan is specifically detailed, we have no right to pronounce either upon its expediency or wisdom. But if he would give them to Ireland merely because they have been given to England, we withdraw nothing which we have said in disapprobation of such a course; and unless the evils to be apprehended from them are guarded against by provisos such as we have never yet met with any one who would venture to promise, they must prove to the constitution of the country, what wine would prove to a consumptive patient, a stimulus which would aggravate the disease under which we labour, and hasten our political dissolution.

The education question is another upon which no sufficient stress has yet been laid by our Conservative statesmen. We earnestly pray our Irish members to attend to it, and to weigh well its great importance. "Give me the making of the ballads for a people, and I will give you the making of their laws," said Fletcher of Saltoun; thereby wisely intimating, that that which unconsciously engages and influences the imagination and affections, must be more powerful in governing individuals, than that which would fain exert a more imperious dominion over them, by moderating their desires, or coercing their inclinations. Now, so say we, respecting the system of the national schools. Give us the appointment of the schoolmaster, and the rules and re-

gulations prescribed by the system, are of comparatively little importance. *And under the national system, as administered in Ireland, in nine cases out of ten, the appointment of the master is in the Roman Catholic priest.* This point has been admirably insisted on and exemplified by Mr. Colquhoun, member of parliament for Kilmarnock, in his evidence before the committee of the House of Lords. He has, also, we are glad to perceive, in a series of letters addressed to the Rev. James Carlile, enforced what he there stated, with a fulness and a clearness which leave nothing to be desired, except that the letters should be collected and published in a more permanent form, for the purpose of being brought under the notice of those by whose award the matter in dispute must be finally decided. Indeed, we know not how any fair-minded man could peruse what he has said or written, without being convinced that a more destructive experiment never was made upon the morals of a whole people, than that which has now received the sanction of parliament, and that it cannot be persevered in, without leading to results, for which, when the evil has progressed a *very* little more, we may in vain look for a remedy. The effect of the system has been, and will be, *to re-introduce into active employment the pestilent fellows and movers of sedition who formerly held sway in the hedge-schools, and whom the labours of the various benevolent societies, who interested themselves in the education of the Irish, had been successful in throwing out of employment.* It is no wonder that a system like this should have gained the good will of all who desire that a susceptible and imaginative people should be trained in anti-Protestant and anti-Anglican antipathies, and leavened with the feelings or the principles which would lead them to desire a repeal of the union. We laugh at the man who hesitates to believe that such a course can be persevered in without convulsing Ireland, and dismembering the empire. We write advisedly; we know what we say. For Lord Stanley, who introduced the system, we have a profound respect. We are not more convinced that he acted not wisely, than that he intended well. Whether the constitution of his mind, or the bent of his character, be or be not such as would lead him, upon a careful re-examination of the subject, to retrace his steps, we know not; but this we *do*

know, that he would despise us, if, with our conviction upon the subject, we hesitated for one moment to denounce the project, as one founded in error, and fraught with danger.

The practical question is simply this, is it safe or expedient to give to the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood the control of the national education? If there is any person who can pronounce affirmatively respecting such a proposition, he must either be leagued in partnership with that priesthood, or he can know nothing of the state of Ireland. We leave wholly out of account the miserable creatures, the hangers-on of the National Board, and the Mulgrave sycophants, who know nothing of *principle*, but as it is a correlative to *interest*, and who seek nothing in the support they give to any public question, beyond their own advancement. But, with the exception of these, the repealers, and those who, from gross and ignorant partizanship, are the blind and unconscious favourers of repeal, no sane man can pronounce, that to entrust the conduct of a system of national education, which is to mould the minds and determine the characters of the lower classes in Ireland to the Romish clergy, could be either safe or expedient. Therefore it is, that the enlightened Protestant clergy have so loudly protested against it. Therefore it is, that it has been met by such loud reclamation from all those enlightened and pious laymen, who first took the lead in instructing the minds of the humbler classes, and to whom the country was indebted for banishing a course of reading and a race of teachers, by which the peasantry were trained in lawlessness and disorder. They see that the new system must bring back all the old evils again; and, therefore, with both their hands, they protest against a course of proceeding, which will not send peace amongst their countrymen "but a sword," and which is sure to provoke ill will amongst men, and promote dishonour to God in the highest.

"The present system cannot work well, because the established clergy will not join in it. If they would only lend it their countenance, it would do beautifully. Surely, now that the government are bent upon upholding it, it would be less hurtful with their countenance than it can be without it." This is the language of the advocates of the system. But to this it may be at once replied, that the established

clergy abstain from a connection with it, not from any indignant feeling that they have been detruded from their proper place, but from a deep conviction that no countenance which they could give it, and no superintendence which they could exercise, could prevent it doing *more evil than good*. If good, in the least degree, were to *predominate* from the present experiment, we are persuaded that they would be amongst its firmest supporters. Although they might not be able to do all the good which they would desire, by all means, most cheerfully would they avail themselves of its instrumentality in doing all the good which they could; if, as we have said, good and not evil were in any material degree sure to predominate. But they well know what the result must necessarily be; and we recognise both wisdom and virtue in leaving, as far as they are concerned, the system in the hands of its projectors. Their part and duty is, to bear a solemn testimony against it. This they have most nobly

done. And we are well persuaded that in thus discharging their consciences, and, without regard to personal consequences, washing their hands out of any concern in what they must firmly believe to be a scheme for the moral and political contamination, and perversion of a whole people, they are best acting in the spirit of their calling, and indeed, taking the only course which they could consistently take, as honest men, or enlightened Christians.

But we must conclude. The new parliament will soon be put to the test. What it is made of will speedily appear. Upon union and concert amongst Conservatives, the salvation of the empire now entirely depends. May they be awake to the awful responsibilities of their high calling, and vindicate the choice of those who, relying on their wisdom and their virtue, sent them to fight in their behalf, what may be the last battle of the constitution, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

THE ORPHANS OF DUNASKER.

By the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara," "Irish Priests and English Landlords," &c.

CHAP. I.

THE village of Dunasher is one of the prettiest in Ireland; not merely from situation, but from its general air of neatness; together with something like taste in the architecture of the cottages, and an attention to rustic ornament—the cheapest of all kind of ornament, and, at the same time, the most neglected by our countrymen of all ranks, who are contented, from generation to generation, to build the same style of unsightly cabin, or the canister-shaped, staring combination of stone, and mortar, and slates, called a comfortable house, without porch, or verandah, or projecting roof—stuck up in the middle of a field, in all the naked simplicity of white-wash. There was, however, quite sufficient nationality about it to silence the complaint, sometimes made by the admirers of primitive habits and manners, that, in the present rage for improvement, all that is interesting from peculiarity, or romantic from association, will disappear under the prevalence of a system, which will polish the whole world into a most uninteresting uniformity; so that the intellectual traveller can have no possible in-

ducement for visiting foreign countries except the mere love of locomotion; as his own neighbourhood can afford a perfect fac-simile of the habits, and manners, and occupations of all that the sun rises upon. Whether such a state of things be likely to occur through the instrumentality of that mighty magician, the school-master, abroad and at home, we cannot say; neither, whether the world would gain or lose much by the exchange; but of this we are certain, that Ireland will be the last country at least in Protestant Christendom, to submit to such unpoetical innovations. She has hitherto stoutly resisted the encroachments of improvement, so called; and bids fair to continue the opposition with the happiest results.

It would be, however, unfair to give all the credit of this perseverance in well-doing to our countrymen. Truth requires us to say that they must, long since, have borne the yoke of comparative civilization—nay, there were times, and those not a few, when they were so foolishly new-fangled as to show something like a willingness to bend their necks to it, had not Eng-

land, generous, disinterested England, spiritedly come to their assistance, and, on every symptom of weakness, roused their dying energies, and used the most *powerful* arguments to persuade them to continue in their primitive simplicity. For this, we owe her a debt of gratitude, which, to our credit be it spoken, we are not slack to pay. She is daily and hourly reaping the reward of her good deeds; and now, that she is advancing in years, and somewhat weakened by the infirmities natural to length of days, she has the consolation of receiving the warmest professions of attachment, and the most zealous offers of assistance and support from her so-disinterestedly-adopted, and more-than-maternally-indulged child.

Notwithstanding her praiseworthy efforts to keep the Irish a distinct and primitive people, from the days of Harry Plantagenet, who paid us the first unceremonious and consolatory visit, to this good time, yet it is well known that repeated attempts have been made by well-meaning, though (we suppose) mistaken people, to break in upon this system; and though brow-beat, and laughed at, and lectured pretty sharply by high authorities; and opposed with might and main by an influential body of anti-improvers at home, they have succeeded, on a small scale, here and there, in carrying their object into effect.

Among the most persevering innovators was Colonel Asker, proprietor of the village to which we have already introduced our readers. On succeeding to the property by the death of an absentee uncle, he found the whole estate in complete Irish order—a state of things which had satisfied his ancestors for many generations, but which he could not quite agree with. He, accordingly, planned various changes; and, by degrees, carried some of his plans into operation, undismayed by the prognostications of his agent, or the bitter denunciations of the Romish priesthood. From the first, he set his heart upon remodelling Dunasker, which, unfortunately for its peace, was situated within a stone's throw of the principal entrance to his magnificent demesne; and, what was more unfortunate, happened, with the exception of a few plots of ground, to be all out of lease upon the demise of the late Mr. Asker. The work of reformation immediately began there. He found an able assistant in Mr. Ravenscroft, the rector of the parish;

and a number of ladies having formed themselves into a visiting committee to inspect the in-and-out-door arrangements of the cottage-holders, who were willing to comply with the new regulations, the work went on with spirit. A relentless crusade was carried on against the poor pigs, who, from time immemorial, were allowed the privilege of walking, and sleeping, and rooting through the length and breadth of the village. They were now shut up in durance, vile or comfortable, as it suited their owners' fancies to provide for them; many of whom loudly protested against the cruelty of confining such innocent brutes, that never gave trouble, one way or other, but just *furraged* for themselves, and made the place look comfortable and Christian-like. But aristocratic tyranny would not listen to reason; and the pigs were ever after obliged to live and die in obscurity. The dunghill and the duck-pool were also forced to change places from the front to the rere; and such a number of new fashions were introduced, that, as Peggy McClusker complained, "the poor place wouldn't know itself, if it had eyes to see the differ."

In an amazingly short time the principal street retained but few of its original features. The zigzag mud cabins, inhabited by petty dealers, who all advertised "good dry lodgings," and thus gave harbour and encouragement to vagrants of all descriptions, were soon pulled down, and their inhabitants accommodated with tenements in less conspicuous situations, unless they entered into all the plans of their landlord; and a number of comfortable and ornamental cottages built in their place, which, for the most part, were tenanted by persons in the middling walks of life, who, some of them at least, acquired a taste for neatness and cleanliness, when they found that such *real* luxuries could be enjoyed at a very moderate expense of time and trouble. Besides, premiums in money were annually granted in proportion to the improvements, interior, and exterior, viz. So much for the mere cleanliness of white-wash. So much for the well-stocked, and neatly-kept garden, or clipped thorn hedge; and more again, if the in-door economy corresponded with the outward appearance; and thus, many who had passed half the term of human life without "ever bothering themselves about posies, or gravel walks, or them sort of out-of-the-way-things-for-a-poor-body," were

now often seen in a summer's evening, nailing up the straggling sprays of the various plants reaching to the roof of their houses, or weeding the little flower-plot before the door.

Much was done, no doubt, but still, a few demurrers among the old *residents* spoiled, in a great degree, the effect of the *tout en semble*, by their rigid adherence to old customs, in spite of fee or reward. Every stranger wondered why Colonel Asker could possibly permit that abominable old cabin to stand in all its ugliness and raggedness close by the beautiful verandahed cottage-house, the residence of the curate; or asked, what, in the name of taste, persuaded him to tolerate that nuisance, in the shape of an old barn that encroached upon the garden of the picturesque school-house. Nobody could be more alive to the beggarly appearance of these two objects than the Colonel; but, as he often querulously asked, when they were pointed out to him by an admiring visitor, what could he do? These said tenements were in the possession of widows, both old women. Betty Cranley, the curate's unwelcome and unbecoming neighbour, had a lease of her holding for her own life; and, consequently, could not be disturbed. She could only be advised, or scolded, or coaxed, or bought out; and none of these arguments, though tried over and over again, could move her. She said that she was a woman who was ever content. That she looked for no favour or commendation, more nor what she was willing to ax. That she had enough to live on in *dacency*, without coveting *could* and hardship, with paving stones before the door to wear out her feet, or trees to keep the day-light from her eyes, that wasn't growing sharp with years; and that she wasn't *consated* to want more goodness, nor what it pleased God to send her." Her obstinacy was unconquerable; and after many most strenuous efforts from various quarters, to soften her into a yielding mood, she was allowed to follow her own fancy in peace.

But the time came when, in spite of herself, an impression was made on Mrs. Cranley's hard heart. Her next door neighbour, who had been persuaded to comply with the new regulations, was rewarded on the annual inspection of her premises by the visiting ladies, with the highest premium, as a reward for the order and regularity, and cleanliness, to which she

had reduced her hitherto most slovenly establishment; and, two Sundays after, walked off to the chapel, attended by her three daughters, each in drab-coloured cloth mantles; while the matron, in addition to her own handsome, new cloak, sported no fewer than two new silk handkerchiefs—one of bright yellow, over her cap—the other of deep pink, cross-barred with gosling green, tied carelessly round her neck, with a large bow in front. Now, Betty had a particular fancy for silk handkerchiefs, which she could seldom indulge, from the smallness of her income, and the demands made upon her by a good-for-nothing, drunken son; and she began seriously to consider that fifty shillings would be as much in her pocket as in Nancy Dollaway's; and, that if some trouble was got by the earning, why, after all, there was little to be had in this world without trouble, before or after. For four Sundays she patiently—Anglice, impatiently—bore the bright vision of Mrs. Dollaway and her daughter's dazzling the eyes of all beholders by their magnificence, when she, at length, resolved that before the next summer, they should hide their diminished heads before her superior taste, "if," as she said, "she was to scour and whitewash herself black in the face." Lest her ardour should cool, she instantly sent a message to Miss Cherry Cartwright, the most active and indefatigable of the lady-reformers, to say, that if a garden-boy was sent from the castle; and if the steward would order one of the men to manage the lime; and if the carpenter was sent to knock up a few conveniences, she might see if she wouldn't have her own place more genteel, and more what-it-ought-to-be, nor some that got credit for a bit of outside shew-off.

Miss Cartwright was prepared to satisfy every demand, however exorbitant; and set out early the next day, in high spirits, to begin her manoeuvres. But disappointment most unexpectedly awaited her. A visitor had been there before her, in the person of the Reverend Mr. Feeny—coadjutor priest of the parish; and Mrs. Cranley having opened her mind to him on the subject of her intended operations, requested his opinion and advice, without which she seldom ventured to act, unless when determined to have her own way.

"Troth, Betty," began her pastor, when he heard all she had to say, "I'd

be sorry to doubt your sense, and discretion, having more opinion of your judgment than many in the place besides—and it's not to your face I say it, but behind your back, I give you that commendation. But I've a misgiving that I must hold my tongue hereafter, if you take to heretic fashions. I never faulted this house. I got many a good dinner in it, and I hoped to get more, if your life was spared, and to see it throng with the neighbours, when I had a station in it. But when you tie yourself up under the rules of Miss Cartwright and her faction, you can't have a welcome for me or any poor Christian; for I wont go any where where my poor flock wont have recourse to me. *That* I tell you fair; and sure you couldn't be glad to see them if they hadn't genteel shoes that wouldn't mark your floor?"

"Mr. Feeny," she answered quickly, "if I was a queen I'd never shut my door again' a holy man like you, or the greatest vagabond or blackguard that you might bring in your company—so make your mind asy about that."

"I never misdoubted your good heart, Betty; only you are too asy imposed on. Answer me this—do you think that if the smell of a drop of punch was seen in the house the day after a station—and you know you are a woman never begrudges what's becoming on them occasions—now, do you think that they wouldn't withhold their dirty little bribe for that excuse, though you slaved like a pack-horse for it the whole year out?"

Mrs. Cranley paused for a moment.

"Maybe so," she answered. "I wouldn't put it past them. But, Mr. Feeny dear, they never said one word about the like to Nancy Dollaway—and what a gathering had she last March! and what a kick-up did some of them make before they went home!"

"They had their own reasons for that, Betty; and they have deeper reasons, *that* I can tell you. All they want is to get proper footing in your house, and then you'll see how soon the Testament will be slipt out of the pocket, and you'll have to listen to what your poor soul will be screeching for long enough after you are dead and buried."

"Still, Mr. Feeny, what surprises me is, how they never proffer the like to Nancy. Barring advising her to send the childer to their school, which she never would if they let her alone, and never meddle or make from one

half year's end to the other. And what makes you think they'd be harder on me?"

"Now, woman alive! wont you see through them?" asked the priest angrily. "They can't murder us outright—thanks to our own courage for that; so they will turn us to the best account they can. Hasn't *he* up at the castle a mighty great tenderness for you, that makes him so desirous to have flowers in your garden and rails before your door? Isn't Miss Cartwright wonderful generous, too, with her basket on her arm, and her little penny books to give, where the penny itself would be more wanting? and as far as I can hear, she dont do much in the way of charity."

Mrs. Cranley felt very much inclined to assent to this libel upon the lady, had not something like a qualm of conscience stuck in her throat, when she remembered that a certain article of her own dress, made of that material called flannel, could give the lie direct to such an assertion; and that the blankets on her bed were ready to add their testimony to Miss Cartwright's liberality; she, therefore, only grumbled a little about the poverty of the poor, and again adverted to Nancy Dollaway, and how well she made her way with all sorts.

"Not at all," he answered. "She dont give *me* satisfaction. I have my eye upon her; and if I see her currying favour with our enemies, I'll play her a trick she wont forget in a hurry. Betty, have done with that pack, and don't let them be laughing at you in their sleeve. The short and the long of it is this—provided they can make you and the like of you scavengers for the Protestants, so that *they* will have a clean walk to church, they didn't care if you lived upon one meal a day for a hundred years, and you know that well."

Betty's spirit rose superior to all the advantages to be gained by such degradation. She wished that her two hands might be cut off, by means which we shall not specify, before she would demean herself to so low a station; and the priest having added more arguments of the same kind, soon after left her in the most anti-improving frame of mind possible. She was sulky and mysterious to Miss Cartwright on her arrival. She said the goosoon made a mistake, as they always do. That she wanted nobody to darken her door that wasn't contented

with the place, just as it was. That she had her own reasons for doing what she did, and that she never changed her mind in all her life for one minute only of an odd time, for her own convenience; and that she was too *wake*, and too *donny*, and too poor, and too bad every way, to want to be one bit better off in the world than she was at that present minute.

Her visitor knew from long experience that expostulation was useless;

she, therefore, made the best retreat she could without compromising her dignity; and immediately proceeded to call upon Peggy McClusker, the other troublesome widow, who, though equally annoying by her inveterate slovenliness, was always civil and obliging; and if she never profited by advice, was very grateful for it, particularly when offered by *rule quality*, such as she acknowledged Miss Cherry to be, both by father and mother.

CHAP. II.

Mrs. McClusker was very differently circumstanced from her neighbour-widow. Her cabin was out of lease on her husband's death some years before: and while the one kept her ground, strong in her independence, the other was allowed to remain on sufferance. In fact, Colonel Asker could not get rid of her without applying to means which he would not use. She had been threatened with an ejection. She had been ejected, so far as mere law forms went. She was offered her choice of six houses in the two lanes. She was offered an annuity if she changed her residence, no matter where. It was proposed to build for her a new house on the site of her old cabin; but nothing could move her. At last, Colonel Asker, who had heretofore corresponded with her through the medium of a third person, sought a personal interview, and at once, desired her to name her own terms, and that if he possibly could he would accede to them, provided she gave up the house without further trouble.

"Oh then, if it isn't myself that is obliged to your honour and the madam, and why wouldn't I, for your goodness to me? And the sorrah thing do I want, nor one bit of trouble will I ever give to gentle or simple, if I'm just let to live and die in the place where Dennis left me, and that he built with his own two hands."

"My good woman! the thing is impossible; you must give up the house immediately. I want it for a particular purpose; and you shall have a much more comfortable residence in the Alma-house lane."

"There isn't that house in all Ireland," she replied, "that would shout me but this one only; for, listen to me, please your honour, and you'll see how it's impossible. When Dennis died I made a vow to myself that where he lived I'd live, and that where he died I'd die; and would you have me for-

swear myself like one of them horses under your coach there?"

"It was very silly of you to make such a vow, knowing that the keeping of it did not depend upon yourself. I cannot listen to such folly; you must give up possession tomorrow. My steward will be with you in the morning; and if you act sensibly you shall be a gainer by the exchange."

"Your honour I know is joking. You'll never turn the widdy adrift upon the wide world!"

"I mean no such thing. You shall be provided for; but I must have the house; and Dixon has my orders to unroof it unless you give it up quietly."

"Well," she said, after a pause, "there will be a roof over my head too high for man's hand to touch the rafters; and I'll be content with it; and I'll sit there in that corner where I seen the last of Denis, while there is a stone of the walls left; and then I wont leave it till they drag me from it; and then I'll never lie under a cover of thatch or slates if you don't send me to jail, which maybe, is laid out for me, for any thing that I know."

"But," said Mrs. Asker, who began to feel a strong interest in the poor woman, "what objection can you have to allow a better house to be built on the very same spot, if you are the occupier, which Colonel Asker is willing to allow?"

"Why, ma'am, sure your honour well knows that another house isn't the same. It's these walls and that roof that I swore to abide by. I was fond of them because *he* had to say to them stone by stone, and stick by stick. Denis was the man put it together without help from mortal but myself; and Denis——"

"Pooh! Pooh!" said the colonel, the more pettishly, because he was determined to leave her undisturbed—"who cares for Denis?"

The old woman felt keenly this im-

plied disrespect to her husband's memory; and though her worldly-all depended upon the friendship or forbearance of her landlord, she could not restrain her indignation.

"Who cares for him?" she asked indignantly. "I care for him; and more cares for him and his memory nor will ever care for—for—them that don't deserve it. Good luck to you, sir, but if you can't find in your heart to spare the living; let the dead lie *quite* in their grave; them that never let fall from their tongue what would offend a stick, let alone a Christian. Would you bear it, ma'am," turning quickly to Mrs. Asker, "if you were left to my disalation, and that it was demanded from you, who cared for the companion that made this unfortunate world, God help it! a pleasant place to you, while he was spared, though you, nor hundreds of you put together, could never come near to understand my loss?"

"Come away, my love," said the colonel, moving towards the door. "It is quite useless to reason with this woman; I suppose," muttering to himself, "that she must be left as she is."

"Stay for one moment," said the lady. "I have thought of an expedient. Peggy, if Colonel Asker should permit you to remain here, you would not object, I hope, to allow the house to be thatched and whitewashed, and a few shrubs to be planted inside of a small paling in front?"

"Oh! blessings on your honour, do whatever you like with the outside, so you only leave the inside alone, and I'll be as tractable to your commands as any in Dunasker. If it's reglarity and show you want, I'll never stop rooting and rummaging from morning to night; and I'll wash the clay itself if it will give you pleasure."

A contract was immediately entered into. Peggy was to have her house neatly fitted up; the external decorations under the directions of the steward; the internal, so far as she would permit any change, under her own; and she volunteered her hand and word for it, that she would surprise his honour and her honour by the beautiful, and orderly, and clean appearance that the place would assume once she fairly set about it.

Peggy really meant to do what she said; and for the first month after the steward had completed his share in the contract, her house, though not alto-

gether in the style of the cottages on either side, was not absolutely a nuisance. But this state of things did not long continue. The back door which she consented to have opened into the yard was inconvenient to the bench where she usually washed, and therefore she was tempted to throw out the dirty water at the front entrance. This was particularly unfortunate, as the improvements lately made having levelled the ground before the door, she lost the advantage of the *beautiful fall*, which had hitherto carried off all the slops at once into the middle of the street; so that the visiting ladies were often more seriously annoyed in their passage through the flower garden, than in the good old times, when she was left to her own management. Then, the laurels and other evergreens were demolished under the daily weight of two or three heavy stuff quilts, her most valuable household articles, which she took the opportunity of airing, while she had such excellent accommodation; and the paling disappeared piecemeal, by the marauding, she supposed, of unlucky childer, or any other chance that came across it. Again and again, the dilapidations were repaired—the steward vehemently protesting that her extravagance would be the ruin of the master, at last. Colonel Asker threatened. Mrs. Asker expostulated and bribed. Miss Cartwright, armed with hammer and nails, often repaired the various little breaches, which Peggy never saw before, and could see no harm in them when she did see them. Mrs. Smallcraft lectured and showed her pictures of tidy houses; and the other ladies did all that ladies could do, but Peggy M'Clusker could never be radically reformed. She promised, and thanked, and protested, and vindicated herself, and blamed others, and talked of Denia, and always contrived to have the last word. A half-yearly scrubbing and cleaning was all that could be expected from her; and Colonel Asker seldom interfered with her, unless some very outrageous nuisance, perpetrated by her, called for a visit from his steward; when it was found that the easiest way to remedy it, was to offer to put things to rights without expostulation or anger.

Miss Cartwright was welcomed with great cordiality by Peggy, who apologized for the unreadiness of the place, by saying that she had not slept one wink the night before, with a pain in her

left shoulder, which, she believed, would never leave her till it finished her.

"It is only an attack of rheumatism, Peggy—such as you have every year at this season. You know you always complain of rheumatic pains when you catch cold."

"Ah! the heaven's be praised! It's not one complaint I'm trusting to, Miss Cherry. When one's off another's on; and that's the way with me this many a year."

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy! what have we here?" exclaimed Miss Cartwright, rising in a hurry, on perceiving that a pane of one of the newly-glazed windows was broken; and the breach stopped by the crown of an old straw bonnet, which, in its best days, had covered her own head.

Peggy began to explain how she had just crammed it into it to keep out the blast till she could borrow the price from a neighbour. But Miss Cartwright would not listen to any excuse, and seriously warned her that a recurrence of such practices might provoke Colonel Asker to proceed to the last extremities.

"Troth, then, if he does," she answered, "he'd soon be shamed before the world; for, do I ever stop plasing him and giving him satisfaction? And I lave it to yourself, Miss Cherry, if it could be expected from one of my time of life to turn dancing master to cocks and hens, and teach them manners—what he couldn't do himself, with all his knowledge."

"What has this to do with stuffing the window with that odious old bonnet?"

"Ah, then, Miss Cherry, don't be too hard on me entirely. Why, wasn't it that young pullet that bruck it on me last Tuesday; and it's a folly to talk, but she wont be kep out, if I was to sit scoulding at her till the tongue dropped out of my head."

"If you had accustomed your hens to roost in that nice little shed, which I had fitted up for them in the yard, such accidents would not occur."

"Well, then, since I must spake it out, Miss Cherry, there's no use in wanting me to be any thing but a poor elush, while I have that Girra Caille* there to put every thing to sixes and sevens."

"Ah, listen to her," cried the Girra Caille; "and she knows well enough

that it's herself flatters them to sleep in the house; and that it's me that pelts them, and gives them many a good switching."

Mrs. M'Clusker lost all patience at this unceremonious contradiction, and the avowed persecution of her favourites.

"What have you to do?" she asked, sharply, "to put in your word before your betters; and what right have you to meddle in my lawful business? If I ever catch you at that work again, you unmannerly lump, I'll find a switch that will soon know the length and breadth of your lazy back."

"The never a ha'porth I care for what you say," persisted the Girra Caille. "While I have a foot to stand on I wont put up with it, to see the good living them gets, that is begrudged to a Christian."

"Now, Miss Cherry," appealed Mrs. M'Clusker, "ant I a woman in a hundred to pass by all the discourse I get from that one, that isn't kith or kin to me; and that brings miscredit on me, in the house, and out of the house, with her vulgarness and her ignorance? Why, if you were trying for a year, she'd still sit biass at a table—she'd sew with a pin as well as with a needle. She'd wash her good chequer apron in the water just after boiling the dinner; and with all that, she has pride and consate, and would give her eyes for dress."

"It wasn't you gave me the chequer apron, any how," growled the Girra Caille. "And I'll wash it the way it plases myself best, and no other."

"Ansty, I am displeased with you," said Miss Cartwright, gravely. "You behave very disrespectfully to your aunt, who has been invariably kind to you. If she complains of you, at times, she has, certainly, very good cause; and you should bear reproof without answering."

Ansty bore this reproof in silence; and Miss Cartwright having requested Peggy to drop, for the present, the subject of her manifold imperfections, the remainder of the visit was occupied in planning some retreat for the hens within the house; for no other dormitory was thought sufficiently wholesome for such tenderly-reared birds, to which access could be had, without putting them to the trouble of breaking a window, every time they wished to go to rest. A hole in the

* *Girra caille*, literally, "a short girl." The Girra Caille holds the same place in an Irish establishment as the gossoon.

back door was at length determined upon as the genteelist, as well as the least troublesome mode of ingress and egress for her feathered friends; and the lady departed with the measure of the broken pane, which she promised to have repaired at her own expense, being apprehensive that so many demands upon the colonel, might, in the end, lead to something desperate on his part.

Mrs. McClusker watched the progress of Miss Cartwright down the whole length of the street, till she was fairly out of sight; when she turned into the house to vent her displeasure against the Girrah Ollah, who had, in the meantime, seated herself on her hunkers comfortably by the fire, armed with a long straw, with which she amused herself, alternately lighting and blowing it out.

But before we proceed in our story, we think it due to our readers to inform them more particularly of a person to whom we are so far indebted, as that she helped us to a name for our story.

Anastasia Rubily, better known in Dunasker, as the Girrah Ollah, was, as her designation expressed, short of stature; but whether her figure was well or ill-shaped, could not be guessed—at least, on a casual inspection—for her garments were so thrown on, and held together by such loose ligaments—besides no sort of regularity being observed in their distribution about her person—the petticoat often exchanging places with the neckerchief; and the innermost of all, not unfrequently veiling her head, on a rainy day—that she generally presented the appearance of a moving bundle of odds and ends. The same doubt hung over her age. Nothing could be guessed from her face. She might be eighteen—she might be thirty. Her features, which were good, had not the animation of youth, yet they bore no absolute marks of age; and her gait and attitudes, which were slow and ungainly, were rather those of a cramped invalid, than of sinews stiffened by advanced years. Some persons, who had an odd kind of interest in her, wondered why she was not well-looking, while others wondered at that wonder, as they condemned her to stark, staring, downright ugliness. All, however, were obliged to confess that her hair *ought* to be beautiful. It was the richest auburn—not red—like some would-be-auburn hair, that we have been called

upon to nick-name, much to the disquiet of our conscience;—and it curled naturally, and grew with a luxuriance that blunted two pair of excellent scissors, belonging to Mrs. McClusker, in an inconceivably short period of time. But under Ansty's management, it was anything but an ornament; for, unless when washed by a shower of rain, it was a tangled mop, which borrowed its tinge from the turf-clamp, or potato-crib, or the dark-pool, or any other thing with which she came in contact. There could not be a more insignificant personage in the world, or one more friendless. Yet she, like the Anglo-Arcadian Lavinia:

—once had friends,
And fortune smiled deceitful on her birth;

for Ansty was an heiress, being entitled to twelve acres and a rood, in perpetuity, besides personal property to the amount of seventy pounds in right of her father, who died when she was an infant, leaving her to the guardianship of a half-brother, the son of her mother by a former husband. With such a fortune, Ansty's prospects were positively brilliant. She needed not fix her choice one inch lower than the priest's nephew himself. Nay, it was matter of doubt with some of the connections of the family, when laying out a suitable match for the infant heiress, if even he was, all out, good enough for one of her substance. But these splendid anticipations came to nothing. The guardian was, in Irish parlance, as big a rogue as ever missed a halter. He took possession and kept possession of all her property for himself; and although a complaint was made by some interested second cousins to the absentee landlord, and the resident agent, and although Attorney Hanley promised to call him to a long reckoning, if the girl would put her affairs into his hands, on attaining her majority; and although a virago of a neighbour might, in a fit of passion, accuse him and his wife of robbery, yet the business was managed without the slightest difficulty. He paid his rent to the day; and such punctuality satisfied his landlord that he was an honest man. He had frequent stations at his house, which convinced the priest that he was a good Christian; and as he promised to give the little girl the run of the house, the generality of his acquaintances thought it likely that he was a tender man, after all. In return for this run of the house, which

signifies the permission to eat whatever can be snatched by fair means or foul, hard labour was exacted, such as dependants upon the poor are too often subjected to. In addition to the potato-setting, and shovelling, and weeding, and digging, and turf-rearing, and flax-pulling, and bush-harrowing, which she had to do in common with the other members of the family, her leisure hours, in the depth of winter, were employed in carrying sand upon her back, in a creel, from the gravel pit to the cut-away bog—a distance of nearly half a mile, where her brother was, by degrees, reclaiming some waste land. In fact, she took the place of the ass, which, soon after her removal to her brother's house, died of over-work and hard usage; and her treatment was not much better, if we except the article of potatoes instead of thistles, and some apology for clothes, such as a respectable scarecrow would be, or rather ought to be ashamed of.

This sort of life continued for years, till her growth was stunted, and her temper soured. She was conscious of the injustice with which she was treated; and often vindicated her rights with pertinacity; but her brother and sister had stronger arguments on their side, which they used most unsparingly. Every act of disobedience, and every grumbling expression was sure to draw upon her a chastisement of a brutal nature; yet, still, the principle of opposition was so strong within her, that she seldom submitted in silence. The bitter curse with which she was generally greeted, was returned with interest; and when opportunity occurred, she tyrannized in turn over her little nephews and nieces. She was, nevertheless, so useful a drudge, and performed such hard labour at so little cost, that her relations thought themselves fortunate in having appropriated her to themselves, and made her totally unfit to earn her bread in any other way. For she was unacquainted with nine-tenths of the uses to which hands could be applied. She could, indeed, handle a loy, or a sley, or a reaping-hook, with tolerable skill. She could manage the pot-hooks without scalding herself oftener than two or three times in the month; and could perform the more delicate operation of clawing off the skin of a potato with her nails; but she could neither knit, nor wash, nor spin, nor sew, nor, as her aunt Peggy often com-

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plained, "set a dacent kittle on the fire like a Christian." In short, her education and habits seemed insurmountable barriers against her ever rising in the scale of civilization; and her brother thought himself sure of her services, so long as she had strength to perform them. How he meant to provide for her if that failed, never perhaps crossed his imagination. But his disinterestedness was never put to the proof; for, about four years before the commencement of this story, Ansty resented a savage correction from his hand so indignantly, that she determined to seek her fortune in a strange place, and to try, as she expressed it in her native tongue—the only one with which she was then acquainted—"if there was any body, in all the world, that had nature in their hearts, or could understand that flesh and blood wasn't a stone wall, all out." She had heard of an uncle Denis, who lived seventy miles from her own place of abode; and although the winter was particularly severe, and her covering against the cold, of the thinnest materials, she resolved to brave every difficulty, rather than remain another day with her unnatural relations.

Before the day dawned, she silently left the house. An odd sensation—something like mingled affection and regret heaved her bosom, as she passed the pane of glass in the wall, which was intended to give light to the sleeping apartment of the family. She had often said, that when she quitted that house, for good, she would leave her curse upon every stick and stone about it; but now, that the moment was come, the malediction faded from her memory; and, with a glow of kindness which came warm from the heart, she wished a blessing upon all under the roof, both great and small, old and young, good and bad.

Travelling in Ireland, to persons in the Girra Caille's line, is accompanied by no expense. A seat by the fire, and shelter for the night are freely given by the poorest cabin-holder; and the inmates must be poor indeed, if they do not freely share their supper with the stranger who comes in God's name, hungry and unprovided. At the end of a week, therefore, Ansty arrived at Dunasker, as well fed as if she enjoyed the hospitality of her brother's board, and much more comfortably clad; for the poor woman, with whom she lodged the second night of her journey, supplied her with the greater

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part of the body and sleeves of an old frize coat belonging to her husband, which was the warmest habiliment she had ever worn, at least, for so many days in succession.

Her uncle Denis had died three weeks before her arrival; but she received a hearty welcome from his widow, who was delighted to see any one belonging to him; though a little shocked at her vulgarity and ignorance. Her first care was to clothe her in some spare garments of her own, that she might not discredit the memory of Denis by the rags she had brought with her. She next began to teach her English, as the Irish was not generally spoken in so genteel a place as Dunasker; and apologized for her uncouth appearance and manner, by detailing the cruel conduct of her near friends, who had, she declared, not only robbed but murdered her. The Girra Caille was bewildered. She was so totally unacquainted with kindness that she could not recognise it when brought to bear on her own immediate concerns. Dull and ignorant as she was, she possessed a good deal of suspicious cunning, which led her to doubt the disinterestedness of her aunt's motives.—Perhaps she would have doubted it in the case of any human being who required any services in return, from her. So long as her aunt was gentle, and issued her mandates in a quiet tone, she felt rather inclined to oblige. But Peggy was hasty, and when not obeyed at the instant, spoke with a loud voice and a strength of expression, sometimes bordering on coarseness, which the Girra Caille sulked at immediately. Yet, to do Peggy justice, her highest oburgatory flight was like the zephyr's breath, when compared with the storms by which she was almost daily assailed in her brother's house, but it was the same in kind, though not in degree; and Ansty, who knew nothing about the degrees of comparison, roused her spirit to resistance on the first appearance of ill-temper. With such dispositions on each side, it was scarcely to be expected but that quarrels would arise. They were soon, however, made up; and before the year was over, they seemed to understand each other pretty well. Peggy would not confess it, but she was absolutely fond of her ungainly niece; and the Girra Caille, though she still snarled, whenever spoken to with authority, was beginning to think that if there was such a thing as good nature

in the world, sure enough, her aunt Peggy got a bit of it. Mrs. McClusker, with all her imperfections, had a quick insight into character. She soon discovered Ansty's failing. She saw that she could be led by gentle management, and therefore determined not to drive—at least, she said so every day. But her temper was not always under control; and Ansty's awkwardness and laziness, and self-will, and, what was more vexatious, her self-conceit, often put her patience to flight, in spite of all her good resolutions. At three different times, the Girra Caille left the house in a huff, after a scolding-match, with vehement protestations of her determination to go away for ever. But she never failed to return before night, and although she made no regular apology for her undutiful behaviour on such occasions, was always received with a very friendly greeting by her aunt, who had time for reflection during her absence; and generally gave a verdict against herself.

For a considerable time they had no quarrel of any consequence, till the day of Miss Cartwright's visit, when Ansty's impertinence, which we have before related, hurt her aunt's feelings so deeply, that when the lady was beyond the reach of hearing, she lectured—alias abused her in a style of surpassing severity. Ansty, as usual, was not slow to answer. Every uncourteous expression was retorted with spirit, and when her English vocabulary failed, she had recourse to her Irish store, which furnishes, as we have been told, a most copious supply of expressions suited to carry on a colloquy of that kind with great animation. Mrs. McClusker's passion momentarily increased under the irritation produced by the damsel's answers, till she lost all command of herself. Her face grew pale with anger, and she commanded her to quit her place that minute, and never dare to enter the door the longest day she had to live. Ansty rose slowly from her seat at the fire. She looked steadily in her aunt's face, and, for a moment, something not very unlike dignity pervaded her whole air and manner.

"You have said it," she repeated deliberately, "and you'll never speak that word to me again."

She then opened the drawer of the dresser, and taking from it the whole of her wardrobe which was not on her person—consisting of a blue cotton handkerchief, which she flung upon her

shoulders, and a muslin cap, which she adjusted rather carefully upon her head, quietly left the house without speaking.

Peggy was taken by surprise. Her anger vanished in a moment; and her first impulse was to follow her, and to make an apology for her hastiness. But pride, under the guise of self-respect, came opportunely to her aid.

"No use in demaning myself," she said; "she'll be back time enough. With all her grandeur, I'll be bound the sun wont be long behind the sky, before she slides in as if nothing was the matter."

Notwithstanding this flattering unctious, Mrs. M'Clusker had an unpleasant misgiving that she had gone too far. As the day advanced, she gave many a long look down the street, and

often involuntarily soliloquized in the following terms:—

"I wish the tongue was cut out of my head!—bad manners to my unlucky tongue!—am I a hair better nor the unnatural brutes she run away from?—what will the people say when they hear the tratement I gave to the only one that ever claimed kindred with Denis?—and, och! but what will my own poor sowl say, when I'm axed if I gave fair play to the orphan?"

This latter consideration pressed so heavily upon her, that she was on the point of bidding adieu to self-respect for that time, by going in search of her niece, when the Girra Caille, uninvited, walked into the house.

But we must stop short in our narrative, and request the attention of our readers to another subject, and another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

On the morning of Miss Cartwright's visit to the two widows, a hack-jaunting car, from a town at some distance, stopped at the head inn, about twelve o'clock at noon. It carried an elderly woman, in a full suit of black, something the worse for the wear, and three enormous trunks, which, from the weight, the driver suspected to contain more value than might be expected in the company of so second-rate a personage. On alighting, she enquired from Mr. Tim. Davoren, the waiter—for, as usual, in Ireland, particularly in petty inns, the heads of the establishment were too genteel to appear—whether a small house or cottage could be had in the village, which would suit a single woman, who did not require much accommodation. Most opportunely for both parties, Tim recollected on the instant, that "an uncle of his own had a beautiful house to dispose of at the corner of the alma-house lane, which would answer a lone woman better nor any other house, great or small in all Dunasker." He offered, that very minute, to shew her every foot of the way; and despatched the shoe-boy to hurry his uncle from the field, where he was ploughing. The bargain was quickly made. The rent fixed at twelve pounds a year, precisely four pounds more than its value, according to the rate of tenements in that part of the village; and the landlord felt a little dissatisfied with himself, for not asking a trifle more, as his

tenant at once agreed to his exorbitant demand, and would, most probably, have been equally complying, had he stretched his conscience a pound or two more. On his hinting, rather delicately, something about security, as the lady was a perfect stranger, she laid down the first half year in advance; and promised to continue that mode of payment, so long as she continued to inhabit the premises. So far, all succeeded to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. Her next enquiry was, as to the possibility of supplying herself with a few articles of furniture, without the trouble of sending to Ballyrahan, the town from which she had come that morning. And here again Mr. Davoren and his connections came to her assistance. He remembered, by the greatest good luck, that a first cousin, in the other lane, who was on the wing for America, was selling off all his stock, and that he had some elegant furniture which would answer for a lone woman, just as if they were made for her. She was soon accommodated with what she required, which was, certainly, but little. The fitting up of her sleeping apartment, we shall not specify; but the parlour was thought sufficiently furnished by a small table, a small chest of drawers, a large wooden press, painted mahogany-colour, and *one* chair. Her friend, the waiter, strongly recommended the fellow of the chair; for, as he said, they were so like one another, it was a pity

to part them. She replied that she did not want it. He then reminded her that she would be awkward, when an acquaintance came in, if she had not a way for them to sit down. She answered that she had no acquaintances.

"But, you know, ma'am," he persisted, "that you wout be long so, in a genteel place like Dunasker."

To this she made no reply, but put an end to the argument by asking the price of a settle-bed, for a servant's accommodation in the kitchen. She was so easily pleased, and paid so promptly and liberally, that her house was swept and washed, her trunks removed from the inn, the lock of the hall-door mended, the furniture, such as it was, arranged in each apartment; and a few creels of turf and potatoes laid in before three o'clock in the afternoon, when she proceeded up the village, to purchase a few articles with which her first chapman could not supply her.

"She is the quarest woman," said Tim Davoren, after apologising to his mistress for his long absence, "that you could see, if you lived from this to midsummer hundred years. The never a bit of advice would she take from me, but bought and bought, and ped and ped, and said nothing. She gave four prices for some cogglesome things she had a fancy for; and would'n't look at one or two elegant articles that she might have got a bargain of, if she offered for them. But, oh!" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself, "what a head I have! that I never put her in mind of what will she do without a girl, and there's my own aunt's daughter, Biddy Garaway, that's breaking her heart for a genteel service. Good luck to you, mistress, and let me slip down street after her. It may be the makin' of a man for ever of the poor girl, if she gets into honest bread with a woman, that knows no use of money only to put it into another body's hand."

In the meantime, the stranger had completed most of her purchases, in the few shops then in Dunasker. A tea-service was her first object; and Mrs. Dixon's store of delft, which was newly replenished, presented a very handsome appearance by the variety of colours and patterns, all of the latest fashion. Mrs. Smith—for, by this name, had the stranger made herself known to her landlord,—seemed to consider the appearance of her crockery-ware as a matter of no consequence. She merely asked for the cheapest, and,

without enquiring the price, desired the articles to be set aside, as she chose them. The tea-pot, and cream-jug, and sugar-bowl, and slop-basin were arranged, side by side, on the counter, and Mrs. Dixon civilly enquired how many tea-cups she would want?

"I suppose a dozen, or, maybe, two, ma'am. It is safest to have more than one wants; for it might be hard to match them, if an accident was to happen."

"I wish but for one, if you please, ma'am."

"One dozen?—oh! certainly ma'am. Indeed, a dozen is the general rule, except where ladies want sixteen, or a dozen and a half, or sometimes more, just as they are laid out for seeing company."

"I mean one cup and saucer, ma'am, that one in your hand will do perfectly well."

"One cup and saucer, ma'am!!!"

"Yes—one—that one; now, ma'am, will you have the goodness to tell me the amount of my bill."

"Kitty," called Mrs. Dixon to her maid, when Mrs. Smith left the shop; "run as fast as ever you can to Mr. Turner's; and ask him if he knows who that woman is, or where she came from, or what brings her to Dunasker. Positively, she startled the life out of me with her extraordinary look, and her way, every way."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Dixon's positive assertion, we can assure our readers that there was nothing in the least extraordinary about Mrs. Smith's appearance, more than in any other middle-aged, middle-sized woman, dressed in black. Her features were neither remarkable for regularity, nor for any positive defect. Her voice, though low and gentle, was not particularly sweet-toned—her accent merely Irish, without being provincial—her air quiet and unassuming, and her manners, altogether what might be expected from a decent, elderly person, who had no pretensions. In fact, she looked as if her name was Smith; and that was the only peculiarity about her,—at least, as to outward appearance.

After leaving Mrs. Dixon's, she bent her steps, as directed by Tim Davoren, to the post office, where he told her she would be likely to get the best tea and sugar, as the colonel's lady dealt there, in preference to sending to Dublin. Miss Tammy Goulding, the post-mistress, was already in possession of all that could possibly be known of

Mrs. Smith, if we except the last extraordinary purchase—too recent an occurrence, to reach even her ears, which received intelligence, public and private, in a manner, more expeditious than could often be accounted for. She recognised her, from description, the moment she entered the shop, and hastily dismissed a girl with whom she had been chatting across the counter.

"I told you before, my good girl, that I don't know where she lives, since she left my service three weeks ago. If you were fool enough to lend her your best apron, as you say, I am afraid you have little chance of seeing it again. Do, stand out of the way, there, and let the lady in."

The girl still loitered at the door; and Miss Tammy prepared to serve her new customer, who asked for half a pound of tea, and a pound of brown sugar.

"I am glad to see, ma'am," she began, as she took a large cannister, marked 'best souchong,' from the shelf, "that Dunasker is tempting genteel people to settle among us. It is the place, of all others, for single women, without a charge; being so cheerful and so quiet, and so convenient. In the most troublesome times, Dunasker is as peaceable as one could wish. And that is what can't be said for other places; as you well know, I suppose, ma'am, who came from travelling so far. Had you a long journey from where you came, ma'am?"

"I came from Ballyrahan this morning."

"Well, ma'am, you had no loss by leaving that town; for, big as it is, do you know, ma'am, that the post-office, there, don't pay much more than what this does, small as we are. You will find this a very comfortable place for getting letters. Not a letter ever miscarried from this office; so your friends may be sure of hearing from you, the very minute you write."

Mrs. Smith made no answer; and Miss Goulding, after a silence of nearly twenty seconds, while she shovelled the sugar into a brown paper bag, poised nicely in the scale, again commenced—

"If I could be of use to you in any way, ma'am, I hope you will open your mind to me at once. A stranger in a strange place often is at a loss for a little information; and, between ourselves, it is not every body in Dunasker that is to be depended upon."

"Since you are so obliging, ma'am,"

said Mrs. Smith, "perhaps you could recommend a servant to me. I do not require much attendance, and any decent country girl would suit me very well."

"I suppose, ma'am, she must make up your fine things?"

"I have no fine things, ma'am."

"Oh! ma'am, I mean your caps and handkerchiefs, and collars, and so on, that you would like to have a clear look. Well, ma'am, at this present, I cannot charge my memory with knowing of such a commodity; for I am a very stay-at-home body, and only hear of anything just, as I may say, by chance. But if you will step in for a minute to the parlour and sit down—"

"Thank you, ma'am," said her customer, bundling up her purchases in a great hurry, "but I never sit down;" and then left the shop, with a bend of the head, which, Miss Tammy afterwards declared, was as like a duchess, as one pea was like another. Where or when Miss Tammy ever saw a duchess, to find out the similitude, our readers are as well informed as ourselves.

Mrs. Smith had scarcely entered her house, when she was followed by the girl who had lingered in the post-office during her conversation with Miss Goulding, for the purpose of offering her services, having heard that the lady wanted a girl.

It was Ansty Rubily—the most unservant-like looking creature that ever walked upon two legs. Mrs. Smith evidently thought so; and was beginning a few preliminary objections, but Ansty was eloquent on her own merits and misfortunes. She said that she could do many a thing, and would do anything. That she was given to no mischief, or lies, or nothing at all, to talk about. That she was a poor orphan, without father or mother, or one belonging to her, only friends that didn't care if she died any day; and that if the lady didn't take her, she didn't know what would become of her. In the end, she pleaded her cause so well, that Mrs. Smith was prevailed upon to hire her. Her wages were settled at three pounds a year, two-thirds more than Ansty intended asking; and the engagement was scarcely concluded, when Tim Davoren, puffing and blowing, pushed open the door, unceremoniously, and at once told his business; strongly recommending his cousin Biddy, as a treasure for a lone woman, who wanted a prudent, dacent,

discreet, well-handed, proper, comfortable girl.

It was apparent that Mrs. Smith felt annoyed at his intrusion without knocking. She looked a little stately; and coldly replied that she was obliged to him, but that she was already provided with a servant, having just engaged *that* girl, pointing to Ansty.

"Ah! what's come over the world!" exclaimed Tim, staring to the utmost stretch of his eye-lids; "woman, alive, is it the Girra Caille you have gone and hired?"

"The what?" she asked in a tone of alarm.

"Why, she there; ould Connaught Peggy's niece—Ansty Rubily!—the Girra Caille!"

"I cannot understand the meaning of your expression," said Mrs. Smith. "Pray, my good man, speak plainly, and tell me if you know any thing against the girl's character."

"Not a hap'orth," said Tim. "I only called her the nick-name that her own aunt always calls her by, and that has nothing to say to her character. I believe the crature is too innocent to do bad or good. But, ma'am dear, only look at her; now judge for yourself if there's another woman in Ireland, barring you alone, that would proffer her meat, drink, and wages!"

Mrs. Smith did look at her; and, as far as could be guessed from a countenance unable or unused to give expression to her feelings, seemed to coincide very much with Mr. Davoren's sentiments. She, however, answered, after a short pause, in her usual unimpassioned voice, that she had engaged the girl, and would keep to her engagement. She then wished him good evening, and opened the door for his egress, so wide, that Tim, though still inclined to plead for his accomplished cousin, and to expostulate with Mrs. Smith on her folly, was obliged to take the hint, and left mistress and maid together to arrange the household concerns.

Mrs. McClusker's astonishment exceeded even that of Tim Davoren's, on hearing of Ansty's good fortune. At one moment she felt inclined to scold her for her impudence in thinking so highly of herself as to undertake such a situation, and then she almost admired her for the spirit and cleverness with which she managed the business.

"Well! who knows what's before you?" she moralized, after viewing the matter in every light in which it could

be placed. "If she isn't a coiner, or a body-snatcher, or something notorious, she may be a tender woman that will put up with you. She may—only I don't see how she could, if she has her senses."

"The mistress bid me not delay after I spoke to you," said the Girra Caille, who did not quite relish these evil forebodings, "and don't you think I'd best be going?"

"Oh! go by all means, child. Never be a mitcher, whatever else can be laid at your door. And, Ansty dear, now that you are in a way of doing for yourself, try and be like another. Walk about as if the ground was under your feet; don't stand twisting your fingers or scratching your head when you are spoken to; get a genteel notion, if you can; and, above all, be dutiful and mannerly. Stop a minute, child. The place mayn't answer. Och! how could it? But, after all, what harm's done if it don't? You have this house to come back to, with a welcome on the threshold; and supposing we have an odd word now and then, can't we forget and forgive, as we often done afore?"

To the neighbours, who came in numbers that evening, brimful of wonder, and who, one and all, gave their opinion somewhat freely about the whole affair, Peggy was rather dignified. She could have joined most comfortably in all their supposings, and suspicions, and doubts, and prognostications, but the honour of the family was too nearly concerned to allow free reins to her tongue. The memory of Denis might receive a stain, if one so nearly connected with him was disparaged entirely; she, therefore spoke of the circumstance as one that might have occurred any day—as not being a bit above the girl's expectations; and, although she was fully persuaded in her own mind that Ansty could not keep her place to the end of the week, yet she spoke of her as settled for life.

The enormous wages, which raised the envy of many a mother, whose well-handed child was slaving herself for four or five shillings a quarter, and which even Peggy confessed, was beyond her largest expectations, she endeavoured to account for by the fancy that, maybe, the strange woman took to the name of Rubily; for the Rubily's, she said, were a well-known family in the place they came from; and news travels far; and Mrs. Smith was, by all accounts, one that looked

as if she knew the differ; and at any rate, the poor Girra Caille had more in her than every body knew, and was come of people that lived well when the world was a world.

The subject was so interesting to all

the party, that it was a late hour before Peggy's visitors thought of retiring; and she went to bed, much in doubt whether she was glad or sorry for Ansty's promotion.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR our own convenience we request our readers to suppose that three years have elapsed since they finished the last chapter; or, what will suit us just as well, to suppose that so much time has passed since it was written. During the intermediate space, nothing worthy of note had occurred in the circle to which our story relates; if we except the marriage of Nancy Dollaway's three daughters, and the elevation of Mrs. Asker's father to the peerage, on the death of his brother, by which she had a title prefixed to her name, and was ever after called Lady Anne. A few boys and girls had certainly grown up into men and women, or something like it. Miss Cherry Cartwright wore caps, and was heard more than once to use the expression, "women of my age." Some grey hairs had made their appearance in Mr. Ravenscroft's whiskers. Mrs. Smallcraft had got a new bonnet—the first since her marriage, seven years before; and two or three occurrences of the like nature, which it would be waste of time to specify. We shall, therefore, resume our narrative, after such an hiatus, without more apology, through the medium of Miss Tammy Goulding, as she entertained at tea a new importation to Dunasker, in the person of Mrs. Kilrummery, who had opened a smart haberdasher's shop within a few doors of the post-office.

"As you very properly remark, Mrs. Kilrummery, pride and poverty are bad companions. I can't help thinking the very same thought every time she walks into the shop—though I must say she is civil, and no-way-stand-off to me, or, indeed, to any body else. But then I judge by the distance she keeps with people just as respectable as herself, and the freedom she makes with her superiors. Why, ma'am, what do you think of her walking arm-in-arm with Lady Anne; and never quitting the castle the three days that the Lord-Lieutenant was there?"

"Maybe, ma'am, she got her victuals in another room?"

"By no means. There she was at the table like one of themselves. To be sure, she was asked to spend some

time there before he was expected; but I think, and most people thought, that she ought to have gone off with herself, when she found who was coming."

"Very proper, Miss Goulding; but you know the old saying, 'give some people an inch, and they will take an ell.'"

"Well, ma'am, I was telling you that, from what I can hear, her whole family, though well descended, and with a fine estate, were wild and extravagant from father to son. Some of them worse than that; for an uncle of her father's was hung in the time of the rebellion; and though my nephew, Edwin Goulding, who is in College, says that it is no disgrace to be hung for treason, yet I leave it to you, Mrs. Kilrummery, if it is a thing to take pride from?"

The haberdasher shook her head very indignantly, and Miss Goulding continued—

"Her father was a younger brother, and soon ran through the little that he had; so that on his death, when his only child was between six and seven, she was left without a penny, except a trifle of about three hundred pounds, that remained over and above his debts. The wisest thing would have been, as one of her relations advised, to put her to board with some decent family, till she was old enough to be bound to a trade; but her mother's sister, Mrs. Plant, would not hear of such a disgrace to her blood; and though she had five of her own, and not much to spare after they got their due, she persuaded her husband to take Mary home, and there she is ever since."

"She was a good aunt," remarked Mrs. Kilrummery. "Few in her situation would do so much."

Miss Tammy nodded rather dissentingly.

"She was no loser by it. She made the girl useful in the house. As much work was put upon her as many a servant has to do that gets high wages. Besides, she was useful in another way; for Mrs. Plant would never have got

into the company she did, if it was not for her niece."

"Dear me! how was that, ma'am?"

"Why, ma'am, you must understand that goodness became all the fashion, after Mr. Ravenscroft got this parish. Schools took the lead. They had week schools, and Sunday schools, and infant schools, as you may see yourself. Ladies turned school-mistresses to poor children, who never taught their own, and hunted through cabins, and cut out, and made up, and patched, and darned, and platted grass into straw-bonnets, and so on. One thing followed another, till their hands were too full, and they had to call in help. Mrs. Plant was recruited among the rest. The poor woman was so proud to be put on a footing with Miss Cartwright, and all the good and grand people, that she promised to do all they asked—to teach at the schools in her turn, and to inspect her district, as they called it. She tried it for a month, but then she grew tired, and gave up the business to her daughters. They tired as soon as the mother; and she would have come to disgrace entirely, only that Mary Vaughan was there, ready to do whatever she was ordered; and hail, rain, or snow, she must be at her post, to keep up the character of the family for goodness."

"By your account, Miss Goulding, she earns her little dependence hard enough."

"I tell you what ma'am, my girl has a queen's berth to the station she holds in her aunt's house. However, she was sharp for her years—not being fifteen all out when she was put to that work; and she made her way handsomely. She acted so clever, that my ears were dinned with her praises. Miss Cartwright could not move a step without her, and taught her satin-stitch. Mrs. Somerville doated alive on her, and made the Captain speak French to her; and to crown all, Lady Anne herself took her every Sunday in her carriage from the school to church, and—it's a fact—gave her lessons with her own two hands in music!"

"But, ma'am, what did her aunt say to all this? She must have missed her services at home, while she was taking her pleasure about the world at that rate."

"At first, you see, the Plants liked the notice that was taken of their poor relation, because it reflected a little gentility upon themselves; and—I say this in confidence between us two—

Mr. Plant was often behind with his rent, and it stood him upon to keep in with his landlord. But when it went too far, they grew a little stiff, and made an objection to Mary being asked out, while her cousins were passed over. Miss Cherry Cartwright, who has a hand in every thing, set all that to rights. She was closeted for half an hour with Lady Anne, and—what do you think?—off they drove that very minute, paid a visit to Mrs. Plant, and the next day the whole family was asked to dine at the castle, in company with the high-flying Massingers, who followed the lead, the day after, by calling at Plantville—and that was the way they got into company."

"Then, it seems, ma'am, they had no right to be genteel of themselves?"

"Oh! ma'am, Robin Plant was no more nor less than a grazier, when Miss Moore married him, because she found she could not do better, I suppose; and he had the name of wealth. She lost herself, however, by the match—not being noticed by the people of distinction, till it came about as I told you."

"Better late than never, as the saying is," remarked Mrs. Kilrummery.

"From that time, ma'am, Miss Vaughan had the ball at her own foot, particularly when her uncle's family went every summer to the salt water and left her behind. That was her holiday time. When she was not at the castle, she was at Captain Somerville's; besides a visit of a week at a time at the Massingers, or the Fletchers, or with Mrs. Smalcraft, or—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting Miss Goulding, but I think that name you said last came into the shop to-day, to ask for penny bobbin, if she is a thin-faced lady, with a very mean-looking dunstable."

"The very woman," said Miss Goulding; "you could not mistake her. There is but one Mrs. Smalcraft in the world, and well for it, for if there were many like her, it would be starved in a year. You may trust me, Mrs. Kilrummery, that you will not be twenty shillings the better for her, if you were to keep shop for five hundred years in Dunasker."

"She must be a poor-spirited creature, then," said the new comer, "though she does drive in her carriage."

"She don't put her foot in it twice a year, for fear of wearing out the wheels," said the post-mistress. "Nor she don't allow herself a decent stitch

to her back, nor any thing to be used in parlour or kitchen but pickled pork, except at Christmas, when beef is cheap."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor; "there's no accounting for nearness."

"And she is so busy-bodyish," continued Miss Tammy, "that she is always interfering, and telling how she manages, and how every body ought to manage. She grudges a smart thing on any respectable person; and once—for she never did it again—spoke to me about my poor black feather, as if I had no business with such a piece of dress."

"She did not pay for it, I am sure," remarked Mrs. Kilrummery, with a knowing wink at her entertainer.

"And then, ma'am, think of it! she sets up for one of the best. She outpreaches the greatest methodist, man or woman. She has a school at her gate-house; and though, I believe Mr. Ravenscroft don't think much of it, she is always setting it up as a pattern, and offering to send *her* master and mistress to give Lady Anne instruction."

"She is a widow-lady, I suppose, ma'am?"

"O dear! no. She has an unfortunate husband, the picture of the dear year and hard summer, since he married her. I pity the poor gentleman—for he is a gentleman, who spent his money like one while he was a bachelor; but now she has the upper hand entirely, and never stops saving and saving, and scraping and scraping, and screwing and screwing. He is often ashamed when people call there of a morning, for she won't give any thing at all sometimes for lunch; and when she does take a generous fit, it is so poverty-like, that he is obliged to pretend not to see it."

Miss Tammy's harangue was interrupted by the shop-boy, who handed her a note, which she read first to herself, and then repeated it aloud for the information of her visitor. It ran thus:

"Mr. Massinger desires that any letters directed to Mr. Merrygrief, or the Honourable Mrs. Merrygrief, shall be sent in his post-bag to Massinger Hall."

"Where else would they be sent, if they are directed there?" said Miss Tammy, crossly. "Tell the boy there's no answer, and shut the door. There is no coming up to the pride and impudence of them Massingers, though if every one was paid their own, they

would not hold their heads so high. Take care how you let them deep in your books, Mrs. Kilrummery. I speak as a friend, so let it be between us."

"I understand," said the haberdasher, "and I'm obliged for the hint."

Miss Tammy proceeded—"They are no great things by family or estate; only they coped with their betters, till they persuaded the world that they had a right to be grand. They were always conceited enough, but they went beyond the beyond, when the eldest son wrote a book of poetry, about the tears of Erin—that is Ireland—as if Ireland ever did or could shed a tear. He went off to London with it, and some Lord or Duke thought so much of it and him, that he got him a great place, and there he is ever since, keeping company, as they tell us, with the king and queen, and all the royal family."

"You could soon find out the truth of that by the newspapers, I should think, ma'am?"

"There is no doubt, ma'am, but I read his name among others at the King's court; so there may be some truth in what they say. But then, ma'am, is that any reason why the whole family, two brothers and five sisters, should set up for writing poetry, and for the only people in the world who have a right to talk. They pester the life out of all their acquaintances with their knowledge, and contradict the Colonel himself about politics."

"That is a curious name, ma'am, that you read out just now from that bit of a note."

"They are English people, you may be sure, ma'am. The English have names that I often wonder they are not ashamed of. There were officers last year at the Castle, and I really thought I should have died laughing when I read their names—Major Badcrook, Captain Walloper, and Captain Pretty-mother."

"And isn't it odd, Miss Goulding, that they find fault with our quiet, sensible names?"

"They envy us, ma'am. That's the secret, I can tell you. M-e-r-r-y-g-r-i-e-f!" spelling the name slowly, "I wish you joy of your capering, sorrowful name, Mrs. Merrygrief. Now, I can safely say to you, Mrs. Kilrummery, that I would not take the 'honourable' if it came with that name. Indeed," she added, simpering a little, "I am too partial to the name of Goulding. People sometimes stand in

their own light by such fancies, but one can't help it."

"There is no accounting for fancies," said the visitor, who did not know exactly what she was expected to say.

Miss Goulding looked a little sentimental for about half a minute, and then resumed the subject of the Massingers.

"They got acquainted with these people, I suppose, when they were in England last winter. They are very fond of the English or Scotch, or foreigners from any strange country. And if they write poetry, or books, or even paint pictures, so much the welcomer to Massinger hall. They try to out-do the Colonel in seeing company. They——"

She was again interrupted by another call from her shop-boy.

"Ma'am, here is Mrs. Smith's girl again. She won't be satisfied unless you give another look to see if there is not a letter for her mistress."

"There is no letter—I told her so myself this morning. When did a letter ever miscarry in this office? Stop—ask her if she expected money in the letter."

"She says," again roared out the young gentleman behind the counter, "that it's nothing to either of us, what she expects. She only wants to know what became of her mistress's letter."

"She has got her answer. When the letter comes, she will get it, and not before. Let her go away now, and give no more trouble."

"Is she the black woman who lives at the corner of the lane?" enquired Mrs. Kilrummery, with a peculiarly inquisitive expression.

"Oh! I see you are curious in that quarter; for who is not? and I am sorry to tell you, that I know no more about her now, than I did the first day she came to Dunasker."

"Then, ma'am, she must keep herself very close?"

"She never was known yet to speak to a living creature, unless she is spoken to; and then she answers short, and, if she can, turns off without another word. When she first came, Mr. Ravenscroft called to see her, and the gentleman was ashamed to stay long; for either he must stand or she must stand, as she has but one chair in her parlour, for no other reason but to put civility out of her power. However, he was better treated than others; for, when the methodist preacher went to see her, she came out to the hall to

him, and never asked him to walk in; and behaved in the same way to Miss Cherry Cartwright and the other ladies, when they were collecting their subscriptions."

"They did not get much from her, I'll engage, ma'am," said Mrs. Kilrummery.

"That is more of her oddity," said the post-mistress. "She never refuses money to any one that asks her; and instead of giving a few potatoes to the beggars, like others, she hands out her halfpenny or penny, as if she was made of copper."

"Well, she will have her reward, I hope, ma'am, in another world."

Miss Goulding looked hopeless.

"Indeed one might think she was very religious, by her going to church twice on Sundays, whether wet or dry; besides attending the methodists on preaching nights; only for this, that she fasts every Tuesday. Not a bit goes into her head for four-and-twenty hours; nor will she stir from her room, or see her mother, if she was dying, from Monday night till Wednesday morning."

"Could she be any thing of the nature of a nun?" inquired the visitor, with a very sagacious look.

"No," said the lady of the house, for she never wears a veil; nor has she cures for sick people, or bottles of any kind."

Mrs. Kilrummery's curiosity increased momentarily. She drew her chair closer to her hostess, and lowered her voice to a whisper, though there was no person within ear-shot.

"But, Miss Goulding, has she no friend enquiring after her, that one could have a clew to guess something about her?"

"Not an acquaintance or one belonging to her ever appeared since she came here; and I confess to you, that I am fairly at a loss to get even an inkle to judge by. Twice in the year she drops a letter into the office, directed to Mr. Thomas Browne, to the care of a tavern in Mary-street, Dublin. There never are more than a few lines, as I can guess, in the letter, which she seals with wax over a wafer. An answer comes direct, folded so carefully, and double sealed, so that if any one had curiosity to peep, they could see nothing. Then she answers that, and no more writing for half-a-year again."

"Still, ma'am, it strikes me, that if one had a friend in Dublin, one might

rummage out something about Mr. Browne."

"No, ma'am, it would not do. I wrote to my nephew, Edwin Goulding, who is in College, begging of him to envelope the mystery, if he could, by enquiring at the tavern after that Mr. Browne. But all to no purpose. The waiter could only tell that a farming kind of man, of that name, sometimes resorted to the house; and that his letters were sent for the moment they came, by somebody, nobody knew any thing about."

"What a clever, close, managing woman she is! And now, ma'am, what do you think she draws half-yearly?"

"As well as I can calculate, Mrs. Kilrummery—and I have put it down on paper twenty times, for my own satisfaction—I should think, from what she spends, that it comes from eighty to a hundred a-year."

"Well! isn't that passing? But what can she do with that lovely income?"

"Just lets it slip through her fingers, slobbering it away on charity and vagrants; besides feeding and supporting an ourang-outang of a servant girl, who you would not let sweep your kitchen. She had to dress her own dinner for the first half-year, and is obliged to give out every stitch of her washing; for the Girra Caille, as they call her waiting maid, can do nothing but run off her messages."

"She don't spend much on clothes, if one may judge from the figure she cuts a-Sunday?" said the visitor.

"She exactly buys one black stuff every year," replied her informant, which never leaves her back, till it goes to her girl. Last winter, she turned the only cloak she brought with her; and her best bonnet, I suspect, was made out of some old lyster; for it never had a look of freshness."

"I hope it's no sin if I wrong her," said the strange lady, "but I would lay a round wager, that she did something uncommon when she was young. Nobody could starve and torture themselves at that rate, if they had not a good deal to answer for."

"My dear ma'am, there is no starvation or torturing about her. Nobody lives like her. Every Saturday sees a fore quarter of mutton walk into the house, and three stone of potatoes. Her bread-bill is never under two shillings a week; and as for tea and sugar, I have not a better customer—not even Lady Aune herself."

"And now, Miss Goulding, does she never do any thing in the house, or out of the house, only taking her evening stroll across the common, and round the back of the demesne?"

"To my contemplation, ma'am, she never was reared to the needle, or any thing useful; for what she tries to do in that way is all puckered and crooked, with stitches half a mile long. About a year ago she took to knitting stockings for her butler, as I call her; and the first pair will be finished in seven years, as she drops so many stitches, and loses her back seam so often, that she has to rip twice as much as she knits—just like Penelope and her web, ma'am, that you have heard of, I am sure."

"You may well call her Penelope, or any thing else, ma'am; for she is a complete Penelope, figure, and fashion, and all. But did you never hear that she would read for her improvement, though she wont work for it?"

"People give that out of her assuredly," replied the lady of the house. Them that had curiosity often peeped through the slit in the window-shut, when the candle was lit, to see how she spent the evening; and they said she always had a book in her hand."

"If I would not give the two eyes out of my head, to find out what that book was," said the guest, with considerable animation.

"Keep your eyes while you have them," said Miss Goulding, "for I can tell you without putting you to that loss. One evening, as I was passing by, when I knew she was taking her ramble, I made an excuse to follow my little Fidelle, who ran in, as the door was a-jar. I soon took an inventory of the parlour—having a quick eye. On the chest of drawers lay three books—one of them a handsome Bible, another 'Nelson's Fasts and Festivities'—a very fine book, that I remember my poor mother blinded her eyes over—and the last was a book about law—I think from the glimpse I had of it that it was titled 'A Serious Call,' either to go to law, or not to go to law, or something about that."

"I guessed she was brewing something," said Mrs. Kilrummery, triumphantly. "You see she will give work to the attorneys yet. I will keep clear of having any dealings with her if I can help it."

"As for me, I defy her," said Miss Tammy, drawing herself up erect, with

conscious integrity. "If she was a whole judge and jury, and counsel for both sides, and crier into the bargain, I would look her full in the face, and say, do your worst."

"I don't at all doubt it, Miss Goulding; but you know one ought to be on their guard with a woman who reads the occupation of a justice of the peace."

"Little knowledge she has got by her learning," said the post-mistress, "for they cheat her to her face; and would charge her six times the value of every article, only that crazy idiot of a girl has some understanding,

and found out that the butcher, besides putting a halfpenny a pound more on her than his other customers, was not over particular about the weight. However, the woman herself finds no fault, asks no questions, and pays whatever she is asked."

Much more on the same subject, passed between the two ladies, before Mrs. Kilrummery retired; but as the conversation consisted of mere surmises, and afforded no facts respecting the mysterious Mrs. Smith, we shall pass it over in silence, and conclude our chapter.

THE DEPARTED.

BY R. SKELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

" — Another form
Sat at her feet, whose brow was bright with bloom
When the cold grave shut o'er it.—It hath left
Its image everywhere—upon my books,
My bower of musing, and my page of thought,
And the lone altar of my secret soul."

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

The Beautiful hath vanished! like the flower
Tended through storm and shine, with kindest care,
Which hath survived the Winter's dreariest hour
And faded when its hues the loveliest were,
In the glad Spring-time's morn,
When the warm sun-beam kissed its beauty mild—
Then, from its soil upturn,
Lay cold and crushed that human flower, our Child,
And Hope was changed to Grief.

That bitter grief no wild lament need say—
Noiseless and calm the deepest waters flow—
And ours is measureless, for, day by day
More strong and sad its bitterness doth grow.
Our hope of hopes is gone,
Vanished from heart and home is one dear light,
The best of life is done,
For on its sunshine hath descended Night,
Starless, and murk, and cold.

Not now, with bounding spirit, do we drain
Hope's charmed chalice, as we did of yore;
Nor, questioning the Future, strive to gain
Knowledge of all the good she had in store.
The past—the past alone
Holds in its cells the treasures which we prize,
The Memory of the gone,
The smile—the glance—whate'er the Grave denies—
It yields them all again!

Not where the light jest speeds, where smiles come,
 Breathe we thy name departed child of earth,
 But, in the unwonted silence of our home—
 That home once joyous with thy hearted mirth ;
 When, on thy vacant chair
 Sadly we look and miss thee from thy place ;
 Miss thy high forehead fair,
 Thy full, dark eyes—thy curls—thy radiant face—
 Thy laugh, like mirthful music.

Like a bright dream thy presence seems to be—
 A brilliancy no sooner here than past !
 We miss thy low, light step—thy glance of glee,—
 Thy graceful form—all, all are of the past.
 We miss thy thought-crowned brow,
 Thy cheerful converse, and thy gentlest voice,—
 Like far-off music, low
 Yet such as made even strangers' heart rejoice,
 Sadly we miss them now !

Often, in summer-gleaming, hand in hand
 We sit together where thy smiles have been,—
 Sometimes in silence, sometimes in a bland
 And mournful converse suited to the scene.
 We talk of days gone by,
 Filled with bright promise of the coming years,
 Where thou, fair child, wert nigh—
 And, talking thus, our eyes are filled with tears
 Whose fount is in the heart.

Thou wert a child in years, oh daughter mine !
 But thy young mind was ripe before its time,
 For thou didst want to read of love divine,
 In expiation of all human crime ;
 With earnest thought and look,
 Didst thou explore the treasures of the Word,
 And, from His blessed book,
 Thy spirit drew its commune with the Lord—
 Hast thou not such above ?

Surely, oh earthly flower, thou art with him ?
 Surely, beloved child, thou art in heaven,
 Before whose light the joys of life grow dim,—
 For grace and hope to thee were early given.
 Surely there is a time,
 When *this* life faileth, and *this* sight grows dull,
 When, in that sphere sublime,
 The hearts that mourn will join the beautiful,
 Never to part again !

We grieve—but we repine not. On the stem
 Which bore thy fragrance, yet remains one flower,
 Our last of living hopes,—and oh, from them
 Fain do we pray that we retain *this* dower.
 The youngest-born hath fled,
 From earth's affliction to the better sphere,
 One brother of the dead,
 Bearing her semblance, yet doth linger here,—
 Lord, spare him unto us !

Liverpool, August 1, 1837.

ROGER NORTH'S LIFE OF THE HON. SIR DUDLEY NORTH.

WE resume our extracts from the biographical narratives of Roger North. The life of Lord Keeper Guilford has supplied us with some amusing pictures of the courts of Charles and of James, which would be in vain sought for in the works of professed historians, and the characters of the distinguished lawyers given in that most interesting volume cannot have been looked over by our readers with indifference. A volume which, from the nature of its subject, could scarcely have been, by any talents, rendered of the same interest with that which contained the life of Lord Guilford, was published after the death of Roger North, and comprised the lives of two—or, we should rather say—three other brothers, for, in the life of Sir Dudley North, the few incidents of Mountagu North's uneventful story are told. The amiable old man, who relates the lives of his brothers, is himself never absent from the reader's thoughts, for his own heart seems to have followed and watched the course of each of his brothers—to have been with the merchant in his voyages and his sojournings abroad—and with the divine in his cloister and his parish. Dudley, Lord North, had six sons—of the first we know no more than that he succeeded to the title and estate of his father.—The other brothers struggled into distinction, from the accident of being compelled to trust to themselves for support. Francis, Lord Guilford, (who, through these memoirs, is called their best brother, almost as often as he is mentioned,) the second son, was the affectionate, earnest, and active friend, and why should we not write a word, which, among them at least implied affectionate support on the one hand, and gratitude on the other—the patron of his younger brothers. Dudley and Mountagu were Levant merchants. John was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Roger was the youngest son; he survived all—he lived to a period when he found the name even of Lord Guilford forgotten by every one around, and from the unjust suppressions of those who compiled the histories of the last years of Charles the Second likely to be altogether passed over, as that of

a man wholly undistinguished. To the effort to vindicate “his best brother,” we owe the life of Lord Guilford, and the *Examen**—the latter, a skilful, lawyer-like defence of much that was indefensible in what he calls the happy reign of King Charles the Second—which our unwillingness to enter into political discussion in this class of papers renders it impossible for us to review, but which ought to have been reprinted with the last edition of the lives of the Norths, as it is for ever referred to, and manifestly regarded by the author, as if the whole series formed but one work. The biographer did not live to witness the publication of his life of Lord Guilford; and the companion volume, which we now review, was edited a few years after its author's death, by his relative, Mountagu North.

The same plain, straightforward, English good sense which formed the staple of Lord Guilford's character, seems to us to have distinguished the whole family, and Dudley, from the account of whose life we now proceed to make extracts, exhibited early activity, great shrewdness, and perseverance—a man of great knowledge and information, all acquired exclusively by experience of life. We are exceedingly amused by the instances of schoolboy craft, which his biographer has industriously gathered—seeing the future speculating and enterprising merchant, in the scampish and swindling tricks of an ill-trained boy; but the stories told by any one but Roger, would not be worth telling. He was born in 1641. His father's attendance on parliament occasioned the first years of his life to be passed in London, in King-street, Westminster. The house was remarkable, as being the first and only brick house in that street for many years.

“The chief airing this child had was with his attendant at the door, where, by his forward familiarities, he had made himself known to most people that had to do thereabouts; and nothing so common as his being at his post, with an audience in the street to share his conversation.

“But this over-forwardness had like to have cost him dear; for once in a bustle at the door about taking a coach, when a

* *Examen*, or an inquiry into the credit and veracity of a pretended complete history, &c. London, 1740.

child is apt to press too forward, a beggar woman, passing by, swept him away; and, after the coach was gone, the child was wanted. The servants ran out several ways to look for him, and one, by chance, found him in an alley leading towards Channel-row, in the hands of the beggar, who was taking off his clothes; so the child was recovered, but the woman ran away and escaped punishment. * *

"But now to bring the young man to a grammar school; he was placed at Bury, under Dr. Stephens; but made an indifferent scholar. He had too much spirit, which would not be suppressed by conning his book, but must be rather employed in perpetual action. With all that, his parts were so quick, that a little application went a great way with him; and, in the end, he came out a moderate school-scholar. But no thanks to his master; for had he been treated with discretion, the goodness of his nature was such, that he might have been brought down to such an assiduity as would have made him an incomparable scholar. But, though from what stars it proceeded I know not, it is certain that the master took a great aversion to him, and most brutally abused him; correcting him at all turns, with or without a fault, till he was driven within an ace of despair, and (as I have often heard him declare) making away with himself. Among other instances of his barbarity, one was that the youth had been more than once whipt for faulty verses, *that he had stole out of printed books*. This ill usage made an impression upon his spirits, that did not wear out in all his life, but, to his dying day, he resented it. And he often spake of it in a kind of passion, and declared that he wanted only the satisfaction of talking to this man, and showing where he used him ill, and had denied him common justice. Such a pleasure have folks, desperately offended, in venting their resentments.

"This gentleman was designed by his parents to be a merchant; but how early I know not, and rather think they had no positive determination, but according as natural tendency and reasonable opportunity invited. And this backwardness at school, and a sorry account that the master gave of his scholarship, might turn the scales towards an employment that needed less learning. But the young man himself had a strange bent to traffic, and, while he was at school, drove a subtle trade among the boys, by buying and selling. In short, it was considered that he had learning enough for a merchant, but not phlegm enough for any sedentary profession. Which judgment of him was made good by the event."

From this he passed to a writing-school—and made such progress as might be expected from an active idle boy of quick parts. He was a cock-fighter, and if betting at cock-fighting be gambling, was a gambler.

"Another of his darling sports was swimming in the Thames. He used that so much, that he became quite a master of it. He could live in the water an afternoon with as much ease as others walk upon land. He shot the bridge divers times at low water, which showed him not only active but intrepid; for courage is required to bear the very sight of that tremendous cascade, which few can endure to pass in a boat. He told me that his method was to glide along while the current was smooth, which was like the motion of an arrow, and extremely delicious; and when he was through, and plunged in the disorders of the waters there, he used his swimming powers, that is, striking with legs and arms, applying all the force he had to prevent turning round, which, in those eddies, was hard to be done; and all this under water, till he got into some calm, where he might govern himself again. His greatest danger was flocks of anchors, broken piles, great stones, and such enemies as lay concealed under water, and, in the speed he went, could not be touched without destruction.

"He and his comrades usually hired a known porter to keep their clothes; and, when they were all naked, as I have often heard him say, he was not at all ashamed of his company; but, when their clothes were on, he cared not to be seen with them. He hath told me that, having lodged his clothes not far from the bridge at early ebb, he hath run naked upon the ooze up almost as high as Chelsea, for the pleasure of swimming down to his clothes before tide of flood. By these bold diversions, one may guess what the Roman youth were able to do, who made it their ordinary exercise to bear the extremes of heat and cold, and all sorts of fatigues; affecting to despise and slight all hazards and pain, till sufferings became habitual. But to wave reflections, though my subject proffers fair, and to dismiss this swimming entertainment, I must here, though a little too early, remember, that, when he resided at Constantinople, it had very nearly cost him his life; for, being grown corpulent and fat, he was not qualified for such frolics, but yet would needs go and swim in the Hellespont; and there the water came down from the Black Sea so rigidly cold, that it almost congealed the fat of his belly. He found himself not well, and came into his boat, where he perceived his belly look like tallow, and could scarce feel any touch upon it. The

rowers presently understood the case, and forthwith laid him down, and fell all to rubbing and chafing his belly, till they found it come red and warm; and so they left him out of danger; but he was not free from pains in that part for divers months; and, after this, he never went into the water more."

His habits led him into extravagance, his allowance from home was narrow; and Roger tells of his devices to obtain money—all of them mean tricks enough; and, Roger says, except among unexperienced boys, utterly inexcusable. The younger boys were fleeced out of their money—and false statements of his necessary expenses sent to his parents. That actual ruin, and utter demoralization did not follow from this conduct, is, to the biographer, certain proof that in spite of these base falsehoods, our merchant had the gift of singular good sense and honour. Of the inconveniences, however, which were the result of this conduct, there followed this good effect: His after life was prudent; he was now of an age for serious and steady employment, and in being bound, as he was immediately after leaving school, to a Turkey merchant, he appears to have at once applied himself diligently to the pursuits connected with his future calling. His master's business was not sufficient to employ his entire time, and he learned the trade of the person at whose house he lodged, which was that of a packer.

"This was not any loss of time; for that is one of the chief trades which the Levant merchants are concerned with, for the skilful packing their cloths sent into Turkey. The young gentleman took also a fancy to the binding of books; and, having procured a stitching-board, press, and cutter, fell to work, and bound up books of account for himself, and divers for his friends, in a very decent manner. He had a distinguishing genius towards all sorts of mechanic exercises; as I shall have occasion to observe afterwards.

"I do not remember any thing farther remarkable of this young gentleman during his serving as a merchant's man in London, until his master thought fit to send him out; and that he did upon a voyage, than which there could not have been contrived one more desperate and discouraging; it was first as supercargo, with an adventure to Archangel, and there to negotiate the cargo, and to ship another; and then to sail with that, by the back of Shetland and Ireland, round about through the Streights, and so to

Italy and Smyrna, where he was to reside as factor in the Turkey trade. It was a hard case for a raw youth to embark in such a voyage, without company, or so much as a face in the ship that he ever saw before, and bound almost as far northward as Zembla, and to reside amongst, and traffic with, barbarous people, and then to return through all the bad weather the skies can afford. But he went, not only willingly, but ambitiously, and formalized upon nothing that led towards the end he most earnestly desired, which was to be settled as a factor in Turkey. His resolution was inextinguishable; and, not only in this, but in many other instances of his life, he considered well what was best for him to do; and after that point once determined, he had no thought of difficulties; he was not master of his fortunes, and resolved, at all adventures, to advance them; and therein to use the utmost of his industry and understanding, leaving the rest to Providence."

From the letters of the young supercargo to his brother Francis, considerable extracts are given. An interesting account is given of Archangel. Leghorn—Pisa—and Florence are well described—at least in such a manner as shews that nothing which it could be useful for him to observe, passed before our merchant's eyes unnoticed. The buildings—the manners of the people, and the courts—the amusements, more or less solemn, of both classes—and, above all, the state of trade appears to have been carefully noted down.—Dudley's Latin, of which he had learned but little, now stood him in stead, for he relieved the tedium of a voyage by learning Italian, which was thus rendered a task of no great difficulty.

"After these troublesome voyages well over, our young factor found himself, what he infinitely desired to be, an agent for his master, and factor settled at Smyrna. His chief dependence was upon the benefit of his commissions; for his own capital was inconsiderable: he had from his parents but one single hundred pounds advanced for him to trade with. But his mother, out of a hoard she had made of small legacies given him, and some old gold of her own, and other matters she had scraped together, made up about sixty pounds more, and his best brother lent him what money he had, which was about two hundred pounds, his whole inventory scarce amounted to four hundred pounds; and this was all the beginning this famous merchant had. It doth not appear, that he was entertained a partner in any house, or *ragion*

as they call it, where young men are as apprentices a while, to observe and learn, before they take the post of acting in the part of buying and selling; but he was independent, and stood upon his own legs. But it is probable that, as usual in such cases, he was recommended to some merchants upon the spot, for advice and direction in difficult matters at first. And, since I have no better light in these matters, I take them upon my memory, as well as I can recollect from his ordinary conversation. His business as a factor, besides what came from his master, was inconsiderable, perhaps a bale or two from such merchants as he had courted in London, by officiously doing business for them. In that part of early prudence, he had not been wanting to himself in London, having there officiously served divers of the Turkey merchants occasionally, as they thought fit to make use of him, and this with no view, but of their favour in a little employ when he went abroad; his master was no deep trader, and his commissions were not great. It may seem strange, that a young gentleman with so small a beginning as this was (small I say, compared with the common allowances of merchants in our days, viz. one thousand pounds at binding out, and one thousand pounds at going abroad, or rather more, now very ordinarily bestowed) should be able even to subsist himself in an expensive factory; and how then to raise a great estate as he did? The answer is very obvious, that, with industry and frugality, small things become great, and without it, the largest provisions come to nothing.

"He did not, as most young factors, set up himself in an expensive way of living, after the example of those that he found upon the place; for he wore plain and cheap clothes, and kept no horse, and put himself to diet as cheap as he could; and, in all this reasonable conduct, he was forced to muster up his spirits in opposition to those who slighted him for it; whom he as much slighted by a steady perseverance in his own way. There wanted not those who expected more of gaiety from him, as well on account of his quality, as of the ordinary example or mode of the factors there, although some had occasion for as much thrift as himself. A young man of spirit hath enough to do to resist his own inclinations, and needs not the impurity or example of others to tempt him towards loose excesses; and it is not a common firmness I may say magnanimity, that can get the better of both. I have heard him say that, from the time he first went abroad, till his return home, he had digested in his mind one principle, which often swayed him; and that was, to get abroad and

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spend at home; and he thought that, if he must put himself into a parade, it should not be among Turks, and strangers, among whom all he could do would not gain him any real advantage; for, if he were a little more looked upon there, to what good end was it? He must at length come away and leave all that froth behind; but experience at home had a lasting influence, and was seasoned with the joy of participating with his relations and acquaintance; all the while cultivating a mutual esteem and lasting friendship amongst them.

"In this thrifty way of living he passed his time at Smyrna for divers years, with a meagre income, and not promising much increase. If ever he gratified himself, it was with a distinction between the two grand circumstantialia, the one is establishments, and the other for once (as they say) and no more. He stood not out in ordinary complacencies, but joined in such diversions as the rest chose, and used to say, *come una volta tanto*; or, as we say, 'so much for once and away.' But it was a long time before he brought himself to keep a horse, as the rest did; for that was an established charge. I have heard him say, that once before his cavaliership, the nation (as they call themselves) pressed him very much to go a hunting with them; and so he did, but instead of a horse, he hired an ass to carry him, and rode upon that. If this was done to show his firmness, and how little he stood upon forms, or regarded any man's opinion, it was very philosophical. This passage seems to us much more bizarr than it was there; for, in those countries, an ass-cavalcade is not at all extraordinary, but very common; and all the holy men use it.

"Having touched upon hunting, I may bestow a section upon the use of it in Turkey. First, dogs are counted unclean, and are not by the Turks ordinarily admitted into houses, but run masterless about the streets; but it is accounted a charity to relieve them; and some dogs take the road, and follow travellers for their waste in eating, and do the ordinary service of watching, and barking at all novelty. But, for sport, the Turks keep a sort of greyhound, which they dress as fine as horses, and clothe richly; but the hound is not at all known or understood by them. The merchants at Aleppo keep and use greyhounds, and coursing, in the greatest regularity. At Smyrna, the merchants procured a pack of hounds, and hunted in the country after the English way; which was a prodigious mystery to the Turks, who scarce yet believe the dogs followed the hare by the smell, but think there is witchcraft in it. Fellows at plough have laughed, seeing the

dogs run one way and the hare another ; and, finding that sometimes the dogs came about her, have lain down upon the foil, to prove whether the dogs followed the track or not, until they came up full cry towards them ; and then ran away, as if in a great fright. One incident had like to have quite spoiled their sport, which was the mange ; and that infected their pack to such a degree, as must have destroyed it, until a certain cure was found out, which was, fluxing with mercury ; a physic which they administered of course and regularly, scarce ever failing of its effect to set matters right again. And the pack continues there, and is like to continue."

Our readers probably remember Francis North's anxiety in his first circuits, to hold well with the "cocks of the circuit." Something of the same character exhibits itself in his brother, if, indeed, it be not the character in some degree of every man of sense anxious to succeed in a particular pursuit, and having no objects beyond it. We are not enough acquainted with mercantile life to know whether there may not still be something like what is called "tying up the head," and whether our extracts may not therefore have to some readers a value beyond that of mere amusement.

"Dudley was a gentleman, ever brisk and witty, a great observer of all incidents, and withal very friendly and communicative ; which made him be generally beloved, and his company desired by the top merchants of the factory. He was not a good fellow, as it is called, and, on the other side, not morose ; but went along with his company, and not seldom beyond the measures he desired. He was ever a thorn in the sides of the foolish and malicious, and wanted not inventions to divert himself and others, by exposing them. This made all choose to stand fair with him ; *for he was a creature that had sharp claws and scaly sides.* A young man, among his equals, had need be at least as well armed as the rest ; for they are not given to moderation in making sport with each other, but rather on the other side, according as a companion shows an unguarded part, with tricks and stratagems always aiming to attack him in that quarter. This makes the breeding of youth to be always best among equals, and not with either superiors or inferiors. The former makes them abject, and the other insolent, and both unfit for common conversation ; which, abroad in the world, is ordinarily

among equals. He said that he never was caught in any of their novice-traps ; of which one, alluding to horses in a stable, is called tying up the head ; and this they practise upon young or shallow traders, who deal by themselves. If they happen to have a large import, and all their warehouses are full, the old factors, fearing the young men should be too quick, and get the custom, conspire to discourse of not selling but at a price ; the young men, with good reason, as they think, resolve the same ; and then the others undersell, and leave them without opportunity ; for their heads were tied up from their meat."

The chaplain of the factory was "one Broadgate," a puritan. He had been a fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and preferred to a living in Essex, where he made himself so disliked, that interest was made for his promotion, that his absence might be in this way purchased. "According to the philosophic adage, 'Omnes stulti insaniant,'—all fools are out of their wits, Broadgate," says Roger, "might very reasonably pass for a madman." He was a fanatic, as well as a fool—a whimsical pedant, and, as was soon after learned at the factory, like most vain men, an egregious liar. He went out with the notion, not altogether without foundation, that in going as chaplain to the factory, his employment was among a people unacquainted with religion ; but, like Dominic Sampson, he forgot that his pupils were men, not boys. His first effort was to "erect a discipline among them," and establish a kind of Presbyterian reform. For this purpose he framed a catechism, and had it printed, and many of the copies stitched in *true blue*,* to be presented to the merchants on his arrival, as a preparation for his future pastoral instructions. The factors, whose disposition, we are told, would have led them to treat with extraordinary veneration a sensible good man in the position of chaplain, were offended by the intrusive forwardness of an impertinent and troublesome coxcomb ; and North was by accident the means of getting rid of him.

"This doughty doctor had found out that our merchant had a brother, formerly of St. John's College in Cambridge, whom he pretended to have familiarly known there, and, upon that score, fastened upon him ; and he, having a desire to know the bottom of this man's talk

* "The Whig colour." The note and the italics are in the volume before us. Edition of 1826.

concerning his brother, wrote to him, to have an account and character of him; which coming, the pappas was laughed at more than ever. He comes to the merchant, to know what his brother had wrote: the merchant read the letter audibly to him; then followed complaints, that, by means of this letter, he had lost his reputation in the Factory; and he desired to have the letter delivered up to him, that he might sue the merchant's brother in England for the defamation. A very reasonable request! But the merchant, instead of gratifying him in that, told him, that it would do him no service at all; for he had lost no reputation by it; and that he would prove to him, by showing, that, before that letter was wrote, he had none at all; and, opening his copy-book of letters, read to him the letter that he had wrote to his brother from thence, giving his character, with divers accounts of his behaviour there, which was of that sort as showed him his folly sufficiently; and so, in rage, he departed. This young merchant was guilty of another conceit, which was no small provocation to his reverence. Once, in his study, he saw lying upon his desk one of his catechisms, and, taking his pen, writes upon it, 'Broadgate's Broad Way to Bliss, brought forth for the breeding of the brutes of Smyrna.' But such multitudes of affronts heaped upon him, of which I could give divers instances, if they were in any respect material, drove him from the Factory; and, afterwards, he lived very poorly upon his trade, that is conventicling, in London."

North's observations on the natural history of the country follow—they exhibit the acuteness of a practised observer; but there is no object in abridging them—our purpose being simply to place before our readers the character of the man himself. After a few years' residence at Smyrna, a dispute arose between him and his master, which, involving matters too complicated to be explained by letter, made our young merchant return to England. He expected that, while letters could do little or nothing, the result of a personal interview would be favourable, and that they should end in agreeing.

"But he had other reasons for returning, which were, first, to make himself known upon the Exchange, and, by contracting friendships and acquaintance, reconcile to him other principals, who might send him out again, in case his master persevered in a desperate quarrel against him; and as to that, he might

purge himself upon the Exchange, and, by referring his difference, make his case known; and that his master, and not he, was in the wrong, and so at least make good his credit and reputation among the Turkey merchants: and, secondly, to see his relations, for whom he had an infinite respect, and service, and showed it in his behaviour towards them during his whole life. This was not the least of his reasons for making a turn home, though but for a short enjoyment. I may add a third reason, which was, that if his master dropped him, and he could not repair himself by new friends upon the Exchange, he was here at hand to bask for some other employment, as his friends or fortune might lift him into.

"I have heard him relate that, in this voyage homeward, the company on board, bound for the same port in Italy, were a poor sort of traders, Jews, Armenians, and Greeks, who made profit even to their teeth. With these fellows he was shut up in a Lazaretto, to lie a considerable time before they were admitted to traffic. They seemed to decline his company, muttering about his having more money than they, who could not keep pace with his expenses: he was loth to break company on that account, and told them he would live just as they did; so they kept together. Here were two conveniences: one was having a little conversation, and the other saving his money, which could not be spent in a worse place. And in this course he persevered: but the diet was such, as he protested he thought, that before he got out, he should have been starved. He was obliged to be cook, caterer, and hunt, in his turn, as they were, and without any manner of help, or any thing like a servant; he went with them so near as to wash and dry his own linen. It was his humour to make no account of pains, or thought of hardships, when his engagements required. I have heard him say, that work of itself was hard, and taking care and pains fastidious; but if it was agreeable to do any thing called work, it was not really so, but pleasure; therefore it is incident to the true notion of work, not to delight in it.

"At his first arrival in England he was very melancholy, and inclined towards despairing of good success in the employ of a merchant: he had suffered much and laboured hard for divers years, and advanced but very little; and a continuance of that course of life, without being better paid, he accounted a slavery, and that he ought to make a better penny of his time and labour, or else make the best of a little, and enjoy himself at another rate than he had hitherto done. He declared,

justice, because peace and quietness are thereby preserved." Of criminal justice in Turkey our commentator gives his full approbation.

"If a man comes to the judge, and with clamour, as the way is, complains that he is robbed of his goods; the cadi will ask him, 'By whom? and where is the thief?' and if he says he does not know (perhaps) punish him as a *fourbe*, that pretends to be robbed, to cheat his creditors. 'What!' says he, 'doth not the grand signor protect his subjects? If you are robbed, find the thief, and right shall be done; if you want help, take an officer, but do not accuse the grand signor's righteous government.' Now, to add here a word or two of their criminal justice, I shall observe, that it is executed with such rigour, as keeps down offences so effectually, that, in that great city of Constantinople, there are not so many men executed for thievery in some years, as in one, nay, I may say, in one sessions at London. If a thief is caught, they make more account of him by discovering others, than by the example of his punishment. And they handle him at such a rate, that he cannot but discover all he knows. He shall sometimes be secretly chained to an officer, and so go about the city, and whom he points to, is taken up. The first thing done, is to see that he makes full amends to the person robbed; and when that person declares he is satisfied, he is sent away with a menace, that he concern not himself for favour to that man. And after all, what hath this poor thief to reward him for all his ingenuity and service to the public by discovering? Nothing but to die without torment; for if the judge be dissatisfied of his behaviour, he makes such a public torture of him, as must terrify all rogues from the like practices; otherwise he is committed to an officer to be simply hanged, and then that officer takes him into the street, and chooseth what man's sign, or post, he pleases, and constrains whom he thinks fit, to perform the ceremony; and a Frank, if he comes by unluckily at that time, is not safe from being preferred to the employment."

The experienced lawyer proceeds to tell us that the arbitrary power of the judges in Turkey is not worse than the checks upon that power in England by our various "forms, dilatories, processes, offices, allegations, and probations without end, to say nothing of errors and appeals."

"The great oppressions in Turkey are of the Greek subjects, who, by the governors, are used ill enough; which may have occasioned an opinion, that such proceeding is universal. Whereas, when

a man dies, the justice takes an account, and sees the assets collected and divided as steadily, according to their rules of law, as here under the act for distribution of intestates' estates, unless the deceased hath belonged to the court, or been an officer under the government; then indeed, as in Holland, and other places, the magistrate seizes all, with the books, &c. upon supposal of the party's having cheated the state; after which it is very difficult to get matters cleared. But in Turkey, at the worst, they allow some maintenance to the family, and are contented to swallow only the rest. But, in the main, corruption enough no doubt; and where is it not so? If it is found there, that mean men truckle under the tyranny of the greater, and bear oppression rather than offend them; *here men truckle for fear of the law itself, and let their just right and property go, rather than launch into a deluge of officers, counsellors, and forms.* Evils plenty may be presumed in all places; and according to the proverb, 'Might overcomes right' every where."

We make no apology for these extracts, which must have been felt by our readers of greater interest than if we had, without this interruption, pursued the straightforward path of narrative, and did no more than relate our merchant's adventures. It is time, however, to return to his affairs. One of his partners was dissolute, troublesome, suspicious, interfered with every thing, and injured every thing with which he interfered. The concern could not but fall into ruin unless this were remedied; and North's difficulty was, that almost the entire business of the establishment arose from the connections of this drunken blackguard, whom therefore the other partners could scarcely get rid of. North had, therefore to quit the establishment and set up for himself. After some time he succeeded to the greater part of the business of his former partners, and then took into partnership his younger brother, Montagu North, who had been residing as merchant at the English factory at Aleppo. His after-course of business was prosperous. The brothers, like all the family of North, seem to have greatly loved each other; and it was something to have got rid of his former partners. North was soon after chosen treasurer of the Turkey Company. Several pages of the memoir are occupied with his preparations for building a fire-tight house. It was scarcely built when he began to fear that "the Turks should scent out that he was the owner

of a house." He therefore resolved to sell it, and live in it as a tenant, paying a rent to the purchaser. He went to a rich Turk, whom he knew to be honest, and made his proposal to him, which he immediately accepted, and going into his closet, brought forth the price in Venetian chequens, which North carried home in his bosom, "without leaving scrip or scroll of acquittance concerning it." "Such trust," saith his biographer, "may men gain by a steady, honest behaviour." Of his selling jewels to the Seraglio, and the liberality with which they dealt, and the honesty with which they paid, we are next told—"I wish," quoth Roger, himself a teller of money, in the days of Lord Guilford's keepership, "I wish I could say as much for all Christian courts, treasurers, and exchequers."

At the time when Roger North's work was published, one of its great charms must have been his happy descriptions of oriental manners and character. The descriptions, then true, are for the most part, still applicable to modern Turkey; and repeated in substance in five hundred volumes of travels. We therefore pass them over rapidly. The details of his sicknesses and recoveries have nothing to detain us. The habits of mercantile society at Constantinople are such, saith the sly biographer, "that many come home as very sots as if they had never gone abroad." Mr. North did as they did, till at length he found he could not sleep "if he went to bed without a bottle or two in his belly." He gave this up soon, and erred on the side of abstemiousness. By the advice of one of their doctors he then took a light supper, "and particularly what was savoury, as caviar, or anchovies sufficient to relish a glass of wine or two before he went to bed." This course he continued while he lived.

He now began to grow fat, and his brother delights to tell that "it increased upon him till being somewhat tall and well whiskered, he made a jolly appearance such as the Turks approve most of all in a man."

"This," he adds, "gives me a handle to relate a passage concerning himself, which he told me in familiarity and confidence, saying he had let no mortal else (his best brother only excepted) have any knowledge of it, lest they should think he lied out of vanity. The great officers about the grand signor, with whom he had transacted, and (with such respects as became him) familiarly conversed, told

his majesty that there was now, in the city of Constantinople, an extraordinary *gower*, as well for person as abilities, to transact the greatest affairs; and so, in the ordinary conversation with the grand signor, he was often named for somewhat considerable, besides his acting as *hasnadar* of the English nation under their ambassador. The grand signor declared he would see this extraordinary *gower*; and accordingly the merchant was told of it; and, at the time appointed, an officer conducted him into the seraglio, and carried him about till he came to a little garden, and there two other men took him by the two arms, and led him to a place where he saw the grand signor sitting against a large window open, in a chamber not very high from the ground; the men, that were his conductors, holding each an arm, put their hands upon his neck, and bowed him down till his forehead touched the ground; and this was done more than once, and is the very same forced obeisance of ambassadors at their audience. After this, he stood bolt upright as long as the grand signor thought fit to look at him; and then, upon a sign given, he was taken away and set free again by himself, to reflect on this his romantic audience.

"As to his public capacities, the treasurership gave him opportunity to show his address, and enlarge his acquaintance. He held a fair correspondence with the ambassadors of other nations and their dependents, and was well accepted by them. He was good company, facetious, fluent, and knew how to behave himself to all. He observed decorums, regarded his superiors, familiarized with his equals, and gave no offence to his inferiors. He had acquired an exquisite skill in human nature, and knew how to deal with all the various species of politicians and trickers, and was never, in any considerable pass, over-reached by any of them. And if, in a small matter, at any time, he found himself deluded, his cheater had better have been further off, *for he made it known with a witness*. Once a Jew had taken advantage of a little too much credulity, and turned a trick upon him. When he found it, he began to rage most desperately; and a brother Jew, to pacify him, came and told him, that a man was a pitiful wretch; and, if it should be known, that so great a man was cheated by such a fellow, it would much concern his honour, and reflect upon his wisdom. But this did not stop the fury of our merchant; but he so much the louder cried out, 'I was a fool and I was cheated; and he is a villain, and a dog;' and the like. *He was resolved the fellow's knavery should be known, and that the flattering insinuation of his*

brother Jew should not cover him from open disgrace."

His office of treasurer brought North into constant communication with the vizier of the day; and his own papers have supplied his biographer with an amusing and instructive account of the exactions to which, under pretence of law, the foreign merchants were subjected. A number of cases are stated with great particularity, and on each are given our merchant's observations, in general we think too favorable to the Turkish authorities. When he felt himself, by the management of the affairs of the Turkey Company, better acquainted than any other Englishman of his time with the "Turkish Economy," he entertained the ambitious hope of being, through Lord Guilford's interest, appointed ambassador. When this was proposed to his brother he at once threw cold water on the project, regarding his brother's rank, as, being a merchant, not sufficient for this dignity. It was replied, that Mr. North could be of more service as ambassador, than any man ever had been before; that the Turks have no regard to quality, but to the commission alone; that they refuse to distinguish between an envoy resident and ambassador. "The Dutch envoy," say they, "has a commission—have you more, and is not all the rest nothing?" The only effect, however, which this reasoning had in England was, to show that "they knew as little of London, and interest at court here, as we did of Constantinople and of the court there." The plan failed, but North escaped the ridicule which it would have exposed him to had it been mentioned upon the Exchange. The secret of his ambitious hope was not made public till after his death.

"When our merchant went first up to Constantinople, the Lord Winchelsea was our ambassador there. He was a jolly lord, and extremely favoured by the good Vizier Cuperli, who advised him often to live after his way; that is, as a man of pleasure, merrily; and not trouble himself with business, which, upon application by his dragomen, should be done to his hand; and having a goodly person and mustachios, with a world of talk, and that all (as his way was) of mighty wonders, the vizier delighted in his company. In this time, one John, a quaker, went on a sort of pilgrimage to Constantinople, for converting the Great Turk; and the first scene of his action was standing up in a corner of a street, and preaching to the people. They stared at him, and

concluding him out of his wits, he was taken and carried to the mad-house; there he lay six months. At last, some of the keepers heard him speak the word English, and told it so as it came to the ambassador's ear, that he had a subject in the mad-house; his lordship sent and had him to his house. The fellow stood before the ambassador with a ragged, dirty hat on, and would not put it off, though he was so charged, and admonished; thereupon the ambassador ordered him down, and had him drubbed upon the feet, after the Turkish manner; then he was any thing, and would do any thing; and afterwards did own that that drubbing had a great effect upon his spirit. Upon searching him, there was found in his poche, among a few beans, a letter to the grand signor, very long and canting; but the substance was, to let him know, that he was the scourge in God's hand, with which he chastised the wicked Christians; and now their wickedness was so great, that God by the Spirit had sent him, to let him know, that he must come forthwith to scourge them. He was sent for England, but got off by the way, and came up a second time to Constantinople; from whence he was more surely conveyed; and some, that knew John, told Sir Dudley North they had seen him on the Exchange, where he recognised the admirable virtue of Turkish drubbing."

There are some curious notices of the superstitions of the Turks. Our merchant narrowly escaped the danger of being reputed an enchanter, and falling into the hands of the mob—for while looking at his watch, and counting the seconds during the exhibitions of a rope dancer, the rope at the moment broke. A fellow who saw North, came forward to state that he saw him hold something in his hand, and mutter over it three—four—five. Our conjuror was glad to make his escape. In Turkey he found the same superstitions as are every where prevalent—for all nations in a certain stage believe in fairies, goblins, &c. The plague is explained to the mind of the people by the supposition that ministering angels are sent forth, and go about with banners. One has a red banner and the other a white; and as these angels strike the people, they fall down and either die or recover; numbers were found to affirm that they had actually seen these angels. If a horse became sick, his master would have the Alcoran read over it, and rather than fail of having the sick animal read over, the law of Moses or the gospel of Christ. This superstition was not confined to the Turks:

"There are many poor Christians," saith Roger, speaking of the dwellers in Constantinople in our merchant's time, "that will get a holy man, though a Turk, to read over a sick child, and the Jews the like. It is the *reading over* that they value, *together with the venerable phiz of the holy man that performs*, without much distinction what it is he reads."

A party of English merchants were riding with a janizzary for their protection; as they passed the Jewish burying ground, they saw an old Jew sitting by a sepulchre. The janizzary, a firm believer in all the superstitions of the Levant, rode up to him, and rated him for stinking the world a second time, and commanded him to get into his grave again.

When North returned to England he was fond of relating his observations in the East; and from his conversations this part of his brother's book is made up. The Jews he seems thoroughly to have detested and despised. They were universally poor; for did any of them rise a little above the rest, the extortions of the Turkish government, and the yet more severe extortions of their own poorer brethren under the name of asking charity, soon reduced them to the common level of abject distress. The Jews beg, as the proverb says *con basto in mano*, that is, with a stick in their hand; and the rich are forced to comply with their exactions. In North's time they were allowed to live as a separate people, according to the Mosaic law, in every thing except that they were denied the power of life and death. When an offence by the Jewish law was punishable with death, as the sentence could not be executed, they had recourse to the strange artifice of accusing the intended victim, in the Turkish courts of justice, of some capital crime. Jews, whose testimony would not be received against Turks, are competent witnesses against a Jew; and the synagogue took care to procure and instruct witnesses who thought they were doing God service by swearing up to high-water mark.

The Jews succeeded in making themselves necessary to the management of all business. Universally distrusted and despised—known to be thieves and spies—they were yet universally employed.

"When a fresh merchant, or factor, comes to Constantinople, the first Jew, that catches a word with him, marks him for his own, as becoming his peculiar

property, and calls him his merchant; and so he must be as long as he stays. And, from this time, no other Jew will interpose to deprive him of his purchase, but as soon rob a house as do it. And thus, by compact or custom among themselves, this sacred rule of right is established. On the other side, the merchant can no more shake off his Jew than his skin. He sticks like a bur, and, whether well used or ill used, will be at every turn in with him; and no remedy. Somewhat the rogue will get out of him in spite of his teeth, and commonly (beside pay) just so much more as he is trusted with. And the merchant cannot be without a Jew, nor change that he hath. The only expedient is to make the best of him, and never trust him upon honour. It is not a little convenience that is had by these appropriated Jews; for they serve in the quality of universal brokers, as well for small as great things. Their trade is running up and down, and through the city, like so many of Job's devils, perpetually busking after one thing or other, according as they are employed. If the merchant wants any thing, be it never so inconsiderable, let him tell his Jew of it, and, if it be above ground, he will find it. This is accounted a common advantage; for there are multitudes of people, that have need of each other, and want means to come together; which office the Jews perform admirably. And in like manner they apply to the great men at court, calling themselves his merchant at whose house or gate they wait expecting employment. For, when any thing is wanted, the Jew is spoke to, and he, with wonderful despatch, procures it: and they have great profit by these trusts, which they account as the vails of their places."

For several years North lived abroad, each day telling to another of increased prosperity. In scenes such as we have described, his mind was formed to habits of shrewdness, such as have rarely been surpassed; and his fiery temper, which yet would now and then burst forth in indignation not unlike the language of honest feeling, was subdued to an appearance of serenity, which in the civil conflicts into which it was his fortune afterwards to be thrown, was strongly contrasted with the excitement of every one around, and increased the effect of his natural talents an hundred fold. The interest of the subject has led us almost unconsciously to extend this article beyond what we had originally proposed. In a future number we propose giving some account of his adventures after his return to England.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAP. VII.

THE WHITE-BOY INSURRECTION.—DATE OF ITS FIRST RISE.

"At the end of more than sixty years we are still struggling with insurrection in the third generation of those against whom those laws (the White-boy Acts) were pointed."—*Lord Chief Justice Bushe, at the Special Commission in Maryborough, 1832.*

MORE than sixty years struggling with insurrection! More than five years since that fearful truth was spoken; and if the state is not "still struggling with insurrection," all loyal subjects are suffering under it. And yet there are men listened to, favored, supported, who pronounce, from places of authority, that the disorders by which Ireland has been so incessantly and so cruelly afflicted, are no more than desultory outbreaks of popular violence, caused as well as occasioned by some temporary or local grievance. This is not our persuasion.

Insurrection is now, almost recognised, certainly felt, among our constitutional agencies, as a power, in effecting alterations in the laws and government of the country. Such a consequence naturally followed from the length of time during which its operation was permitted. Three generations of men could not have grown up amidst its influences, without being essentially affected by them, nor could insurrection have prevailed extensively and for so long a time, without acquiring a character of virtual though not acknowledged legitimacy. A successful insurrection is pronounced a revolution; insurrection, protracted and unpunished, becomes "a system of agitation;" it outgrows the power of conscience to do it harm; it overcomes prejudices by which in its first essays it was discouraged; it encompasses itself with accessories by which it wins favorable judgments from those who own the power of impulse more than the government of principle or reason; it becomes provided with a machinery which gives it, to those whose morals accord with their present interests, an air of permanence and power; and if its blandishments are artfully displayed, it will win to itself the obedience which is ennobled by love, and zeal, and loyalty, leaving to the legitimate authority in the state the ignoble servitude of craft and fear. After this there is but one stage previous to success, and Irish insurrection has

reached it; that in which the only terrors which are truly formidable are numbered among the agencies of treason. In a word, an insurrection of sixty or, as we should rather say, eighty years' standing, is a state; the habits of the oldest members of the community have been affected by its usages and laws; the judgments, or at least the actions of the boldest, where its legitimate rival is weak, become biassed and restrained by its threatenings and its professions.

The question—how has insurrection been thus prolonged?—is one to which the legislature and the government of Great Britain never seem to have adverted; and it is a question in which beyond all others, the state has a deep and obvious concern. Indeed, as we have already observed, the rashest answer is the best received, and it seems taken for granted, that without any principle of continuity—without the guide or governance of any presiding mind—without a great end or a comprehensive design—insurrection has been maintained in Ireland during the lapse of eighty years, by a succession of separate and independent causes, by incidents and accidents, local in their origin, transitory in their character, but presenting themselves in most felicitous though inexplicable accommodation to the necessities of the times, to prevent disorder from subsiding. Ours, as we have stated, is a different persuasion. We are far from denying that local causes and grievances, domestic rather than political, have been productive of much strife and crime in Ireland. We do not deny that political disabilities have also contributed their share to the stock of discontent and disturbance. But we have not the conviction which, in our more inexperienced years, possessed us, that such matters as these could explain the phenomena of Irish disorder. We believe that the discomforts of the uneducated, and exclusions which occasioned discontent to the more aspiring, were productive

of an evil state of things ; but that to give life, and body, and consistence to an eighty years' insurrection, demanded the presence of more potent agencies.

We hasten to submit the grounds of our belief, as we have found them in the circumstances from which, the various tumults which disordered our country, derived their character.

THE WHITEBOYS, A.D. 1759.

Their first appellation was Levellers, by which, at their rising, they were known in 1757. The ordinary history of the Whiteboy insurrection is familiar to every reader. The pestilence or murrain which carried off horned cattle in England, and thus opened the English market to imports from Ireland, gave encreased value to those wastes upon which cottier tenants had been previously indulged with a privilege or right of pasturage ; and thus induced landed proprietors to enclose them. In opposition to so invidious an exercise of right or power, the people assembled by night, and levelled the enclosures which had been erected in the day. Hence their first name—Levellers. In two years after, when their objects had become more numerous, they took a new name, and, *it was said*, from their uniform—a shirt over their other garments, were called Whiteboys. So far, the history of the first insurrectionary movement, since the accession of the House of Brunswick, is notorious. Those who enquire no further, think it was merely what they are pleased to term “prædial ;” having in its plans and purposes nothing “religious or political.” The arguments by which this agreeable untruth is supported have been received by modern politicians with so much favor and complacency, that, however insignificant they are in themselves, respect for public opinion renders it becoming to notice and to expose them. We are enabled to perform this duty on easier terms than it could have been formerly discharged, by the labors of an English gentleman, (learned in the law we believe,) who has collected and prepared, with no ordinary diligence, the testimonies by which Irish insurrection is proved innocent of political guilt. The British ministry appear to have acquired so very exalted an opinion of this gentleman's merits that they have published, as official documents, certain papers prepared or col-

lected by him respecting ecclesiastical establishments in Prussia. If his foreign enquiries were not conducted with a more successful regard for truth than those which he has instituted respecting Ireland, we would not recommend parliament or the public to set much value on the learned gentleman's Prussian speculations. But he has taken up the case of Irish disorder, and has affirmed its political innocence. We will give his arguments and testimonies a brief examination.

GEORGE CORNWALL LEWIS, ON THE WHITEBOY TUMULT.

“The first of the risings which originated in this new state of things, and which had little or nothing in common with the previous troubles in Ireland, (such as the great rebellion of 1641) was that of the Whiteboys or Levellers, in 1761.”

This sentence contains a tolerably fair epitome of the difference between Mr. Lewis and us on the subject of the Whiteboy Insurrection. He pronounces it purely prædial, and dates its origin at 1761. We suspect a political purpose, although cloaked by pretexts not likely to cause much alarm. We also affirm that it had its origin at a period earlier than that assigned by Mr. Lewis. We shall consider, in the first place, the learned gentleman's chronology—the reader will presently see that it is a matter of some importance.

In proof of his assertion that the Whiteboy system commenced in 1761, Mr. Lewis cites two authorities, one a letter which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, the second a speech of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The letter, or rather the extract, published in 1762, professes to give “a succinct account of a set of miscreants in the counties of Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, called Boughleen Bawns, or Whiteboys.” This (anonymous) extract affirms that “their” (Whiteboys) “first rise was in October last, 1761.”† The other testimony is furnished by the Lord Lieutenant, in two speeches, one delivered October 22, 1761, at the opening of the session of parliament ; the other delivered at the close of the same session, April 30, 1762. The former “speaks of ‘the peaceable demeanour of the papists of this kingdom ;’ and hopes that ‘nothing may interrupt that tranquillity which is desirable at all times, and at this season

* Lewis on Irish Disturbances, p. 4.

† Lewis, page 5. Note.

is particularly necessary to your welfare,' without," as Mr. Lewis observes, "any allusion to recent disturbances." The second speech "alludes to recent tumults and riots of the lower sort of people in some distant quarters, which he hopes are wholly suppressed. It is clear, therefore," argues Mr. Lewis, "that the first Whiteboy disturbances took place between October, 1761, and April, 1762.*"

A passing reflection on the character of the argument adopted by Mr. Lewis, will not be irrelevant. The Lord-Lieutenant alluded to the peaceable demeanour of papists in October, 1761. He noticed in April 1762 certain tumultuary movements, by which parts of the country had been distracted. Therefore, argues Mr. Lewis, the Whiteboy Insurrection must have commenced between the period of October and April. That is to say, he argues, that if the Papists were quiet, the disorders had not taken place, and that when disturbances had broken out, the Papists, of course, had caused them. This must be his reasoning. But Mr. Lewis has something more to prove than the correctness of his chronology. He desires to shew that the Whiteboy Insurrection was not sectarian, or, as he says, "religious." For this purpose he quotes the *Gazette*—"The authors of these disturbances have consisted indiscriminately of persons of different persuasions." If this description of the character of Whiteboyism be true, its chronology cannot be settled by the allusion of the Lord-Lieutenant; and it is not quite fair to reason from his Excellency's speech on an assumption that the earliest insurrection was exclusively Roman Catholic, and, as soon as the assumption has served its turn, proceed to establish its fallacy, by producing testimony that "the authors of the disturbances consisted indiscriminately of persons of different persuasions." If this be true, "Papists" might have been tranquil, while the country was disturbed; and the speech of the Lord-Lieutenant is not conclusive as to the absence of Whiteboyism in October 1761. If, on the other hand, his Excellency's allusion to the peaceable demeanour of Roman Catholics, implied of necessity an assurance that the country was in repose, the conclusion is plain, that the testimony borne by the *Gazette* to the character of the disturbances was rash and inadmissible.

As to the other evidence respecting the origin of Whiteboy disorder, that found in the anonymous extract, the reader will judge for himself what weight should be assigned to it when he has read the description of the state of discipline at which insurrection had arrived, while Mr. Lewis would have it supposed to be in its infancy. We are strongly persuaded, that, after perusing the extract which Mr. Lewis himself has quoted, the reader will feel himself fortified against the learned gentleman's opinion. The passage is rather long, but as it will serve other purposes than that with which we are now engaged, we shall venture to transcribe it.

"A succinct account of a set of miscreants in the counties of Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, called *Boughleen Bawins*, (i. e. Whiteboys.) Being an extract of a letter from a gentleman residing in Youghall, to his son in London."

The following is a further extract from this authentic account of the proceedings of the early Whiteboys:—

"Their first rise was in October last, (1761,) and they have ever since been increasing; they then, and all along, pretended that their assembling was to do justice to the poor, by restoring the ancient commons, and redressing other grievances; for which purpose they always assemble in the night, with their shirts over their clothes, which caused them to be called Whiteboys. Their number, in the county of Waterford, is computed at 600 or 700. They have done infinite damage in the county, levelling ditches and stone walls, rooting up orchards, &c. On the 11th ult. (March 1762,) I saw several ditches they had levelled, part of an orchard destroyed, and two graves they had dug, on the road between Clonmel and Cappoquin; the graves were to hold those that did not comply with their orders. Sometime before this they came by night into the town (a large village of Cappoquin) where is a horse-barrack; drew up on the green near the barrack; fired several shots; marched by the sentry, with their piper playing *The Lad with the White Cockade*. The 13th I saw a bier near Affane church which they had carried (caused) two days before to be made, to carry people alive, and bury them in those graves. An esquire at Cappoquin, when a bachelor, agreed with a peasant for the use of his daughter, for which he passed the peasant his bond for £100; but on

the acquire's entering the matrimonial state, he was compelled to take up his load. They wrote to the peasant to refund the money, upon pain of having his tongue drawn through his under jaw, and fastened with a skewer. On the 14th they assembled at Lismore (between Cappoquin and Tallow), posted an advertisement on the door of the post-office, requiring the inhabitants to have their houses illuminated, and a certain number of horses bridled and saddled ready for them to mount against next night; which was complied with. On the night of the 10th they mounted, went to Tallow-bridge (near Tallow,) where they levelled the ditches of several fine parks, and cut down a number of full-grown ash-trees (knee high;) they then proceeded to Tallow; the horse marched to the west bridge, where the commander called out '*Halt—to the right about,*' and then proceeded into the market-place in a smart trot. They broke open the marshalsea, discharged the debtors, sent an advertisement to the justice to lower the price of provisions one half; which he tamely complied with, though a troop and a half of dragoons were quartered very near him. On the 22d they came to the Ferry-point, opposite this town, levelled the ditches of a small park, opposite the back window of my parlour, and a musket shot off the town; they made a large fire, dug a grave, and erected a gallows over it, fired several shots, and at each discharge huzza'd; and sent several audacious letters to the inhabitants of this town, threatening to pull down several houses, particularly a handsome house at a small distance, which they said was built upon the waste. The 29th, the ditches of Tirkelling and Ballydaniel, near Tallow, were levelled. 500 men in a day could not repair the damage."—pp. 5, 6, 7.

From this description of insurrection at its "first rise," we should have little hesitation in pronouncing that it was at least in its second quarter. It had spread throughout four counties; its agents had assumed the appellation of Whiteboys, and the Levellers, (as they had been originally called,) rangers of waste lands, removers of obnoxious enclosures, had enlarged their jurisdiction, and become redressers of all wrongs, social, political, and moral. Few unprejudiced men, we believe, would hesitate to acknowledge, that, even among a people practised in lawless enterprises, which, in the middle of the last century it is said the Irish were not, a system such as the Youghal correspondent describes may have had

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two years' growth, and no man thoughtful for his reputation, however strong his prejudices, should profess to place implicit reliance on a statement which describes a compact, an extensive, and a formidable system, and represents it as the growth of a single winter.

The reader may naturally think the time at which insurrection commenced a matter of slight importance; it did not seem so to Mr. Lewis, or to those whose opinions he adopts and advocates. The terms in which the learned gentleman expresses himself in speaking of Sir Richard Musgrave, denote the importance he assigns to it. "Sir Richard Musgrave," he writes, "in his history of the rebellions in Ireland, places the first Whiteboy insurrection in 1759, which appears to be an *intentional misrepresentation, in order to make their rising coincide in time with Conflans's intended expedition.*" This gross imputation on the memory of an honourable man, and, we firmly believe, a scrupulously careful historian, we, for the present, pass by. It may become part of our duty to review the various histories of our national fortunes; and to show that it is not from distrust of Musgrave and other Protestant historians, that we do not generally adduce their authority, but from a persuasion that the cause of truth is served best by citing testimonies which it has extorted from adversaries. Our plan is the very reverse of writers like Mr. Lewis. We generally set aside the testimony of those who think with us, unless we can show valid reason why their evidence is to be received. The school to which Mr. Lewis belongs, consists of those who almost confine themselves to the statements of their own party, and will disguise and dismember even such statements, where they are not in their simplicity favourable enough for their purposes. But, to proceed. Mr. Lewis, in the following passage, affords an explanation of his object in aspersing the memory of Sir Richard Musgrave, by showing the importance he assigns to the matter in which he contradicts him.

"Some vague rumors were also circulated as to the connexion of these disturbances with the intended French invasion of Ireland at the end of the reign of George II. That these reports were *destitute of foundation*, is proved by the simple fact, that the defeat of Conflans, by Sir E. Hauke, took place in 1759, and the landing of Thurot in Carrickfer-

gue Bay, in February, 1760; whereas the first rising of the Whiteboys, did not occur till October, 1761. It is not likely, if the Catholic peasants of Munster had been armed, trained and paid by the French, in order to cooperate with them in case of an invasion, that the landing of the French would have been effected in Ulster; and that the insurrection would have broken out nearly two years after the expedition had failed.*

Such is the reasoning of Mr. Lewis. We confess ourselves unable to perceive the force of it. We can imagine many causes which might operate to recommend a descent of the invading army on the northern coast of Ireland, and to make a southern province the theatre of an insurrectionary movement. We can imagine, too, that when the attempt at invasion was rendered abortive, a considerable interval might elapse before the organised mass, into which it was designed that the armament of France should have stricken fire, became ignited by spontaneous combustion. But it is not necessary to expose the fallacy of Mr. Lewis's argument. It is sufficient to have shown that the evidence he has adduced is not available for the purpose which he designed that it should serve, and to cite evidence which he has not adduced, and which, although pertinent to the occasion, was not favorable to the views of Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Arthur Young was a Whig when he published his tour through Ireland. His testimony as to the chronology of Whiteboyism, is as follows—strange to say, Mr. Lewis has quoted, but, it would seem, has not observed it.

"I made many enquiries (says Arthur Young) into the origin of these disturbances, and found that no such thing as a Leveller or Whiteboy was heard of until 1760."

This, Mr. Lewis has omitted to state, was the intelligence received by Mr. Young in *Kilkenny*, of disturbances which commenced, as he informs us, in *Tipperary*.† Surely such testimony, which directly contradicts the assertion of Mr. Lewis, should be received as corroborating that of Sir Richard Musgrave. The disturbances of which *Kilkenny* received tidings in 1760, may have (it is indeed most probable, had) afflicted *Tipperary* at the close of the

year preceding. Young's testimony, then, is adverse to Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Butler Brian is, we believe, a Whig, one, at least, whose political principles should protect him against a Whig's suspicion; and he affirms, that "the first of these insurrections occurred in 1759."‡ Mr. Butler Brian is adverse to the views of Mr. Lewis.

Of the "Tracts on Ireland," it is sufficient to say, that they appeared first in the *Dublin Evening Herald*, and *Dublin Weekly Register*. They affirm, "of the modern insurrectionists, the first occurred in 1759. Whiteboyism in 1759 and 1760, was called a Popish insurrection by a base parliamentary faction."§ The author of *Tracts on Ireland* is, also, an adverse witness.

In these three instances, Mr. Lewis is contradicted by witnesses belonging to his own party. We cite one testimony from a witness with whose principles we are unacquainted, and who dates the origin of insurrection earlier even than Musgrave. "About this time (1757) the peasantry rose in Munster; levelling enclosures, and houghing bullocks, were their first employments, and Levellers, not Whiteboys, their first *nom du guerre*."||

Against these, and such like testimonies, Mr. Lewis chooses to rely on a rash and unwarranted inference from a Lord Lieutenant's speech, and an anonymous letter from some gentleman in *Youghal*, for his proofs that the Whiteboy insurrection commenced in the year 1761. As to the latter testimony, we think it bears its refutation with it, and, even were it sanctioned by a name, and a name of distinction and authority, we should argue from it not that a system so complete and commanding as that of the Whiteboys, in March, 1762, had its origin only five months previous; but that the writer had no intelligence of its existence earlier than October, 1761. The value of the inference from the vice-regal speech, the reader will understand when he learns that the phrase from which it is deduced is one which merely does not dispute the merits of the Roman Catholics. They had testified their loyal attachment to the throne. Surely, their addresses deserved some notice. The Lord Lieutenant is recommending to the legislature the care of schools and of barracks. Who could think, except Mr. Lewis,

* Page 17. † Young's Tour, Vol. I. p. 82. ‡ Practical View, p. 9.

§ Tracts on Ireland, p. 54. || Historical Notices of the different Rebellions, p. 18.

that the phrase "notwithstanding the peaceable demeanour of the Papists," (and this is all to his purpose, which the speech contains) should be regarded as conclusive that there was no disorder in Tipperary.

We doubt whether he would allow a king's or queen's speech of late years, or in this, to be interpreted so strictly, and, when he heard the legislature congratulated on the tranquillity of Ireland, would insist that

either the speech in parliament discredited the police reports, or else, that these recitals of outrage and disorder, furnished assurance that the parliamentary documents were unfaithful. We conclude then, arguing from the absence of proof on the part of Mr. Lewis, as well as from the concurrent testimony of the best informed Whigs and Tories against him—that the *Whiteboy insurrection commenced in the year 1759.*

CHAP. VIII.

INSURRECTIONARY COINCIDENCES.

It is among the main difficulties by which writers of contemporary history are embarrassed, so to distinguish between events and the accompanying circumstances, as to judge of both without partiality or confusion. In writing a historical retrospect, a difficulty of another kind is experienced; namely, to recall and group together, properly, those illustrative concomitants by which the character and quality of actions shall be faithfully exhibited. In the former case, minor incidents revealing themselves fully, while the matter of real importance is in process of gradual development, the satellite may often be mistaken for the creation on which it is attendant; and, in the other case, circumstances having become forgotten, as the interest they had once excited faded away, posterity is left to collect the traces of them, as best it may, from dispersed and fugitive remembrances. Thus it has fared with the *Whiteboy insurrection*; the incidents, which had heralded and accompanied its earliest efforts, were at first accounted part and parcel of its movements, and were thought to make manifest its hidden designs. As time passed on, and these designs were still covered with obscurity, the circumstances which originally imparted, it was imagined, their character to the tumults with which they were coincident, having acquired an independent renown for themselves, became separated, even in the judgment of men, from the events with which they had been once associated, and were forgotten when an enquiry was made into the origin of the *Whiteboy insurrection*. We must recall them to remembrance; and for the present, will begin our work by grouping the following facts, as accompaniments or attendants upon the great

change which took place in the last century, in the condition of Ireland—

In the year 1758—

1. A system of clandestine recruiting in Ireland, for continental service was discovered and prohibited.

In the year 1759—

2. The Jesuits were expelled from Portugal.

3. Many Roman Catholics in Ireland embraced the Protestant religion.

4. France menaced an invasion.

5. There was a run upon the banks.

6. Formidable riots in Dublin, occasioned by rumors of a union.

7. Whiteboyism broke out in the provinces.

8. And the Roman Catholics commenced the practice of presenting loyal addresses.

The effect of these coincidences shall appear fully, in the course of our narrative. For the present we can do little more than verify each assertion.

1.—CLANDESTINE RECRUITING CHECKED.

"Information having been given to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that several officers were recruiting in that kingdom, from Great Britain, without the knowledge of the government there, his excellency signified his pleasure to such officers that they should immediately desist from raising men in that kingdom, and that they do immediately discharge all such as they have already enlisted."—*Annual Register*, 1758. Vol. I. p. 80.

2.—JESUITS EXPELLED FROM PORTUGAL IN 1759.

This is notorious. The circumstances under which their expulsion took place, and the breach between Portugal and the court (indeed one might say the church) of Rome, are too well known to require or admit of

proof. However, for form's sake, we refer to Annual Register, 1759, Vol. II., for an account of the pope's regret, and the arrival, at Curta Vecchia, of a cargo of Jesuits expelled from Portugal;—to Vol. III. p. 29, for a notice that the pope's nuncio had been discharged from Portugal, and the Portuguese minister ordered to depart from Rome. The same volume notices a second cargo of Jesuits sent to Rome.

3.—CONVERSIONS FROM ROMANISM.

"Within these two years, four hundred and thirty-four persons have read their recantation from the Church of Rome."—*Extract of a Letter from Dublin*; Annual Register, v. ii. p. 92.

Wesley, and his associates, it should also be observed, were zealously carrying on their mission at this time, and for some years previously. Some curious passages are to be found in the memoirs of various methodist preachers, respecting the success of their exertions, and the contrivances by which Roman Catholic priests endeavoured to counteract and circumvent them.

4.—THREATS OF INVASION.

"On the 29th of October, 1759, the following message from the Lord Lieutenant was communicated to the House of Commons:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Secretary Pitt having, by his Majesty's express commands, acquainted me by his letter, which I received on Friday the 19th instant, that it appears, by repeated most authentic intelligences, that France, far from desisting from the plan of invasion, on account of the disaster happening to her Toulon squadron, is rather more and more confirmed therein, and even instigated by despair itself, to attempt, at all hazards, the only resources she seems to think left her, for breaking, by such a diversion given us at home, the measures of England abroad, in prosecution of a war which hitherto, by the blessing of God on his majesty's arms, opens in all parts of the world so unfavourable a prospect to the views of France, &c. Ireland will not fail to be one of their objects."—*Seward's Collectanea Politica*, v. i. p. 10.

5.—A RUN UPON THE BANKS.

"The first impressions of this communication, produced such distractions among the people, as had nearly proved fatal to the public credit. In the first transports of popular fear, there was such an extraordinary run upon the banks of Dublin, that several considerable bankers were

obliged to stop payment. Circulation was suspended for a time, when the lord lieutenant, the members of both houses of parliament, the lord mayor, aldermen, merchants, and principal traders of Dublin, by prudently engaging in an association to support public credit, by taking banker's notes in payment, revived it, and saved the nation from bankruptcy."—*Plowden's History of Ireland*, v. ii. p. 128.

6.—RIOTS IN DUBLIN, &c.

"It has been credibly asserted, that one strong motive for this favourable disposition to the Catholics, was to dispose that body to an union with Great Britain, which had then been credibly thought of. It was the obvious interest of the managers of the Irish government, then to oppose it, and they secretly instigated the mob against it, without appearing to take any part in the opposition. The measure was effectually strangled in embryo. The people were then taught or permitted to view prospectively in union, the deprivation of its parliament and independency, and the probable subjection to the same taxes that were levied in England. These notions inflamed the populace to such a degree, that they assembled in a prodigious multitude, broke into the House of Lords, insulted the peers, seated an old woman on the throne, and searched for the journals, which, had they been found, would have been committed to the flames. They compelled the members of both houses, whom they met in the streets to take an oath, that they would never consent to such an union, or give any vote contrary to the true interest of Ireland. Divers coaches belonging to obnoxious persons were destroyed, and their horses killed; a gibbet was erected for one gentleman in particular, who narrowly escaped the ungovernable rage of the mob. A body of horse and infantry was drawn out. The multitude at night dispersed of itself. Next day, addresses to the lord lieutenant were agreed to by both houses, and a committee of enquiry appointed, that the ringleaders of the tumult might be discovered and brought to condign punishment. Some members of the house of commons attempted to throw these outrages, like all other national evils, upon the Catholics."—*Plowden*, v. ii. pp. 129, 130.

To this Mr. Plowden adds the following note:—

"The Duke of Bedford made the most honourable amends to the Catholics he could on the occasion, by directing Mr. John Ponsonby the Speaker, to read from the chair his answer to their address; which was an approbation of their

past conduct, and an assurance of his future favour and protection, as long as they continued in it. *It is remarkable, that no trace of this transaction is to be found in the journals of the Commons.*—*Ibid.*

7.—WHITEBOY INSURRECTION.

See preceding chapter.

8.—ROMAN CATHOLIC LOYAL ADDRESSES.

"Amongst other delusive motives, which at this time actuated the unwise councils of Versailles, in hazarding this rash invasion of Ireland, were the false hopes holden out to them by some of the expatriated Irish in the service of France, that an invading army would have been immediately joined by the physical force of the country. On the first alarm, however, of invasion, Mr. O'Connor and Dr. Curry called a meeting of the Catholic Committee, for the purpose of making a tender of their allegiance to government. Mr. O'Connor drew up the form of an address on the 1st of December, 1759; and on the ensuing day, at a meeting of the most respectable merchants in Dublin, it was signed, by about 300 persons, and presented to the Speaker of the House of Commons, to be forwarded by him to the Lord Lieutenant. It was received without observation, and laid on the table. No direct answer was given from the castle. Some days elapsed in mysterious silence; on the 10th of December, his Grace gave a most gracious answer to the address, which appeared in the Dublin Gazette, on the 15th December, 1759. The speaker sent for Mr. Anthony M'Dermott, as the delegate from the Catholic body, and having, by order, read the address, the speaker replied, that he counted it a favour done him to be put in the way of serving so respectable a body, as that of the gentlemen who had signed that loyal address. The acceptance of this address, was the re-admission of the Catholic body over the threshold of their constitutional rights. Immediately upon the circulation of the gracious acceptance of this address, the Catholics poured in addresses upon the Castle, from every quarter of the kingdom, expressive of their loyalty

and zeal for their king and country."—*Plowden*, v. ii. pp. 128, 129.

We would not have it imagined that in adducing our proofs from Mr. Plowden, we are admitting his veracity as a historian. We believe that his writings are very often chargeable with the "suppressio veri," and not unfrequently characterised by the "suggestio falsi" also. But in every instance in which we have cited his authority in this chapter, we have found his statements corroborated by those of writers on whom we are justified in placing reliance, and we have made him our witness, because his political principles, and, we might add, his habits as an advocate, render the testimony he has borne for us, indisputable.

We give the reader now a month's respite, and entreat him in the meantime to cast a glance on the group of circumstances and incidents we have set before him, and to give it a passing reflection. Ireland, threatened with internal commotion by a disbanded army detained at home, but unemployed and unprovided for: Romanism, menaced by appearances which seemed to forbode the escape of the Irish people from her influence; France in a state in which her best hopes rested upon her being able to embarrass England by invasion or insurrection—the Jesuits warned by the ruin which fell upon their body in Portugal, and by the menace, easily read in the signs of the times, of more general and more fatal disaster, to establish themselves or their principles, in some secure habitation,—such is the aspect of things on which we beseech the reader to ponder. What does it prognosticate?—Agrarian outrage—political disaffection—religious intolerance—the subtle policy and accommodating morals taught in the schools of Loyola. At least, it *menaces* Ireland with these four scourges. In our next chapter we shall begin to unfold the incidents which show that these plagues have been sent among us.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. VIII.—THE ROAD.—TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCES.

"Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

"They change their climates not their hearts,
Who cross the 'says' to furren parts."

Father O'Callaghan.

I HAD scarcely seated myself to breakfast at Swinburn's Hotel in Limerick, when the waiter presented me with a letter. As my first glance at the address showed it to be in Colonel Carden's hand-writing, I felt not a little alarmed for the consequences of the rash step I had taken in leaving my detachment; and, while quickly thronging fancies of arrest and court-martial flitted before me, I summoned resolution at last to break the seal, and read as follows:—

"My dear Lorrequer," ("dear Lorrequer!" dear me, thought I; cool certainly, from one I have ever regarded as an open enemy)—"My dear Lorrequer, I have just accidentally heard of your arrival here, and haste to inform you, that, as it may not be impossible, your reasons for so abruptly leaving your detachment are known to me, I shall not visit your breach of discipline very heavily. My old and worthy friend, Lord Callonby, who passed through here yesterday, has so warmly interested himself in your behalf, that I feel disposed to do all in my power to serve you; independently of my desire to do so, on your own account. Come over here, then, as soon as possible, and let us talk over your plans together,

"Believe me, most truly yours,

"HENRY CARDEN.

"Barracks, 10 O'C."

However mysterious and difficult to unravel have been some of the circumstances narrated in these "Confessions," I do not scruple to avow that the preceding letter was to me by far the most inexplicable piece of fortune I had hitherto met with. That Lord Callonby should have converted what I believed an implacable foe, into a most obliging friend, was intelligible enough, seeing that his lordship had through life been the patron of the colonel; but why he had so done, and what communications he could possibly have made with regard to me, that Colonel Carden should speak of "my

plans," and proffer assistance in them, was a perfect riddle; and the only solution, one so ridiculously flattering that I dared not think of it. I read, and re-read the note; misplaced the stops; canvassed every expression; did all to detect a meaning different from the obvious one, fearful of a self-deception where so much was at stake. Yet there it stood forth, a plain straightforward proffer of services, for some object evidently known to the writer; and my only conclusion, from all was this, that "my Lord Callonby was the gem of his order, and had a most remarkable talent for selecting a son-in-law."

I fell into a deep reverie upon my past life, and the prospects which I now felt were opening before me. Nothing seemed extravagant to hopes so well founded—to expectations so brilliant—and, in my mind's eye, I beheld myself at one moment leading my young and beautiful bride through the crowded saloon of Devonshire House; and, at the next, I was contemplating the excellence and perfection of my stud arrangements at Mekon, for I resolved not to give up hunting. While in this pleasurable exercise of my fancy, I was removing from before me some of the breakfast equipage, or, as I then believed it, breaking the trees into better groups upon my lawn, I was once more brought to the world and its dull reality, by the following passage which my eye fell upon in the newspaper before me—"We understand that the 4-th are daily expecting the route from Cork, from whence they are to sail, early in the ensuing month for Halifax, to relieve the 88th." While it did not take a moment's consideration to show me that though the regiment there mentioned was the one I belonged to, I could have no possible interest in the announcement; it never coming into my calculation that I should submit to such expatriation; yet it gave me a salutary warning that there was no time to be lost in making my appli-

cation for leave, which, once obtained, I should have ample time to manage an exchange into another corps. The wonderful revolution a few days had effected in all my tastes and desires, did not escape me at this moment. But a week or two before and I should have regarded an order for foreign service as anything rather than unpleasant—now the thought was insupportable. Then there would have been some charm to me in the very novelty of the locale, and the indulgence of that vagrant spirit I have ever possessed; for, like Justice Woodcock, “I certainly should have been a vagabond if Providence had not made me a justice of the peace”—now, I could not even contemplate the thing as possible; and would have actually refused the command of a regiment, if the condition of its acceptance, were to sail for the colonies.

Besides, I tried—and how ingenious is self-deception—I tried to find arguments in support of my determination totally different from the reasons which governed me. I affected to fear climate, and to dread the effect of the tropics upon my health. It may do very well, thought I, for men totally destitute of better prospects; with neither talent, influence or powerful connexion, to roast their cheeks at Sierra Leone, or suck a sugar-cane at St. Lucia. But that you, Harry Lorrequer, should waste your sweetness upon planters’ daughters—that have only to be known, to have the world at your feet! The thing is absurd, and not to be thought of! Yes, said I half aloud—we read in the army list, that Major A. is appointed to the 50th, and Capt. B. to the 12th; but how much more near the truth would it be, to say—“That His Majesty, in consideration of the distinguished services of the one, has been graciously pleased to appoint him to—a case of blue and collapsed cholera, in India; and also, for the bravery and gallant conduct of the other, in his late affair with the ‘HOW-DOW-DALLAH INDIANS,’ has promoted him to the—yellow fever now devastating and desolating Jamaica.” How far my zeal for the service might have carried on this point, I know not, for I was speedily aroused from my musings by the loud tramp of feet upon the stairs, and the sound of many well-known voices of my brother officers, who were coming to visit me.

“So, Harry, my boy,” said the fat

major as he entered; “is it true we are not to have the pleasure of your company to Jamaica this time?”

“He prefers a pale face, it seems, to a black one; and certainly, with thirty thousand in the same scale, the taste is excusable.”

“But, Lorrequer,” said a third, “we heard that you had canvassed the county on the Callonby interest. Why, man, when do you mean to pull up?”

“As for me,” lisped a large-eyed, white-haired ensign of three months’ standing, “I think it devilish hard, old Carden didn’t send me down there too, for I hear there are two girls in the family. Eh, Lorrequer?”

Having, with all that peculiar bashfulness such occasions are sure to elicit, disclaimed the happiness my friends so clearly ascribed to me, I yet pretty plainly let it be understood that the more brilliant they supposed my present prospects to be, the more near were they to estimate them justly. One thing certainly gratified me throughout. All seemed rejoiced at my good fortune, and even the old Scotch paymaster made no more caustic remark than that he “wad na wonder if the chiel’s black whiskers id get him made governor of Stirling Castle, afore he’d die.”

Should any of my most patient listeners to these my humble confessions wonder either here, or elsewhere, upon what very slight foundations I built these my “Chateaux en Espagne,” I have only one answer—“that from my boyhood I have had a taste for florid architecture, and would rather put up with any inconvenience of ground, than not build at all.”

As it was growing late I hurriedly bade adieu to my friends, and hastened to Colonel Carden’s quarters, where I found him waiting for me, in company with my old friend, Fitzgerald, our senior surgeon. Our first greetings over, the colonel drew me aside into a window, and said that, from certain expressions Lord Callonby had made use of—certain hints he had dropped—that he was perfectly aware of the delicate position in which I stood with respect to his lordship’s family. “In fact, my dear Lorrequer,” he continued, “without wishing in the least to obtrude myself upon your confidence, I must yet be permitted to say, you are the luckiest fellow in Europe, and I most sincerely congratulate you on the prospect before you.”

"But, my dear Colonel, I assure you——"

"Well, well, there—not a word more; don't blush now. I know there is always a kind of secrecy thought necessary on these occasions, for the sake of other parties; so let us pass to your plans. From what I have collected, you have not yet proposed formally. Well, of course you desire a leave. You'll not quit the army, I trust; no necessity for that; such influence as yours can always appoint you to an unattached commission."

"Once more let me protest, sir, that though for certain reasons most desirous to obtain a leave of absence, I have not the most remote——"

"That's right, quite right; I am sincerely gratified to hear you say so, and so will be Lord Callonby; for he likes the service."

And thus was my last effort at a disclaimer cut short by the loquacious little colonel, who regarded my unfinished sentence as a concurrence with his own opinion.

"Allah il Allah," thought I, "it is my Lord Callonby's own plot; and his friend, Colonel Carden aids and abets him."

"Now, Lorrequer," resumed the colonel, "let us proceed. You have, of course, heard that we are ordered abroad; mere newspaper report for the present; nevertheless, it is extremely difficult—almost impossible, without a sick certificate, to obtain a leave sufficiently long for your purpose."

And here he smirked, and I blushed, *selon les regles*.

"A sick certificate," said I, in some surprise.

"The only thing for you," said Fitzgerald, taking a long pinch of snuff; "and I grieve to say you have a most villainous look of good health about you."

"I must acknowledge I have seldom felt better."

"So much the worse—so much the worse," said Fitzgerald despondingly. "Is there no family complaint; no respectable heir-loom of infirmity, you can lay claim to from your kindred?"

"None that I know of, except a very active performance on the several occasions of breakfast, dinner, and supper, with a tendency towards port, and an inclination to sleep ten in every twenty-four hours, be a sign of sickness; these symptoms I have known many of the family suffer for years,

without the slightest alleviation, though, strange as it may appear, they occasionally had medical advice."

Fitz. took no notice of my sneer at the faculty, but proceeded to strike my chest several times, with his finger tips. "Try a short cough now," said he. "Ah, that will never do!"

"Do you ever flush. Before dinner I mean?"

"Occasionally, when I meet with a luncheon."

"I'm fairly puzzled," said poor Fitz. throwing himself into a chair; "goat is a very good thing; but, then, you see you are only a sub., and it is clearly against the articles of war, to have it before being a field-officer at least. Apoplexy is the best I can do for you; and, to say the truth, any one who witnesses your performance at mess, may put faith in the likelihood of it."

"Apoplexy be it," said I impatiently; "so fill up the certificate, and give me all the necessary instructions how to conduct myself before their mightinesses of the medical board." For to that august body, then holding their sittings in an obscure house in Parliament-street, I was obliged to present myself previous to application at the Horse Guards.

Fitz. filled the document; the colonel strengthened it with a letter to old Doctor Camie, deploring the temporary loss of so promising a young officer, and bespeaking his services to obtain me as long an absence from duty as possible.

Fortified with these strong documents, and sustained by as sanguine a spirit as consisted with so much delicacy of health, I committed myself and portmanteau to the inside of his majesty's mail, and early on the following morning found myself once again in "dear dirty Dublin."

I shall not stop here to narrate the particulars of my visit to the worthies of the medical board; the rather, as some of my "confessions to come" have reference to Dublin, and some of those that dwell therein. I shall, therefore, content myself here with stating that, without any difficulty I obtained a six months' leave, and having received much advice and more sympathy, from many members of that body, I took a respectful leave of them, and adjourned to Bilton's, where I had ordered dinner, and, as I was advised to live low, a bottle of Sneyd's claret. My hours in Dublin were

numbered; at eight o'clock on the evening of my arrival I hastened to the Pigeon-House pier, to take my berth in the packet for Liverpool; and here, gentle reader, let me implore you, if you have bowels of compassion, to commiserate the condition of a sorry mortal like myself. In the days of which I now speak, steam-packets were not—men knew not, then, of the pleasure of going to a comfortable bed at Kingstown harbour, and wakening on the morning after, in the Clarence Dock at Liverpool, with the only addition of a little sharper appetite for breakfast, before they set out on an excursion of forty miles per hour through the air.

In the time I have now to commemorate, the intercourse between the two countries was maintained by *two* sailing vessels of small tonnage, and still scantier accommodation. Of the one now in question I well recollect the name—she was called the “ALERT,” and certainly a more unfortunate misnomer, there could scarcely be conceived. Well, there was no choice; so I took my place upon the crowded deck of the little craft, and, in a drizzling shower of chilly rain, and amid more noise, confusion and bustle, than would prelude the launch of a line-of-battle ship, we sailed, goose-fashion, from the shore, and began our voyage towards England.

It is not my intention, in the present stage of “my Confessions,” to delay on the road, towards an event which influenced so powerfully, and so permanently, my after life. Yet I cannot refrain from chronicling a slight incident which occurred on board the packet, and which I have no doubt may be remembered by some of those who throw their eyes on these pages. One of my fellow-passengers was a gentleman holding a high official appointment in the viceregal court; either comptroller of the household, master of the horse, or something else equally magnificent; however, whatever the nature of the situation, one thing is certain—one possessed of more courtly manners, and more polished address, cannot be conceived; to which he added all the attractions of a very handsome person, and a most prepossessing countenance. The only thing the most scrupulous critic could possibly detect as faulty, in his whole air and bearing, was a certain ultra-refinement and fastidiousness, which, in a man of acknowledged family and connections,

was somewhat unaccountable, and certainly unnecessary. The fastidiousness I speak of extended to everything round and about him; he never eat of the wrong dish, nor spoke to the wrong man in his life, and that consciousness gave him a kind of horror of chance acquaintances, which made him shrink within himself from persons in every respect his equals. Those who knew him, Sir Stewart Moore, will know I do not exaggerate in either my praise or censure, and to those who have not had that pleasure, I have only to say, their's was the loss, and they must take my word for the facts.

The very antithesis to the person just mentioned, was another passenger then or board. She, for even in sex they were different—she was a short, squat, red-faced, vulgar-looking woman, of about fifty, possessed of a most garrulous tendency, and talking indiscriminately with every one about her, careless what reception her addresses met with, and quite indifferent to the many rebuffs she momentarily encountered. To me, by what impulses driven, Heaven knows, this amorphous piece of womanhood seemed determined to attach herself. Whether in the smoky and almost impenetrable recesses of the cabin, or braving the cold and penetrating rain on deck, it mattered not; she was ever at my side, and not only martyring me by the insufferable annoyance of her vulgar loquacity, but actually, from the appearance of acquaintanceship such constant association gave rise, frightening any one else from conversing with me, and rendering me, ere many hours, a perfect Paria among the passengers. By no one were we—for alas, we had become Siamese—so thoroughly dreaded as by the refined baronet I have mentioned; he appeared to shrink from our very approach, and avoided us as though we had the plague of Egypt about us. I saw this—I felt it deeply, and as deeply and resolutely I vowed to be revenged, and the time was not long distant in affording me the opportunity.

The interesting Mrs. Mulrooney, for such was my fair companion called, was, on the present occasion, making her debut on what she was pleased to call the “says;” she was proceeding to the Liverpool market as proprietor and supercargo over some legion of swine that occupied the hold of the vessel, and whose mellifluous tones

were occasionally heard in all parts of the ship. Having informed me on these, together with some circumstances of her birth and parentage, she proceeded to narrate to me some of the cautions given her by her friends as to her safety, when making such a long voyage, and also to detail some of the anti-septics to that dread scourge, sea-sickness, in the fear and terror of which she came on board, and seemed every hour to be increasing in alarm about; "Do you think, then, sir, that pork is no good agin the sickness? Mickey, that's my husband, sir, says it's the only thing in life for it, av it's toasted."

"Not the least use, I assure you."

"Nor sperits and wather?"

"Worse and worse, ma'am."

"Oh, thin, maybe oaten mail tay would do? it's a beautiful thing for the stomick, any how."

"Rank pelson on the present occasion, believe me."

"Oh, then, blessed Mary, what am I to do—what is to become of me?"

"Go down at once to your berth, ma'am; lie still and without speaking 'till we come in sight of land; or," and here a bright thought seized me, "if you really feel very ill, call for that man there, with the fur collar on his coat; he can give you the only thing I ever knew, of any use; he's the steward, ma'am, Steward Moore; but you must be on your guard, too, as you are a stranger, for he's a conceited fellow, and has saved a trifle, and sets up for half a gentleman; so don't be surprised at his manner; though, after all, you may find him very different; some people, I've heard, think him extremely civil."

"And he has a cure, ye say?"

"The only one I ever heard of; it is a little cordial, of which you take, I don't know how much, every ten or fifteen minutes."

"And the naygur doesn't let the saycret out, bad manners to him."

"No, ma'am; he has refused every offer on the subject."

"May I be so bowld as to ax his name again?"

"Steward Moore, ma'am. Moore is the name, but people always call him Steward Moore; just say that in a loud clear voice, and you'll soon have him."

With the most profuse protestations of gratitude, and promises of "*pork á discretion*," if I ever sojourned at Ballinacloe, my fair friend proceeded to fol-

low my advice, and descended to the cabin.

Some hours after, I also betook myself to my rest, from which, however, towards midnight I was awoke by the heavy working and pitching of the little vessel, as she laboured in a rough sea. As I looked forth from my narrow crib, a more wo-begone picture can scarcely be imagined than lay before me. Here and there through the gloomy cabin lay the victims of the fell malady, in every stage of suffering, and in every attitude of misery. Their cries and lamentings, mingled with the creaking of the bulk-heads, and the jarring twang of the dirty lamp, whose irregular swing told plainly how oscillatory was our present motion. I turned from the unpleasant sight, and was about again to address myself to slumber, with what success I might, when I started at the sound of a voice in the very berth next to me—whose tones once heard, there was no forgetting. The words ran as nearly as I can recollect thus:

"Oh, then, bad luck to ye for pigs, that ever brought me into the like of this. Oh Lord, there it is again." And here a slight interruption to eloquence took place, during which I was enabled to reflect upon the author of the complaint, who I need not say was Mrs. Mulrooney.

"I think a little tay would settle my stomach, if I only could get it; but what's the use of talking in this horrid place? They never mind me no more than if I was a pig. Stewart, Stewart—oh, then, it's wishing you well I am for a Stewart. Stewart, I say;" and this she really did say, with an energy of voice and manner, that started more than one sleeper. "Oh, you're coming at last, Stewart."

"Ma'am," said a little dapper and dirty personage, in a blue jacket, with a greasy napkin negligently thrown over one arm "*ex officio*." "Ma'am, did you call?"

"Call, is it call? No; but I'm roaring for you this half hour. Come here. Have you any of the cordial dhrops agin the sickness?—you know what I mean."

"Is it brandy, ma'am?"

"No. It isn't brandy."

"We have got gin, ma'am, and bottled porter—cider, ma'am, if you like."

"Agh, no! sure I want the dhrops agin the sickness."

"Don't know, indeed, ma'am."

"Ah, you stupid crayture ; maybe you're not the real stewart. What's your name?"

"Smith, ma'am."

"Ah, I thought so ; go away, man, go away."

This injunction, given with a diminutive cadence, was quickly obeyed, and all was silence for a moment or two. Once more I was dropping asleep, when the same voice as before burst out with—

"Am I to die here like a haythen, and nobody to come near me? Stewart, Stewart, Stewart Moore, I say."

"Who is that calls me," said a deep sonorous voice, from the opposite side of the cabin, while at the same instant a tall green silk night-cap, surmounting a very aristocratic looking forehead, appeared between the curtains of the opposite berth.

"Stewart Moore," said the lady again, with her eyes straining in the direction of the door, by which she expected him to enter.

"This is most strange," muttered the baronet, half aloud. "Why, madam, you are calling me!"

"And if I am," said Mrs. Mulrooney ; "and if ye heerd me, have ye no manners to answer your name, eh? Are ye Stewart Moore?"

"Upon my soul, ma'am, I thought so last night, when I came on board ; but you really have contrived to make me fear my own identity."

"And is it then ye're lying on the broad of yer back, and me as sick as a dog forment ye?"

"I concede, ma'am, the fact ; the position is a most irksome one, on every account."

"Then why don't ye come over to me ;" and this Mrs. Mulrooney said with a voice of something like tenderness—wishing at all hazards to conciliate so important a functionary.

"Why, really you *are* the most incomprehensible person I ever met."

"I'm what!" said Mrs. Mulrooney,

her blood rushing to her face and temples as she spoke—for the same reason as her fair townswoman is reported to have borne with stoical fortitude every harsh epithet of the language, until it occurred to her opponent to tell her that "the devil a bit better she was nor a pronoun." So Mrs. Mulrooney, taking "omne ignotum per horribile," became perfectly beside herself at the unlucky phrase. "I'm what! repate it av ye dare, and I'll tear yer eyes out! Ye dirty blaggard, to be lying there at yer ease under the blankets, grinning at me. What's your thrade—answer me that—av it isn't to wait on the ladies, eh?"

"Oh the woman must be mad," said Sir Stewart.

"The devil a taste mad, my dear—I'm only sick. Now just come over to me, like a dacent creature, and give me the dhrop of comfort ye have. Come, avick."

"Go over to you?"

"Ay, and why not? or if it's so lazy ye are, why then, I'll thry and cross over to *your* side."

These words being accompanied by a certain indication of change of residence on the part of Mrs. Mulrooney, Sir Stewart perceived there was no time to lose, and springing from his berth, he rushed half-dressed through the cabin, and up the companion ladder, just as Mrs. Mulrooney had protruded a pair of enormous legs from her couch, and hung for a moment pendulous before she dropped upon the floor, and followed him to the deck. A tremendous shout of laughter from the sailors and deck passengers, prevented my hearing the dialogue which ensued ; nor do I yet know how Mrs. Mulrooney learned her mistake. Certain it is, she no more appeared among the passengers in the cabin ; and Sir Stewart's manner, the following morning at breakfast, amply satisfied me that I had had my revenge.

CHAPTER IX.

Upset—Mind—and Body.

No sooner did I reach Liverpool, than I hastened to take my place in the earliest conveyance for London. At that time the *Umpire Coach* was the perfection of fast travelling ; and seated behind the box, enveloped in a sufficiency of broad-cloth, I turned my face towards town with as much anxiety,

and as ardent expectations as most of those about me. All went in the regular monotonous routine of such matters, until our reaching Northampton ; passing down the steep street of which town, the near wheel horse stumbled and fell. The coach, after a tremendous roll to one side, toppled over on

the other, and with a tremendous crash, and sudden shock, sent all the outsiders, myself among the number, flying through the air like sea-gulls. As for me, after describing a very respectable parabola, my angle of incidence landed me in a bonnet-maker's shop—having passed through a large plate-glass window, and destroyed more leghorns and dunstables, than a year's pay would recompense. I have but small recollection of the details of that occasion, until I found myself lying in a very spacious bed, at the George Inn, having been bled in both arms, and discovering by the multitude of bandages in which I was enveloped, that at least some of my bones were broken by the fall. That such fate had befallen my collar bone and three of my ribs, I soon learned; and was horror-struck at hearing from the surgeon who attended me, that four or five weeks would be the very earliest period I could bear removal with safety. Here then, at once was a large deduction from my six months' leave, not to think of the misery that awaited me for such a time, confined to my bed in an inn, without books, friends, or acquaintances. However, even this could be remedied by patience; and summoning up all I could command, I "bided my time," but not before I had completed a term of two months' imprisonment, and had become, from actual starvation, something very like a living transparency.

No sooner, however, did I feel myself once more on the road, than my spirits rose, and I felt myself as full of high hope and buoyant expectation as ever. It was late at night when I arrived in London. I drove to a quiet hotel in the west-end; and the following morning proceeded to Belgrave Square, bursting with impatience to see my friends the Callonbys, and recount all my adventures—for as I was too ill to write from Northampton, and did not wish to entrust to a stranger the office of communicating with them, I judged that they must be exceedingly uneasy on my account, and pictured to myself the thousand emotions my appearance, so indicative of illness, would give rise to; and could scarcely avoid running in my impatience to be once more among them. How Lady Jane would meet me, I thought over again and again; whether the same cautious reserve awaited me, or whether her family's approval of me would have wrought a change in her reception of

me—I burned to ascertain. As my thoughts ran on in this way, I found myself at the door; but was much alarmed to perceive that the closed window shutters and dismantled look of the house proclaimed them from home. I rung the bell and soon learned from a servant, whose face I had not seen before, that the family had gone to Paris about a month before, with the intention of spending the winter there. I need not say how grievously this piece of intelligence disappointed me, and for a minute or two I could not collect my thoughts. At last the servant said:

"If you have any thing very particular, sir, that my Lord's lawyer can do, I can give you his address."

"No, thank you—nothing;" at the same time I muttered to myself, "I'll have some occupation for him though ere long." "The family were all quite well, didn't you say?"

"Yes sir, perfectly well. My Lord had only a slight cold."

"Ah—yes—and their address is 'Meurice'; very well."

So saying, I turned from the door, and with slower steps than I had come, returned to my hotel.

My first resolve was to set out for Paris; my second was to visit my uncle, Sir Guy Lorrequer first, and having explained to him the nature of my position, and the advantageous prospects before me, endeavour to induce him to make some settlement on Lady Jane, in the event of my obtaining her family's consent to our marriage. This, from his liking great people much, and laying great stress upon the advantages of connexion, I looked upon as a matter of no great difficulty; so that, although my hopes of happiness were delayed in their fulfilment, I believed they were only about to be the more securely realized. The same day I set out for Elton, and by ten o'clock at night reached my uncle's house. I found the old gentleman looking just as I had left him three years before, complaining a little of gout in the left foot—praising his old specific, port-wine—abusing his servants for robbing him—and drinking the Duke of Wellington's health every night after supper; which meal I had much pleasure in surprising him at on my arrival—having not eaten since my departure from London.

"Well, Harry," said my uncle, when the servants had left the room, and we drew over the spider table to the fire

to discuss our wine with comfort, "what good wind has blown you down to me, my boy? for it's odd enough, five minutes before I heard the wheels on the gravel, I was just wishing some good fellow would join me at the grouse—and you see I had my wish! The old story, I suppose, that you're out of cash. Would not come down here for nothing—eh? Come, lad, tell truth; is it not so?"

"Why, not exactly, sir; but I really had rather at present talk about you, than about my own matters, which we can chat over to-morrow. How do you get on, sir, with the Scotch steward?"

"He's a rogue, sir—a cheat—a scoundrel; but it is the same with them all; and your cousin, Harry—your cousin, that I have reared from his infancy to be my heir, (pleasant topic for me!) he cares no more for me than the rest of them, and would never come near me, if it were not that, like yourself, he was hard run for money, and wanted to wheedle me out of a hundred or two."

"But you forget, sir—I told you I did not come to do so."

"We'll see that—we'll see that in the morning," replied he, with an incredulous shake of the head.

"But Guy, sir; what has Guy done?"

"What has he not done? No sooner did he join that popinjay set of fellows, he calls the —th hussars, than he turned out, what he calls a four-in-hand drag, which dragged nine hundred pounds out of my pocket—then he has got a yacht at Cowes—a grouse mountain in Scotland—and has actually given Tattersall an unlimited order to purchase the Wreckinton pack of harriers, which he intends to keep for the use of the corps. In a word, there is not an amusement of that villainous regiment—not a flask of champaign drank at their mess, I don't bear my share in the cost of; and through the kind offices of your worthy cousin Guy Lorrequer."

This was an exceedingly pleasant exposé for me, to hear of my cousin indulged in every excess of foolish extravagance, by his rich uncle, while I, the son of an elder brother, who unfortunately called me by his own name, Harry, remained the sub. in a marching regiment, with not three hundred pounds a year above my pay, and whose extravagance, if any such had been found to exist, would have deprived of even that small allowance. My uncle,

however, did not notice the chagrin with which I heard his narrative; but continued to detail various instances of wild and reckless expense, the future possessor of his ample property had already launched into.

Anxious to say something, without well-knowing what, I hinted that probably my good cousin would reform some of these days, and marry.

"Marry," said my uncle; "yes, that I believe, is the best thing we can do with him; and I hope now that matter is in good train—so the latest accounts say, at least."

"Ah, indeed," said I, endeavouring to take an interest in what I really felt none—for my cousin and I had never been very intimate friends; and the difference in our fortunes had never, at least to my thinking, been compensated by any advances which he, under the circumstances, might have made to me.

"Why, Harry, did you not hear of it?" said my uncle.

"No—not a word of it."

"Very strange, indeed—a great match, Harry—a very great match, indeed."

"Some rich banker's daughter," thought I. "What will he say when he hears of my fortune?"

"A very fine young woman, too, I understand—quite the *belle* of London—and a splendid property left by an aunt."

I was bursting to tell him of my affair, and say that he had another nephew, to whom, if common justice were rendered, his fortune was as certainly made for life.

"Guy's business happened this way," continued my uncle, who was quite engrossed by the thought of his favourite's success. "The father of the young lady met him in Ireland, or Scotland, or some such place, where he was with his regiment—was greatly struck with his manner and address—found him out to be my nephew—asked him to his house—and, in fact, almost threw this lovely girl at his head, before they were two months acquainted."

"As nearly as possible like my own adventure," thought I, laughing to myself.

"But you have not told me who they are, sir," said I, dying to have his story finished, and to begin *mine*.

"I'm coming to that—I'm coming to that. Guy came down here, but did not tell me one word of his having

ever met the family, but begged of me to give him an introduction to them, as they were in Paris, where he was going on a short leave; and the first thing I heard of the matter, was a letter from the papa, demanding from me if Guy was to be my heir, and asking my concurrence in the match between him and his daughter."

"Ha! how did you know, sir, that they were previously known to each other?"

"The family lawyer told me, who heard it all talked over."

"And why, then, did Guy get the letter of introduction from you, when he already was acquainted with them?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, except that you know he always does every thing unlike every one else; and to be sure the letter seems to have excited some amusement. I must show you his answer to my first note, to know how all was going on; for I felt very anxious about matters, when I heard from some person who had met them, that Guy was everlastingly in the house, and that Lord Callonby could not live without him."

"Lord who, sir?" said I in a voice that made the old man upset his glass, and spring from his chair in horror.

"What the devil is the matter with the boy. What makes you so pale?"

"Whose name did you say at that moment, sir," said I with a slowness of speech that cost me agony.

"Lord Callonby, I said; my old schoolfellow and fag at Eton."

"And the lady's name, sir?" said I, in scarcely an audible whisper.

"I'm sure I forget her name; but here's the letter from Guy; and I think he mentions her name in the post-script."

I snatched rudely the half-opened letter from the old man, as he was vainly endeavouring to detect the place he wanted, and read as follows:

"My adored Jane is all your fondest wishes for my happiness could picture, and longs to see her dear uncle, as she already calls you on every occasion." I read no more—my eyes swam—the paper, the candles, every thing before me, was misty and confused; and although I heard my uncle's voice still going on, I knew nothing of what he said.

For some time, my mind could not take in the full extent of the base treachery I had met with, and I sat speechless and stupified. By degrees my faculties became clearer, and with one glance I read the whole business from my first meeting with them at Kilrush, to the present moment. I saw that in their attentions to me, they thought they were winning the heir of Elton, the future proprietor of fifteen thousand per annum. From this tangled web of heartless intrigue, I turned my thoughts to Lady Jane herself. How had she betrayed me! for certainly she had not only received, but encouraged my address—and so soon too. To think that at the very moment when my own precipitate haste to see her had involved me in a nearly fatal accident, that she was actually receiving the attentions of another! Oh, it was too, too bad.

But enough—even now I cannot dwell upon the memory of that moment, when the hopes and dreams of many a long day and night were destined to be rudely blighted, and for ever. I seized the first opportunity of bidding my uncle good night; and having promised him to reveal all my plans on the morrow, hurried to my room.

My plans! alas, I had none—that one fatal paragraph had scattered them to the winds; and I threw myself upon my bed, wretched and almost heart-broken.

I have once before in these "Confessions" claimed to myself the privilege, not inconsistent with a full disclosure of the memorabilia of my life, to pass slightly over those passages, the burden of which was unhappy, and whose memory is still painful. I must now, therefore, claim the benefit of this act, and beg of the reader to let me pass from this sad portion of my history, and for the full expression of my mingled rage, contempt, disappointment, and sorrow, let me beg of them to receive instead, what a learned pope once gave for apology for not reading a rather polysyllabic word in a Latin letter—"As for this," said he, looking at the phrase in question, "*soit qu'il dit*," so say I.—And now—en route.

CHAPTER X.—MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE—NO. II.

It was a cold, raw evening in February, as I sat in the coffee-room of the

Old Plough, in Cheltenham—*lucullus* c. *lucullo*—no companion save my half-

finished decanter of port. I had drawn my chair to the corner of the ample fire-place, and, in a half dreamy state, was reviewing the incidents of my early life, and like every man who has reached a certain age, which shall be nameless, lamenting talents misapplied, opportunities neglected, profitless labour, and disastrous idleness. The dreary aspect of the large and ill-lighted room—the close curtained boxes—the unsocial look of everything and body about, suited the habit of my soul; and I was on the verge of becoming excessively sentimental—the unbroken silence where several people were present, had also its effect upon me, and I felt oppressed and dejected. So sat I for an hour; the clock over the mantle ticked sharply on—the old man in the brown surtout had turned in his chair, and now snored louder—the gentleman who read the *Times* had got the *Chronicle*, and I thought I saw him nodding over the advertisements. The father, who, with a raw son of about nineteen, had dined at six, sat still and motionless, opposite his offspring, and only breaking the silence around, by the grating of the decanter, as he posted it across the table. The only thing exciting active existence, was a little, middle-sized man, who, with spectacles on his forehead, and hotel slippers on his feet, rapidly walked up and down, occasionally stopping at his table to sip a little weak-looking negus, which was his moderate potation for two hours. I have been particular in chronicling these few and apparently trivial circumstances, for, by what mere trifles are our greatest and most important moments induced—had the near wheeler of the Umpire been only safe on his fore legs, and while I write this, I might—but no—that was impossible—so let me return. The gloom and melancholy which beset me, momentarily increased. But three months before, and my prospects presented everything that was fairest and brightest—now all the future was dark and dismal. Then my best friends could scarcely avoid envy at my fortune—now my reverses might almost excite compassion in an enemy. It was singular enough—and I should not like to acknowledge it, were not these Confessions, in their very nature intended to disclose the very penetralia of my heart—but singular it certainly was—and so I have always felt it since, when reflecting on it—that although much and warmly attached to

Lady Jane Callonby, and feeling most acutely, what I must call her abandonment of me; yet, the most constantly recurring idea of my mind on the subject was, what will the mess say—what will they think at head-quarters?—the raillery, the jesting, the half-concealed allusion; the tone of assumed compassion, that all awaited me, as each of my comrades took up his line of behaving towards me, was, after all, the most difficult thing to be borne, and I absolutely dreaded to join my regiment, more thoroughly than did ever schoolboy to return to his labour, on the expiration of his holidays. I had framed to myself all manner of ways of avoiding this dread event. Sometimes I meditated an exchange into an African corps—sometimes to leave the army altogether. However, I turned the affair over in my mind—innumerable difficulties presented themselves, and I was at last reduced to that standstill point, in which, after continual vacillation, one only waits for the slightest impulse of persuasion from another, to adopt any, no matter what suggestion. In this enviable frame of mind, I sat sipping my wine, and watching the clock for that hour, in which, with a safe conscience, I might retire to my bed; when the waiter roused me, by demanding if my name was Mr. Lorrequer, for, that a gentleman having seen my card in the bar, had been making enquiry for the owner of it, all through the hotel.

“Yes,” said I, “such is my name; but I am not acquainted with any one here, that I can remember.”

“The gentleman has only arrived an hour since, by the London mail, sir; and here he is.”

At this moment, a tall, dashing-looking, half-swaggering fellow, in a very sufficient envelope of box coats entered the coffee-room, and unwinding a shawl from his throat, showed me the honest and manly countenance of my friend, Jack Waller, of the —th dragoons, with whom I had served in the Peninsula.

Five minutes sufficed for Jack, to tell me that he was come down on a bold speculation at this unseasonable time, for Cheltenham; that he was quite sure his fortune was about to be made in a few weeks at farthest, and what seemed nearly as engrossing a topic—that he was perfectly famished, and desired a hot supper, “*de suite*.”

Jack having dispatched this agreeable meal with a traveller's appetite,

proceeded to unfold his plans to me as follows :—

There resided *somewhere* near Cheltenham, in what direction he did not absolutely know, an old East India Colonel, who had returned from a long career of successful staff-duties, and government contracts, with the moderate fortune of two hundred thousand. He possessed, in addition, a son and a daughter ; the former, being a rake and a gambler, he had long since consigned to his own devices, and to the latter, he had avowed his intention of leaving all his wealth. That she was beautiful as an angel—highly accomplished—gifted—agreeable—and all that, Jack, who had never seen her, was firmly convinced. That she was also bent resolutely on marrying him, or any other gentleman whose claims were principally the want of money, he was quite ready to swear to. And, in fact, so assured did he feel, that “the whole affair was feasible,” (I use his own expression,) that he had managed a two months’ leave, and was come down express to see, make love to, and carry her off, *de suite*.

“But,” said I, with difficulty interrupting him ; “how long have you known her father ?”

“Known him ? I never saw him.”

“Well, that certainly is cool ; and how do you propose making his acquaintance. Do you intend to make him a *particeps criminis* in the elopement of his own daughter, for a consideration to be hereafter paid out of his own money ?”

“Now, Harry, you’ve touched upon the point, in which, you must confess, my genius always stood unrivalled—acknowledge, if you are not dead to gratitude—acknowledge how often should you have gone supperless to bed, in our bivouacs in the Peninsula, had it not been for the ingenuity of your humble servant—avow, that if mutton was to be had, and beef to be purloined, within a circuit of twenty miles round, our mess certainly kept no fast days. I need not remind you of the cold morning on the retreat from Burgos, when the inexorable Lake brought five men to the halberds for stealing turkeys, that, at the same moment, I was engaged in devising an ox-tail soup, from a heifer brought to our tent in jack-boots the evening before, to escape detection, by tracking the feet in the snow.”

“True, Jack, I never questioned your Spartan talent ; but this affair,

time considered, does appear rather difficult.”

“And if it were not, should I have ever engaged in it ? No, no, Harry. I put all proper value upon the pretty girl, with her two hundred thousand pounds pin money. But I honestly own to you, the intrigue, the scheme, has as great charm for me, as any part of the transaction.”

“Well, Jack, now for the plan, then !”

“The plan ! oh, the plan. Why, I have several ; but since I have seen you, and talked the matter over with you, I have begun to think of a new mode of opening the trenches.”

“Why ; I don’t see how I can possibly have admitted a single new ray of light upon the affair.”

“There are you quite wrong. Just hear me out without interruption, and I’ll explain. I’ll first discover the locale of this worthy Colonel. ‘Hydrabad Cottage,’ he calls it ; good, eh ?—then I shall proceed to make a tour of the immediate vicinity, and either be taken dangerously ill in his grounds, within ten yards of the hall-door, or be thrown from my gig, at the gate of his avenue, and fracture my skull ; I don’t much care which. Well, then, as I learn the old gentleman is the most kind, hospitable fellow in the world, he’ll admit me at once ; his daughter will tend my sick couch—nurse—read to me ; glorious fun, Harry. I’ll make fierce love to her ; and now, the only point to be decided is, whether, having partaken of the Colonel’s hospitality so freely, I ought to carry her off, or marry her with papa’s consent. You see there is much to be said for either line of proceeding.”

“I certainly agree with you there ; but since you seem to see your way so clearly up to that point, why, I should advise you leaving that an ‘open question,’ as the ministers say, when they are hard pressed for an opinion.”

“Well, Harry, I consent ; it shall remain so. Now, for *your* part, for I have not come to that.”

“*Mine*,” said I, in amazement ; “why how can I possibly have any character assigned me in the drama ?”

“I’ll tell you, Harry, you shall come with me in the gig, in the capacity of my valet.”

“Your what ?” said I, horror-struck at his impudence.

“Come, no nonsense, Harry, you’ll have a glorious time of it—shall choose as becoming a livery as you like—and

you'll have the whole female world below stairs dying for you ; and all I ask for such an opportunity vouchsafed to you, is to puff me, your master, in every possible shape and form, and represent me as the finest and most liberal fellow in the world ; rolling in wealth, and only striving to get rid of it."

The unparalleled effrontery of Master Jack, in assigning to me such an office, absolutely left me unable to reply to him ; while he continued to expatiate upon the great field for exertion thus opened to us both. At last, it occurred to me to benefit by an anecdote of a something similar arrangement, in capturing, not a young lady, but a fortified town ; by retorting Jack's proposition.

"Come," said I, "I agree, with one only difference ; I'll be the master and you the man on this occasion."

To my utter confusion, and, without a second's consideration, Waller grasped my hand, and cried "done." Of course, I laughed heartily at the utter absurdity of the whole scheme, and rallied my friend on his prospects of Botany Bay, for such an exploit ; never contemplating in the most remote degree, the commission of such extravagance.

Upon this Jack, to use the expressive French phrase, "*pris sa parole*," touching with a master-like delicacy at my late defeat among the Callonbys ; which, up to this instant, I believed him in ignorance of, he expatiated upon the prospect of my repairing that misfortune, and obtaining a fortune considerably larger, he cautiously abstained from mentioning the personal charms of the young lady, supposing, from my lachrymose look, that my heart had not yet recovered the shock of Lady Jane's perfidy ; and rather preferred to dwell upon the escape, such a marriage could open to me, from the mockery of the mess table—the jesting of my brother officers, and the life-long raillery of the service, wherever the story reached. The fatal facility of my disposition, so often and so loudly chronicled in these Confessions—the openness to be led whither any one might take the trouble to conduct me—the easy indifference to assume any character which might be pressed upon me, by chance, accident or design, assisted by my share of three flasks of Champagne, induced me first to listen—then to attend to—soon after to suggest—and finally, absolutely to concur with, and agree to

a proposal, which, in other moments, I must have regarded as downright insanity. As the clock struck two, I had just affixed my name to an agreement, for Jack Waller had so much of method in his madness, that, fearful of my retracting in the morning, he had committed the whole to writing, which, as a specimen of Jack's legal talents, I copy from the original document, now in my possession.

"The Plough, Cheltenham, Tuesday night or morning, two o'clock—be the same more or less. I, Harry Lorrequer, sub. in his Majesty's —th regiment of foot, on the one part ; and I, John Waller, commonly called Jack Waller, of the 11th light dragoons on the other ; hereby promise and agree, each for himself, and not one for the other, to the following conditions, which are hereafter subjoined, to wit, the aforesaid Jack Waller is to serve, obey, and humbly follow the aforementioned Harry Lorrequer, for the space of one month of four weeks ; conducting himself in all respects, modes, ways, manners, as his, the aforesaid Lorrequer's own man, skip, valet, or saucypan—duly praising, puffing, and lauding the aforesaid Lorrequer, and in every way facilitating his success to the hand and fortune of —"

"Shall we put in her name, Harry ? here," said Jack.

"I think not ; we'll fill it up in pencil ; that looks very knowing."

"—at the end of which period, if successful in his suit, the aforesaid Harry Lorrequer is to render to the aforesaid Waller the sum of ten thousand pounds three and a half per cent. with a faithful discharge in writing for his services, as may be. If, on the other hand, and which Heaven forbid, the aforesaid Lorrequer fail in obtaining the hand of —, that he will evacuate the territory within twelve hours, and repairing to a convenient spot selected by the aforesaid Waller, then and there duly invest himself with a livery chosen by the aforesaid Waller—"

"You know, each man uses his choice in this particular," said Jack.

"—and for the space of four calendar weeks, be unto the aforesaid Waller, as his skip, or valet, receiving, in the event of success, the like compensation, as aforesaid ; each, promising strictly to maintain the term of their agreement, and binding, by a solemn pledge, to divest themselves of every right appertaining to their former

condition, for the space of time there mentioned."

We signed and sealed it formally, and finished another flask to its perfect ratification. This done, and after a hearty shake hands, we parted and retired for the night.

The first thing I saw on waking the following morning, was Jack Waller, standing beside my bed, evidently in excellent spirits with himself and all the world.

"Harry, my boy, I have done it gloriously," said he. "I only remembered on parting with you last night, that one of the most marked features in our old colonel's character is a certain vague idea he has somewhere picked up, that he has been at some very remote period of his history, a most distinguished officer. This notion, it appears, haunts his mind, and he absolutely believes he has been in every engagement from the seven years' war, down to the Battle of Waterloo. You cannot mention a siege he did not lay down the first parallel for; nor a storming party, where he did not lead the forlorn hope; and there is not a regiment in the service, from those that formed the fighting brigade of Picton, down to the London trainbands, with which, to use his own phrase, he has not fought and bled. This mania of heroism is droll enough, when one considers that the sphere of his action was necessarily so limited; but yet *we* have every reason to be thankful for the peculiarity, as you'll say, when I inform you that this morning I despatched a hasty messenger to his villa, with a most polite note, setting forth that a Mr. Lorrequer—ay, Harry, all above board—there is nothing like it—a Mr. Lorrequer, of the —th, was collecting for publication, such materials as might serve to commemorate the distinguished engagements of British officers, who have, at any time, been in command—he most respectfully requests an interview with Colonel Kamworth, whose distinguished services, on many gallant occasions, have called forth the unqualified approval of his majesty's government. Mr. Lorrequer's stay is necessarily limited to a few days, as he proceeds from this to visit Lord Anglesey; and, therefore, would humbly suggest as early a meeting as may suit Colonel K.'s convenience. What think you now? Is this a master-stroke or not?"

"Why, certainly. Here's for it

now," said I, drawing a deep sigh. "But Jack, what is all this? Why, you're in livery already."

I now, for the first time, perceived that Waller was arrayed in a very decorous suit of dark grey, with cord shorts and boots, and looked a very knowing, but very quick style of servant, for the side of a tilbury.

"You like it, do you? Well, I should have preferred something a little more showy myself; but as you chose this last night, I, of course, gave way; and after all, I believe you're right; it certainly is neat."

"Did I choose it last night? for I have not the slightest recollection of it."

"Yes; you were most particular about the length of the waistcoat, and the height of the cockade, and you see I have followed your orders tolerably close; and now, adieu to sweet equality for a season; and I am your most obedient servant for four weeks; see that you make the most of it."

While we were talking, the waiter entered with a note addressed to me, which I rightly conjectured could only come from Colonel Kamworth. It ran thus—

"Colonel Kamworth feels highly flattered by the polite attention of Mr. Lorrequer, and will esteem it a particular favor, if Mr. L. can afford him the few days his stay in this part of the country will permit, by spending them at Hydrabad Cottage. Any information as to Colonel Kamworth's services in the four quarters of the globe, he need not say, is entirely at Mr. L.'s disposal.

"Colonel K. dines at six precisely."

When Waller had read the note through, he tossed his hat up in the air; and, with something little short of an Indian whoop, shouted out—

"The game is won already. Harry, my man, give me the check for the ten thousand; she is your own this minute."

Without participating entirely in Waller's exceeding delight, I could not help feeling a growing interest in the part I was advertised to perform, and began my rehearsal with more spirit than I thought I should have been able to command.

That same evening, at the same hour as that in which on the preceding I sat lone and comfortless by the coffee-room fire, I was seated opposite a very pompous, respectable looking old man, with a large, stiff queue of

white hair, who pressed me repeatedly to fill my glass and pass the decanter. The room was a small library, with handsomely fitted shelves; there were but four chairs, but each would have made at least three of any modern one. The curtains, of deep crimson cloth, effectually secured the room from draught; and the cheerful wood fire, blazing on the hearth, which was the only light in the apartment, gave a most inviting look of comfort and snugness to every thing. This, thought I, is all excellent; and however the adventure ends, this is certainly pleasant, and I never tasted better Madeira.

"And so, Mr. Lorrequer, you heard of my affair at Cantantrabad, when I took the Rajah prisoner?"

"Yes," said I; "the governor general mentioned the gallant business the very last time I dined at Government House."

"Ah, did he? kind of him, though. Well, sir, I received two millions of rupees on the morning after, and a promise of ten more if I would permit him to escape—but no—I refused flatly."

"Is it possible; and what did you do with the two million—sent them of course—"

"No; that I didn't; the wretches know nothing of the use of money. No, no; I have them this moment in good government security."

"I believe I never mentioned to you the storming of Java. Fill yourself another glass, and I'll describe it all to you; for it will be of infinite consequence that a true narrative of this meets the public eye; they really are quite ignorant of it. Here now is Fort Cornelius, and there is the moat; the sugar basin is the citadel, and the tongs is the first trench; the decanter will represent the tall tower towards the south-west angle; and here, the wine glass—this is me. Well, it was a little after ten at night I got the order, from the general in command, to march upon this plate of figs, which was an open space before Fort Cornelius, and to take up my position in front of the fort; and with four pieces of field artillery—these walnuts here—to be ready to open my fire at a moment's warning upon the sou-west tower; but, my dear sir, you have moved the tower; I thought you were drinking Madeira. As I said before, to open my fire upon the sou-west tower, or if necessary protect the sugar tongs, which I explained to you was the

trench. Just at the same time, the besieged were making preparations for a sortie to occupy this dish of almonds and raisins. The high ground to the left of my position—put another log on the fire, if you please, sir; for I cannot see myself. I thought I was up near the figs, and I find myself down near the half moon."

"It is past nine, sir," said a servant, entering the room; "shall I take the carriage for Miss Kamworth, sir?" This being the first time the name of the young lady was mentioned since my arrival, I felt somewhat anxious to hear more of her, in which laudable desire I was not, however, to be gratified; for the colonel, feeling considerably annoyed by the interruption, dismissed the servant by saying—

"What do you mean, sirrah, by coming in at this moment; don't you see I am preparing for the attack on the half moon?" Mr. Lorrequer, I beg your pardon for one moment; this fellow has completely put me out; and besides, I perceive you have eaten the flying artillery; and in fact, my dear sir, I shall be obliged to lay down the position again.

With this praiseworthy interest the colonel proceeded to arrange the "*matériel*" of our dessert in battle array, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a very handsome girl, in a most becoming *dein toilette*, sprung into the room, and either not noticing, or not caring, that a stranger was present, threw herself into the old gentleman's arms, with a degree of *empressement*, and exceedingly vexatious for any third and unoccupied party to witness.

"Mary, my dear," said the colonel, completely forgetting Java and Fort Cornelius at once, "you don't perceive I have a gentleman to introduce to you. Mr. Lorrequer, my daughter, Miss Kamworth;" here the young lady courtesied, somewhat stiffly, and I bowed reverently; and we all resumed places. I now found out that Miss Kamworth had been spending the preceding four or five days at a friend's in the neighbourhood; and had preferred coming home somewhat unexpectedly to waiting for her own carriage.

My Confessions, if recorded verbatim, from the notes of that four weeks' sojourn, would only increase the already too prolix and uninteresting details of this chapter in my life. I need only say, that without falling in

love with Mary Kamworth, I felt prodigiously disposed thereto. She was extremely pretty; had a foot and ankle to swear by; the most silvery toned voice I almost ever heard, and a certain witchery and archness of manner, that by its very tantalizing uncertainty, continually provoked attention; and by suggesting a difficulty in the road to success, imparted a more than common zest in the pursuit. She was a little, a very little blue, rather a dabbler in the "ologies," than a real disciple. Yet she made collections of minerals, and brown beetles, and cryptogamias, and various other homœopathic doses of the creation, infinitesimally small in their subdivision; in none of which I felt any interest, save in the excuse they gave for accompanying her in her poney-phacton. This was, however, a rare pleasure; for every morning for at least three or four hours, I was obliged to sit opposite the colonel, engaged in the compilation of that narrative of his *res gesta*, which was to eclipse the career of Napoleon and leave Wellington's laurels but a very faded lustre in comparison. In this agreeable occupation thus did I pass the greater part of my day, in listening to the insufferable prolixity of the most prolix of colonels; and at times notwithstanding the propinquity of relationship which awaited us, almost regretting that he was not blown up in any of the numerous explosions his memoir abounded with. I may here mention, that while my literary labour was thus progressing, the young lady continued her avocations as before—not indeed with me for her companion—but Waller; for Colonel Kamworth, "having remarked the steadiness and propriety of my man, felt no scruple in sending him out to drive Miss Kamworth," particularly as I gave him a most excellent character for every virtue under heaven.

I must hasten on.—The last day of my four weeks was drawing to a close. Colonel Kamworth had pressed me to prolong my visit; and I only waited for Waller's return from Cheltenham, whither I had sent him for my letters, to make arrangements with him to absolve me from my ridiculous bond, and accept the invitation. We were sitting round the library fire; the colonel, as usual, narrating his early deeds and hair-breadth 'scapes; Mary, embroidering an indescribable something, which every evening made its appearance, but seemed never to advance, was rather

in better spirits than usual; at the same time her manner was nervous and uncertain; and I could perceive by her frequent absence of mind, that her thoughts were not as much occupied by the siège of Java as her worthy father believed them. Without laying any stress upon the circumstance, I must yet avow that Waller's not having returned from Cheltenham gave me some uneasiness; and I more than once had recourse to the bell to demand if "my servant had come back yet?" At each of these times I well remember the peculiar expression of Mary's look; the half embarrassment, half drollery, with which she listened to the question, and heard the answer in the negative. Supper at length made its appearance; and I asked the servant who waited, "if my man had brought me any letters," varying my enquiry to conceal my anxiety; and again I heard he was not returned. Resolving now to propose in all form for Miss Kamworth the next morning, and by referring the colonel to my uncle Sir Guy, smooth, as far as I could, all difficulties, I wished them good night, and retired; not, however, before the colonel had warned me that they were to have an excursion to some place in the neighbourhood the next day; and begging that I might be in the breakfast room at nine, as they were to assemble there from all parts, and start early on the expedition. I was in a sound sleep the following morning, when a gentle tap at the door awoke me; at the same time I recognized the voice of the colonel's servant, saying, "Mr. Lorrequer, breakfast is waiting, sir."

I sprang up at once, and replying, "Very well, I shall come down," proceeded to dress in all haste; but to my horror, I could not discern a vestige of my clothes; nothing remained of the habiliments I possessed only the day before; even my portmanteau had disappeared. After a most diligent search, I discovered on a chair in a corner of the room, a small bundle tied up in a handkerchief, on opening which I perceived a new suit of livery of the most gaudy and showy description; the vest and breeches of yellow plush, with light blue binding and lace; of which color was also the coat, which had a standing collar and huge cuffs, deeply ornamented with worked button holes and large buttons. As I turned the things over, without even a guess of what they could mean, for I

was scarcely well awake, I perceived a small slip of paper fastened to the coat sleeve, upon which, in Waller's handwriting, the following few words were written :—

"The livery I hope will fit you ; as I am rather particular about how you'll look ; get quietly down to the stable yard, and drive the tilbury into Cheltenham, where wait for further orders, from your kind master.

"JOHN WALLER."

The horrible villainy of this wild scamp actually paralysed me—that I should put on such ridiculous trumpery was out of the question ; yet what was to be done ? I rung the bell violently ; "Where are my clothes, Thomas ?"

"Don't know, sir ; I was out all the morning, sir, and never seed them."

"There, Thomas, be smart now and send them up, will you ?" Thomas disappeared, and speedily returned to say, "that my clothes could not be found any where ; no one knew any thing of them, and begged me to come down, as Miss Kamworth desired him to say that they were still waiting, and she begged Mr. Lorrequer would not make an elaborate toilette, as they were going on a country excursion." An elaborate toilette ! I wish to heaven she saw my costume ; no, I'll never do it. "Thomas, you must tell the ladies and the colonel too, that I feel very ill ; I am not to leave my bed ; I am subject to attacks—very violent attacks in my head, and must always be left quiet and alone—perfectly alone—mind me, Thomas—for a day at least." Thomas departed ; and as I lay distracted in my bed, I heard, from the breakfast room, the loud laughter of many persons evidently enjoying some excellent joke ; could it be me they were laughing at ; the thought was horrible.

"Colonel Kamworth wishes to know if you'd like the doctor, sir," said Thomas, evidently suppressing a most inveterate fit of laughing, as he again appeared at the door.

"No, certainly not," said I, in a voice of thunder ; "what the devil are you grinning at ?"

"You may as well come, my man ; you're found out ; they all know it now," said the fellow with an odious grin.

I jumped out of the bed, and hurled the boot jack at him with all my strength ; but had only the satisfaction to hear him go down stairs chuckling

at his escape ; and as he reached the parlour, the increase of mirth and the loudness of the laughter told me that he was not the only one who was merry at my expense. Any thing was preferable to this ; down stairs I resolved to go at once—but how ; a blanket I thought would not be a bad thing, and particularly as I had said I was ill ; I could at least get as far as Colonel Kamworth's dressing room, and explain to him the whole affair ; but then if I was detected *en route*, which I was almost sure to be, with so many people parading about the house. No ; that would never do ; there was but one alternative, and dreadful, and shocking as it was, I could not avoid it ; and with a heavy heart, and as much indignation at Waller for what I could not but consider a most scurvy trick, I donned the yellow inexpressibles ; next came the vest, and last the coat, with its broad flaps and lace excrescences, fifty times more absurd and merry-andrew than any stage servant who makes off with his table and two chairs, amid the hisses and gibes of an upper gallery.

If my costume leaned towards the ridiculous, I resolved that my air and bearing should be more than usually austere and haughty ; and with something of the stride of John Kemble in *Coriolanus*, I was leaving my bedroom, when I accidentally caught a view of myself in the glass ; and so mortified, so shocked was I, that I sank into a chair, and almost resigned my resolution to go on ; the very gesture I had assumed for my vindication only increased the ridicule of my appearance ; and the strange quaintness of the costume totally obliterated every trace of any characteristic of the wearer, so infernally cunning was its contrivance. I don't think that the most saturnine martyr of gout and dyspepsia could survey me without laughing. With a bold effort, I flung open my room, hurried down the stairs, and reached the hall ; the first person I met was I kind of pantry boy ; a beast only lately emancipated from the plough, and destined after a dozen years' training as a servant, again to be turned back to his old employ for incapacity ; he grinned horribly for a minute as I passed ; and then in a half whisper said—

"Maester, I advise ye run for it ; they're a waiting for ye with the constables in the justice's room." I gave

him a look of contemptuous superiority, at which he grinned the more, and passed on.

Without stopping to consider where I was going, I opened the door of the breakfast parlour, and found myself in one plunge among a room full of people. My first impulse was to retreat again; but so shocked was I, at the very first thing that met my sight, that I was perfectly powerless to do any thing. Among a considerable number of people who stood in small groups round the breakfast table, I discerned Jack Waller, habited in a very accurate black frock and dark trousers, supporting upon arm—shall I confess—no less a person than Mary Kamworth, who leaned on him with the familiarity of old acquaintance, and chatted gaily with him. The buzz of conversation which filled the apartment when I entered ceased for a second of deep silence; and then followed by a peal of laughter so long and so vociferous, that in my momentary anger I prayed some one might burst a blood-vessel and frighten the rest; I put on a look of indescribable indignation; I cast a glance of what I intended should be most withering scorn on the assembly; but alas! my infernal harlequin costume ruined the effect; and confound me, if they did not laugh the louder. I turned from one to the other with the air of a man who marks out victims for his future wrath; but with no better success; at last, amid the continued mirth of the party, I made my way towards where Waller stood, absolutely suffocated with laughter, and scarcely able to stand without support. "Waller," said I, in a voice half tremulous with rage and shame together; "Waller, if this rascally trick be yours, rest assured no former term of intimacy between us shall——"

Before I could conclude the sentence, a bustle at the door of the room, called every attention in that direction; I turned and beheld Colonel Kamworth, followed by a strong posse comitatus of constables, tipstiffs, &c., armed to the teeth, and entirely prepared for vigorous battle; before I was able to point out my woes to my kind host, he burst out with—

"So you scoundrel, you impostor, you damned villain, pretending to be a gentleman, you get admission into a man's house and dine at his table, when your proper place had been

behind his chair; how long he might have gone on, heaven can tell, if that excellent young gentleman, his master, had not traced him here this morning; but you'll pay dearly for it you young rascal; that you shall."

"Colonel Kamworth," said I, drawing myself proudly up, (and I confess exciting new hursts of laughter,) "Colonel Kamworth, for the expressions you have just applied to me, a heavy reckoning awaits you; not, however, before another individual now present shall atone for the insult he dared to pass upon me." Colonel Kamworth's passion at this declaration knew no bounds; he cursed and swore absolutely like a madman, and avowed that transportation for life would be a mild sentence for such iniquity.

Waller at length wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, interposed between the colonel and his victim, and begged that I might be forgiven; "for indeed, my dear sir," said he, "the poor fellow is of rather respectable parentage, and such is his taste for good society, that he'd run any risk to be among his betters, although, as in the present case, the exposure brings a rather heavy retribution; however, let me deal with him. Come Henry," said he, with an air of insufferable superiority, "take my tilbury into town, and wait for me at the George; I shall endeavour to make your peace with my excellent friend, Colonel Kamworth; and the best mode you can contribute to that object is to let us have no more of your society."

I cannot attempt to picture my rage at these words; however escape from this diabolical predicament was my only present object; and I rushed from the room, and springing into the tilbury at the door, drove down the avenue at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, amid the united cheers, groans, and yells of the whole servants' hall, who seemed to enjoy my "detection" more even than their betters. Meditating vengeance, sharp, short, and decisive on Waller, the colonel, and every one else in the infernal conspiracy against me, for I utterly forgot every vestige of our agreement in the surprise by which I was taken, I reached Cheltenham. Unfortunately I had no friend there to whose management I could commit the bearing of a message, and was obliged, as soon as I could procure suitable costume, to hasten up to Coventry where the ——th

dragoons were then quartered. I lost no time in selecting an adviser, and taking the necessary steps to bring Master Waller to a reckoning; and on the third morning we again reached Cheltenham, thirsting for vengeance, and bursting still with anger; not so, my friend, however, who never could discuss the affair with common gravity, and even ventured every now and then on a sly allusion to my yellow shorts. As we passed the last toll bar, a travelling carriage came whirling by with four horses at a tremendous pace; and as the morning was frosty, and the sun scarcely risen, the whole team were smoking and steaming, so as to be half invisible. We both remarked on the precipitancy of the party; for as our own pace was considerable, the two vehicles passed like lightning. We had scarcely dressed, and ordered breakfast, when a more than usual bustle in the yard called us to the window; the waiter, who came in at the same instant, told us that four horses were ordered out to pursue a young lady that had eloped that morning with a young officer.

"Ah, our friend in the green travelling chariot, I'll be bound," said my companion; but as neither of us knew that part of the country, and I was too engrossed by my own thoughts, I never enquired

further. As the chaise in chase drove round the door, I looked to see what the pursuer was like; and as he issued from the inn, recognized my *ci devant* host, Colonel Kamworth. I need not say my vengeance was sated at once; he had lost his daughter, and Waller was on the road to be married. Apologies and explanations came in due time, for all my injuries and sufferings; and I confess, the part which pleased me most was, that I saw no more of Jack, who started for the continent, where he has lived ever since on a small allowance, granted by his father-in-law, and never paying me the stipulated sum, as I had clearly broken the compact.

So much for my second attempt at matrimony; one would suppose that such experience should be deemed sufficient to show that my talent did not lie in that way; yet not so. But here I must rest for the present, with the additional confession, that so strong was the memory of that vile adventure, that I refused a lucrative appointment under Lord Anglesey's government, when I discovered that his livery included "yellow plush breeches;" to have such "souvenirs" sitting around and about me, at dinner and elsewhere, would have left me without a pleasure in existence.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet when joy that has been long away,
Revisits us with unforgetting smile,
And whispers that in all that tedious while
It only seemed from our sides to stray;
When, after dreary months, a sudden May
Woos us abroad, with many a loving wile,
Or when we listen, in cathedral aisle,
An anthem that we heard some long-gone day:
Or gaze on face of some long-parted friend,
Or scene that we have gazed on long ago;
Or feel within ourselves the subtle flow
Of some remember'd mood steal on, and blend,
In union fine, old thoughts and new; or pore
On some delightful page, long read before.

W. R. H.

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THE tumult of events by which the very existence of the British monarchy has been perilled, have necessarily interrupted our notices of Mr. Alison's important work. We now resume them, and purpose, in the present number, to give our readers some account of the fifth volume of the only publication in the English language which is worthy the name of a connected and impartial history of the French revolution.

In this volume our author details the events from the peace of Amiens to the battle of Jena, with a luminous fulness and precision which cannot be too highly commended. The character which we gave of him in our former notice has been fully sustained; and we know not where, amongst his contemporaries, we could find a writer whose claims rank so high, for research, for impartiality, for judgment, and for discrimination. Nor can we forget that these are times, in which, to devote powers like his to labours such as those in which he has been engaged, required no little self-renunciation. For they are not such as the mob could appreciate, or the demagogue would approve. The exposure of the malpractices of the revolutionists in France was not likely to gain the applause of the infidels and republicans in England; nor would it recommend him to the favourable notice of a radical Scotch constituency, to detail, as he has done, the atrocities by which their French prototypes were distinguished. Besides, the calm tone of historical narration was not calculated to arrest attention in these spirit-stirring times; and he must have well known that, amidst the obstreperous din of angry politics, there was but little chance of hearing the still small voice in which history delighteth to utter her admonitions and her warnings. By the party intent upon the destruction of our institutions, the lessons of the past would be despised; by those engaged in their preservation, they must, for the present, be unheeded. And when our author sat down to the work before us, he must have deliberately made up his mind to purchase future fame by a sacrifice of present emolument and repu-

tation. Had he chosen to fall in with the political cant of the day, and to shout for liberty and equality, after the fashion of Bowring, Roebuck, and others, one hundredth part of the ability which he possesses would have enabled him, with ease, to distance these mountebanks in the race of popularity, and to obtain such honours and rewards as have been showered upon them and their worthy compatriots, by a fickle and ignorant populace, and an unprincipled administration. But he has chosen the better part, and he will, we trust, have no reason to repent it. It will, at all events, be a proud consolation, in any event, to reflect that what in him lay, had been done to avert from his country the curse of anarchy and revolution. And the day is, we trust, rapidly approaching, when the returning good sense of the country may enable us to congratulate him upon the arrival of a season of security and tranquillity, which is all that can be necessary to render his history as popular as it is delightful.

To those who take a lead in Conservative proceedings we would say, by all means let copies of the work be multiplied, and placed wherever it is practicable so to do, within the reach of the people. Let it be the landlord's present to a worthy and improving tenant; let it be the school-boy's premium; let it form part of the mechanic's lending library. This is the only sure and certain way to improve the constituencies, and to ensure the propagation of those good principles, upon the prevalence of which the security of our constitution depends. Thus, and thus alone, can the machinations of the demagogue be counteracted. He depends upon the ignorance, we upon the knowledge; he depends upon the profligacy, we upon the virtue of the people. Let us, then, come to the rescue of our invaluable institutions, by presenting to our fellow countrymen those lessons of wisdom by which they may be armed against the devices of political deceivers. Even of most of the radicals we would say, they are not wilfully or wickedly, the enemies of church or state. It is not because of their pro-

* History of Europe during the French Revolution. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., advocate. Vol. V. Blackwood and Sons, 1836.

fligacy or their infidelity, that they are attached to their present leaders. They have been deluded into the belief that our old institutions are but the buttresses of tyranny; that those by whom they would be overthrown are the apostles of freedom. What should be our course? To pour that light upon them by which these fatal errors may be removed; to exhibit our institutions, as in truth they are, the outworks of liberty, and to expose the hollow devices of their unprincipled assailants; to evince an honest promptitude in the correction of every known abuse; and to lay bare the consequences of unwise and precipitate changes, such as, in the case of France, led to the demolition of the social fabric, and ended not until they had convulsed the world. If this were done, by our leaders, with steadiness and perseverance, we would confidently predict the happiest results. Many, who are now possessed by the evil spirits of anarchy and infidelity, would soon be found "sitting, and clothed, and in their right mind." Let such a course be neglected, and we do not affirm that any speedy destruction will overtake us; we do not say, that, while we are staggering like drunken men, upon the verge of a precipice, accident may not incline us to the side of safety. But, verily do we say, that, in such a case, we could not answer for the consequences; that no one could tell what a day might bring forth; that we would be living, politically, from hand to mouth; and that there could be no security for our preservation for a single hour, while we neglected to take any adequate precaution against dangers which were as certain as they were alarming.

The volume before us commences with an account of the outbreak of St. Domingo, when the measures of the revolutionary government in France had excited aspirations after liberty, in the hearts of its sable population. The contest was between the planters and their slaves; how it was carried on, while the former resisted what they deemed legislative robbery, and the latter asserted what they deemed their inviolable freedom, may be seen by the following extracts:—

"Far from appreciating the hourly increasing dangers of their situation, and endeavouring to form with the new citizens an organized body to check the farther progress of levelling principles, the planters openly endeavoured to resist this

rash decree. Civil war was preparing in this once peaceful and beautiful colony; arms were collecting; the soldiers, caressed and seduced by both parties, were wavering between their old feelings of regal allegiance and the modern influence of intoxicating principles, when a new and terrible enemy arose, who speedily extinguished in blood, the discord of his oppressors. On the night of the 22nd of August, the negro revolt, long and secretly organized, at once broke forth, and wrapt the whole northern part of the colony in flames. Jean Francois, a slave of vast penetration, firm character, and violent passions, not unmingled with generosity, was the leader of the conspiracy; his lieutenants were Biasson and Toussaint. The former, of gigantic stature, Herculean strength, and indomitable ferocity, was well fitted to assert that superiority which such qualities seldom fail to command in savage times; the latter, gifted with rare intelligence, profound dissimulation, boundless ambition, and heroic firmness, was fitted to become at once the Numa and the Romulus of the sable republic in the southern hemisphere.

"This vast conspiracy, productive in the end of calamities unparalleled even in the long catalogue of European atrocity, had for its objects the total extirpation of the whites, and the establishment of an independent black government over the whole island. So inviolable was the secrecy, so general the dissimulation of the slaves, that this awful catastrophe was noways apprehended by the European proprietors; and a conspiracy, which embraced nearly the whole negro population of the island, was revealed only by the obscure hints of a few faithful domestics, who, without betraying their comrades, warned their masters of their danger. The explosion was sudden and terrible. In a moment, the beautiful plains in the north of the island were covered with fires—the labour of a century was devoured in a night; while the negroes, like unchained tigers, precipitated themselves on their masters, seized their arms, massacred them without pity, or threw them into the flames. From all quarters the terrified planters fled to Cape Town, already menaced by ten thousand discontented slaves in its own bosom; while fifteen thousand insurgents surrounded the city, threatening instant destruction to the trembling fugitives within its walls.

"The cruelties exercised on the unhappy captives on both sides, in this disastrous contest, exceeded any thing recorded in history. The negroes marched with spiked infants on their spears instead of colours; they sawed asunder the male

prisoners, and violated the females on the dead bodies of their husbands. Nor were the whites slow in taking vengeance for these atrocities. In several sallies from Cape Town, the discipline and courage of the Europeans prevailed. Numerous prisoners were made, who were instantly put to death, and the indiscriminate rage of the victors extended to the old men, women, and children of the insurgent race, who had taken no part in the revolt."

The arrival of "commissioners" from France, by whom the conflicting pretensions of the combatants might be reconciled, for a brief season caused a cessation of these horrors; but they were soon renewed, when a favourable opportunity seemed to present itself, in a violent quarrel which ensued between the white and the mulatto population. How the negroes profited by this may be seen in the following extract:—

"Three thousand insurgents penetrated through the works, stript of their defenders during the general tumult, and, making straight for the prisons, delivered a large body of slaves who were there in chains. Instantly the liberated captives spread themselves over the town, set it on fire in every quarter, and massacred the unhappy whites when seeking to escape from the conflagration. A scene of matchless horror ensued: twenty thousand negroes broke into the city, and with the torch in one hand and the sword in the other, spread slaughter and devastation around. Hardly had the strife of the Europeans with each other subsided, when they found themselves overwhelmed by the vengeance which had been accumulating for centuries in the African breast. Neither age nor sex were spared; the young were cut down in striving to defend their houses, the aged in the churches where they had fled to implore protection; virgins were immolated on the altar; weeping infants hurled into fires. Amidst the shrieks of the sufferers, and the shouts of the victors, the finest city in the West Indies was reduced to ashes: its splendid churches, its stately palaces, were wrapt in flames; thirty thousand human beings perished in the massacre, and the wretched fugitives who had escaped from this scene of horror on board the ships, were guided in their passage over the deep by the prodigious light which arose from their burning habitations. They almost all took refuge in the United States, where they were received with the most generous hospitality; but the frigate *La Fine* foundered on the passage, and five hun-

dred of the survivors from the flames perished in the waves.

"Thus fell the queen of the Antilles: the most stately monument of European opulence that had yet arisen in the New World. Nothing deterred, however, by this unparalleled calamity, the commissioners of the republic pursued their frantic career; and, amidst the smoking ruins of the capital, published a decree which proclaimed the freedom of all the blacks who should enrol themselves under the standards of the republic; a measure which was equivalent to the instant abolition of slavery over the whole island. Further resistance was now hopeless; the republican authorities became the most ardent persecutors of the planters; pursued alike by Jacobin frenzy and African vengeance, they fled in despair. Polverel proclaimed the liberty of the blacks in the west, and Montbrun gave free vent to his hatred of the colonists, by compelling them to leave Port-au-Prince, which had not yet fallen into the hands of the negroes. Every where the triumph of the slaves was complete, and the authority of the planters for ever destroyed."

Such was the state of affairs in the colony, when Napoleon was created first consul. His thoughts were immediately directed to its pacification and security. For this purpose he resolved to avail himself of the influence and the abilities of Toussaint, to whom he sent a decree, confirming him in his command as general-in-chief, and by whose instrumentality he hoped to secure the colony in its dependence upon France. The negro chief was proud of the distinction which was conferred upon him, and proceeded, in the execution of his commission, to subdue the refractory spirit of the mulattoes, and to quell the insubordination of such of his sable brethren as were actuated by discontent or treachery, to resist the new arrangements.

"Toussaint, now undisputed governor of the whole island, adopted the most vigorous measures to put an end to the public discord. While he himself published a general amnesty, and paraded in triumph through the island, attended by all the pomp of European splendour, he committed to his ferocious lieutenant, Dessalines, the task of extinguishing the remains of the hostile party. That chief executed the duty with scrupulous exactness; the method of destroying provinces by means of noyades, imported from France by the revolutionary agents, was practised with fatal success, and African vengeance availed itself of the means of

destruction which revolutionary cruelty had invented. While Toussaint was received with discharges of cannon and every demonstration of public joy in the principal cities of the island, ten thousand unhappy captives perished by the orders of the ferocious Dessalines, and the remains of the ardent race of mulattoes, whose ambition had first disturbed the peace of the island, perished by the hands of the servile crowd whom they had themselves elevated into irresistible power.

"Delivered by this bloody execution from almost all his enemies, Toussaint applied himself, with his wonted vigour, to restore the cultivation of the island, which, amidst the public calamities, had been almost totally abandoned. Imitating the feudal policy, he distributed the unoccupied buildings and lands among his military followers, and their authority having compelled the common men to work, the level parts of the country soon assumed a comparatively flourishing appearance. At the same time an assembly of the leading chiefs of the country was convoked at Cape Town, who drew up a constitution for the inhabitants, and conferred on Toussaint unlimited authority, under the title of President and Governor for life, with the right of nominating his successor. Colonel Vincent was immediately despatched to Paris with the new constitution, and a letter from Toussaint to the First Consul, beginning with the words, 'the first of blacks to the first of whites.'"

The intelligence of these events came upon Buonaparte with surprise, and was received with anger. With what complacency soever he might have contemplated Toussaint as a subordinate, he could not endure to look upon him as an equal; and the assumption of authority, on the part of the blacks, and the manner in which it was conferred, appeared so like a travesty of the proceedings in France, by which he himself attained the consulship, that he could scarcely regard it as any other than a personal insult. Besides, he saw the value of the colony, in its commercial results, which gave a balance to the mother country of sixteen millions sterling, annually, while it employed a thousand ships, and thirty thousand seamen; and he felt at once that, unless a blow was immediately struck, it was lost to France for ever.

Accordingly, measures were promptly taken for reducing the colony to its allegiance. And, as the peace of Amiens had rendered the seas naviga-

ble to the French ships of war, they were speedily covered with vessels, which conveyed an army, under the command of Napoleon's brother-in-law, Le Clerc, by the departure of which from France, he hoped to rid himself of some discontented and dangerous spirits at home, who yet might render good service in the country to which they were transported.

But, nothing daunted by the vast preparations which were made against him, Toussaint resolutely prepared for the defence of the island, and Le Clerc soon found that he had to contend against no unskilful or craven enemy.

It was in vain, the negro chief clearly saw, to contend, in open combat upon the plains, with the hardy and disciplined troops of Europe. He, therefore, abandoned to the invaders, when he could not destroy them, the forts and cities, and retired into the woody fastnesses, called, in the emphatic language of the country, "the grand chaos."

"There is nothing in the temperate zone comparable to the difficulty and intricacy of those primeval forests, where enormous trees shoot up to the height of two hundred feet from the ground, and their stems are enveloped in an impenetrable thicket of creepers and underwood, which flourish under the rays of a vertical sun. No roads, few paths traverse this savage district; almost the only mode of penetrating through it is by following the beds of the torrents, which, in that humid climate frequently furrow the sides of the mountains, where a column of regular soldiers is exposed to a murderous fire from the unseen bands stationed in the overhanging woods. It was Toussaint's design to maintain himself in these impenetrable fastnesses, sending forth merely light parties to harass the flanks and rear of the enemy, until the pestilential season of autumn arrived, and the heavy rains had generated those noxious vapours which, in that deadly climate, so rapidly prove fatal to European constitutions. He had only twelve thousand regular troops remaining, but they were aided by the desultory efforts of the negroes in the plains, who were ever ready, like the peasants of *La Vendée*, to answer his summons, though apparently engaged only in agricultural pursuits; and with such auxiliaries, and the prospect of approaching pestilence, his resources were by no means to be despised, even by the best appointed European army. All the blacks were animated with the most enthusiastic spirit,

for the intentions of the invader were no longer doubtful, and the tenor of the last instructions to Le Clerc had transpired, which were, to re-establish slavery throughout the whole island.

"Penetrated with the difficulty of the novel species of warfare on which he was about to enter, Le Clerc tried to prevail on the negro chief, by conciliatory measures, and the force of his paternal affections, to lay down his arms. For this purpose, he sent to him his two sons, whom he had brought with him from Paris, along with their crafty preceptor, M. Coisson, and a letter from the first consul, in which he acknowledged his great services to France, and offered him the command of the colony, if he would submit to the laws of the republic. With no small difficulty the children made their way to the habitation of Toussaint at Ennery, thirty leagues from Cape Town, in the mountains. Their mother wept for joy on beholding her long-lost offspring; and the chief himself, who was absent on their arrival, fell on their necks on his return, and for a moment was shaken in his resolution to maintain the independence of his country by the flood of parental affection. He soon, however, recovered the wonted firmness of his character. In vain his sons embraced his knees, and implored him to accede to the proposition of the first consul; in vain his wife and family added their tears. He saw through the artifice of his enemies, and clearly perceived that his submission would be the signal for the re-establishment of slavery throughout the colony. In the generous contention, patriotic duty prevailed over parental love. He sent back his sons to Le Clerc, with an evasive letter, proposing an armistice; the French general granted him four days to determine, and again restored them to their father. Toussaint, upon this, retained his sons, and returned no answer to Le Clerc, who forthwith declared him a rebel, and prepared to carry on the war to the last extremity."

But a contest so unequal could not be very long continued. After almost incredible efforts of skill and courage, when deserted by almost all his officers,

"The negro chief was at length forced to submit; but, in doing so, he maintained the dignity of his character, and, instead of accepting the rank and emoluments which had seduced the fidelity of his followers, returned to his mountain farm of Ennery, and resumed, like Cincinnatus, the occupations of rural life."

The iniquitous seizure of Toussaint, and his transportation to Europe, where he died, when confined in a pri-

son in Switzerland, was a deep stain upon the character of Buonaparte; and, by rousing the indignation, and shaking the confidence of the negroes, served to excite a second insurrection, when the proceedings in the island of Guadeloupe, where slavery was formally re-imposed, taught them how little they could trust to the promises of the perfidious invaders. War had now been declared between England and France, and the consequences of that important event were speedily felt in this colonial contest.

"The insurgents, supplied with arms and ammunition by the English cruisers, speedily became irresistible: all the fortified ports in the south and west fell into their hands. Lavalette, at Port-au-Prince, capitulated to Dessalines, and was fortunate enough to reach the Havannah with the greater part of his troops. Rochambeau, blockaded in Cape Town by the blacks on the land side, and the English at sea, was obliged, after a gallant resistance, to surrender at discretion, and was conducted to Jamaica; while the Viscount de Noailles, who last maintained the French standard on the island, escaped under false colours, dexterously eluded the vigilance of the English cruisers, and surprised one of their corvettes, but was wrecked on the coast of Cuba, as if it had been ordained that no part of that ill-fated expedition should escape destruction.

"Thus terminated this melancholy expedition, in which one of the finest armies that France ever sent forth perished, the victims of fatigue, disease, and the perfidy of its government. The loss sustained was immense: out of thirty-five thousand land troops embarked, scarce seven thousand ever regained the shores of France: the history of Europe can hardly afford a parallel instance of so complete a destruction of so vast an armament. Nevertheless the first consul is not chargeable with any want of skill or foresight in the conduct of the expedition, or any Machiavelian design to get quit of the soldiers of a rival chief, in its original conception. The object of regaining possession of so great a colony was well worth the incurring even of considerable risk; the forces employed apparently adequate to the end; the period of the year selected the best adapted for the conduct of warlike operations. In ability of design and wisdom of execution, Napoleon never was deficient; it was the insensibility to any moral government of mankind, springing out of the irreligious habits of a revolution, that occasioned all his misfortunes.

St. Domingo, in fact, was conquered when it was lost by his deceit and perfidy; by the iniquitous seizure of Toussaint, when relying on the faith of a solemn treaty; and the re-establishment of slavery in Guadeloupe, in violation of the promises of the French government, contained in a proclamation signed by the first consul.

"Since the expulsion of the French from the island, St. Domingo has been nominally independent; but slavery has been far indeed from being abolished, and the condition of the people anything but ameliorated by the change. Nominally free, the blacks have remained really enslaved. Compelled to labour, by the terrors of military discipline, for a small part of the produce of the soil, they have retained the severity, without the advantages of servitude; the industrious habits, the flourishing aspect of the island, have disappeared; the surplus wealth, the agricultural opulence of the fields, have ceased; from being the greatest exporting island in the West Indies, it has ceased to raise any sugar; and the inhabitants, reduced to half their former amount, and bitterly galled by their republican task-masters, have relapsed into the indolence and inactivity of savage life."

We have dwelt upon this portion of the history at the greater length, because we think it desirable to present, at full length, to our readers, the first grand experiment of negro emancipation. Its result may be seen by comparing St. Domingo as it was, with St. Domingo as it is, a change from the better to the worse, accomplished through a series of horrors the most revolting. That this should inspire any distrust of the capacities of the negroes for the enjoyment of constitutional liberty, we do not believe. On the contrary, they evinced in the contest qualities which entitle them to admiration, and which may well inspire a hope, that, under a proper system of training, they may be so improved as to realize the fondest hopes of the most ardent of the well-wishers of their race, and enter upon a career of generous rivalry with the most favoured of the white population. But it does, indeed, inspire a distrust of the ignorance and the precipitancy of modern reformers; and shows, very clearly, that mischief and misery may be the consequence of crude and unskilful attempts to remove inveterate abuses, incalculably greater than any which such abuses could engender of themselves. In such

case, *movement* is not *progress*, it is *retrogression*—and serves to precipitate a people into barbarism, not to elevate them in the scale of civilization.

The peace of Amiens gave Napoleon ample leisure and opportunity to mature the schemes of universal dominion, which even then possessed his all-grasping mind. Nor was he wanting to himself in the skill and the vigour with which he prosecuted his continental objects. Prussia was seduced from her honour and her true interest, by the proffered annexation of Hanover. Russia was conciliated by the offer of guaranteeing to her the exclusive navigation of the Black Sea; and Austria, the power from which France had most to dread, found its resources crippled, and its authority impaired, by the indemnities with which the German princes, who had sided with France during the war, were rewarded at her expense, and still more, by the unprincipled invasion of the ecclesiastical states, which she sanctioned, both by her countenance and her example. This profligate policy is thus, by our historian, sternly reprehended:

"But it was not merely by the augmentation of some and diminution of other states, and the formation of a body of sovereigns in the empire, dependent on France for the maintenance of their acquisitions, that this partition of the indemnities was fatal to the best interests of Europe. Moral effects far more disastrous resulted from this great act of diplomatic spoliation. In all ages, indeed, the maxim *vae victis* has been the rule of war; and injury or subjugation formed the lot of the conquered. But in all such cases, not even excepting the recent and flagrant partition of Poland, it was on the belligerent states only that these consequences fell; and the adjoining nations were exempt from the effects of the tempest which had overthrown their less fortunate neighbour. It was reserved for an age in which the principles of justice, freedom, and civil right were loudly invoked on both sides, to behold the adoption of a different principle, and see belligerent states indemnify themselves for their losses in war, at the expense not of the vanquished, but of neutral and weaker powers which had taken no part in the contest. This monstrous injustice, of which Napoleon gave the first example, in the cession of Venice, precipitated into hostile measures by his intrigues, to Austria, was immediately adopted and acted upon by all the great powers; and at the Congress of Ratisbon their frontiers were

rounded, and strength augmented by the spoils of almost all the ecclesiastical princes, and a great number of the free cities of the empire. This, too, was done, not by conquerors with arms in their hands, not in the heat of victory, or triumph of conquest, but by calculating diplomatists, in the bosom of peace, without any enquiry into the interest or wishes of the transferred people, and guided only by an arithmetical estimate in cold blood of the comparative acquisitions by each power in revenue, subjects, and territory. All ideas of public right, of a system of international law, or the support of the weaker against the greater powers, were overturned by this deliberate act of spoliation. Woful experience diffused an universal conviction of the lamentable truth, that the lesser states had never so much cause for alarm as when the greater were coming to an accommodation. Neutrality, it was seen, was the most perilous course which could be adopted, because it interested no one in the preservation of the weaker states; and all Europe prepared to follow the banners of one of the rival chiefs, who, it was foreseen, must soon contend for the empire of the world in the centre of Germany. It is the glory of England that she alone has never acceded to this system of international spoliation; but on the contrary resisted it, on every occasion, to the utmost of her power: that her acquisitions and losses have been all at the expense of her enemies or herself; that no friendly or neutral power has had cause to rue the day that she signed her treaties; and that so far from gaining at the expense of lesser states, she has repeatedly made sacrifices of enormous magnitude, to soften the consequences of their adverse fortune—a memorable instance of the effects of real freedom and a constitutional government in subduing the desire of gain and elevating the standard of public virtue, and of the difference of its effects from all that the fumes of revolutionary enthusiasm or the ambition of despotic power are capable of producing!"

But, before these well-contrived arrangements, which threatened the subjugation not only of the continent, but of Great Britain, could arrive at a pernicious maturity, the peace of Amiens was interrupted. The pretended grounds were, the retention of Malta by the French—the real grounds the character of Buonaparte, and the unprincipled and insatiable nature of French ambition. The designs of Napoleon were more clearly discerned, during the quiet of peace, than during

the tumult of war; and his unwary insolence to our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, which was met with such a dignified resentment by that respected nobleman, who then worthily represented our most gracious sovereign at the Tuilleries, provoked, throughout the nation at large, a more indignant feeling than had ever before been experienced, and made the resumption of hostilities be hailed with a degree of joy, which is usually only excited by the most signal victories.

Both parties now proceeded vigorously in preparations for the greatest contest that has ever taken place in the civilized world. It differed, essentially, from the former, being a war of security, rather than a war of opinion. Europe was now menaced with universal dominion; the evil, which, seen afar off, was despised, when viewed more nearly, was felt to be truly alarming. And the recent conduct of Napoleon, both to Holland and Switzerland, had been such as to excite the sternest indignation even in the breasts of the leaders of the opposition in the House of Commons, and caused many of his most deluded partisans to see, in their true light, his projects of aggrandisement and his strides of usurpation. Austria was cowed and passive. Prussia was self-seeking and corrupt; Russia was still entangled in the meshes of French diplomacy; and France seemed to have surrounded herself with a girdle of conquests, such as would seem to bid a proud defiance to any hostility which she could apprehend from her most formidable enemy.

Nor did the danger, either near or distant, with which she had to contend, escape the penetration of Pitt, to whom, after a short recess from power, the administration of affairs had been at that time entrusted. His great financial ability, and his incorruptible honesty, inspired a confidence in him, at this period, which was in itself a great source of national strength; and foreign powers, who could only be excited to act by pledges that England would supply them with the sinews of war, saw, in the person of this great minister, one, upon whose assurances they might rely for the performance of the national engagements.

The consul was soon metamorphosed into an Emperor, and, while dangers seemed to threaten him on every side, he met them with an augmented dignity and grandeur, while he pompously exhibited his diademed head, and his

robes of state, for the admiration of a vain and an inconstant people.

The following description of the fete at Boulogne, in which his elevation to the imperial dignity was celebrated, shows how well he knew how to excite and sustain the enthusiasm of the French ; and the little sinister incident by which it was terminated, could not fail to intimate to him the instability of human grandeur :—

"Shortly after the conclusion of this important ceremony in the capital, the Emperor repaired to the head quarters of the grand army at Boulogne, and there, on the 16th August, the anniversary of the fete of his tutelar saint, a spectacle of the grandest and most imposing kind, took place. Marshal Soult received orders to assemble the whole troops in the camps at Boulogne and Montreuil, nearly eighty thousand strong, on the slopes of a vast natural amphitheatre, situated on the western face of the hill on which the Tower of Cæsar is placed, lying immediately to the eastward of the harbour of the former of these towns. In the centre of this amphitheatre a throne was placed, elevated on a platform of turf, at the summit of a flight of steps. The immense body of soldiers were arranged in the form of the rays of a circle, emanating from the throne; the cavalry and artillery, stationed on the outer extremity, formed the exterior band of that magnificent array; beyond them, a countless multitude of spectators covered the slope to the very summit of the hill. The bands of all the regiments of the army, placed on the right and left of the throne, were ready to rend the air with the sounds of military music. At noon precisely, the Emperor ascended the throne amidst a general salute from all the batteries, and a flourish of trumpets unheard since the days of the Romans; immediately before him was the buckler of Francis I., while the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed were contained in the helmet of the Chevalier Bayard. His brothers, ministers, and chief functionaries, the marshals of the empire, counsellors of state and senators, the staff of the army, its whole generals and field officers, composed the splendid suite by which he was surrounded. Amidst their dazzling uniforms the standards of the regiments were to be seen; some new and waving with yet unsullied colours in the sun; many more torn by shot, stained with blood, and black with smoke; the objects of almost superstitious reverence to the warlike multitude by which they were surrounded. The Emperor took the oath first himself, and no sooner had

the members of the Legion of Honour rejoined 'We swear it,' than raising his voice aloud, he said, 'And you, soldiers, swear to defend, at the hazard of your life, the honour of the French name, your country, and your Emperor.' Innumerable voices responded to the appeal, and immediately the distribution of the decorations commenced, and the ceremony was concluded by a general review of the vast army, who all defiled in the finest order before the throne, where they had just witnessed so imposing a spectacle.

"The chief of such a host might be excused for deeming himself the sovereign of the earth; but an event was approaching, destined to teach the French Emperor, like his great predecessor Canute the Dane, that there were bounds to his power, and that his commands were limited to the element on which his army stood. It was part of the pageant that a naval display should take place at the same time, and the eyes of Napoleon and his Minister of Marine, M. Decres, were anxiously turned, towards the close of the ceremony, to the headlands round which it was expected the vanguard of the flotilla would appear. In effect, they did make their appearance at four o'clock; but at the same moment a violent tempest arose, the wind blew with terrific violence, and several of the vessels in the hands of their inexperienced mariners, were stranded on the beach. This untoward incident, though practically speaking, of little importance, was yet in the highest degree mortifying to Napoleon, arriving as it did on such an occasion, in presence not only of his own troops but the English cruisers, and characteristic as it was of the impassable limits which the laws of nature had placed to his power. He retired chagrined and out of humour for the rest of the day; all the magnificence of his military display could not console him for the rude manner in which he had been reminded, at the highest point of its splendour, of his weakness on the other element, which required to be subdued before his dreams of universal dominion could be realized."

Spain, which had been covertly, now became openly hostile to Great Britain, in consequence of our seizure of some of her vessels, which were supposed to be about to augment the resources of the enemy. In the British parliament, much was said, and with some shew of reason, against our invasion of the rights of a neutral power on that occasion, and there is no doubt that our cause was damaged in the eyes of many, by what appeared to be an act of national injustice. The truth is, that Spain was

virtually at war with us, before we were actually engaged in any hostilities against her : but that, Mr. Alison well observes, did not warrant any neglect of even the most trifling formalities, by which a change in our relation with her should have been preceded. His words are these, and they cannot be too frequently pondered :—

“ Thirty years have now elapsed since this question, so vital to the national honour and public character of England, was thus fiercely debated in parliament and the nation ; almost all the actors on the stage are dead, or have retired into the privacy of domestic life, and the rapid succession of other events has drawn public interest into a different direction, and enabled us now to look back upon it with the calm feelings of retrospective justice. Impartiality compels the admission that the conduct of England in this transaction cannot be reviewed without feelings of regret. Substantially, the proceedings of the English Cabinet were justifiable, and warranted by the circumstances in which they were placed ; but formally, they were reprehensible, and form enters into the essence of justice in the transactions of nations. It is true the treaty of St. Ildefonso was a just ground for declaring war ; the commutation treaty was a still juster ; and even the armaments at Ferrol, if not explained, might have warranted the withdrawing of the ambassador at Madrid, and commencement of hostilities. Spain was in the most delicate of all situations in relation to Great Britain, after agreeing to the enormous war subsidy stipulated by that treaty ; and this the French historians cannot dispute, since they represent the accepting of a subsidy of £80,000 a year from England, by the Convention of the 3d December of that very year, as an overt act of hostility on the part of Sweden against France. She was bound, therefore, in return for the forbearance which overlooked such excessive provocation, to have been studiously careful not to give offence in any other particular ; and could not have complained if the crossing of the *Bidassoa* by one French company, or the arming of one frigate at Ferrol, had been followed by an immediate declaration of war on the part of Great Britain. But admitting all this, conceding that ample ground for declaring war existed, the question remains, could the existence of these grounds warrant the commencement of hostilities without such a declaration, while the British ambassador was still at Madrid, and negotiations for the explaining or removal of the grounds of complaint were still in dependence ? That is

the material question ; and it is a question on which no defence can be maintained for the conduct of England. True, the declaration of war would, in such circumstances, have been a piece of form merely ; true, it would not have averted one shot from the treasure frigates, and, on the contrary, led to their immediate capture instead of conditional detention ; but it was a step which the usages of war imperatively required, and the want of which distinguishes legitimate hostility from unauthorised piracy. A line apparently as unsubstantial frequently separates the duellist from the assassin, or the legitimate acquirer of property from the highway robber ; and they have much to answer for who, in the transactions of nations which acknowledge no superior, depart from one formality which usage has sanctioned, or one security against spoliation which a sense of justice has introduced. It is with painful feelings, therefore, that the British historian must recount the circumstances of this melancholy transaction ; but it is a subject of congratulation, that this injustice was committed to a nation which was afterwards overwhelmed by such a load of obligation ; that, like the Protestant martyr at the stake, England held her right hand in the flames till her offence was expiated by suffering ; and that if Spain was the scene of the darkest blot on her character which the annals of the revolutionary war can exhibit, it was the theatre also of the most generous devotion, and the brightest glories which her history has to record.”

The minute details into which Mr. Alison enters, respecting the progress of hostilities on both sides, are creditable to his sagacity and discrimination ; but we cannot allude to them particularly at present. His observations, however, upon Irish affairs, are well worthy the attention of our readers. Having described the introduction of the Roman Catholic petition, and its discussion in 1805, he thus proceeds :—

“ In forming an opinion on this subject, interesting from the principles which it embraces, and still more from the consequences to which they lead, it is impossible to deny that it is involved in extraordinary difficulty. Not theory, but experience, is the antagonist with which liberal principles have here to contend. How convincing soever the argument in favour of the complete removal of religious disabilities may be, and how pleasing soever the prospect of constructing a society in which opinion is as free as the air we breathe, and actual delinquency

alone can impose disability, it is impossible to deny that the experiment, when put into practice has, hitherto at least, signally failed. Catholic emancipation has at length been carried; but it has produced none of the benefits which its advocates anticipated, and realized many of the evils which its opponents predicted. When it is recollected that it was argued that concession to the Irish Catholics would only lead to additional demands; that the whole influence of the priests would be thrown on the popular side, and the peace of the country be perpetually disturbed by the conflict between numbers and property, it is impossible now to dispute the justice of the objections stated to the change; and melancholy experience has taught us that Lord Hawkesbury's words were prophetic. Ireland never has been so distracted as since Catholic emancipation was granted; the total suspension of the constitution has in consequence been forced as a measure of absolute necessity upon government; and without stilling the waves of discontent in the Emerald Isle, that long debated change has fixed the fire-brand of discord in the British empire.* Consequences so disastrous, so different from what they anticipated, have filled with astonishment the friends of toleration; many have come to doubt whether its doctrines are in reality so well founded as abstract argument would lead us to suppose; others have settled into the belief that, however well founded in themselves, they were inapplicable to the circumstances of an old empire, essentially founded upon an opposite set of principles; and that, in the attempt to draw a tainted beam out of the edifice, the whole structure has fallen into ruins.

"In truth, however, the total failure of Catholic emancipation affords no grounds for doubting, in the general case, the great principles of religious toleration; it only shows that other and deeper sources of evil were operating in Ireland,

to which that measure, though founded in the abstract on just principles, could furnish no sufficient antidote; and that Great Britain is experiencing in the endless difficulties, consequent on the possession of that island, the same law of moral retribution, of which France, ever since the revolution, has furnished so memorable an example. When rightly considered, the state of that country is pregnant with political instruction; it shows that nations who commit injustice cannot escape punishment; and in its present wretchedness may be discerned additional grounds for that love of real freedom, and detestation of revolutionary ambition, which constitute the great moral of the present times."

Mr. Alison then observes, that the frequent forfeitures to which the country was exposed, and the unhappy practice of bestowing estates upon absentees, were the causes of innumerable evils; while the vicinity to Great Britain, inspiring a desire for a similar form of government in a people altogether unfitted for it, served still more to aggravate and to perpetuate the disorders of Ireland. Nor are we surprised to find our historian putting upon record the following strong opinion, which has for its basis philosophic truth; his statement of the case is perfectly correct; but the remedy which he proposes is unnecessarily violent, and if none other were available, the case would be hopeless.

"Experience has now placed it beyond a doubt that Ireland is not capable of bearing the excitement, or disregarding the passions consequent on a popular constitution. The state of civilization to which she has arrived is not adequate to such a trial: the passions consequent on the unhappy wounds in her bosom are too strong to endure them without convulsions. Could the wishes of philan-

* The following table exhibits the steady and rapid increase of crime in Ireland since the Catholic Relief Bill was passed:—

	Committed.	Convicted.
1828, Catholic Disabilities in force, - - - -	14,683	9,269
1829, Relief Bill passed in March, - - - -	15,271	9,449
1830, - - - - -	15,794	9,902
1831, Reform Agitation, - - - - -	16,192	9,605
1832, Ditto, - - - - -	16,036	9,759
1833, Tithe Agitation begun, - - - - -	17,819	11,444
1834, Coercion Act in force, - - - - -	21,381	14,523

Thus the committals in Ireland had increased a half in six years after the disabilities were removed from the Catholics. When it is recollected that not a third part of the atrocious crimes in that country are ever made the subject either of committal or trial, it may safely be concluded, from this instructive table, that during that period crime has more than doubled over its whole extent.—See *Parliamentary Papers*, June 14, 1835.

thropy be granted, what Ireland should receive for half a century is a wise and humane, but despotic government, which, while encouraging every branch of industry, alleviating every source of suffering, aiding every opening to employment, should, at the same time, close every avenue to democratic ambition, and extinguish every hope of revolutionary elevation. It is thus, and thus only, that the apparently incurable disorders of her social condition could be removed; that habits of industry could become general; artificial wants and a higher standard of comfort reduce to due subjection the principle of population; and a foundation be laid, in the growth of an opulent middling class in society, for the safe and pacific exercise of those powers which, when prematurely conceded, destroy in a short time the only durable foundation of real freedom."

The truth is, that all the evils under which we at present labour in this country, might be corrected by simply raising the elective franchise a very little above its present level, and insuring that it might be freely exercised, and that it should not be fraudulently extended. It would thus be thrown into conservative hands, to an amount that would render its exercise safe, and demagogues might soon be rendered amenable to the offended spirit of the constitution. But the justice of the following will only be disputed by those to whom truth is suspicious because it is unpalatable—

"It was long" ago observed by the great champion of religious freedom, Mr. Locke, that the principles of toleration are not to be applied to those who hold that faith is not to be kept with heretics, or who attribute to themselves any peculiar privilege or power in civil concerns, or acknowledge any foreign or alien ecclesiastical authority. The distinction which he draws between toleration to those who merely differ from government in religious belief, and those who acknowledge a foreign spiritual authority, and are animated by an undying desire to regain the lost possessions or ascendancy of the Catholic church, is in the highest degree important, and throws a precious ray of light upon the darkness with which the calamities consequent on Catholic emancipation have shrouded not only the prospects of the British empire, but the great principles of religious toleration itself. These calamities are not chargeable upon the doctrines of religious-freedom abstractly considered: they are fatal results of the combination of religious difference in the case of the Catholics,

with the poisonous intermixture of ecclesiastical ambition, civil rancour, and political passion. The Catholics are dangerous, not merely because they profess different religious tenets, but because they belong to an ecclesiastical power which formerly numbered the British islands among the brightest jewels of its mitre, and will never cease to labour to extirpate the faith which despoiled it of that ancient part of its heritage. Temporal passion, political ambition, revenge for injury, are here mixed up, in overwhelming proportions, with the abstract question of religious freedom. Unlimited toleration the Irish Papists are clearly entitled to, and have long possessed; but to concede to them, political power was the same error as it would have been in the Carthaginians to have permitted, on their shores, an armed and fortified settlement of Romans: or for England to have allowed an intrenched camp of the soldiers of Napoleon to be constructed on the coast of Kent. Nor is the comparatively inconsiderable number at first, of such an organized band of aliens, any reason for despising its ultimate dangers: for such a body, by taking advantage of the divisions of the ruling power, and attaching itself to the malcontents in its bosom, can almost always, in the end, attain a supremacy over both the contending factions. A few hundred English merchants appeared as suppliant settlers on the banks of the Ganges; but no sooner did they gain the privilege, professedly for defence, of constructing forts and batteries, than they went on from one acquisition to another, till they had subjected a hundred millions of Hindoos to their dominion."

Buonaparte's attention was now divided between a project for the invasion of England, and preparations against his continental enemies. For these we must refer the reader to the work before us, in which matter of interest and instruction will be found in almost every page. The skill and the valour of Nelson and his brave compatriots disconcerted his naval arrangements, which served only to call out an heroic manifestation of the determined spirit of the people. The following remarks, however, of our author, upon the supposition that he had effected a landing upon our shores, are well calculated to awaken grave reflections:—

"But it is impossible to form an equally clear opinion as to the consequences which would have followed if Napoleon, with a hundred and thirty thousand men, had succeeded in effecting a landing on the

coast of Kent. He has told us that he would have advanced direct to London, of which he calculated upon getting possession in four days, and there he would instantly have proclaimed parliamentary reform, a low suffrage for the new voters, the downfall of the oligarchy, the confiscation of the property of the church, a vast reduction of taxation, an equitable adjustment of the national debt, and all the other objects which the revolutionary party in this country have ever had at heart, and the prospect of obtaining only one of which, five-and-twenty years afterwards, produced so extraordinary a change in the dominant multitude of the English people. It was Napoleon's constant affirmation, that the majority in number of the English nation was opposed to the war, which was maintained solely by the influence and for the purposes of the oligarchy; and that if he could once have roused the multitude against their rule, Great Britain would speedily have become so divided as to be no longer capable of resisting the power of France. 'I would not,' said he, 'have attempted to subject England to France: I could not have united two nations so dissimilar. If I had succeeded in my project, I would have abolished the monarchy, and established a republic instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. I would have separated Ireland from England, and left them to themselves, after having sown the seeds of Republicanism in their morale. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain, but would have introduced a great reform.' That the French Emperor would have been defeated in his attempt, if England had remained true to herself, can be doubtful to no one who recollects that the British troops defeated the French in every encounter, without exception, from Vimiera to Waterloo, and that Napoleon himself said to Lord Whitworth there were a hundred chances to one against his success. But would she have remained true to herself under the temptation to swerve produced by such means? This is a point upon which there is no Briton who would have entertained a doubt till within these few years; but the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance which has recently grown up with the spread of democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. The spirit of the nation, indeed, then ran

high against Gallic invasion; unanimity unprecedented animated the British people; but, strong as that feeling was, it is now doubtful whether it would not have been supplanted, in a large portion of the nation at least, by a still stronger, and the sudden offer of all the glittering objects of democratic ambition would not have shaken the patriotism of a considerable portion of the British, as it unquestionably would of the great bulk of the Irish people. No man can say how he would keep his senses under the application of some extraordinary and hitherto unknown stimulant, as if he were at once elevated to a throne, or saw the mountains fall around him, or the earth suddenly open beneath his feet; and even the warmest friend to his country will probably hesitate before he pronounces upon the stability of the English mind under the influence of the prodigious excitement likely to have arisen from the promulgation of the political innovations which Napoleon had prepared for her seduction. If he is wise, he will rejoice that, in the providence of God, his country was saved the trial, and acknowledge with gratitude the inestimable obligations which she owes to the illustrious men whose valour averted a danger under which her courage indeed would never have sunk, but to which her wisdom might possibly have proved unequal. The true crisis of the war occurred at this period. It was the arm of Nelson which delivered his country from her real danger; thenceforth the citadel of her strength was beyond the reach of attack. At Waterloo she fought for victory; at Trafalgar, for existence."

In the fortieth chapter, our author brings almost under the eyes of his reader the brilliant campaign of Austerlitz, by which Napoleon struck a fatal blow at the heart of the Austrian empire. In the following passage, he exhibits the extraordinary powers of this wonderful man, while he shows that his astonishing success was, to no small extent, owing to the errors and the infatuation of his enemies.

"Doubtless the abilities displayed by Napoleon during this campaign were of the very highest order. The secrecy and rapidity of the march of so vast a body of troops across France; the semicircular sweep by which they interposed between Muck and the Hereditary States, and compelled the surrender of that unhappy chief with half his army; the precision with which nearly two hundred thousand men, converging from the shores of the Channel, the coasts of Brest, the marshes

of Holland, and the banks of the Elbe, were made to arrive each at the hour appointed around the ramparts of Ulm; the swift advance on Vienna; the subsequent fanlike dispersion of the army to overawe the Hereditary States; their sudden concentration for the decisive fight at Austerlitz; the skill displayed in that contest itself, and the admirable account to which he turned the fatal cross march of the Allied Sovereigns, are so many proofs of military ability never exceeded even in the annals of his previous triumphs. At the same time, it is not to be imagined that the difference in the magnitude of the results which were obtained is to be considered as the measure of the talent displayed in this as compared with other campaigns. It was the immensity of the force now at the disposal of the French Emperor, and the incomparable discipline and organization which it had obtained while encamped on the shores of the Channel, which was the principal cause of the difference. It is no longer a general supplying by consummate talents, as at Arcola and Rivoli, for deficiency of numbers, that we see maintaining a long, doubtful, and desperate strife; we behold a mighty conqueror, whose power was irresistible, sweeping over the earth with the fierce tempest of Scythian war. In the results of this campaign were evinced more than the military talents of the general: the previous preparations of the Emperor, the deeply matured combinations of the statesman produced their natural results: he did not now take the field with a force which left any thing to chance; he appeared with such a host as almost made him the master of fate; and the fruit of five years' pacific preparation appeared in the reduction of the contest to a desperate strife of a few months' duration.

"Great, however, as were the abilities, unbounded the resources of the French Emperor in this memorable campaign, it was not to them alone that he was indebted for its unparalleled triumphs. The errors of the Austrians, the infatuation of the Allied Cabinets, had their full share in the general result. Untaught by the disasters of Marengo and Hohenlinden, the Aulic Council rushed inconsiderately into the field, and, leaving the Archduke Charles with eighty thousand in Italy, they exposed Mack, with an inferior force, to the shock of Napoleon in the valley of the Danube. When that ill-fated commander found himself cut off from his line of communication with Vienna by the interposition of Bernadotte in his rear, instead of instantly taking a decisive part, and falling with his whole

forces upon the enemy behind him, or retiring by the only road which was yet open to the mountains of the Tyrol, he remained for ten days paralysed at Ulm, sending out detachments, first in one direction, then in another, all of which met with superior forces, and were defeated, thereby both breaking down the spirit of his own troops, and giving the invader time to envelope with his immense masses their fortified position. In vain had the foresight of the Archduke Charles, at the close of the preceding war, surrounded the heights of Ulm with a vast intrenched camp, capable of bidding defiance to, and stopping the advance, of the greatest invading force: the improvidence of the Aulic Council, by providing no magazines within its walls, had rendered these preparations of no avail; and Mack found himself, after a week's blockade, reduced to the necessity of feeding on horse-flesh, and ultimately capitulating, with thirty thousand of the best troops of the monarchy. When the rapid advance of Napoleon towards Vienna threatened to separate the Russian forces from the retreating columns of the Archduke Charles, and everything depended on the destruction of the bridge of the capital, the credulous simplicity of the officer in command at that important station, delivered it unscathed into his hands, and gave him the means of interposing safely between their converging armies, and striking tremendous blows from his central position, first on the one bank and then on the other. When the allies were reduced to their last throw on the plains of Moravia; when every thing counselled a cautious policy, and forces capable of annihilating the invaders were accumulating on all sides; when the Archduke Charles, with eighty thousand undiscouraged veterans, was within sight of the steeples of Vienna, and Prussia, with a hundred thousand men, was preparing to descend upon the Danube; when, by simply retreating and drawing the enemy on, with such formidable armies in his rear, the allies must inevitably have led him to destruction, or driven him to a disastrous retreat, their ill-judged confidence impelled them prematurely into action, and their rash flank march, in presence of such a general and such an army, enabled him to gain a decisive victory when on the verge of destruction."

It is probable that Napoleon regarded the death of Pitt, which took place soon after the battle of Austerlitz, as an event to him of more importance than even that splendid victory. Upon that great statesman who was, under Providence, the saviour of England in

her hour of trial, Mr. Alison pronounces the following glowing eulogium—

"When the greatest intellects in Europe were reeling under the shock, when the ardent and philanthropic were every where rejoicing in the prospects of boundless felicity, which the regeneration of society was supposed to be opening, when Mr. Fox was pronouncing the revolutionary constitution of France, 'the most stupendous monument of political wisdom and integrity ever yet raised on the basis of public virtue in any age or country,' his superior sagacity, like that of Burke, beheld amidst the deceitful blaze the small black cloud which was to cover the universe with darkness. Watching with incessant vigilance the changeable forms of the Jacobin spirit, ever unravelling its sophistry, detecting its perfidy, unveiling its oppression, he thenceforth directed the gigantic energies of his mind towards the construction of a barrier which might restrain its excesses; and if he could not prevent it from bathing France in blood, and ravaging Europe with war, he at least effectually opposed its entrance into the British dominions. With admirable foresight he there established a system of finances adequate to the emergency, and which proved the mainspring of the continued, and at length successful, resistance which was opposed to revolutionary ambition; with indomitable perseverance he rose superior to every disaster, and incessantly laboured to frame, out of the discordant and selfish cabinets of Europe, a cordial league for their common defence. Alone of all the statesmen of his age, he from the outset appreciated the full extent of the danger, both to the independence of nations and the liberty of mankind, which was threatened by the spread of democratic principles; and continually inculcated the necessity of relinquishing every minor object to unite in guarding against the advances of this new and tremendous enemy. And the event has abundantly proved the justice of these principles; for while liberty perished in a few months in France, amidst the fervour of revolutionary ambition, it steadily grew and flourished in the British empire; and the forty years which immediately followed the commencement of his resistance to democratic ambition, were not only the most glorious, but the freest of its existence.

"Chateaubriand has said, 'that while all other contemporary reputations, even that of Napoleon, are on the decline, the fame of Mr. Pitt alone is continually increasing, and seems to derive fresh lustre from every vicissitude of fortune.' It

is not merely the greatness and the constancy of the British statesman which has drawn forth this magnificent eulogium; it is the demonstration which subsequent events have afforded of the justice of his principles which is the real cause of the steady growth and enduring stability of his fame. Without the despotism of Napoleon, the freedom of the Restoration, the revolt of the Barricades, and the military government of Louis Philippe, his reputation would have been incomplete in foreign transactions; without the passing of the reform bill, and the subsequent ascendant of democratic ambition in Great Britain, his worth would never have been appreciated in domestic government. Every hour, abroad and at home, is now illustrating the truth of his principles. He was formerly admired by a party in England as the champion of aristocratic rights; he is now looked back to by the nation as the last steady asserter of general freedom: his doctrines were formerly prevalent chiefly among the great and the affluent: they are now embraced by the generous, the thoughtful the unprejudiced of every rank; by all who regard passing events with the eye of historic enquiry, or are attached to liberty as the birthright of the human race, not the means of elevating a party to absolute power. To his speeches we now turn as to a voice issuing from the tomb, fraught with prophetic warnings of future disaster. It is contrast which gives brightness to the colours of history; it is experience which brings conviction to the cold lessons of political wisdom. Many and eloquent have been the eulogiums pronounced on Mr. Pitt's memory: but all panegyrics are lifeless compared to that furnished by Earl Grey's administration."

Mr. Alison does noble justice to the financial reputation of this great man, while he very properly lays bare what he conceives to be his chief errors, namely, the too great extent to which he carried the funding system, and the injudicious and burdensome expedient of borrowing in the three per cents. But the principal inconvenience to be apprehended from this latter measure, would have been remedied by the sinking fund, had that wise application of our resources been steadily persevered in. By its means the national debt would now be within two years of being completely extinguished. And to the "ignorant impatience of taxation" which Lord Londonderry so indignantly reprehended at the close of the war, are we to ascribe the fact that the debt, which was undergoing a rapid

and a successful process of liquidation, has become a hopeless and an almost intolerable burden.

Of the wisdom of *indirect* taxation, by which Mr. Pitt provided for his permanent taxes, our author gives us the following ingenious illustration :—

“It has often been observed with surprise by travellers, that though the sums which are extracted from the people in a direct form by the Turkish Pachas or the Indian Rajahs have frequently the effect of totally ruining industry, yet they are inconsiderable when compared to the immense revenue derived from the customs and excise in the European states, without any sensible impediment to its exertions. The reason is obvious: it consists in the difference upon the meadows beneath, between drawing off water from the fountain head, and drawing it off at a vast distance below, after it has fertilized innumerable plains in its course. If you abstract money in a direct form from the cultivator or the artisan, the revenue taken goes at once from the producer to the public treasury; but if you withdraw it from the person who ultimately sells the manufactured article to the consumer, it has, before it is withdrawn put the industry of a dozen different classes of persons in motion. The sum received by the government may be the same in both cases: but how immense the difference between the effect upon general industry when it is seized upon by the tax-collector early in its course, and only withdrawn after it has given all the encouragement to different branches of employment it is capable of effecting! Fifty different individuals are often put to their shifts to meet the burden of an indirect tax, a direct one falls in undivided severity on one alone. So important is this distinction, that it may safely be affirmed that no nation ever yet was ruined by indirect taxation; nor can it be so, for before it becomes oppressive it must cease to be productive. Many, however, have been exterminated by much smaller sums levied in the direct form, that method of raising the supplies being attended with this most dangerous quality, that it is often most productive when it is trenching most deeply on the sources of future existence.”

Nor is this reasoning invalidated by the objection, that industry may be as effectually paralysed by taxing the consumer, as by taxing the producer. Such is obviously not the case, because wants may be created by production; while a tax upon consumption would only stimulate our ingenuity, or our industry to enable us to pay it;

whereas, had that tax been in the first instance imposed on production, there is no reason why producers should attempt a supply of commodities for which no effectual demand had been called into existence. Suppose a wine grower, by some process of cultivation requiring an additional outlay of capital, to be able to produce a wine of such peculiar and exquisite flavour as to become a general favourite. This wine might become in a short time such an indispensable luxury at the tables of the great, as to enable it to bear, not only a considerable increase of price, but an additional portion of taxation. But let the tax be imposed upon the producer in the first instance, and the wine will not be produced; for the grower could not anticipate those results, of which he might afterwards be assured from experience.

Having truly described the general features of Mr. Pitt's financial policy, Mr. Alison thus proceeds—

“Such were the general features of Mr. Pitt's financial policy. Decried by the spirit of party during his own lifetime, and that of the generation which immediately succeeded; stigmatized by the age which found itself oppressed by the weight of the burdens he had imposed, and which had forgotten the evils he had averted; obliterated almost, amidst the temporary expedients and conceding weakness of the governments by whom he was succeeded, it is yet calculated to stand the test of ages, and appears now in imperishable lustre from the bitter and experienced, though now irrevocable consequences of its abandonment. Grandeur of conception, durability of design, far-seeing sagacity, were its great characteristics. It was truly conceived in a heroic spirit. Burdening, perhaps oppressing the present generation, it was calculated for the relief of future ages: inflicting on its authors a load of present odium, it was fitted to secure the blessings of posterity when they were mouldering in their graves. Founded on that sacrifice of the present to the future which is at once the greatest violence to ordinary inclinations, the invariable mark of elevated understanding, and the necessary antecedent of great achievements, it required for its successful development patience, self-denial, and magnanimity in subsequent statesmen equal to his own. It fell because such virtues could not be found in the age by which he was succeeded. In contemplating his profound plans for the ultimate and speedy liberation of England, even from the enormous

burdens entailed on its finances by the revolutionary war, we feel that we are conversing with one who lived for distant ages, and who voluntarily underwent, not the fatigues which are forgotten in the glory of the conqueror, but the obloquy consequent on the firmness of the statesman in the prosecution of what he felt to be for the ultimate good of the nation. In comparing his durable designs with the temporary expedients of the statesmen who preceded and followed him, we experience the same painful transition as in passing from the contemplation of the stately monuments of ancient Egypt, wrought in granite, and calculated for eternal duration, to that of the gaudy but ephemeral palaces of the Arabs, who dwell amidst their ruins, and whose brilliancy cannot conceal the perishable nature of the materials of which they are composed."

Fox had now succeeded Pitt at the helm of affairs, and Napoleon entertained sanguine hopes that a peace might be concluded with that great man, who had been the strenuous opponent of the revolutionary war, on terms which would be favourable to him and to France. But he was disappointed. To the honor of Fox be it spoken, that he became aware of the insincerity and the treachery of Gallic councils; and the atrocious proceeding in the case of Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, who had published some works by which Napoleon was offended, and who was, for that offence alone, put to death, by order of a military commission, without being suffered so much as to enter upon his defence, completed the deliverance of Mr. Fox's mind from the moral nightmare by which he had continued to be haggard from the commencement of the French Revolution, and "contributed," Mr. Alison tells us,

"Perhaps more than any other circumstance, to produce that firm resolution to adhere to the basis originally laid down by Napoleon for the negotiations which ultimately led to its abandonment. The carnage of Spain, the catastrophe of Moscow, the conquest of France, the rock of St. Helena, are thus directly associated with this deed of blood. The brave and the free thenceforward saw clearly in every part of Europe, that no hope for public or private liberty remained but in a determined resistance to the aggressions of France: that slavery and chains followed in the rear of the tricolor flag. Napoleon has frequently said, that if Mr. Fox had lived, peace would

have been concluded, and all the subsequent misfortunes of his reign averted: but the truth of history must dispel the illusion, and the English annalist cannot permit the insidious praises of an enemy to deprive one of the brightest ornaments of his country of the honour of having at last been awakened to a sense of the nature of revolutionary ambition, and possessed the magnanimity instantly to act upon the conviction. In the last instructions, dictated a few weeks before his death, to Lord Yarmouth, there is to be found the firmest resolution to insist on the original basis of the negotiation, and never to consent to any other: Earl Spencer, who succeeded him, had merely to follow the path thus clearly chalked out. In several of the speeches which he had made after he had obtained the direction of foreign affairs, is to be found a candid admission that his opinion as to the necessity and justice of the war had undergone a total alteration. Thus the discord of earlier years was at length by this great man forgotten in the discharge of patriotic duty: the two lights of the age came finally to concur in the same policy: if Mr. Pitt struggled for fifteen years, amidst difficulty and disaster, to carry on the war, it was Mr. Fox who bequeathed the flood of glory in which it terminated to his successors; and after having spent the best part of his life in recommending less honourable and enlightened measures of concession to his country, in his last moments 'nailed her colours to the mast.'"

The last chapter in this volume gives an account of the campaign, which ended in the humiliation of Prussia, even as the first contains an account of the sordid motives which caused that power to stand apart from the coalition, when, by her accession, its objects might be fully accomplished. In this the reader will recognize much of retributive justice; and the moral sense by which Mr. Alison seems to be guided, and which enables him to mark, and to render emphatical, lessons of that kind, renders his volumes as instructive as they are delightful. We have already encroached so largely upon our space, as to render it impossible for us to present the reader with any extracts which would convey to him an adequate idea of the skill which Napoleon displayed in this campaign, or the disasters and calamities by which his miserable antagonists were confounded. Suffice it to say, that the most unbounded enthusiasm was excited in France, and the utmost degree of despondency overspread al-

most every other part of Europe. Men of every temperament and every shade of opinion, now began to think that it was idle to attempt to oppose any further barriers to the resistless genius of the emperor of France. They saw that every coalition which had as yet been formed against him, only served to increase his greatness; and seemed to think that, by further opposition, he would only be stimulated to prosecute his projects of aggrandisement, until his throne was established upon an elevation from which he might command the world. But not so, old Blücher, with whose prophetic words we shall conclude; words which must have been brought to the recollection of his auditor, when their import was afterwards realized in the march to Paris.

" 'I reckon much,' said Blücher to Bourrienne at Hamburg, whither he had retired on his parole from Lubeck, 'on the public spirit of Germany, on the enthusiasm which reigns in our universities. Success in war is ephemeral; but defeat itself contributes to nourish in a people the principles of honour and a passion for national glory. Be assured, when a whole people are resolved to emancipate themselves from foreign domination, they will never fail to succeed. I have no fears for the result. We shall end by having a Landwehr such as the slavish spirit of the French could never produce. England will yield us its subsidies; we

will renew our alliances with Russia and Austria. I know well the principles of the coalition. The sole object which the allied sovereigns have in view is to put a limit to the system of aggression which Napoleon has adopted, and which he pursues with the most alarming rapidity. In our first wars against France, at the commencement of its revolution, we fought for the right of kings, in which, for my part, I felt very little interest; but now the case is totally changed, the population of Prussia makes common cause with its government, the safety of our hearths is at stake; and reverses, when such a spirit is abroad, destroy armies without breaking the spirit of a nation. I look forward without anxiety to the future, because I foresee that fortune will not always favour your emperor. The time may come when Europe, in a body, humiliated by his exactions, exhausted by his depredations, will rise up in arms against him. The more he enchains different nations, the more terrible will be the explosion when they burst their fetters. Who can now dispute the insatiable passion for aggrandisement with which he is animated? No sooner is Austria subjugated than Prussia is destroyed; and though we have fallen, Russia remains to continue the strife. I cannot foresee the issue of this struggle; but, supposing it to be favourable to France, it will come to an end. You will speedily see new wars arise, and if we hold firm, France, worn out with conquests, will at length succumb.' "

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.—NO. I.

Among "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which appeared some years since in the "New Monthly Magazine," a prominent place was assigned to the portrait of Mr. O'Connell. The man of the people was drawn, as in a historical picture, with his attributes, or, if we may be permitted to use the term, his "properties," the endowments and the contrivances by which favor and followers were won, faithfully enumerated and judiciously displayed about him. The crucifix conspicuously placed in the learned gentleman's study, and the cook in the back ground, whose services, less prominent, were not less profitable, had, each, due honor in the piece; and while it was thus certified that consulting clients had assurance of the lawyer's Catholic devotion, and that political instruments found a prevailing attraction at the Catholic leader's table,

—the muscular form and the merry countenance, the ready utterance and commanding voice, all dedicated to the task of magnifying Ireland's wrongs, and pouring ridicule and hatred upon her oppressors—were set forth, as attributes sure to win ready favor from that large class of the people with whom "such things have weight," and who could have no opportunity to relish the excellencies of the demagogue's cuisine, or to have their attention distracted between the somewhat ill-assorted decorations of his study.

Since that portrait was drawn, the condition of its original has been greatly altered. He has superadded to his popularity, power. Men in authority render him obedience; and, as yet, the people have not forsaken him. In time he must pay the price for the good he chooses to retain, or is compelled, not-

withstanding the sacrifice he shall have made, to relinquish ; but, whatever the future may demand, it is certain that, at this moment, Mr. O'Connell continues to enjoy that favor from the people with which he has, nevertheless, purchased command over their rulers ;—a prosperity rarely exemplified, and of which, oddly enough, the Orange tree is a type, retaining, as ornaments for its more precious productions, fair blossoms, which are not ordinarily permitted to co-exist with, and embellish, the fruits of which they are the appointed promise.

Mr. O'Connell is, perhaps, without exception, the most popular individual of his own, or of any, age ; and he is, at the same time, of all public men, the individual whose exertions appear the least to merit the favor and influence which they have procured him. In the political life of this remarkable man, nothing seems more conspicuous than his indifference to the interests or distresses of the people ; and the very classes towards whom his contempt has been most signally manifested, are those by whose support he has been elevated to the commanding station he occupies. The sufferings and wants of the poor—the waste and the debasement of mendicancy—the absence of those comforts which attach men to peace, and, by bettering the condition, impart something of dignity to the character—the burden of exorbitant rents—the evils of precarious occupation—the crying afflictions of decrepitude and friendless destitution—these are the harrowing grievances by which the peasantry of Ireland are really subdued or maddened ;—and O'Connell, who “careth for none of these things,” is yet the idol and the despot of that neglected portion of the people. It is true, he would bestow upon the very lowest of the populace dangerous political privileges ; but it would seem as if his purpose in imposing the gift was like that of the Barons of old, when they secured to their feudal serfs possession of the mattock and plough, not that the instruments of agriculture should enrich their humble possessors, but that they should render the labors of the peasant more profitable to his lordly master. The gains accruing to that party of which Mr. O'Connell is the life, from the political powers entrusted to the mass of the people, are so visible that they cannot be overlooked ;—it does not yet appear that the people to whom they have been given are to derive any profit from them.

But it would be erroneous to imagine that influence over the multitude is most likely to be won by endeavours to render them substantial benefits. A plain man, who would serve the people, will probably apply himself to the task of explaining to them their interests. An artful man, who would use them, will enflame and pamper their passions. Mr. O'Connell, probably, never suggested a measure which would provide food for the starving, or warmth for the naked and shivering, which would introduce comfort into cottages, and, by a mercy better than the prerogative exercised in these days “of rebuke,” make our gaols solitary places—he has not addressed himself to the relief of natural necessities, or ministered to those tenderesses by which hearts are bettered ; and yet his influence with the mass of the people is boundless—their enthusiasm for him knows no compulsive ebb. How has he bewitched them ? Shall we hazard a reply ?—

There is an instinct in the natural heart which causes it to feel more strongly the influence of malignant passions than of affections which are happier and gentler. We remember an expression uttered by a female peasant, which seems to contain the pith and marrow of this dark philosophy. She was mother to a youth who perished in the conflagration of Wild-geese lodge, and she saw the murderers of her child executed. It was observed that her maternal affection seemed, as it were, transferred to the stipendiary magistrate who had been most active in bringing the criminals to justice. The safety—the comforts—of this gentleman, became her especial care, and to a degree which caused the subject of so novel an interest no little embarrassment. Upon one occasion when she was expostulating with him on his want of caution, and passionately soliciting him to be always on his guard, he enquired why she troubled herself with this concern for a stranger's safety ; and it was then she made the reply which exhibited the intense power of that gloomy gratitude of which malignity is susceptible :—“Why should I not care for you, and watch for you, and love you,” said the woman whom grief had not softened—“Why should I not love you ? Was not it *you* that gave me the sweetest morsel that ever mortal tasted ? Was not it *you* that gave me my *fill* of revenge ?” One excerpt more from the traits of character elicited on the same occasion, for the purpose of showing that the thirst of vengeance was not

less devouring in the vanquished than the victor, and our demonstration is completed. On the night previous to the execution of Devine, by whom the Wild-geese Lodge tragedy, had been contrived, a gentleman, strongly interested in the unhappy man's fate, entered his cell with the purpose of directing his thoughts towards the interests which ought to engage them. He found the wretch incapable of entertaining any thought which did not breathe of hatred and revenge; and to his earnest and touching remonstrances he could obtain no answer but this, "'Tis all true, sir, what you say. I know that if my enemy was lying there before me at this moment I could do him no hurt or harm, and I know that, to-morrow morning, the weakest woin can crawl over me or into me, and I cannot stir to shake it away—but the soul can do something still, and if I'm in heaven, or if I'm in the flames of hell, I'll come back upon earth to have satisfaction." One cannot think without a shudder, that these were the last recorded words in which an inhuman murderer renounced life and gave death a malignant welcome; but it fearfully augments the horror in which they are remembered, to reflect that it is men of such characters as they denote—so desperate and malevolent—whose influence predominates most in the troubles which have long afflicted Ireland.

We do not, indeed, write these notices of the character of our countrymen without pain, but we feel that, in order to render the success and the influence of modern demagogues intelligible, they ought to be written. Let it not, however, be supposed that we think malignity naturally characteristic of the people of Ireland. Far be it from us so to describe them. We believe them to have their share of the evil inherent in the sons of fallen man, but if it appear that they are "sinners beyond others," we look to the unhappy circumstances in which they are placed, to account for the superadded iniquity. We believe Irishmen to be naturally, brave, compassionate, generous—if they have been rendered treacherous, merciless, false, their abasement should be compassionated, and their deliverance from the influences which have so mournfully changed them, labored, and hoped, and prayed for.

But it cannot be denied that at this moment they are susceptible, in a degree which it is painful to contemplate,

of those stimulants by which the darker passions are exasperated.

We have shown the energy of their appetite for revenge, as illustrated in the over-true anecdotes related above. We have now to show that this mine of vindictive passion is not unknown to the orators of the movement, or unwrought by them, but that, on the contrary, they place such reliance on the abundance with which it yields resources, as to put away from them for a time all concern for the reputation which gentlemen would desire to retain, in order that they may work it to advantage.

For this purpose we will select a single instance—the harangue of Mr. Shiel in Waterford after the late election.

"Speaking," as the *Times* of September 16th observes, "of his opponents at the election, he said—We have not only beaten them, but trodden and stamped upon them," &c. &c.

The *Times* comments upon this effusion of triumph in the following terms:—

"Our readers must have perused the list of 'Irish outrages' which have daily appeared in our paper. We ask them whether this passage of Mr. Shiel's speech does not contain an accurate description of the manner in which the agitators of a lower grade (if lower there can be) celebrate their political triumphs? Look to Sligo, and to this very county of Tipperary. Do not the ruffians not only 'beat,' but 'tread and stamp' upon their victims? Do they not after, after 'striking them to the earth,' literally 'roll them in the dust?' Do they not take but too good care that their fallen victims 'shall be for ever prostrate?'"

Such were the comments of the *Times*—such would naturally be the comments of every honorable man; and such, from his recollections of the intercourse he once had with honorable men, if not, also, from his own good taste, Mr. Shiel must have anticipated. He thought it better, however, to provoke censures and sarcasms, to which he is by no means insensible, than deny himself the advantage of the stimulating topics, by which he won enthusiastic cheers from his auditory at Waterford.

In order to understand the instruction which may be derived from the learned gentleman's choice of subjects for his address, it is necessary only to suppose that Englishmen composed

the audience to which he was to adapt his declamation. How would he then seek the cheers? Or rather how would an English audience be rendered most prodigal of their applauses? Would it be a popular theme to boast of the truculency with which the vanquished and fallen had "been trodden and stamped upon?" Englishmen would hoot from their assembly, with execrations, the man who could insult them by such a boast; and yet such is the boast by which Mr. Shiel, an artful and accomplished orator, wins loud plaudits in Waterford. The foul brutes which gorge upon the carcases they have disinterred, are not more basely distinguished from the lion, than the gatherings are, in which Mr. Shiel's notes of triumph were applauded, from the generous assemblages where his pusillanimous truculency would not be tolerated for an instant.

The speeches of a successful orator have ever been regarded as fair testimonies to the character of his audience. A sympathy of sentiment, at least an affectation of it, is essential to his success. Mr. Shiel's speech, therefore, shows the temper and spirit of his Waterford, applauding, hearers, and justifies a presumption that their dispositions had become so infected with a spirit of revenge and malice, that the overthrow of an adversary was tasteless to them, unless it were rendered pungent by contumelies and cruelties perpetrated on the fallen.

Such is the character of that portion of the Irish people, in which Mr. O'Connell has found his most effective instruments; and it is, therefore, very conceivable that, without ever conferring a benefit upon them, he may so accommodate his addresses to their passions, and his measures to their vices, as to bestow on them gratifications which shall satisfy their sharpest appetite. If some who have imbibed hatred to the gentry are indulged with assurances that they shall see the aristocracy still further mortified and humbled,—if some who have felt terror mingling with their hostility to Protestants and their religion, are invited to regale their fancies with visions of an outraged and impoverished clergy;—and if those whose purposes of vengeance extend to the meditated extermination of all who bear the English name, or who worship in what is denounced as a false religion—are encouraged by symptoms, that the strength and union of the men they would destroy are departing, while

they see the remorseless instruments of their dark designs becoming every day more numerous, better combined, and bolder,—it is very conceivable, that the parties exercising most absolute sovereignty over the Irish people, may discern in exertions followed by such results, merit of a far more prevailing character than they would acknowledge in services, which, increasing the comforts of every cottage hearth, should indispose the inmates to perilous and lawless enterprise. This is a rational conjecture;—it was necessary for us to propose it;—because it is right to have it borne in mind that, in Ireland, more obviously than perhaps in any country on the face of the earth, despotism and all its glories may be achieved, not by going about and doing good, but by rendering sacrifice and service to black and baleful passions—by bowing down and worshipping the principle of malevolence and destruction. Whatever may be thought of our conjectures and speculations, this must be acknowledged as truth respecting the phenomenon of which we would offer or seek an explanation:—the apology offered for the turbulence and lawlessness of the Irish people has been found in their domestic sufferings and wants; and the individual who has been, of all political men, the most conspicuous for his indifference to such grievances, and for the absence of all endeavour to remove them, is the individual looked up to by the classes which he seems most to despise, as their best friend and as a leader in whom their trust is boundless.

But it is, perhaps, always found, that influence with the people retains a savour from the sacrifice which has procured it.—It has been won by ministering to the best affections which distinguish man.—It is often obtained by rendering service to the vilest. And, accordingly, there is an influence which love sweetens and exalts, as there is also a power and command ungraced and unendeared by any gentle interest.

Mr. O'Connell's influence with the people is not based upon their kindly affections. Love has not grown with his exorbitant greatness; and yet, so far as words can recommend a man to the more amiable feelings of his followers, he has not been sparing of them. He makes matters public and private interchange duties with a reciprocity by no means Hibernian. He adduces the interests of Ireland to give breadth and boldness to occasions which seem most unsuited to such embellishments,

—and in return, he has enlisted the most retiring of the domestic affections into the public service, and pronounced apostrophes “to the wife of his bosom,” and eulogies upon the best son that “mother was ever blessed with,” as proper to raise or soften the interest of those angry or matter of fact controversies in which his duty to Ireland engages him. These are sweeteners which one might suppose should have an effect in exhibiting him in an amiable light to his admirers, and imparting the grace of personal attachment to the historical interest in which he is confessedly regarded.

Yet somehow or other they do not

tell. No man living has received proofs of popular favor at all comparable to those which have been bestowed on Mr. O’Connell; and, probably, no man, living or dead, has ever obtained a commanding influence over the people, so widely estranged from the charm and the security of individual affection. We believe that, at this moment, he could influence multitudes to peril life at his word; and we are persuaded, that, were he, now, in his prosperity, taken away, the remembrance of him, in a little month, *might* have a shade of mortification upon it, but, in all likelihood, would scarcely have power to awaken a sorrow or a sigh.

THE TRANCE.

There was a heavy murmuring sound—
Then all was still as death—
And light and life had passed away
Like summer’s parting breath.
There was a horrid stillness round,
Like that dread deathly feel,
That comes before the thunder-cloud
Out-pours its wrathful peal.

Then came a soft, low, wailing sound,
And sadly breathed my name—
I knew it was my mother’s voice—
I often heard the same.
She called on me in agony,
As though her heart would break—
There was a madness in my soul,
And yet I could not speak.

I felt the scalding tear-drops fall
Upon my chill damp brow—
I knew that *one* bent over me,
But that availed not now.
I sought to raise my heavy eyes,
But tried and prayed in vain;
A horrid spell had bound me down,
And maddened up my brain.

Then came a sound of heavy feet,
Tramping around my bed—
I knew what ’twas—yet could not speak
To tell I was not dead.
They raised me up, and put me in
A narrow, narrow thing;
And then again came tears of woe,
And sounds of sorrowing.

Then all was still—and there I lay,
I cannot tell how long ;
And cursings raged within my breast,
Although I *knew* 'twas wrong.
Then came a solemn, mournful sound—
It was the muffled bell ;
Oh torture, agony, despair—
It sounded forth my knell.

I heard again the sound of feet,
And hurrying to and fro—
I knew they came to carry me
To where the dead must go.
I was not dead—I could not die—
My spirit raged and cursed—
They shut the lid—they screwed it down—
I thought my heart had burst.

I heard the horrid hammer fall ;
It seemed to crush my brain—
Again it fell—but the last stroke
Had snapt that deadly chain.
My brain was calmed, my tongue unloosed,
I burst the bands of death—
A heavy weight oppressed my heart—
I gaped and gasped for breath.

A hideous shriek broke from my lips—
I longed, but could not weep—
I felt as though a dreadful dream
Had haunted me in sleep.
'Tis over now, and long since past,
Yet memory will recall
The screwing of the coffin lid—
The hammer's heavy fall.

MEMORANDA FROM OUR TABLETS OF THE MONTH.

LORD MULGRAVE'S OPINION OF THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN.

September 31st.—This day, according to ancient custom the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs elect were presented by the Recorder to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The proceedings, always interesting, were on this occasion, rendered remarkable by the testimony which was borne by Lord Mulgrave to the unexceptionable character of the civic appointments made by the corporation. His Excellency thus addressed the Lord Mayor elect :—

“My Lord Mayor elect, I feel it the less necessary to do more, on this occasion, than to express my general concurrence in the description of your duties which has just been given to you by the learned judge who has addressed you, because I am fortunate in being able to refer you to the past as a sufficient guide for the future. I am able to direct your attention to the acts of your predecessor, and by these, better than by any words of mine, to give you a guide for your future conduct. It is a matter of unqualified satisfaction to me to find, at the close of the second entire year in which it has been my fortune to witness the results of appointments such as have this day been made, that I can, in this instance, as in the preceding, state that in every official act in which, by my position, I have been placed in contact with the

chief magistrate of this city, he has acquired my hearty concurrence and approbation. I had the happiness of stating this at the close of the mayoralty of that worthy and respected man, Mr. Alderman Morrisson, of whom an intervening year has not been able to obliterate the remembrance. I am happy to state that his successor has emulated the line of conduct which in him elicited my approbation; and, in doing so, I am happy to add that the activity, zeal, and integrity of his coadjutors, the High Sheriffs, have also been all that I could desire.”

Would Lord Mulgrave have been able to say this much after two years' experience of a corporation consisting of the £10 householders of this city? most probably with Mr. Arkins and Mr. Slevin as the two *Lord Mayors*.

His Excellency's eulogium upon Alderman Morrisson was as just as it was beautiful. This excellent man has since paid the debt of nature; and the universal esteem of his fellow citizens has followed him to the grave. His Excellency surely must feel that under the wild system which it is proposed to substitute for the staid and ancient franchises of this great city, such a man would have been outstript in the competition of crime much by any noisy declaimer or reckless incendiary.

MR. GIFFARD AND THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND.

We feel it a duty to transfer to our columns the following letter—not only because it completes the chain of historical evidence relative to the Battle of the Diamond, but also because we feel a pride in recording the vindication of a father's memory—beautiful in the spirit of filial piety which pervades it—proceeding from the pen of an individual of whom Ireland and the Irish University may well feel proud.

“To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

“Myddelton-square, Sept. 26.

“Sir—When you are informed that I am the only surviving son of the gentleman unfavourably referred to in the following passage of Mr. Quigley's letter, published in this day's *Morning Chronicle*, you, I am sure, will acknowledge my claims to offer a few words in vindication of my father's memory :—

“About the middle of June, 1795, the Peep-o'-day Orangemen assembled at Diamond, in a road-side public house, kept by Daniel Winter, who was an Orange fanatic. They circulated a report that their object was nothing further than to have a dance and make merry, but they arrived well armed, and, when excited by potations of whiskey, in the course of the night, they announced their real object, by firing bullets into the houses of Roman Catholics situated on Fahert-hill.

“Such an unexpected and extraordinary attack upon the Catholics, when sunk in sleep, alarmed and irritated the Defenders, and caused some of their party to assemble and return the fire. It appeared next morning that each party occupied positions on opposite hills, but at such a respectful distance that their fire was totally unavailing. Information of

such unprecedented proceedings was conveyed to Portadown, the residence of Mr. Obins, a magistrate, who immediately put himself at the head of a detachment of the city of Dublin militia, and marched to disperse the rioters. On the approach of the soldiers the Defenders fled; their opponents, with the utmost confidence, remained in their positions, with their arms in their hands, until the soldiers made them prisoners. Captain Giffard, who had made himself very notorious in Dublin as a bigoted persecutor of Catholics, was the officer commanding the troops, and he soon discovered that his prisoners were the Peep-o'-day party, which caused him to hold a consultation with Mr. Obins, the result of which was an immediate liberation of the prisoners, to whom Mr. Obins returned their arms, bade them a friendly good morning, and marched the troops home to their quarters.*

"The epithet 'bigoted persecutor,' applied to Mr. Giffard, though definite enough in its proper meaning, has been so indiscriminately bestowed upon all who in any way opposed the wishes of Roman Catholics, that I am at a loss to know in which sense it is employed by Mr. Quigley.—If that gentleman would be understood as merely saying that my father was an active and zealous opponent of the claims of Roman Catholics to political power, I am bound to confess the truth of the charge; he certainly was, in his humble sphere, just such 'a bigoted persecutor' as in a more exalted rank were George III., Frederick Duke of York, and all the men of his time, whom posterity will hold in highest honour, and his name may bear the burthen in such company, without causing pain or a blush to his children. But if Mr. Quigley uses the phrase in its proper sense, I appeal to all my father's contemporaries, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, for proof that it is most unjustly applied to him. The part which he acted in Irish politics was not very obscure, and it was not at all doubtful—it necessarily gave offence to those to whom he stood opposed, and they were numerous, and not very scrupulous in making charges, yet I am not aware of a single act of persecution of which he has been accused, either as magistrate, landlord, the holder of a military command, or in any other relation of life. It was my father's almost singular happiness—and I have frequently heard him refer to the circumstance as one for which he was most thankful—to have passed through the whole of the civil war, from 1795 to 1799, generally holding an independent command, without being under the ne-

cessity of inflicting severity in a single instance. While others less fortunate, as he said—others less firm, uncompromising, and vigilant, if not less humane, some perhaps will think with me—were forced upon the necessity of very harsh proceedings. And it is but justice to my father's memory to add, that in the murder of his son, and eight of his near kindred, he had sharper provocation than most.

"I now allude to my father's share in the matter of the Diamond.

"There is a discrepancy of dates as to this affair, which I confess myself unable to reconcile with certainty or at all clear up, except in so far as I can say that Mr. Quigley must be mistaken in fixing the date of my father's interference so early as June 1795. I see by this paper that it was scarcely possible for him to be absent from Dublin in June, July, or August of that year. Beyond his negative testimony I cannot go; but my impression is, that Mungrave and Plowden are probably right in connecting the affair of the 21st of September with that which called for the interposition of the military commanded by Mr. Giffard. The date, if an error, is, however of less importance than another error into which Mr. Quigley has fallen, viz.—the assertion that my father had made prisoners of the 'Peep-o'-day Boys;' he made no prisoners from either party on the occasion of his interference. But I shall best answer Mr. Quigley by giving my father's account of the whole transaction, as I have frequently heard it from his lips, under circumstances that rendered misrepresentation impossible, had he been capable of falsehood, (which assuredly he was not,) for the narrative was given in the presence of brother officers, who had been witnesses to all that passed upon the occasion referred to, whatever the date. My father marched from Portadown with a company of the City of Dublin militia (about fifty men,) and attended by a magistrate, (Mr. Obins, the gentleman named by Mr. Quigley, I presume.) My father acted, however, as I have reason to believe, not upon the suggestion of the local magistrate, but in obedience to a confidential communication from the government. Upon his arrival at the village of the Diamond, he found the antagonist parties pretty much as Mr. Quigley describes them, confronting each other at a distance of about 200 yards, on the sloping sides of two hills. Each party stood arrayed by a stone-wall, which served to dress its line; with this difference of tactics, however, that the 'Peep-o'-day Boys' stood *before* their

wall, the Defenders *behind* the wall on their side. Notwithstanding this partial concealment of the Defenders, it was obvious that they were much the more numerous body, probably in the proportion of 1000 to 190 'Peep-o'-day Boys.' Mr. Giffard having taken up his position in the valley midway between the contending parties, called upon both 'to lay down their arms in the king's name.' The 'Peep-o'-day Boys' instantly obeyed, grounding their weapons with considerable military precision. The Defenders acted differently; they, at the same time, changed the objects of their hostility, and instead of continuing their ineffective fire upon the 'Peep-o'-day Boys,' they turned upon the nearer mark, the military, two of whom, Nicholas Walsh and Alexander Macdonald, they wounded severely. After this fire they fled; it need not be added, carrying off their arms. To pursue the fugitives would defeat the purpose of the expedition. Mr. Giffard, therefore, in order to give his men time to cool their anger at the treachery of the Defenders, marched them up to the place where the 'Peep-o'-day Boys' remained with their arms grounded. Thanking them for their ready obedience, he remonstrated with them upon the impropriety of levying war, as it were, of their own authority, assuring them that no government could wink at such a violation of order and peace. They replied that they had not been the aggressors; that they had been night after night attacked, both in their houses and on the highway, and that, upon this occasion, they appeared to answer a challenge, which they could not

refuse without encouraging their enemies to destroy them. Mr. Giffard observed that the excuse of persecution might be true, or it might be false, but that it was one which could not be received by any regular government as authorising civil war. He told them that he would not deprive them of the arms which they had surrendered with such loyal alacrity, more particularly as their enemies had retired in possession of *their* weapons, but exacted, in return for this indulgence, a promise that they would desist from such musters, that they would associate themselves with the well-disposed and loyal among their neighbours, and, having so associated, go at once into communication with the magistrates and gentlemen of the county for the common safety.

"The promise was, I believe, faithfully observed in every case where the magistrates and gentry listened to the offer of the humbler Protestants, and hence the Orange institution.

"Mr. Plowden assigns to my father the honour of founding that institution; but he has no other claim to that honour than what I have described. He was not an Orangeman until 1798.—I remain, Sir, with great respect, your obedient humble servant.

"STANLEY LEES GIFFARD.

"P.S.—It may be proper to add, that the impression on my own mind is, 'that the battle of the Diamond' occurred on the same day, immediately after the withdrawing of the military; which, of course, could not be known to 'the Defenders.'"

THE CONSTABULARY CIRCULAR.

With deep alarm, and we may sincerely add regret, we feel ourselves called on to put on record one of the most extraordinary documents which, perhaps, has ever been issued. It is a document which, divesting it of all the verbiage that clothes it, simply means that Lord Mulgrave puts a price upon protection, and will give it to those, and those only, who can pay for it. The subject is too momentous to be passed over with a light comment—for the present, therefore, we content ourselves with placing on record the official circular addressed by Colonel Shaw Kennedy, to all officers of police—

"CIRCULAR.

"His Excellency has established the rule, that it is only in cases of urgent

necessity that protection is to be afforded to individuals, by placing men of the force in their premises.

"When individuals receive such protection, they will, in future, be obliged to provide the men with lodging, bedding, and fuel; and to pay for each man a sum not exceeding one shilling per night. When men of the force are thus employed for individual protection, or the protection of any private property, it will be the duty of the officers of the force fully to inform me of the whole of the circumstances, in order that the daily allowance for each man employed may be regulated according to the circumstances of the case, and the condition of the parties to whom the aid may be afforded.

"The payments so made will be credited by the paymaster to the public, in the accounts of the county, by deducting

it from the charge of extra allowances; and to enable him to do so, chief constables are to account to him monthly in their pay bills—should there be any suspension of payment, the chief constable is to report to me, through the sub-inspector, the cause of it, and his opinion as to the necessity of continuing the protection. The authority for granting the protection and fixing the rate of charge, is to be annexed to the pay list where the deduction for it is made. The constables on such duty, being provided with lodging, bedding, and fuel, are not entitled to any allowance for being absent from their quarters at night.

"It is clearly to be understood by the officers of the force, that these regulations will, in no degree, diminish the strictness of the rule by which his Excellency refuses to place, or to leave, parties for the protection of individuals, or of private property, except in cases of urgent necessity; nor will they increase the discretionary power, by which the officers of the force may now, in very urgent cases, afford such protection without reference to me.

(Signed)

"J. S. KENNEDY.

"Constabulary Office, Dublin Castle,
Sept. 7, 1837."

ESPIONAGE—THE TRALEE CLUB—MR. DARBY O'GRADY.

The example set by the Irish government in the case of Colonel Verner, has not been lost upon their followers; and already we are called on to record some of its fruits. Every Protestant gentleman in Ireland must, in future, feel that, even in the retirement of the most domestic privacy, he has no security against the presence of spies. No confidence of private life is safe; our most unguarded conversations are listened to; our most confidential letters are insecure from inspection.

A Radical print in Tralee professes to give a full and accurate report of a conversation at a private dinner-table in the club-house of the Tralee Club. It is very true that the statement was afterwards proved to be false; we have the evidence of one of the gentleman mentioned in the report, that the entire was a fabrication. We do not choose to pollute our columns by repeating the infamous story; but the attempt to blazon to the public the occurrences of a meeting, of all others perhaps the most sacred in its privacy, does not derive such extenuation from the fact that the occurrences thus published, were, to use an Irish mode of speaking, just no occurrences at all.

Mr. Darby O'Grady, brother of Lord Guillamore, addressed a letter in the most perfect confidence to Mr. Crosby Moore; by some unexplained means, this letter found its way into the Radical journals. There is nothing in the letter of which the writer need feel ashamed. No one, however, wishes to have his private communications rudely obtruded before the pub-

lic. It is not impossible, too, that this letter may expose Mr. O'Grady to the vengeance of the conspirators, whose schemes it points out the means of defeating. The letter has been made public property, thanks to the accretion of the radical press. Conservatives have no reason to regret that the advice it contains is widely diffused.

"My DEAR CROSBIE—I would have written to you before but that Edward Crosbie was an eye-witness to what took place. We are to petition, and fifty gentlemen have set down their names to share the expense between them, be it what it may. The worst that can happen is, that the election will be declared invalid, and the issue of a new writ; this will drive Fitzgibbon from the field, for Standish has now declared against him. If what I read in the papers, or half, be true, and are capable of proof, there will be no doubt of the county Tipperary lads being also unseated.

"Now, my good fellow, my object in now writing to you is for the purpose of ensuring our success on the next contest. If we, landlords, overlook our tenants' conduct, surely the priests will have the game in future to themselves.

"I noticed three of my tenants among the rioters who attacked our tally-room in Limerick, and I have commenced already the war of extermination against them. There were many more of them there, but I have not heard their names mentioned yet; and would rather not, for I think three quite sufficient to carry my point with the priest.

"Now, there were several of your tenants, their sons, and servants also. Those are all known, but you might select from the guilty, three or four lads, whose removal from your estate would

not injure you, and plead ignorance as to your knowledge of any more of those present at the riot. Your doing this—and Lloyd Apjohn will do the same, also Thomas P. Maunsell—will divide the odium, and not have me exposed to the priests' malediction as usual.

"In this way, and by no other means on earth, can we wrest our tenants from their present bad advisers. And if you and others pocket your insult now, and go to sleep, what successful chance will we have of contesting this county next turn? which, in any event, will soon come about; for this parliament, as at present constituted, will not hold long.

With love from all here to you and yours, always affectionately yours,

"D. O'GRADY.

"Linsfield, 18th August, 1857.

"Let your tenants say what they may, every one of them would have voted for Fitzgibbon and Smith O'Brien.

"Maurice C. Moore, Esq.
Mooreafort, Tipperary."

The radical journals have represented Mr. O'Grady as a heartless persecutor, because he has resolved to discountenance tenants who were engaged in a riotous attack on the tally-rooms of the Conservative candidates!!

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS IN SLIGO.

The accounts of the state of Sligo, since the elections, are most fearful. The sufferings of Allen and Mackenzie we have already recorded. The Protestant inhabitants of the county have been unable to get their harvest cut down. Large mobs pervaded the county, in some instances headed by priests, threatening destruction to all workmen who should be guilty of working for Protestants. In the midst of this frightful state of things, informations were preferred against several persons alleged to be Protestants, for being of a party, who swore labourers not to work for any Protestant. The informations were taken, and the parties committed for trial.

In the case of Mr. Spelman, the priest charged with being accessory to the cold-blooded murder of Allen, we forbear expressing any opinion on a case which must become the subject of a legal investigation—we shall follow the same course now. We may, however, mention, that the principal witness was a female, who could not, or would not speak any language but Irish. It is not necessary to refer our readers to the cases of Ganley and Sly; we reserve all observations until the trial has taken place. There is one feature, however, still to be noticed in the transaction. From the *Evening Mail* of the 11th October, we take the following, which completes this extraordinary case:—

"It must be borne in mind, that the charges on which the Sligo Protestants stand committed for trial, arose out of disturbances consequent on the late contested election; their alleged offence being that of swearing in the peasantry

not to work for Protestants. Arising out of the same election, there occurred a murder and a murderous attempt connected therewith, for which, as an accessory thereto, informations have been sworn against a Roman Catholic priest of the name of Spelman, and the reverend gentleman is to abide his trial. The Protestants have been committed for trial without bail—bail having been tendered and refused—and the priest is admitted to stand out on bail till the next assizes, sufficient securities, of course, having been taken for his appearance! The extraordinary facts in connexion with this portion of the two cases, are as follows: On the trial of the Protestants, Mr. Myles McDonnell and Mr. Daniel Jones, both Roman Catholics, and the latter the defeated candidate for the county, refused to join in taking bail for the prisoners.—In the case of the Roman Catholic priest, Mr. Joseph Myles McDonnell, and Mr. Charles Joseph McDermott, both Roman Catholics, on their own authority, admitted Father Spelman to bail. Now it happens that Mr. Joseph Myles McDonnell is no magistrate at all, and consequently had not any authority either to commit or take bail for the accused. His apology is, that he thought himself a magistrate, having written to Colonel Gore upon the subject, and directed his attorney to send him a dedimus. But surely he must have known that no dedimus could have been issued to him, for he could not but have been aware that his name had not been inserted in the last commission of the peace for the county. Mr. Charles Joseph McDermott will, doubtless, be able to account for the extraordinary confidence, which enabled him on his sole responsibility to take bail for an offence of a description so heinous as murder. We now come to the part

enacted in this drama by the government. Certain of the magistrates who presided at the Tubbercurry investigation, finding the two Roman Catholic magistrates before mentioned would not join them in taking bail of the prisoners, suspended their own opinion, and declined taking bail, until they had given government an opportunity of submitting the information, and a true statement of the case, to the law officers of the crown. With this view, one of the magistrates—whose name it is needless at present to specify—caused copies of the proceedings to be forwarded to Lord Morpeth, accompanied by the depositions of several members of the families of the accused, all contra-

dicting the sworn informations of Scully, and he added thereto, on his own knowledge of his character, that the prosecutor was notoriously unworthy of credit on his oath. To this application due answer was returned by Mr. Under Secretary Drummond, informing the magistrates that the documents having been submitted to the Lord Lieutenant, his Excellency declared his inability to interfere, the presiding magistrates having already fully committed the prisoners for trial! This, if not 'even-handed justice,' is, at least, what we are taught to consider 'justice to Ireland.' When shall we see it at an end?"

MURDER OF ANDREW GANLEY.

October 2d.—An inquest was held this day on the body of Andrew Ganley, who was murdered, under circumstances of the most fearful barbarity in the city of Dublin. It appears that deceased was a dealer in eggs, and the only Protestant dealer in the market. Some time since, an attempt had been made in the county of Longford, to swear away the life of his brother, who resided there. Ganley himself had taken no part in politics, but his religion made him obnoxious to the conspirators. On the 22d of September, he was beaten most cruelly in Halston Street, and lingered in torture until Sunday the 1st of October, when he died. The coroner's jury found the following verdict:—

"We find that said Andrew Ganley came by his death in consequence of a beating he received on the night of the 22d of last month, from some person or persons unknown."

At the inquest the following documents were produced, which had been addressed to customers of the deceased:

"Thady Hanley—I suppose you are determined to continue your dealing with the Hanoverian; but recollect what the

consequence will be, and also recollect there was intercession made for you this time, as, perhaps, not knowing what Ganley and Garret done—the two Hanoverians—after refusing several clergymen. Mullaly may look out for himself, as ye both could not but hear what he done. There are other persons dealing with Ganley who has quit him, and also those who are with him at present, and begs to have this time free; but let them mark the consequence the next time; let them not think this will be forgot like the last time, when his brother shot the man in Longford. There is a sharp look out for little King, who will meet the fate of others."

"Duncan—You may prepare your coffin the moment the last egg is counted, for giving your eggs to that *buddy* Orange villain, *Ganley*; and also any other person from your country will be treated in the same manner.

"SIGNED BY THE FRIEND OF SOCIETY."

These documents—at least the first of them—bear internal evidence of being the process of a secret tribunal.

Upwards of ten days elapsed, without any notice whatever being taken of this foul murder in the Gazette—this is Mulgrave tranquillity.

MR. VIGNOLLES AND THE CARLOW AFFAIR.

Mr. Vignolles, whose treatment by Lord Mulgrave we have already recorded, has been assailed in another way by the General Association. A prosecution was commenced against him by two men of the name of Godden and Brennan, whom he also prosecuted for an assault, arising out of the transactions at the election. Mr. French, agent for the Association, went

down specially to defend the men—but it appeared upon the trial that he had no authority whatever to appear for them since, in spite of his remonstrances, the men pleaded guilty!!! and apologised to Captain Vignolles. He succeeded in arguing on the cross prosecution against Captain Vignolles—the jury could not agree.

RIBBONISM.

The provincial journals frequently supply very important information relative to the state of Ireland, which, with submission be it spoken, some of the metropolitan journals are not always prompt enough in extracting and arranging. In the *Fermanagh Reporter*, we find the following account—it is indeed, of a matter of no unusual occurrence—the most casual observer of the events daily passing in the country parts of Ireland, could probably furnish a hundred similar instances—but at a moment when the existence of a conspiracy against Protestantism is denied, it is well to bring out even these every-day manifestations into a distinctness to which certainly, they are not entitled by their rarity :—

“ A short time since a notorious character, named Hergaton, who had made himself conspicuous in heading the Roman Catholics whenever a party fight took place, and who had lately been liberated from jail, after suffering the penalty inflicted for his crimes, died near Trillick. A large mass of the country people,

amounting fully to 500, gathered, and were regularly formed into companies and divisions, with such regularity of system as could only be attained by long drilling, and an extended scale of organization. They then marched with the funeral, most of them armed, and wearing the insignia of the Ribbon system, viz. white bands and green ribands. In front of each division was a leader who preserved subordination in the ranks, and was distinguished from the rest by his position and a long white wand. They passed through Pubble and Tempo in this line of march, much to the dismay and astonishment of the peaceable inhabitants. Strange to say, no outrages were committed.

“ An important feature in this manifestation, and one which should not be passed over, is that those who acted as leaders on the occasion, evidently had travelled from remote districts of the country, their jaded appearance, and the fact of many of them being obliged from sheer exhaustion, to remain in houses by the way side, until wearied nature recovered strength to enable them to return to their homes upon the next day.”

MR. O'CONNELL AND LORD CLONCERRY.

October 12.—Under this date Mr. O'Connell has addressed a letter to Lord Cloncurry, which contains some passages worthy of being recorded. We believe the man would do good service to the cause of truth, who would carefully examine all the speeches of Mr. O'Connell ; and judiciously select from the mass the passages which would serve most clearly to exhibit his movements and counter-movements. The volume might be published under the title of “ O'Connell Condemned,” for, from his own words could be collected the most effectual condemnation of all his present proceedings and associates. We shall endeavour, in future, to supply a record of his proceedings, which, a few years hence, may perhaps, be a useful manual to those who may feel disposed to judge of his future conduct by the light of his present proceedings. With this view, we may occasionally chronicle words and acts, which our readers might perhaps be inclined to believe better unrecorded.

The agitator is preparing for a change of ministry—he is employing incentives to blood—there is no other object in the following language :—

“ We have formidable, merciless, and

unceasingly active enemies. The English Tories place their last hope of power in fomenting English prejudice and bigotry in the highest paroxysm of maddened exertion. The same spirit which actuated the English parliament, in the days of Cromwellian war, when the extermination—the total extermination of the Irish race was resolved upon, and nearly perpetrated—that very spirit still presides over the Peel-Wellington councils, and animates the efforts of ninetenths of their Tory partizans. I do not hesitate to declare my thorough conviction, that many of the Tory party, in England, are equally desirous for the slaughter of the Irish Catholics, as were the more valiant, but equally merciless soldiers of Cromwell—and that they would desire to see our exertions for political liberty smothered in our blood.”

The following are his observations relative to the English clergy :—

“ Look at the conduct of the Protestant clergy, in England, for the last two years. The English are said to be, and I believe they are, the most priest-ridden people on the face of the globe. What, then, must be the effect of all the political sermons, the political speeches, and the electioneering tactics of the established clergy, in England, for these two

years? At the last elections, they appear, in the counties especially, to have been the most active of the electioneering agents of the anti-Irish candidates. You, my Lord, who are a Protestant, can find no consolation for the degradation of the Established Church, produced by the unchristian conduct of so many of its ministers. For my part, however, there is much of comfort to me, as a Catholic, in this powerful admission of a consciousness of the weakness of argument, reasoning, or divine authority, to defend their own religion, or to assail mine, when they appeal to angry passions and bad legislation for the protection of the one, and the injury of the other."

Our object is not comment, or there were abundant matter for it here—we proceed to another passage :

"The greatest of all remains behind; every other motive for exertion sinks into comparative insignificance, when compared with this:—It is the open, avowed, and most profligate conspiracy against all the liberal Irish representatives, which has been concocted in London, and has extended its branches all over Great Britain. I have melancholy evidence of its extent from Caithness to Cornwall."

Mr. O'Connell has surpassed even Lord Mulgrave in his selection of gentle terms to describe the barbarous murder in Sligo. We have already given the shocking details; the viceroy designates the transaction as the keeping of two men in confinement; Mr. O'Connell, as "the homicide of a non-elect." "

"The Irish elections terminated in the selection, by the Irish constituencies, of seventy-two liberal members. Not one shilling—no, not one shilling was expended in bribery. The popular elections were conducted in the most peaceable manner; and, with the exception of a homicide, in Sligo, of a non-elect, the popular cause was not stained by a single crime."

It will be interesting to compare this declaration with the evidence before some of the election committees.

It is quite evident that the threatened prosecution of the petitions has frightened Mr. O'Connell. With the exposures consequent on those petitions, the doom of his faction is sealed. He thus speaks of the petition fund:—

"So soon as the elections were over, another conspiracy was set on foot. An individual, named Spottiswood, gorged

with the public plunder of an office now admitted to be useless, and, therefore, to be dispensed with—a public servant I should call him—becomes president; he gets together a parcel of pettifogging attorneys, familiar with litigation and chicanery; and, adding to their number, some few dupes, or perhaps, other fitter instruments, they, at once, and without investigation or proof, calumniate the entire of the liberal constituency and members for Ireland; publish their calumny in the newspapers, and institute a pecuniary fund, to petition, indiscriminately, against all the Irish returns of men favorable to the views of the ministers of the Queen."

"I thought that, in the detail of the evils and oppressions which Ireland has, for nearly seven centuries, been made to endure at the hands of England, the resources of malignity and crime had been exhausted. But I was mistaken; there is still behind a demoniacal instrument of vexation and torment not hitherto used. It is the systematic robbery, by the aid of public subscriptions, and with money collected from numerous contributors, of all those whom the people of Ireland have chosen to honour, and have deemed the most proper to attend to the protection of their properties, lives, and liberties in Parliament.

"Robbery it is—plain, palpable robbery; because, no matter how unfounded a petition may be, he who is petitioned against, must necessarily expend a large sum in his defence.

"Robbery, because it is another indication of the confidence which the English Tories have in the perjury—we must not, my Lord, mince the word—in the PERJURY of Tory Committees. Alas! I must candidly confess, that such confidence is but too well founded; if we are to judge of future Tory Committees, from what we have seen of former Committees, I do not hesitate to say, that grosser perjury was never committed, than I have seen and known to have been committed by former Tory Committees."

The pith and marrow of the letter is contained in the following passages:—

"What I propose is this, that *there should be a meeting called of the Irish Liberal Peers and Members of the House of Commons, to assemble in Dublin, on a day to be named—say between the 31st of October and the 5th of November.*"

"If that meeting be held, I should humbly suggest, that it should adopt these measures:—

"1. An address of allegiance and dutiful respect to her gracious Majesty the

Queen, respectfully claiming from her the protection which her royal prerogative can bestow on her faithful people of Ireland.

"2. Another address to her Majesty, praying specifically, that she may order her Attorney-General for England to prosecute the members of the Spottiswoode gang, for a dangerous and unconstitutional conspiracy against the freedom of election, and the privileges of the Commons House of Parliament.

"I deem it quite impossible for any constitutional lawyer to doubt, that Spottiswoode and his gang are guilty of such a conspiracy.

"3. To form a deputation to wait on Lord Melbourne, on the subject of these addresses, and, in particular, to ascertain the proper mode of presenting them to her Majesty.

"4. To arrange the mode and time of bringing forward, in the House of Lords, a suitable motion on this subject.

"5. To arrange for the bringing forward, in the House of Commons, of a motion for an address, by that House, to direct the Attorney-General to institute the prosecution which I have suggested.

"6. To arrange a motion, in the House of Commons, for a Committee to inquire and report upon the privileges of the House, with respect to Election Committees, in reference to the existing conspiracy.

"7. To arrange a motion, in the House of Commons, or in both Houses of Parliament, for the repeal of the Grenville Act, and to substitute a mode of trial of election petitions, free from partiality, less liable to expense, and to be presided over by a responsible judge

"8. To prepare an Address to her Majesty, from the people of Ireland, praying her to continue in office her present Ministry, as being the first Ministry the people of Ireland ever found honestly disposed to administer equal justice to all.

"9. Having thus testified our confidence in her Majesty's Ministers, we should, I think, make the fittest arrangement we possibly could, to press upon that Ministry our conviction of the absolute necessity of enabling the Reform Bill to work its intended purposes, by extending, and rendering more simple, the elective franchise—and, above all, by giving the electors the protection of the Ballot."

On the 7th of these propositions, we deem it right to observe that the object it proposes is one perfectly fair. All parties, we believe, are agreed that election committees are, of all tribu-

nals the worst and most unsatisfactory. We apprehend that the Conservative members will offer no opposition to Mr. O'Connell in the revision of the Grenville act.

October 15.—Lord Cloncurry has addressed a reply to Mr. O'Connell, exceeding in silliness all the silly acts of this very foolish Lord. We extract some passages:—

"DEAR O'CONNELL,—My Irish newspaper was purloined yesterday, probably in the Post-Office, or your letter should have had the immediate answer its importance required.

"I have always considered a meeting of the Irish Members in Dublin, on their way to Parliament, most desirable, as a means of obtaining information, and establishing that mutual understanding so necessary for the common good; and, in this most auspicious year, graced by the personification of peace and loveliness, I did hope, that, laying aside all party feeling, we should have calmly discussed the all-important measures of national improvement likely to be brought before Parliament.

"Such useful friendly conference can hardly now be hoped for. The enemies of Ireland, and of peace, in the fury of despair, have infringed the law, and braved their sovereign, in the vain hope to retard legislation, and to withhold justice; they have violated the Constitution, and, by insult and violence, endeavoured to excite the bad passions of the multitude.

"This has greatly diminished my hope of the practicability or benefit of the proposed meeting; but I feel it my duty to attempt it; and, for the eight first days of November, I shall attend in Dublin, to confer with all Members of Parliament, and of public boards, and to receive such petitions for presentation as may be entrusted to me.

"The spoliation of corporate property has been continued to whip the Queen's Ministers on our backs. The magistrates of the County Dublin have now weekly meetings, to contrive a substitute for the city police, withdrawn from ten important stations—including Kingstown, the Wapping of our city, thus curtailed of its proportions, to vex the Queen's Ministers. Much of this folly, I am certain, proceeds from ignorance, which would be diminished by conference on the spot. I remember when a noble peer objected to the sale of a bishop's house, lest it should be desecrated by a Catholic purchaser. I asked, if it would be worse

than selling it for a barrack, and was immediately contradicted, as if I had said the impossible thing. A visit to Dublin would prove such contradiction to be undeserved.

"Why does the Admiralty charge fifteen shillings for a passage to Holyhead, sixty miles, and twelve to Liverpool, one hundred and twenty?"

"Why does my Irish paper cost postage, and my English come free, one hundred times the distance? Why are the letters of the poor charged with double postage, until the half be given back, let its importance be what it may? Why can a set of party magistrates refuse a petty sessions to a large town (Bray, for instance,) and establish it at privacy in a gate lodge?"

For ourselves we believe the object of assembling this little parliament in Dublin to be plain. If the custom of a few years should have lent to its meetings even the shadow of the sanction of prescriptive right, it will exist as a body useful for the purposes of treason, when treason may

find it expedient to make open war. The meeting of Irish members will virtually assume the powers of an Irish parliament, and be ready at any time to declare the union violated and dissolved, *and themselves the national convention of Ireland.* We may read the meaning of the proposal by the light of the following sentence in Mr. O'Connell's letter:—

"Already the 'signs of the times' cheer me on. One of the most decided adversaries to 'repeal,' Lord Ebrington, has himself avowed that there were indications of such atrociously criminal hostility to Ireland amongst the English Tories as, if successfully persevered in, would justify and even require the Irish people to insist on the repeal. It was an honest and a manly declaration, and, coming from a man of his lordship's sterling integrity, shows that the very best men in the empire will recognise our right to a domestic legislature if the British parliament and people refuse us the justice of a perfect equalization of civil rights."

THE BEGGING-BOX.

October 20th.—In the *Pilot* of this date the following notice appears:—

"The friends of Ireland and of reform, in those parishes in which the collection for the O'Connell Compensation Fund was judiciously postponed until the ensuing month, will be gratified to learn that Sunday, the 12th of November, has been fixed upon for the completion of this imperative measure in all the outstanding districts of the kingdom.

"The claim is in the present instance swelled into a 'double debt,' as it was not brought forward in the past year (1836) lest it should interfere with the arrangements then adopted for the extension of the liberal power, through the registries, or with the organization set on foot by the National Association, called into existence by O'Connell to meet the circumstances of the times.

"Thus the approaching collection is to constitute the 'National Compensation Fund' for two years (viz., 1836 and 1837); and this consideration will have its due effect in producing a corresponding augmentation of the individual and local subscriptions.

"The vindictive energy which the Tories exhibit in accumulating money in all parts of the empire to continue 'the war of the purse' against O'Connell, will be usefully recollected by his supporters. 'They will feel that as there is nothing

which their enemies desire more strenuously than his ruin, there is nothing for which they ought to feel so solicitous as his sustinment. A great principle is involved in it, and the people of Ireland will give evidence in its assertion that they are actuated by the unalterable determination to vindicate the rights of which O'Connell is the indomitable champion.' Thus, in allusion to the National Compensation Fund, writes Richard Shiel, whose name and opinion are of such influence and authority with his countrymen.

"Every county, town, parish, and person favorable to O'Connell and reform is now emphatically called upon to cooperate in securing the success of the collection. The season is signally propitious, and the interval affords sufficient time for organising the requisite parochial committees; and proper local arrangements being efficiently made, an augmented produce proportioned to the increased strength of the claim upon the country will unquestionably be realised in each district in Ireland.

"P. V. FITZPATRICK, Sec.

"Office, 44, Dame-street, Dublin."

It is a novel, perhaps a significant feature in this comical production, that Mr. O'Connell's popularity is propped by the "influence and authority" of Richard Shiel.

DEATH OF DR. WILLIAM WEST.

With deep and painful feelings of regret we take up our pen to record on this page the premature death of our esteemed and amiable fellow-citizen, Dr. William West. He died on Sunday the 8th of October, in the 34th year of his age. A fever, caught while attending the meeting of the British Association, has deprived society of one of its most estimable members, and the literature of Ireland of one of its ornaments and supports.

As a student of modern languages, Dr. West's success was, in Ireland at least, unrivalled. His accurate and familiar acquaintance with the most intricate and least studied dialects of Northern Europe, had earned for him a reputation as a linguist, which was not confined to the circle of his native shores. By many learned men on the continent, his opinions were sought after with anxiety, and attended to with respect. We have a melancholy satisfaction in acknowledging the obligations under which he frequently placed this journal, by contributions, the place of which it is impossible to supply. Every day was adding alike to his knowledge and his reputation, when his distinguished career was brought to a close in an early grave.

In the University, Dr. West had borne the highest honours of the undergraduate course. At a later period of his life, the Royal Irish Academy conferred on him the high distinction of electing him a member of their council. In private life, universally respected and esteemed, few men had more or warmer friends—none, perhaps, ever made fewer enemies. The daily press, of all parties, has borne honourable and abundant testimony to the general regret which was occasioned by his premature decease. From the many tributes to his memory which the melancholy event called forth, we select the following, from the columns of the Dublin Evening Mail:—

“We do not know when a more painful duty has devolved upon us, than that of recording the death of our amiable and distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. William West, son of Alderman Jacob West, of this city. When we consider the estimation in which this individual was held as a sound and erudite scholar by the most learned men of the day—the ardent zeal with which he prosecuted science, and the premature age (only 34) at which he was cut off, it is not too much to say that his loss was a public one, and one that must be deeply deplored by the world of letters. The promises held out by his collegiate success were more than realised in the distinctions his labours in medicine, philology, geography, and botany, subsequently acquired for him. Of these subjects the science of languages occupied his especial attention, and so accurate and profound was his knowledge in this branch of literature, that in matters of abstruse research his assistance was urgently sought after by the most eminent philologists both at home and abroad. His capabilities in this respect were practically and disinterestedly applied to rendering the most recent discoveries in medicine throughout Europe available to his professional brethren at home. The purity of mind, singleness of purpose, and almost childish simplicity of thought, in the ordinary affairs of the world, so often the characteristic accompaniments of true genius, were leading features in Dr. West's character. He may be said to have fallen a sacrifice to his too ardent pursuit of science, as the fatal fever, which terminated his short but distinguished career, was caused by close application, whilst in a delicate state of health, in preparing for the British Association an elaborate critical illustration, through its primitive dialects, of the Ancient Geography and History of Gaul and the British Isles.”

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DUBLIN

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

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Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen, No. XI.—The Duke of Ormonde, in our next.

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Vol. X.

THE ORPHANS OF DUNASKER.

By the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara," "Confessions of Honor Delany,"
"Irish Priests and English Landlords," &c.

CHAP. V.

Miss TAMMY GOULDING's account of the several individuals mentioned in the preceding chapter, was, in the main, correct. She did not exaggerate much more than people naturally do, who feel a particular interest in their neighbours' concerns, and allow full scope to a lively imagination, while descanting upon them. She did not, however, do full justice to the Massinger family, or Mrs. Smallcraft. She only mentioned their very apparent defects, without giving them credit for the many good qualities which they possessed. The latter lady was certainly penurious and dictatorial; but she was good natured, and, in a certain degree, well principled. If she had been the wife of a poor man, she would have managed his pittance with respectable economy, and made her husband rich; as it was, having married a gentleman of respectable fortune, she was outrageously shabby; and although his substance was increased, she contrived to make him contemptible. Her dress was not merely plain—it was poor; the materials of the cheapest kind, and worn till they took their legitimate station in the rag-bag. Her table was not merely simply and unsavourily provided; but there was also a want of neatness and regularity about the whole concern, together with so high-minded a determination not to encourage a pampered appetite in her family or guests—few and far between—that nothing short of the want of a dinner, could induce a person accustomed to the little respectabilities of

civilized life to partake of her everyday hospitality.

Mrs. Smallcraft's besetting sin was the love of money, or money's worth. Phrenologists would account, we believe, for this propensity, by the, probably, large development of the organ of acquisitiveness; and, very likely, such was the case. But there was a counteracting principle at work, which saved her from being a downright miser—she could give away. She was active in works of philanthropy, and took pains to ameliorate the condition of the poor. This might also be accounted for by the combination of benevolence, conscientiousness, and veneration, which, when brought to bear upon her acquisitiveness, would, in a great measure, hinder its activity. It may be so; but we choose another solution of the difficulty, if it be a difficulty; and we give credit to the power of true religion to have counteracted, in a great degree, the prevailing tendency of her natural disposition.

We can imagine some one of our readers laying down the book after reading the last sentence, with an indignant exclamation against our laxity of Christian morals, in hinting at the possibility of true religion existing in a character such as we have been describing. But, dear reader—and we ask the question, we hope, without giving offence, as we know so very little about you—have you, *yourself*, no besetting sin, which may be as inconsistent with religion, as poor Mrs.

Smallcraft's? Is there nothing in your habits and disposition which might not unchristianize yourself if brought to the standard by which you would measure her? Pray, remember we have never said that religion had *all* the influence over her that it ought to have; we simply state the fact, that it had some, nay, that it had much—perhaps as much as ever was brought to bear on your own character, in counteracting, it may be, the less unamiably-looking propensities of your disposition, which, nevertheless, prove your descent from old Adam as clearly as her's.

Following the natural bent of her will, Mrs. Smallcraft would have been a regular miser, but she struggled hard against it, and so far conquered it, that she was not hard-hearted—she was only shabby and mean. She gave shillings where pounds might have been expected; but still she did give; and if she fed her husband and children on very homely fare, she was ready to share it with those who were in want. Unfortunately for Mrs. Smallcraft, she was not at all acquainted with herself. Because she was conscientious, she supposed herself generous; and by a strange error of education, she spelt the word infirmity, when it came in the read of her own character, with the letters p-r-i-n-c-i-p-l-e. She knew that waste was a sin, she therefore persuaded herself that saving was a christian grace. She knew that "the pride of life" was to be guarded against, consequently—that is, according to her propensity—she denied herself the deencies becoming her situation, as the evidence of resisting that vice. How she explained the precepts, "Be careful for nothing"—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth"—"Take no thought for the morrow," and such others, we cannot say; but we suppose pretty much after the same rule of interpretation which you, my unknown reader, may feel inclined to put upon such passages as the following:—"Be not conformed to the world"—"Whatever you do, do all to the glory of God," &c. &c.; and perhaps, she might as justly cavil at your gloss, as you would have any right to do with her's.

The Massingers were, it must be allowed, one and all, overrun with vanity. *That* was their besetting sin, and it was so very predominant, that they, in general, got credit for no other ingredient in their character. The success of the eldest son in his poetical

venture, was the ruin of all his brothers and sisters; for they all at once set up on his capital, and drove a furious trade in all the commodities of genius. In the absence of his elder brother, the second, Mr. Frederick Massinger, became a partner in the firm, as the poet. He wrote fragments in blank verse, and fragments in rhyme, and songs of mermaids, and knights, and dryads, and roses, and butterflies, and fountains, and all the other songsters, animate and inanimate. He had not as yet come before the world in print; but it was whispered that he was preparing for the press a collection of poems on various subjects. He also found time for other studies, which, he said, had unfortunately encouraged a natural tendency to scepticism. Now, in fact, he had no such tendency; but there happened to be no professed sceptic in that part of the world, and he liked to astonish his neighbours with something new. He, therefore, propounded his doubts on all occasions, when he could find listeners, till Mrs. Smallcraft dubbed him an atheist—Mr. Ravenscroft, a coxcomb—and Mr. De Lacy, a rival genius in the neighbourhood, a fool.

Miss Massinger left poetry to her brothers, and wrote and spoke prose as her element. She was, besides, a thorough-bass musician, and composed music for the family songs; studied every science; doated upon every thing clever, and talked incessantly upon every subject—sometimes very well, particularly when she understood herself. We may say the same for the four younger ladies. Their aim was to be universal geniuses; and they succeeded so completely, that it would take more time than we can spare to describe the minute shades of difference between them. Left to herself, indeed, Sophy Massinger, the third girl, might have vindicated a character for herself. She possessed qualities which must have commanded respect, with a mind so well regulated by nature, that it required all the activity of all her brothers and sisters to keep it out of order for any length of time. When not immediately within the sphere of their influence, she could be unaffected and unpretending, and was, in consequence, a more general favourite than any of the others.

Mr. James Massinger, the youngest son, about twenty, was sadly puzzled to keep up the family character for genius in his own person, yet his quota

could not be spared—a Massinger must somehow or other be distinguished. So his sisters repeated without intermission; and to please them, more than for his own gratification, he set his wits to work to discover his peculiar talent. To write poetry was out of the question; for he found it very irksome to write at all. He could do nothing particularly useful—nothing in the least ornamental—nothing out of the common routine of the very commonest doings. In this awkward predicament, his only resource was to set up for an oddity—and an oddity he determined to be. For this exhibition of genius he supposed that nothing was required but a certain degree of roughness or abruptness of manner, together with a little slovenliness in dress; so he practised these accomplishments whenever there was a regular family display. His success on the first two or three essays was quite sufficient to give him encouragement; but being naturally good-natured and civil, and fond of thin shoes and smart waistcoats, he often was betrayed into forgetfulness of his oddity; so much so, that many of his acquaintances would never have suspected it, had not Miss Massinger contrived to bring it into notice, by always speaking of him as her eccentric brother.

We have, so far, told the truth, though not the whole truth. We have still to say, that vanity, even when most active, never could make them radically unamiable. As a family, living together in amity and strong attachment, they were patterns worthy of close imitation. Each was ever ready to make any personal sacrifice for the others; and if they did mutually fetch and carry praise, they did it with a hearty good will, without the demand of fee or reward, in kind. The ladies gave some of their time, and much of their money, to advance any plan for the good of their fellow-creatures; and, in the multiplicity of their pursuits, never lost sight of what ought to be the grand object of every human being's anxious enquiry, "wherewithal shall I come before God?" They did not satisfy Mrs. Smalcraft in this particular; for they wore silk stockings every hour of every day. They often disappointed Mr. Ravenscroft, because they could appear as intensely interested in the dissection of a foolish charade, as when engaged with the awfulest portion of holy writ. He, however, always spoke favourably

and hopefully of them; and as he had better opportunities of judging of them than most people, his opinion should have some weight.

No doubt they had small minds; but we have known smaller. Not a particle of envy could ever be detected in their composition. They gave to all their just due; nay, they seemed to find pleasure in bringing to light the concealed perfections of others. Provided they were left in undisturbed possession of the ground on which they chose to stand, they never scowled disapprobation on the adventurer who sought the same elevation, or who even aimed at climbing higher. On the contrary, they always offered a helping hand, and patronised and fostered all the incipient genius in Dunasker, and elsewhere, as far as the influence of Massinger-hall extended.

With this happy talent of seeing more and farther than the generality of people, they seldom failed to discover something superabounding in all their intimates. Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Merrygrief, their present visitors, who had spent forty years and upwards in the world; and had lived in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, without ever being distinguished from the common mass of their fellow creatures, except by their name, were, on their acquaintance with the Massingers, individualized most prominently. He was pronounced to be the most agreeable, and best informed man in the world; and she the most naïve, interesting, enthusiastic creature in existence.

To common eyes Mr. Merrygrief would have only appeared just as well-informed as most gentlemen who have got a liberal education, with no very great powers of agreeability, unless that the absence of every quality which could make him disagreeable, might suppose their presence. He was a genuine Englishman; besides, being a good specimen of human nature, such as it is in any country—shrewd, sensible, intelligent, honourable, and straight-forward, with an independent mind, and a warm heart—the key to which might be difficult to find, but when once found, and the door fairly opened, it would require a strong force to shut it again. He had not one particle of wit, though his perception of it in others was very quick; but he had a fund of dry humour, which amused himself, and was often the source of amusement to others.

Mrs. Merrygrief—but we will not attempt to describe her—let her speak for herself. It will be merely necessary to say something about her enthusiasm, which began and ended with Ireland. Some years before, she fell in love with the Irish melodies; next, with an Irish lady, who recommended to her some popular works, which gave the first faithful description of the manners and habits, and modes of thinking and speaking of the people of Ireland. She fell in love with these also, when they were translated for her: and after studying them very hard, and taking all possible pains to enter into their spirit, arrived at the conclusion, that there was nothing to be compared to Irish wit. A casual acquaintance at water-drinking places with some of our countrymen and countrywomen, who were gratified by the notice of a person of her rank, and who, consequently, made themselves as agreeable as they could, kept her enthusiasm alive, and she longed to visit a country so fertile in agreeabilities.

Her husband did not at all participate in her Irish enthusiasm, although he understood the character of the people as well, if not better than herself; and in all probability he might never have been persuaded to cross the channel, had not a pressing invitation come from the Massingers, when he was undecided where or how he should pass a few idle months in the summer. To the great delight of his wife, the invitation was accepted at once, and they arrived in good health and spirits at Massinger-hall; both pleased with their excursion so far; and the lady determined to be still further pleased with all that she saw, heard, felt, or understood.

"I am quite charmed with your old gardener," she said to Miss Massinger, on the third day after her arrival. "I have been talking to him for the last half hour; and I flatter myself that I have made a conquest of him, for I spoke to him quite in his own style, and imitated the brogue so well, that he confessed he would never have suspected me to be English, if he had not heard it from the servants."

"I must warn you, my dear Mrs. Merrygrief, not to give yourself the habit of speaking like old John Flinn. With your excellent ear you may unconsciously slide into his accent, and so be disgraced for ever on your return to England."

"I should like the disgrace of all

things, I assure you. I perfectly doat upon the Irish accent."

"Nay, nay; you are enthusiastic to a fault. You must not admire our imperfections."

"*Rilly* now!" exclaimed the enthusiast playfully, "you are worse than my sister, Lady Gludyer, who is afraid that I shall turn authoress, and write with a brogue. Not admire your imperfections! Why, you unreasonable girl, what else would you have me admire?"

This was a home question—asked in real simplicity of heart, and certainly meant for a compliment. It was, however, one of so very equivocal a nature, that Miss Massinger was, for a moment, at a loss for an answer. She at length said, that she would willingly allow any extent of admiration for our national music.

"I knew we should agree," said Mrs. Merrygrief. "There is nothing that I doat upon like your music. I *rilly* think your Irish melodies are the loveliest poetry—the sentiments are so beautiful, so pathetic. But I must have my own way, and be permitted to admire you altogether. I am longing to be introduced to all your friends. You know you promised me quite a feast of reason, and a flow of soul."

"You will have an opportunity of seeing some of our most agreeable neighbours to-morrow. Papa has ordered a long dinner table, and mamma has asked a good many for the evening. I am sorry that the Askers will not dine here. Since the last odious election, papa and the Colonel are not on the most friendly terms; but Lady Anne, who never allows politics to interfere with her intercourse with mamma, has promised to drink tea with us."

"I forget the name of your author. I hope we shall see him."

"Mr. De Lacy—yes. We shall have him in the evening—he never dines out. I hope you may not be disappointed in him; for he is apt to be reserved among strangers, or in a crowd of any kind. If he suspected that he was to be the lion of the party, he would not open his lips the whole evening."

"Oh! he must talk—he certainly must. You may tell him that I should be so disappointed—so very much annoyed. You may also tell him how much I admire his works, and that I mean to recommend them to all my friends in England."

"We must let Sophy draw him out," said Miss Massinger. "He is very fond of us all, but she is his first favourite."

"Well now *rilly*, I don't understand that!" said the English lady looking remarkably wise.

Miss Massinger could not discover the incomprehensibility of her very-

matter-of-fact statement. She, in turn, began to look wise, preparatory to an explanation; but the conversation was abruptly terminated by a coachful of visitors, and was never afterwards renewed; so that we must leave our readers for ever ignorant of the cause of Mrs. Merrygrief's perplexity.

CHAPTER VI.

The dinner party, on the following day, was so like every other dinner-party of the same kind, in the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, that although Mrs. Merrygrief's eyes and ears were particularly on the alert, she neither saw nor heard any thing peculiarly characteristic, national, or witty. Nor did the drawing-room, for the first half hour after the ladies retired to it, promise greater variety. They either chatted in pairs at the windows, or looked over the numerous portfolios, annuals, and albums which covered every table, or sat patiently on the sofas, looking agreeably uncomfortable. The five Miss Massingers exerted themselves indefatigably for the entertainment of their guests; and although some of them were incorrigibly dull, and could add nothing to the general stock of company-agreeability, yet they were individually pleased by the attention paid to themselves; and were persuaded, when it was all over, that they had spent a very pleasant day at Massinger-hall.

Some of the evening visitors at length arrived. The gentlemen were fast dropping in from the dining room, and Mrs. Merrygrief's hopes of enjoyment rose high, as the buzz of conversation grew louder, and Captain Somerville's laugh was heard from the midst of a group of young people, who had collected round him.

"I must join that party," she said, taking Miss Massinger's arm. "We are losing something very pleasant. I am quite certain that Captain Somerville is saying witty things, he looks so droll."

"Have patience, for a moment," said her husband, "till I ask Miss Massinger the name of that lady—the tallest of the three young persons near the door."

"That is Miss Vaughan. I mentioned her to you, yesterday. She is a very charming girl; very clever, and active, and useful. The two young ladies, dressed in blue, are her cousins,

the Miss Plants; and the elderly lady, speaking to mamma, is Mrs. Plant, her aunt."

"Are they the clever family that you promised to introduce me to?" enquired Mrs. Merrygrief.

"No; they are not particularly clever; but, I believe, they are most excellent people. We are not very intimate with them—never having visited till we took such a fancy to Miss Vaughan. I must introduce her to you: you will be very much pleased with her."

"Not now; not now; you must not stir; for I am sure I see your delightful friend, Mr. De Lacy coming to speak to you; and I would not lose a word from him, for any consideration."

Miss Massinger looked round, and saw a fat, elderly, fresh-coloured, dull-eyed man approaching; and she had barely time to whisper that 'it was not Mr. De Lacy; it was a Mr. Bright—a distant relation of her father—a very worthy man—not expected that evening,' when he was at her elbow.

"How do you do, Mr. Bright? I am so glad to see you. Mrs. Merrygrief, allow me to introduce Mr. Bright—Mrs. Merrygrief. I hope you left Mrs. Bright well? We were dreadfully shocked, last week, to hear of her illness, but we were quite delighted, when we were told that she was driving out the next day in her pony-chair."

Mr. Bright shook his head.

"She was very near a gone woman, for all that, I can assure you."

"Dear me! how dreadful! her illness must have been very sudden?"

"Like that," he said, slapping the palm of his left hand smartly, with the fingers of his right; "she went up to bed at her usual hour, half-past ten, as well as any of us standing here. I was fidgeting about, looking for something or other, when the maid bounced in upon me, with her face the colour of a sheet, and bid me run up stairs that minute, if ever I expected to see her

mistress alive. You may guess, Miss Massinger, where my head was then. But I lost no time asking questions. I was at the top of that long flight, before you could count one, two, three, four, five, six; and never halted till I was in the very room—when, sure enough, there she was, stretched dead upon the bed!"

"You dont say so," exclaimed Mrs. Merrygrief, who had become greatly interested in the story; "you cannot mean, sir, that she was really dead?"

"Upon my honour, ma'am, I am not telling one word of untruth; the maid and myself did all we could to bring her to; but no, there she lay; and, hand or foot, she would not stir, if we died for it. I pulled her, and shook her, and hallooed in her ear; and I might as well be talking to a post. Then, it luckily came into my head, would it not be as well to send at once for the doctor; so, I ran down stairs again, hunted out a sheet of paper, and wrote off for Dr. Weldon, begging of him not to wait for man or horse, but to come any way, as I did not think, that if he made ever so much haste, he would overtake her."

"He would what, sir?"

"That he would overtake her, ma'am."

"But I dont understand it, sir?"

"No matter, my dear," said Mr. Merrygrief; "pray do not interrupt the gentleman. You must have been greatly agitated, sir?"

"Why sir, I was; that's the plain truth. I called up the coachman, and gave him the letter, bidding him take my own mare, and ride like a steeple chase; and I scolded him to give him confidence; and I scolded the whole house to make them smart, they were all in such a confusion. Just as I pushed him out to saddle the mare, I heard the maid shouting to me to come to the mistress, who wanted to speak to me. I was up stairs again, in no time; and there I found her sitting up, as well as ever she was in her life."

Mr. Merrygrief made a signal to his wife to be silent, and requested Mr. Bright to explain the cause of his lady's sudden illness and recovery.

"She told me, sir, that she knocked her elbow against the corner of the chimney-piece, and the pain made her faint, before she could tell the maid what was the matter with her. She laughed, poor woman, at my fright; and when she heard that the doctor was sent for, insisted that he should not

come. Luckily the coachman, who is always slow, was not gone; so I got the letter from him; opened it; and just added these few words:—'P.S.—Dear Doctor, it would be a pity to disturb you, out of your warm bed, this hour of the night; so, dont come. It is all over; Mrs. Bright sends her compliments to Mrs. Weldon, and only fainted with her elbow.' I then sealed it again, and told John to make no delay, but to deliver it with his own hands, as directed; and so it ended very well for us all."

"And the letter was sent?"

"To be sure, sir; you know it would have been a pity to bring a delicate man like poor Weldon, six miles, in the middle of the night, when there was no necessity."

"Certainly; I can understand that," said Mrs. Merrygrief, who, in spite of a nod from her husband, would have an explanation. "But, *rilly*, I do not understand why you should have sent it at all."

"Not send it at all? *rarely*, ma'am, I cannot understand that logic."

"Why, sir, dont you know that the physician would never have heard of Mrs. Bright's illness, if you had not sent the letter? Why send it, when you did not want him?"

Poor Mr. Bright looked sadly at a loss; and the lady was proceeding, in her shrill voice, to explain to him how he had taken much unnecessary trouble, when Mr. Merrygrief, who was highly amused at the dulness of both parties, came to his relief by dryly remarking, that, at all events, he had left nothing undone, in a circumstance requiring prompt measures.

"Exactly so, sir," said Mr. Bright, recovering his spirits; "everything was thrown upon my shoulders, and I took prompt measures."

He then moved off to return the greeting of the master of the house, who, with the remainder of the dinner-party, had now entered the drawing-room.

"Our cousin," said Miss Massinger, when Mr. Bright was at a sufficient distance to be safely talked over, "is quite a character. He is a most worthy creature, with a real Irish head, as you may see, and I can vouch for his real Irish heart also."

"You naughty girl!" cried Mrs. Merrygrief, "why did you not apprise me of that? Me, who doat upon Irish heads—who am a determined character-hunter. I do not know when I

shall be able to forgive you, for allowing me to be so many minutes in company with a character, and never once giving me a hint of my good fortune."

"I think the gentleman himself gave pretty broad hints," said her husband.

"Now, Mr. Merrygrief, how can you say so? I appeal to Miss Massinger, if it was possible, from what Mr. Bright said, to guess that he was a character. I am sure I never heard of so foolish a thing as he told of himself."

"To make my peace," said Miss Massinger, "I now give you due notice of the presence of Mr. De Lacy, our lion; he is there; the gentleman speaking to Miss Vaughan."

"Your peace is made," said the lady, taking her arm, "on condition that you introduce me this moment, and draw him out to talk in his very best manner."

Mr. De Lacy seemed already engaged in that employment, by the interest with which he was listened to by his auditors. Smiles were on all their countenances, while his preserved an expression of determined gravity. Mrs. Merrygrief came up, only in time to catch the tone of his voice, as he concluded his speech, and Miss Vaughan had commenced what appeared to be a defence of herself.

"Indeed, Mr. De Lacy, you accuse me wrongfully; you forget that I told you what an awkward, slow creature she was."

"No, no," he answered; "I still insist upon it, that you disposed of a bad article under false pretences; and that you are, to all intents and purposes, a common swindler. Let your friends be the judges. You recommended me to engage your protegee from the Arigna school as nursery-maid, when you must have known that she was as stupid as the Hill of Howth."

Miss Massinger laughed; Miss Vaughan laughed; the Miss Plants tittered immoderately; and Mrs. Merrygrief, supposing that so much amusement could only be elicited by something uncommonly witty, though she could not see the point, requested an instant explanation; first from Miss Massinger, and then from the *lion* himself, who began to look somewhat silly when attacked so vehemently.

"I know it is very clever," she said, "I know that you Irish can say the wittiest things: and I have heard so

much of Mr. De Lacy, and have been so enchanted with his charming, little works; so Irish! so delightful! But I do not quite understand the allusion to the Hill of Howth; do, pray, tell me, what does it mean?"

"I assure you, madam, it is not worth explaining. It is a mere vulgar, proverbial saying, without the least pretension to wit, or cleverness of any kind."

"I cannot be put off with such an excuse. I am too well acquainted with you, Irish, not to know that your great excellence consists in saying vulgar, proverbial things. You cannot keep me long in ignorance, Mr. De Lacy; so pray, be good-natured to a stranger. I have been at Howth; I landed there from England; but I know nothing of its peculiarities, or legends, on which, I suppose, the wit depends."

Mr. De Lacy paused a while, and then gravely replied—

"Howth, madam, is composed very much of rock; and rocks are, in general, hard; and, stupid people are often compared to rocks, because their heads are hard; that is, it is difficult to make them comprehend. Now, Miss Vaughan's friend and favourite has a very thick, hard, impenetrable scull, and therefore, I compared her to the Hill of Howth."

"I understand, now, perfectly; it *rilly* is very ingenious; very clever; Stupid as the Hill of Howth. Because Howth is rocky; and stupid people have hard heads like rocks; it is as Irish as possible, and I quite understand it. But, Mr. De Lacy, would not any other hill do as well?"

"Quite as well; provided it be not cultivated too much, and that it is rather lonely and solitary."

"I see; there must, certainly, be loneliness to make one thoroughly stupid. 'Zimmerman on Solitude,' is very dull. Well, I think, I can perfectly understand all that. I am quite captivated," she whispered to Miss Massinger; "so playful; yet so sensible!—How I envy you such society."

Before the young lady could reply, she was summoned to the piano-forte by her brother; and Mr. De Lacy handed her to the instrument, arranged her seat, and shewed more interest in the choice of her music, than was usual with him.

Miss Massinger was a good singer, so far as science without voice, could make one. She sung a piece of con-

siderable compass, in the modern style, light and airy in some parts ; grave and solemn in others. A mixture of the bravura and ballad ; with a helter-skelter accompaniment. A whisper was circulated through the room, that the music was her own composition, and the words by Mr. Frederick Massinger.

Mrs. Merrygrief was in an ecstasy of surprise, delight, and indignation.

"You naughty girl !" she said to the fair delinquent ; "how you delight in mischief ! to keep such a secret from me. Why, *rilly*, I might have thought it a common song, and have never listened to it, had not Miss Plant kindly betrayed you. I shall have full satis-

faction ; you must sing it again ; but, first, Mr. Frederick, you will have the goodness to read it for us. There is nothing that I enjoy so much as an author reading his own productions."

"It is such a trifle," said the young gentleman, taking up the book, "that it is not worth reading ; without the music it would be nothing."

"Come, come, Mr. Frederick, I cannot allow of such modesty. A trifle, indeed ! surely, we all know that you excel in trifles. You must indulge us ; you see we are all attention."

A slight blush tinged the poet's cheek. He half closed the book ; but on second thoughts, he again opened it, and read as follows :—

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

"My home's on the mountain,
My couch the heath-flower ;
My haunt the clear fountain,
Or deep-shaded bower ;
My path's in the wild-wood,
Where the lovely birds sing ;
When Nature's blithe childhood
Laughs joyous in spring.
And I wander far
In my gossamer car,
Through fields only tracked by the shooting star.

I sport in the moon-beam,
With the zephyr I fly ;
But I shrink from the noon-gleam,
When violets die.
With gems from the night-flower,
I spangle my hair ;
And I crouch from the blight-shower,
In the dragon fly's lair.
Then I dance all night,
By the silvery light,
Which the glow-worm sheds from her lamp so bright."

"Beautiful ! lovely ! charming !" resounded from all sides, till the poet literally bore his blushing honours thick upon him.

"It certainly is uncommonly pretty for Frederick Massinger," whispered Mrs. Somerville to Mary Vaughan.

"It is absolutely beautiful !" said a lady on the other side ; "dont you think so, Miss Vaughan ?"

"Indeed," she answered, "it is very——"

"Mr. Massinger has a good deal of taste," again said Mrs. Somerville, addressing herself to Mrs. Smallcraft.

"I cannot say, indeed," she replied ; "I do not pretend to be a judge of that kind of poetry."

"Nor do I, of any kind," said Mrs.

Somerville, "but I know what pleases myself."

"I should be very sorry, however, to be pleased with that," persisted Mrs. Smallcraft, still more stiffly. "I can see nothing very profitable in employing one's thoughts upon fairies and fooleries of that kind."

"They might be, and often are, employed on worse," retorted Mrs. Somerville, between whom and Mrs. Smallcraft there existed as little sympathy, as between any other two ladies in the world.

During this *aside* conversation, Mrs. Merrygrief had got possession of the music book, and had read the song slowly over to herself.

"It is a perfect bijou," she said ; "it

rilly is perfect, and I understand it delightfully. Its great charm is, that it is so like every other song that one reads in magazines and annuals, and all that kind of thing. The rhymes are so simple and flowing; 'mountain and fountain; 'shower and flower; but my delight is 'wildwood and childhood.' Can any thing be more melodious? By-the-by, Mr. Merrygrief, what is that pretty thing you used to admire so much, that has those very expressions wildwood and childhood?"

Mr. Merrygrief, it is to be supposed, did not hear the question, as he turned shortly round, and went to the opposite side of the room.

"Nothing can be more lovely," she continued. "There is only one thing that I do not quite understand. What is the meaning of 'shrink from the noon-gleam, when violets die?' I always supposed that violets were very hardy little things; and that nothing died in the day-time, but the night-blowing..... something in the greenhouse."

The poet had absconded with Mr. Merrygrief; and Miss Massinger thought it incumbent on her to answer in his stead.

"Violets," she said, "flourish best in the shade. If they would not absolutely die by exposure to the sun, they would lose, I should think, much of their fragrance, which might be accounted a poetic death."

"Besides," said Mr. De Lacy, "there is such a thing as poetical license, which means, that poets are at liberty to kill violets, or any thing else, when it suits their convenience."

"Well, *rilly*, that is very simple and very beautiful. I think I understand it now perfectly. I must read it again, to enjoy it with full zest."

When she had finished the third perusal of the bijou, she found that the whole party, with the exception of Miss Plant, had left the piano-forte, and were dispersed in various directions. The young lady was not sorry for an opportunity of shewing off her taste, and she began by eulogizing Mr. Frederick Massinger, in the most extravagant terms.

"He *rilly* is a nice writer," answered the English lady; "He will make a vast sensation, when he comes out as an author."

"Oh! a wonderful sensation! He always puts me in mind of those sweet lines in the church-yard: 'Full many a flower is born——'"

"I know them," cried Mrs. Merrygrief, interrupting her, and finishing the quotation—"to blush unseen; and waste its sweetness on the desert air." Very true, and very delightful; you are fond of poetry, I see."

"So fond of it, that scraps will come into my head, appropriate to everything. For instance, when my eye rested upon Mrs. Smallcraft, once or twice, this evening, I, unconsciously, repeated to myself: 'There she sat, like patience——'"

"On a monument, smiling at grief," again quoted Mrs. Merrygrief, triumphantly; "that is a most amusing line. One can almost fancy they see the monument. Between ourselves," she whispered, "she is very like patience, and very like grief too; only I don't see the smile."

"What a light figure Miss Ellen Massinger has!" remarked the young lady, when she had again recollected another appropriate scrap. "She always reminds me of her namesake in the Lake of the Lake—"

"E'en the light hare-bell lifts its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

"I don't quite understand that," said Mrs. Merrygrief.

Miss Plant was rather pleased to find herself in a situation quite new to her—that of being called upon for information of any kind; and she explained, and illustrated, and elucidated so clearly, that, after much close questioning, Mrs. Merrygrief declared that she understood it perfectly, and that it was very ingenious, and very true.

"There is Mr. Bright again," she said, rising. "I must improve my acquaintance with him. I see Lady Anne Asker smiling at what he says, and I may lose something pleasant by staying here."

Much to her disappointment, on a near approach she found him detailing the account of his wife's illness, which put all her hopes of amusement to flight, in that quarter, and chose a seat next to Mrs. Plant, who was chatting with Mrs. Smallcraft.

"If you would like it, Mrs. Smallcraft, I could give you a most excellent receipt for plum jam."

"Thank you. But it would be thrown away upon me. The only jam I ever make is black currant; because it is useful for colds and sore throats; any other sweetmeat, I look upon as a very unnecessary luxury."

"They are sometimes, however, con-

venient," apologized Mrs. Plant. "At luncheon, for instance, when some people may not wish to eat meat; and, as for desserts, one would be often sadly at a loss, in the country, without them."

"I make it a rule," replied Mrs. Smalcraft, "never to encourage a love of eating, either in myself or others. If people cannot eat bread and butter at luncheon, they are not hungry; and, therefore, need not eat. As for desserts, they are most unnecessary; and I look upon them as nothing but a sinful conformity to the world, in its worst shape."

"Not in its worst shape, certainly," said Mrs. Somerville, warmly. "It would be wrong in people of small fortunes to go to expense, in that way; but, I cannot see the harm of eating fruit in a dining room, no more than in a garden."

"People, professing what *we* do, Mrs. Somerville, should be consistent. That is all I mean."

"There is very little consistency in extremes," she answered; "and I think the extreme of economy, which encroaches upon the comforts of others, can be called by no gentler name than a vice. For my part, I will always give the best I have to my friends, and will provide for their entertainment, so as to suit their tastes."

This debate was so utterly incomprehensible to Mrs. Merrygrief, that she was on the point of abruptly interposing for an explanation, when she saw Mr. De Lacy again conversing with Miss Vaughan, and hastened to join them, as metal more attractive.

"You cannot mean to say, Mr. De Lacy, that I sing better than Miss Massinger?"

"I said no such foolish thing," he answered; "I merely said that I preferred your singing, because you have a sweet voice, and she has not. She is a very obliging girl, and sings when she is asked. She also manages her voice much better than you do, because you are untaught; but, still, from want of taste, I suppose, I feel more pleasure in listening to you."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Mrs. Merrygrief; "a sweet untought voice!—an absolute personification of an Irish melody!—The very thing that I idolize. I am so much obliged to you for this information, Mr. De Lacy. Take my arm, Miss Vaughan. I will chaperon you to the pianoforte."

Mary, on all occasions was willing to sing her best; and would, at once, have gratified her friend, but for Mrs. Merrygrief's obstreperous interference. She felt an unconquerable aversion to be paraded as an object of idolatry; and, perhaps, in the end, be called upon to interpret her singing. She, therefore, began a multiplicity of excuses, which would have availed nothing, if Sophy Massinger had not, just then, come to her rescue, holding a small volume in her hand, which she shewed to Mr. De Lacy.

"What an exquisite little edition of Thomson's Seasons!" she said, speaking most affectedly sentimental. "I am sure you are a passionate admirer of Thomson."

"Who told you so?" he enquired gravely.

"Nobody," she answered, relapsing into a good-humoured, natural manner. "But, I suppose, as I admire him extremely, I thought that every person of taste must do the same."

"With all your admiration, I doubt much if ever you read the 'Seasons' through."

"Dear Mr. De Lacy!"

"Dear Sophy Massinger! I am quite certain of it—I know your *real* taste—it is not very unlike my own, and I never could finish the book."

"Not admire 'Thomson's Seasons!'" cried Mrs. Merrygrief. "*Rilly*, now, I cannot understand; that I always thought that every body who was clever must admire Thomson."

"Pardon me, madam. Clever people may admire, or not admire, just as they please. It is their prerogative—and they would be very indignant to be curtailed of it to the tithing of a hair."

Mrs. Merrygrief, who never could distinguish between jest and earnest, unless forewarned by a clear exposition, mistook his mock gravity for displeasure, and hesitated so long, for an appropriate apology, that Miss Vaughan, under the apprehension that if the conversation flagged, she might be called upon to personify all the Irish melodies, at once, asked Mr. De Lacy, if he was serious in his dislike to Thomson.

"Now, madam," he said, turning to Mrs. Merrygrief with a smile which she hailed as a sign of her reinstatement in his favour; "do you not perceive that these young ladies have entered into a conspiracy against me, to twist and turn my expressions till

they speak anything but their real meaning? Did I use the word dislike? If I do not *passionately* admire, must I, of necessity, hate, and abominate, and detest, and ——?"

Sophy Massinger interrupted him.

"Is this good-natured, Mr. De Lacy? You have not heard me use such expressions, for a long time—not since your last lecture; and, if I did, in my attempt at agreeability, offend in one instance ——."

"Two, Sophy, if you please; you forget the word *exquisite*, applied to that tawdry little bit of a book. But, I believe I must forgive you, as I think you are endeavouring to get rid of all that unmeaning, hyperbolical vocabulary, which does very well for pretty misses who have no other way of convincing us that they have an opinion at all. You can do without it. Leave yourself to your own native good sense and judgment, and then,

though I cannot promise to be your *passionate* admirer, yet, I shall ——. What shall I do? I shall 'love your majesty according to my bond; nor more nor less.'"

"Well, *rilly*, Sophy, I envy you—quite envy you. Such a compliment was never paid me, in my life.—— It was so delightfully said, and so very witty. But, Mr. De Lacy, I do not quite understand what you mean by 'the bond.' What is 'the bond?'"

"I must leave the solution of that knotty point to Sophy," he said, hastily taking leave; "for, I see Lady Anne, who has offered me a set down, curtsying her good nights; and her coachman would scold us both, if his horses were kept a moment waiting."

Her ladyship was soon followed by the other guests; and Mrs. Merrygrief, exhausted by the excitement of the evening, immediately retired to her dressing-room.

CHAP. VII.

Uninteresting and unoffending as Mrs. Smith was, she had, unconsciously, made a friend and an enemy in Dunasker, in the persons of Antony Pope, a poor cobbler, and Bryan Garaway, the nailer, and head-politician of the village. The enmity of the latter was first excited by the disappointment of his sister Biddy, who, our readers may remember, was so strongly recommended by her cousin, Tim Davoren, for the situation which Ansty Ruhily had the good fortune to step into so unexpectedly. For a long time, he, with others, confidently expected that the place would soon be vacant, as there seemed an utter impossibility that the Girra Caille could give satisfaction to anything in the shape of a respectable person. But when months rolled on, and she still kept her ground, and when, by degrees, various articles of handsome apparel made their appearance on her person, no doubt looking as if they had no right to be there, while Biddy was obliged to put up with a service, at four shillings a quarter, his patience was exhausted, and he commenced a series of annoyances against mistress and maid, whenever an opportunity offered. Mrs. Smith's retired habits preserved her, in a great measure, from personal insult. She avoided passing his forge in her evening walks, and contrived to be on speaking terms with his dog; so that, he merely bark-

ed at her, more in the way of salutation than impertinence, when his master hunted him after her as she turned the corner of the lane leading to his house. Ansty came oftener in his way, and suffered daily persecution, in the shape of practical jokes. The dog was also her determined enemy; for, as her early education taught her to return every aggression in kind, she never tried what forbearance, or civil expostulation might do towards softening his currish disposition, but generally provided herself with some mis-sive, which, if it failed of its mark, only encouraged him to a more furious attack; and, if it succeeded in sending him limping and yelling home, brought upon her the treble vengeance of his master.

Peggy M'Clusker took the part of her niece, fast growing into a credit to the family. She complained of the troublesome nailer to the priest, and threatened to complain to the colonel himself, and to do sundry other things, all of the most desperate nature, if he continued his tricks. But he did continue them, and ingeniously contrived fresh means of annoyance, when the old were either countermined, or became blunted by constant use. The priest could not be expected to check the exuberance of Garaway's animal spirits, as he was his most useful spy in the parish. He had the oversight of the whole village, and fulfilled his duty

so unremittingly that any delinquency, in the shape of Scripture-reading, or hearing, or a lodgment in the saving's-bank, or smuggling a child to school, or purchasing at half-price at the Dorcas repository, was exposed on the instant, and the offender's name called from the altar on the next Sunday.

Peggy never had the courage to carry her complaint to the colonel, notwithstanding her repeated assurances to that effect. She said that it would come with a better grace from Mrs. Smith, strongly recommending her to write a petition, setting forth her grievances. Her advice was never followed. Mrs. Smith seemed almost callous to ill-usage. She merely avoided coming in contact with it, when she could escape it, and advised her maid to exercise patience under her provocations; a virtue which Peggy protested was too much to ask from any well-reared Christian, only when there was nothing to vex one.

The kind feelings of her friend, the cobbler, were not called into such active operation. This was not his fault. He had once ventured to express them, but met with such a rebuff that, although they continued still alive, they were obliged to lie dormant for want of materials to work upon. His interest in her was first excited by her constant attendance at the preaching-house; the strongest evidence to him, that she was a truly religious woman. For many years he had been a member of the Methodist body, and was a leading character among them, without being a particular favourite with the brotherhood in Dunasker. He was a very honest upright man, who would speak his mind freely, and often offended some of the highest professors by requiring that their doings should bear some proportion to their sayings—a requisition, which, though generally assented to as reasonable in theory, is often found most unreasonable by those who are called upon to reduce it to practice. Now, Antony Pope was not of the opinion of the gentleman (an Irishman, we presume) who discovered that theory and practice are synonymous terms. He stoutly maintained that the precepts of religion were to be obeyed in all circumstances, and at all times and seasons, and would allow of no excuse for conduct habitually opposed to those precepts, while they were acknowledged to be the standard of duty. This unflinching requirement was so

troublesome to many of his associates, who would gladly be permitted to enjoy all the privileges of their profession on the cheapest terms, that they would not have been sorry to detect a few flaws in his conduct, which would, on being clearly pointed out to him, necessarily plead for a little indulgence in their own cases. But the severest scrutiny could bring nothing to light on which to fix the charge of inconsistency. He was often brought to trial for alleged misdemeanours, and invariably came off triumphant. We cannot say that no angry feelings ever found a place in his mind, on such occasions; but, if they did, the sun never went down upon his wrath. He lived in charity with all; and, under many provocations, preserved a spirit free from bitterness.

In justice to those, who, sometimes, did not feel so kindly to him, we must mention that Antony, though amiable and sincerely pious, was far from being judicious. His good intentions were often counteracted by mistiming his exhortations, or dwelling too strongly upon some minor point, or presupposing, or providing for, a case which had its existence solely in his own imagination. He always felt obliged for advice offered to himself, no matter whether in season or out of season; and, therefore, supposed that others would receive it as complacently. Experience taught him nothing in this particular. It might convince him of the impracticability of an individual; but his general rule was not to be affected by a few exceptions. So, he continued volunteering advice, stating objections and offering consolation, as occasions presented themselves.

Mrs. Smith's outward deportment was so orderly, that he gave her credit for every perfection that could adorn a woman. He accounted for her peculiar habits by supposing that she had suffered much affliction—that she had lost a husband, and a fine family of children; and, being thus left alone, had sought and found comfort in religion. He had met with a large share of such trials, and having experienced comfort from the sympathy of friends, was anxious to impart it to her. He, therefore, accosted her in an early stage of their acquaintance; if sitting together in the same room, for an hour, once a fortnight, might argue acquaintanceship. As usual, her manner was so reserved, if not so repulsively cold,

that any other person would have been discouraged to proceed further than the preliminary salutation. But Antony's heart was overflowing with kind feelings, which could not be chilled by mere silence. He kept close by her side as she proceeded homewards, and, without seeming to expect an answer, continued to speak to her with the freedom of a sympathizing friend. Mrs. Smith still maintained a profound silence. She, however, from time to time, turned her eyes towards him, with an expression something like gratification; and gradually slackened her pace, as she drew near her house, to the slowest motion that could be called walking. Antony perceived that he had gained her attention, and proceeded with increased animation—

"It is not God, Mrs. Smith, who is the author of affliction. It is sin has overrun the world with that, and planted it so thick in every road we walk, that there is no escaping it, at one turn or another. I don't say that it can come without His permission; nor, I don't say, it is not one of the ways by which he draws some nearer to Himself; but, what I mean is this, that we must not have hard thoughts of Him, when the blow falls heavy upon us; for, sin would make it fall with a more weighty crash, if he did not order his mercy, so as to break the blow. I have met with my own trials—I lost *them*—*all* of them—and they were very pleasant to my eyes, and very dear to my heart. And it was a wonderful trouble no doubt. But, strength was given to bear up against it, and will be given to all His people. I need not tell *that* to *you*, Mrs. Smith. You know what a comfort there is in thinking that they are all safe out of the way of harm—that while they lived we did our best, by prayer and example, to lead them right; and that, when they were taken, we saw them go in peace, trusting to the merits of Him who is the sinner's refuge."

Mrs. Smith had listened for some time with seeming interest, but, towards the close of his speech, she began to quicken her pace; and, at last, with an impatient wave of her arm, as if to deter him from following, suddenly darted forward, and gained her house before Antony had recovered from the surprise caused by her extraordinary want of courtesy.

For four months after this unfortunate failure, she absented herself from the preaching-house; and, in her walks,

avoided the cobbler's stall as carefully as the nailer's forge; till, after a few accidental meetings, when he made no attempt to claim acquaintance farther than by a distant bow, she ventured to trust herself under the same roof with him—always contriving that her eyes never should encounter his, on the breaking up of the meeting.

Antony was sorely puzzled to account for her conduct. At times, he felt inclined to adopt the popular notion, that she was either cracked, or under a spell, which forced her to be uncivil against her will. But, on thinking her over dispassionately he gave up those opinions. Madness was out of the question, at least so far as he had opportunities of judging; and the other supposition involved too many contradictions to be reasonably maintained. Besides, he heard so much to her advantage from the Girra Caille, with whom he had almost daily intercourse, by the repairs wanting for her shoes which were as often in his hands as upon her feet, that he could not bear to think unfavourably of her. On the contrary, he became every day more interested in her affairs, the more they seemed out of the reach of his interference; and he pondered every arrangement, probable or possible, which could promise to conduce to her welfare.

During two years and upwards she occupied all his thoughts which were not engaged on his own immediate concerns without coming to any decision as to how he should act, or what he could advise. At length he hit upon an expedient; one which, if carried into effect, would infallibly insure her a large stock of happiness; and that was, to have her married to Mr. M'Cracken, the methodist preacher, then going that circuit. Antony had, in his time, helped to make many matches according to the system which generally prevails among his fraternity; nor was he discouraged from continuing to meddle in such matters by the cases, and those not a few, when the parties most concerned discovered too late that their friends had miscalculated on their chances of happiness. In the present case, however, he felt assured that there could be no disappointment—they were two such excellent people, born, as it were, for each other; Mr. M'Cracken being an elderly man, with a remarkably persuasive voice, and sleek address, and, avowedly, on the look out for a partner;

and Mrs. Smith, a silent woman, who, decidedly, wanted a companion, although she seemed in no hurry to find one.

This scheme, the moment it entered his mind, took such hold of his fancy that he resolved to propose it for the lady's consideration without waiting to consult Mr. M'Cracken's inclinations on his next visit to Dunasher. He, accordingly, popped upon Mrs. Smith in her evening walk at the farthest point to which, in general, it extended in order to have sufficient time to explain the whole business before she could cut him short by taking refuge in her house.

He began at once, though rather in a round-about way; for her tone of voice was so chilling, and her acknowledgment of his civilities so distant, that he felt a sudden damp come over his spirits as he delicately insinuated his business. The importance of his subject gradually inspired confidence, particularly when he saw that he was listened to with decided attention; and he, at length, explained himself with a perspicuity which left no room to doubt his meaning.

"I never gave an advice, Mrs. Smith," he said, in conclusion, "that I had not good reason for it; and I have no fear that a woman of your years will stand in your own light when such a comfortable settlement is before you."

Mrs. Smith stopped short and stared him full in the face. Her lips moved once or twice, as if about to speak; but they closed again without a sound; and, after a few minutes' pause, she again walked forward in silence.

Mr. Pope was somewhat at a loss to understand this dumb show; and, as our readers must be equally in the dark, we shall take the liberty of explaining her thoughts for their satisfaction. In his recommendation of the married state, Antony had quite forgot to mention the gentleman whose cause he took in hand. He merely represented him to be elderly, exemplary, and in want of a housekeeper; and, from the many assurances of respect and good will, with which he prefaced his proposal, Mrs. Smith conceived that the aspirant to her hand was no other than the cobbler himself. Her first impulse was to order him indignantly from her presence; but, on looking at him, her heart softened; for his countenance was so thoroughly indicative of the absence of all intention

to give offence, and his demeanour so respectful, that she excused his folly on the score of dotage. She, therefore, hesitated how to express her disapprobation of his proposal, and continued to walk leisurely forward without speaking.

Antony judged favourably of her silence. After a very respectable pause he again adverted to the subject.

"I think the better of you Mrs. Smith for taking time to consider. There is no hurry about it; I am always on the spot, and when your mind is made up you know where to find me."

This was going too far. It was said with, what appeared to her, a self-satisfied air, such as a favoured lover might be betrayed into on receiving a little bashful encouragement. Mrs. Smith again stood still and addressed him with severity of voice and look.

"Let me hear no more of such nonsense. At your advanced time of life, my good man, you would be much better employed in digging your grave than preparing for your marriage."

It was Antony's turn now to stop short in great astonishment.

"Ah! then, ma'am dear," he asked, "what put it into your head that I was thinking about such a thing at all?"

"Why, sir, what have you been speaking about?"

"About yourself and Mr. M'Cracken, ma'am."

The mistake was soon cleared up. Mrs. Smith felt alternately amused and annoyed as he exculpated himself from all design of looking so high for himself. He next proclaimed at great length Mr. M'Cracken's good qualities; and concluded by again referring to himself.

"It isn't alone, ma'am," he said, "that I never had an eye to my *superiors*, for I never once glanced at an equal since *she*, that is gone, left me alone. No, ma'am, no disparagement to any body; but I say this, that the queen of the East and West Indies would never have a welcome to sit down by me in my poor little place, if she wanted to step into *her* shoes."

"Have you ever mentioned this plan to any one but myself?" enquired Mrs. Smith.

"Not to living man or woman. I thought of it only last Wednesday was eight days, after Mr. M'Cracken left the town, or else I would have introduced him at once to yourself."

"Listen to me, Mr. Pope," she said,

gently, but firmly, "You mean well, I have no doubt; and, I thank you for your good wishes. But if ever you speak to me again on such a subject, I must change my opinion of you and look upon you as any thing but a friend. I am a very unprotected woman; and if, through your means, any disrespectful reports should be raised against me in this neighbourhood, my only resource must be, to leave it at once and seek some other residence where I may be allowed to live without insult."

This was the longest speech that ever was heard from Mrs. Smith since her residence in Dunasker; and the purport of it sounded so melancholy to Antony, that the tears started to his eyes, as he protested that the tongue should drop out of his head before he would be tempted to utter one word about the match to Mr. McCracken, or any body else with a head upon their shoulders; that he would not even think of it to himself if he could help it; and that she might live and die to her own satisfaction without a word of advice from him, if she lost herself entirely.

They parted on better terms than might have been expected from the manner in which his good offices were rejected. Mrs. Smith promised to forgive on his repeated assurances of secrecy; and, although he felt greatly disappointed at the failure of his well-digested plan, yet she rather rose in his estimation by the magnanimity evinced in her rejection of such a man as Mr. McCracken.

Ansty was waiting for her at the door in great tremor of spirits, occasioned by an adventure of her own, during the time of her mistress's absence. She was in such a hurry to tell her story that she began at the end; and in the true Irish style, *proceeded backwards*, so confusedly, as to be well nigh unintelligible. All that Mrs. Smith could collect for the first quarter of an hour was to the following effect: That the book was put into her hand, and swear she must; that the ould captain abused her to no end, and was like a father to her; that Master William spoke all, and Robert Kinkaid talked right-a-head like any gentleman; that Bryan was as white as a sheet—the colour of any thing—the dog got his own, and was ordered a log; the milk could never be drunk after the usage it got, so it might as well be spilt. Her own little finger

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was smashed; Mr. Kinkaid's jacket tore; the poliss mad; the street frightened out of its senses, and Master William the most wonderful man next to Robert Kinkaid.

After giving a very patient and attentive hearing to three repetitions of the story, Mrs. Smith put together all the different circumstances, so as to understand pretty clearly the whole of the adventure. It appeared that Ansty, on her return from the dairy, with a pint of milk, was attacked by Bryan Garaway, who insisted on having a romp with her. She never liked romping, particularly with such a playfellow, and endeavoured to escape from him; but in vain. In the struggle which ensued, he, without intending it, as he offered to swear, washed his dirty hands in the milk-jug; the contents of which were, forthwith, sent right into his face, with full intent and purpose, as she acknowledged to the magistrates, adding the wish that it was a churn full for his sake. Mr. Garaway's good humour gave way under this unwelcome ablution; and the Girra Caille would have experienced even rougher treatment than horse play at his hands had not Robert Kinkaid, a tall, handsome, young, police-constable come to her assistance, just as her only weapon of defence, the milk-jug, aimed at Garaway's head, was broken in an unavailing blow on the shoulder. His interference only served to exasperate the nailer, who immediately let go his hold of the girl to grapple with her defender. Left to fair play, Kinkaid was on pretty equal terms with his antagonist; but the police are, in general, very far from being favourites with the rabble, and a crowd immediately collected to take the part of Garaway, and to give the peeler a hearty threshing. Robert had already received some well directed blows on the back of his head, when another tall, handsome, young man forced his way through the crowd, by the united aid of legs and arms, moving rapidly in all directions, and seized the nailer by the collar, with a grasp that sent the blood mounting rapidly into his cheeks. Insubordination had not received so much encouragement in Dunasker as in many other parts of Ireland; the people, therefore, were not prepared to resist all authority; and Mr. Somerville, who was son to the most active magistrate in the county, met with no opposition, either in taking Garaway prisoner; or while conducting him to his father's

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residence, where Ansty was obliged to follow in order to lodge her complaint in due form.

Garaway was unaffectedly sorry for this untoward event. He had a particular disinclination to be sent to jail just at that time, when he had business of importance to his country on hands. Yet he saw no chance of escape once Captain Somerville had him in his clutches. Fortune, however, favoured him on this emergency. Ansty admitted that he was only tormenting her till she threw the milk in his face; and Kinkaid, who was aware that he might be dismissed for doing his duty, brought forward some other mitigating circumstances, so that the delinquent was soon set at liberty on giving bail for his good behaviour in future.

From that time he was afraid to indulge in his usual pranks. Ansty could traverse the village in all directions unarmed; and Mrs. Smith no longer dreaded the return of the Sunday evening, when it was his practice to collect all the blackguards of the two lanes before her door, to amuse themselves with various innocent sports, all intended for, and all producing much annoyance to her. But although he was outwardly reformed, his malice only slept till it could be wreaked safely, and with effect. Both mistress and maid were hated with increasing animosity in proportion to his inability to injure them; and it extended to their protectors who were, each of them, tolerably odious to him before; one, for no reason but that he was a gentleman; the other, for the more excusable consideration, that he was paid for upholding the laws which Garaway often found it very convenient to break.

The objects of his resentment were happily unconscious of the degree to which it extended, and if we except Mrs. Smith, would not have suffered much uneasiness had they known it in all its determinations. Even Ansty would have despised it as too insignificant to merit a moment's disquiet. Her spirit was naturally courageous; and education had not only hardened her to bear ill-treatment, but to expect it wherever her lot was cast; so that when it came she was fully prepared to meet and resist it. But from this time forward a new scene opened upon her, inducing a train of ideas to which her mind had been hitherto a stranger. She suddenly discovered that she was of some consequence in the world; that her

right to claim sympathy and protection from her fellow creatures was allowed; and since she had been encouraged to speak for herself before so great a man as Captain Somerville she felt that she could not be altogether so insignificant or despicable in the world's estimation as she once conceived. Her character gradually assumed a softer shade under the prevalence of these sentiments; not that her independence of spirit was weakened, it was only divested of the aullen defiance with which she had heretofore been prepared to stand at bay against the whole human race. She had met with two disinterested friends, who required nothing from her in return for their good offices; yet she spontaneously repaid them with heartfelt gratitude; a feeling which had been but slightly awakened, and that only at times, by the blustering kindness of her hot-tempered aunt, or the uncomplaining forbearance of her mysterious mistress.

Her acquaintance with Mr. Somerville never indeed proceeded farther, after the evening of her adventure with Garaway, than an askew-kind of jerk, intended for a curtsy on her part, and a smiling bow from him as they passed each other in the street; but a confidential intimacy was soon established between her and Robert Kinkaid. He often stopped to chat with her; and being a merry, light-hearted, good-natured young man, exerted all his powers of agreeability on such occasions; so that, to a casual observer, their intercourse had all the appearance of a decided flirtation. Nobody in Dunasker, not even Antony Pope, ever supposed that the Girra Caille had really made a conquest of the handsome police-constable; but the milk-woman, and the butxer, and the butcher amused themselves at her expense by congratulating her on her good fortune, and gravely bespeaking her custom when she was Mrs. Kinkaid. Ansty was indignant or sheepish according to her opinion of the persons who took the liberty of joking with her. If she thought they had friendly feelings towards her she only turned away her head and bid them "quit their foolishness;" but if she suspected that the joke was meant as a cover for impertinence, she either preserved a dignified silence, or returned a very undignified answer.

Whatever her own sentiments might be, she kept them to herself. That she took any interest in the subject,

could only be guessed by a very decided attention to personal appearance, so far as dress was concerned. She never appeared in the streets without shoes or stockings, unless when a neighbouring fair insured the absence of the police for the day; and she bought the largest and handsomest mock-tortoise-shell comb that Dunsicker afforded, as an ornament for her hair. And, certainly, it answered that purpose to the letter, for it never was put to any use. There it stuck in the back of her head without an effort at confining the crazy locks which straggled in every direction about her face and neck with the most uncontrolled liberty.

Kinkaid was unconscious of the tender impression which he was supposed to have made on her heart. His civility and good nature, of which he possessed a large stock, were not exclusively bestowed on her. They were at the service of all who would accept of them. She merely got her share when she came in his way. He meant nothing particular; and supposed that his meaning was perfectly understood by her. In other words, he thought nothing about the matter; and whether she was as indifferent, time may or may not tell, *just as we may or may not want an incident.*

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. XI.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

AMONG the "elegant extracts" in this volume is a tale by TIECK, scanty in incident,—the characters merely stalking to and fro in long cloaks and short boots,—but rich in sentiment and "thoughts that lie luckily too deep for tears." We suppose it may have been given us by way of compensation for the fatigue of reading thirty poetical pieces from the pen of the same writer, filled with sighings and sobbings for tom-tits and robins. We have never, by the way, been able to understand why there should be such a contrast between Tieck's poetry and his prose. In other German writers the characteristics that pervade the novel distinguish the poem also. Goethe for example is uniform through his fifty volumes. *Faust* and *Werther* are fractions of a common integer. We may regard them as we regard an opal: the hues are many, the stone is one. So with Wieland and Schiller and their copied copyists. So, in fact, with all literary Germany except the author of the *Phantasius*. Tieck, like Brockden Brown's Carwin, is a bilquist; he is duplex, double-systemed, two-souled. Like Hoffmann's Medardus, he is linked with a *Doppelgänger*, but the

comparison is not to his advantage; for the second-self of Ludwig Tieck might be mistaken for the man in the moon, or his own *Scheuchvögel*. His poetry is the shadow, as his prose is the light of his intellect. It baffles alike description and analysis. There is something on the surface of it that mocks our penetration; so that when we try to look at it stedfastly we feel as if our eyes were filmed over with scales. It appears to us at once bright and dark, like polished ebony. It is akin to the "dazzling gloom" that Shelley speaks of in his version of the May-day Night-scene. It is a painted sky of night-clouds where the moon of the poet's imagination is content to abide for ever in her first quarter. One phase only of his genius is revealed by it, and that is the *chiaro oscuro*. It is a versified magic lantern, not unlike the one which Kerner, who, though a great man, is no conjuror, has lately transferred to his publisher for the puzzlement of reviewers and the wonder of antiquated gentlewomen.† We should care little for all this if there were not a certain attraction in Tieck's poetry coercing us to read in defiance of our judgment. In Maturin's *Mon-*

* Sammlung Vermischter Gedichte, &c. A Selection of Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose, extracted from the most approved German Authors. 1 vol. pp. 984. Frankfort, 1837.

† We allude to the *Reiseschatten*, or *Shadows of Travel*; a monstrous compound of grotesque description and bloated dialogue. As all the characters introduced into the book talk precisely in the style in which the following sentence is couched, the reader will require no additional specimen of its merits.

"I tell you," said Moses, "I tell you, my excellent, rather talented and in all probability still young friend, I tell you that the sentinel hears nothing and sees

torio there is a character, (his name we forget) a timid man, who when the assassin's knife is at his throat, and he shakes and quakes from head to foot, and his hair stands erect with horror, feels a strong inclination to break into a horse-laugh. We, as we pore over Tieck, are circumstanced somewhat similarly with this shaking quaker, whose name we now recollect to be Filippo. Every stanza is a basilisk which we at once abhor and are fascinated by. One half of our sensations are at war with the other half. We are dragged different ways at the same moment, like Ravallac by the wild horses. We make energetic efforts, of course, to emancipate ourselves by plucking out the heart of the mystery that lies at the bottom of our thralldom. But the poet laughs us to scorn. His genius is a stumbling-block in our path. It is a rock of strength to himself—a rock of offence to us. It is like a scroll from Herculaneum; the longer we scrutinise it the more embarrassing it seems. It grows more and more convolved and intricate each moment; it is an abyss without bottom, a snare, a pitfall, a maze, a labyrinth, the chance of extrication from which appears as remote as that of deliverance from the Living Charnel appeared to Sindbad the Sailor. As Schiller says of the universe, "We call aloud to know what it means, and are answered by the echo of our own words, as if one had shouted down a chasm." It poses, tantalizes, frets, exasperates us. We cannot, charge as desperately as we will, make way through the phalanx of those intellectual cohorts; we exert ourselves in vain to penetrate the triple blinds of sentiment on the wrong side of which the mind of the poet is in full activity, stripped naked like a Roman athlete at

his exercises, and exulting in the security and secrecy of its might. As thought after thought comes forth and fronts us we greet it "with open heart and tongue affectionate and true," but our straightforwardness and warmth of feeling are requited on the instant by some look of intense frigidity, some *noli me tangere* influence, as if, after all, the stranger and we were existences of antagonist orders. Afar off, the cheat appears a magnificence—"the distance lends enchantment to the view"—but when we come to lay hold on our prize the mirage has vanished, and our hands are filled with sand and our hearts with sadness. It glitters, but wants transparency; we cannot see into the core of it; it is brilliant and opaque, like a spread-out sheet of silver. It reminds us of a melo-dramatic spectacle during which we are blinded by the lights, and stunned by the music, and suffocated by the heat, without catching more than a few words, here and there, of the piece. And yet we read and read, still hoping against hope for better things and more intelligible! We are perpetually the victims of the same delusion. Experience profits us nothing. Like Sisyphus, we bowl the stone for ever up the hill, and for ever grasp it on its descent with renewed infatuation. The poet conquers and reconquers us, until the last fragment of our independence is torn into shreds; yet, like the British Army, we cannot believe ourselves beaten. We are taken captive with scarcely a struggle while our confidence is at the proudest pitch, as the reeling drunkard is laid prostrate he knows not how, at the moment when he fancies himself a match singlehanded for a thousand hosts. In vain we arm ourselves like a Goliath; our pany is useless; if Tieck "throw but a

nothing; for, step out and cry aloud once, twice, thrice, four, five, and six times, *exempli gratia*, 'Fire! fire! ho! Robbery! Murder! Stop thief! Stop the robber! the incendiary! the cut-purse and cut-throat! the coiner! the Jew!'—to which you may subjoin as an appendix, 'the gipsy! the tinker! the curry-comb and mousetrap-maker!'—and shout this in the following languages, viz: 1. High-German,—2. Low-German,—3. Suabian,—4. Swiss,—5. French,—6. Dutch,—7. Bohemian, and 8. Italian, in the first instance with your mouth after the common mode, then through the medium of a sizeable pipe or horn, and then successively through two speaking tubes or trumpets, one very long and straight, the other curved like a serpent, at the distance of ten, six, four, and two paces from the sentinel—and finally walk up to him and putting your lips to his ear, roar until your lungs crack, concluding by giving him a sore and serious punch in the ribs—do all this, and yet the fellow will neither hear nor see, nor say anything,—because, my friend, he is only—a painted sentinel!"

The author's apology for the work is found in the first line of his poetical preface:

"Das sind die Schatten aus der jungen Tagen."

An apology certainly more available in Germany than among us.

stone the giant dies." He writes *veni, vidi, vici*, on the back of each of his poetical despatches. If now and again he hoists the white flag from the top of a page,* it is not a sign that *he* surrenders, but that *we* are vouchsafed an armistice till he shall think proper to resume hostilities. A fillet is bound over our eyes while we are glorifying ourselves on our perspicacity. The will of the wizard overawes ours. We are dragged on whithersoever he pleases, as Van Wodenblock in the story was by his magic leg. We are "fooled to the top of our bent," and never perceive, except by glimpses, and "through a glass, darkly," that the juggler has been mocking us all the time. As a man in a dream, entering a well-known house to gaze on "old familiar faces," finds himself all at once in a foreign habitation, an enchanted pile; and astonished, alarmed, and confounded, but unreflecting, roams from chamber to chamber, encountering sphynxes, hippogriffs, talking birds and walking statues, and yet still pursues his wanderings, hoping to the last to meet those he is in quest of, so we, while wondrous fancies flit before us, and undefined shapes multiply around us, and all the phantasmagoria of a morbid intellect crowd about us, explore page after page of the mystic volumes that present us with them, and still expect to discover in the end the secret soul of all—hidden, perhaps, in some unsuspected nook, like the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, in the preface to *Gil Blas*, or diffused over the entire surface of the writer's imaginings, like star-light over a deep flood—a subtle gas, with whose peculiar properties our faculties could become intimate only after we had been breathing it so long as to forget our ordinary atmosphere, as the eyes of a man who passes from a bright room into a dark one must learn to accommodate them-

selves to the change before the haze that rests on surrounding objects can be dispelled.

The conclusion we would come to with respect to Tieck's poetry, is as follows. It is an emanation from, not an exertion of, intellect. It is neither action nor passion; it merely indicates the *perception* of these. It exhibits many blemishes and many beauties, but it will always be a favourite with imaginative young people from eighteen to eight and twenty. To all others it must be caviare. Its worst fault is its sickly egotism. This is the "green and yellow" silk twist upon which all Tieck's poetical pearls are strung. He seems incapable of "subduing himself to the quality of his conception;" he has not the heart to break down the walls of the sanctuary, within which, "fold over fold, inextricable coil," his *amour-propre* twines around the pillars of his thought: take what form he will, he is haunted by his individuality to the last, as the princes in the Arabian Nights, though metamorphosed into birds and apes, are condemned to retain their consciousness. The style is beautiful, except where the author attempts the legend. The matter is made up of weepings, about nobody knows what—and wanderings about, nobody knows where—flash-in-the-pan *éclats* of sentimentalism—hop-skip-and-jump sketches of narrative; for anything like a regular "story, Lord bless you, he has none to tell, Sir"—dusky allusions to past events, unintelligible to every body else, perhaps to himself, and baby babble about flowers, in which he sees a resemblance to mankind, for the very dreamy reason that the head of man is inclined to thought, and the head of the flower to the light, and that when man begins to nod, the flower droops.† Having said so much, we shall be excused for not at present

* It is a part of German book-making to print for leaves together three or four lines on a page, and leave the rest of the page blank.

† Blumen sind uns nah befreundet,
Pflanzen unserm Blut verwandt,
Und sie werden angefeindet

Und wir thun so unbekannt.

Unser Kopf lenkt sich zum Denken,
Und die Blume nach dem Licht,
Und wann Nacht und Thau einbricht,
Sieht man sie die Blätter senken,

Wie der Mensch zum Schlaf einnickt

Schlummet sie in sich gebückt.

Flowers are to us near befriended, (allied)
Plants to our blood related.

And they become at-hated, (they are objects of dislike)

And we do so unknown. (we are so distant with them)

Our head turns itself to the thinking,
And the flower after the light,
And when night and dew breaks in,

Sees one her the leaves sink, (we see her leaves drooping)

As the man to the sleep nods in, (as man nods asleep)

Slumbers she in herself wrapped.

offering any translations from Tieck. We pass on to the next writer in the volume before us, JUSTINUS KERNER.

This gentleman is considered by some as belonging to the same school with Tieck. There is, however, a noticeable difference between the two parties. Tieck is a very metaphysician in his poetry, delighting to anatomise what he feels, and descanting *à la Socrate* on topics which few but himself understand or care about : Kerner never troubles us with the analysis of any of his emotions ; he merely tells us that he is glad or grieved, *und damit Lied am Ende*. Again, Tieck rarely appears unequal or incongruous ; Kerner is so much a contrast to him here, that he sometimes begins a poem where

he should end it, and then, to mend the matter, stops short in the middle, fancying he has finished. The only points of resemblance we can see between them, are their egotism, and their common German propensity to weep for dead sparrows and rave about the breakings-up of iceponds. Tieck, though he sonnetizes half the poets of his fatherland, never alludes any where to the existence of such an individual as the Suabian physician—a proof that he has little community of feeling with him—while Kerner lavishes the entire of his little stock of panegyric on Uhland. Take, for instance, the following sample of the sort of homage he renders to, as Byron would say, “the superlative of his comparative.”

To Ludwig Uhland,

ON THE LAST VOLUME OF HIS POEMS.

As a headlong stream that Winter had bound,
When Spring reshowers her beams on the plains,
Breaks loose with a fierce impatient sound
From its icy chains :

As a tree, despoiled by the axe of the North
Of its leaves of green and fruits of gold,
New leaves, new fruits afresh puts forth,
As bright as the old :

As riotous wine, whose fiery strength
By the walls of the flask was prisoned long,
Outgushes in purple pride at length,
A bubbling song !

As the pealing of some vast organ floats
On the air to the ear of him who has heard
In many long days but the piping notes
Of the coppice-bird :

So rushes, O Uhland ! so streams and rolls
The flood of thy song—a flood of fire !
So thrills through the depths of all hearts and souls
The might of thy lyre !

Another short piece will illustrate his puling egoism ; he is a sick bird in a cage. By the way, we cannot understand why Kerner should shew himself

such a bird-fancier ; surely a yellow-hammer is not the most interesting object in the creation.

Morning-Sadness.

The glances of Morning
With orient crimson already are heralding Day ;
The sun is adorning
The green young grove in the lightning and gold of his ray.

Exhausted with motion
The silverstars have set in their billowy bed :
Through the azure ocean
Of Heaven, the birds, loose-flying, career in their stead.

This heart of mine,
This languishing heart which trouble and pain environ,
Doth peak and pine,
A sick little bird cooped up in a cage of iron.

His fellows are scaling
With carols of joy the heights of the heavenly dome,
But ailing and wailing
The captive droops, forbidden to warble and roam.

Yet often, when sorest
At heart, and sleeping, his head beneath his wings,
He flies through the forest
(In dreams, alas!) or rests on a bough and sings,

Sink, sun, into shadow,
And drop thy pall on the face of the world, O, Night!
O'er mountain and meadow
Once more may the prisoner then pursue his flight.

Turning aside from Kerner, and passing over the battle-field lucubrations of that scatter-brained young brain-scatterer, Karl Theodore Körner, including the senseless *Schwertlied*, which has an extensive reputation, we come to a ballad by IMMERMANN, the dramatist.

This is a terse and vigorous fellow,

and is likely to be patronised by Prince Posterity. The composition we are about to translate appears also in a volume recently published by our indefatigable friend M. Klauer-Klatowski*—of which, by the way, we purpose giving ere long a detailed review, apart from these our *Anthologia*.

The Student of Prague.†

What riotous din is ringing?
What wassailers throng the house?
The Student of Prague is singing
The praise of his wild carouse.
With bloodshot eyes and glowing,
He shouts like one possessed,
His goblet overflowing,
His head on his leman's breast.

* We mean Vol. III. of the *German Poetical Anthology*, comprising the *Ballads and Romances of the Germans*. This is a publication which every lover of German literature should be anxious to possess. In the variety, brilliance, and general excellence of its contents it far surpasses even any of M. Klauer's previous works of a similar class; and higher praise it would be impossible to award it.

† This ballad is founded on fact. In a note at the end of M. Klauer's volume we have the genuine history of the hero, given in a narrative transcribed from Feszler and Fischer's *Eunomia* for July, 1805. The student was the son of a Pomeranian country clergyman, and was sent to Prague for the completion of his education. There his youth, temperament, and freedom from restraint soon led him into excesses, which increased until he became a confirmed libertine. He ceased to correspond with his kindred; and his father, preyed on by anxiety and grief, at length fell mortally ill. His mother now wrote to him, adjuring him to return and receive the dying benediction of the parent who had reared him in the love and fear of God; but in vain; the student, considering her story an invention to wile him home, refused to attach credit to it, and pursued his career of dissipation at Prague. Time wheeled on; at last, one night as the student lay in bed, he was startled by a rustling sound nigh him, and in the same moment a gentle current of air passed over his face. Turning round with an involuntary shudder, he beheld a phantom leaning over the bed-side, and contemplating him with looks of the tenderest pity. It was the apparition of his dying father! Terror mastered him at the sight; he seized a sword that hung against the wall, and made a thrust at the spectre, which immediately disappeared. The student was now seriously alarmed, as all his dependance was

All pallid as alabaster
 The servant ventures in :
 " 'Tis midnight, O, my master !
 Cease now at least from sin !"
 " Avaunt, thou croaking booby !
 I brook no babble from thee ;
 As long as the wine looks ruby
 Right jovial I swear to be !"

He drinks from his goblet faster ;
 Within lies a coiled worm :
 " God gives thee a sign, my master !
 It saith, Repent ! Reform !"
 " Truce, dolt, to thy coffin-faces !
 Go, preach to fools that will hear ;
 Thus locked in my leman's embraces,
 What accident have I to fear ?"

He plays with her night-black tresses ;
 She breaks from his arms by force ;
 Her hands on her heart she presses ;
 She shrieks, and drops down a corse !
 Then steps the servant past her,
 And falls upon his knee :
 " God shews a sign, O, master,
 A fearful sign to thee !"

" Away, thou hound, to the devil !
 Red gold have I still in store
 To win me wherewith to revel,
 And fairer lemans a score.
 So long as my dotard father
 Takes care of this purse of mine,
 So long, by hell, will I gather
 The roses of Love and wine."

The servant, shuddering, fetches
 Away the accusing Dead ;
 And the wild young student stretches
 His wasted limbs in bed.
 The lurid lamp is shooting
 A bluer glare anon ;
 The owls without are hooting ;
 The hollow bell tolls ' One !'

upon his father, and next day he set out for Pomerania. But before he had accomplished more than half his journey homeward a black letter met him, and opening it he found that it announced the death of his father. After a number of preliminary details, the following account was given of the last moments of the deceased :—" The desire of the sick man to see his child once more, the father's anguish at the thought of his son's depravity and obduracy, augmented hourly. On the last evening of his life never a minute elapsed that he did not enquire, on the occasion of the slightest noise or movement near him, Has he come yet ? Is he there ? and when answered, Alas, no ! he would break forth into piteous lamentations over the wretched state of his lost son. Midnight came, passed ; he grew fainter and fainter. At one o'clock he had sunk into a state of strange calmness. It was thought that he slept. His family surrounded his bed. On a sudden a trembling came over him ; he turned himself round, and lifting his eyes to his daughter, who was affectionately watching by him, he exclaimed in a hollow voice, All is over ! My reprobate son has just struck at me with his sword ! Speech and consciousness then deserted him. Towards the dawning of day he gave up the ghost." M. Klauer's narrative, of which this is an abstract, closes here : the ballad, it will be perceived, carries the story further, but whether according to the strict truth or not we cannot pretend to say.

When lo ! a charnel vapour
 Pervades the student's room :
 Then dies the darkened taper ;
 And, shimmering through the gloom,
 A Shadow with look of sorrow
 Bends over the reckless boy,
 Who dreams of new pleasures to-morrow
 And laughs his libertine joy.

The pitying Phantom raises
 Its warning hand on high ;
 The student starts ; he gazes ;
 He grasps his bed-sword nigh ;
 He strikes at what resembles
 His father's features pale ;
 And the stricken Phantom trembles,
 And vanishes with a wail.

The wintry morn is dawning
 In ashy-grey and red ;
 The servant undraws the awning
 That screens his master's bed ;
 And a black-edged letter, weeping,
 He gives the startled youth ;*
 And the student's flesh is creeping,
 For he fears the dreadful truth.

" From thy mother broken-hearted
 And widowed now by thee—
 Thy father has departed
 This life in agony.
 Whole nights I saw him languish ;
 And still he called in wild
 And ceaseless tones of anguish
 For thee, his ruined child.

" At last he lay as trancèd ;
 His struggles appeared to cease,
 And I fondly hoped and fancied
 His spirit was now at peace ;
 But soon I heard him crying,
 ' He strikes me with his sword !'
 And his bitter curse in dying
 On his hardened son was poured."

The parricide student ponders,
 But word he utters not ;
 He leaves the house and wanders
 To a lone and desolate spot.
 With scissors he there divests his
 Proud head of its clustering hair,
 And low on his hands he rests his
 Shorn skull and temples bare.†

* The rapid conveyance of this letter is of course a poetical licence.

† Und nimmt in beide Hände
 Den kahlgeschornen Kopf,
 "and takes the bald-shorn head in both hands." This passage appears to us
inconsequent.

And now what chant funereal,
 What feasters fill the house?
 Their chant is a dirge of burial,
 Their feast a death-carouse.
 They drain the funeral-bowl off,
 And chorus in accents vague
 A hymn to the rest of the soul of
 The penitent Student of Prague.

We must take the liberty of pushing aside our respected friend, La Motte Fouqué, with his show-box of tourneys and banquettings, to make space for SCHUBART.

Poor Schubart! Who can ponder the story of his life without admitting him to be as indisputably entitled to the *sobriquet* of the Unlucky as Gregory Hipkins himself, or even Miss Edgeworth's Murad? Schubart was born in 1739—was sent to school—was a dunce—and was flogged—went to study divinity at Jena—managed to get into debt with every body there—came home wrecked in his health—turned musician, then tutor, then player, then hack-scribbler—worked himself into innumerable scrapes in each capacity—married a wife and immediately afterwards quarrelled with and separated from her—obtained the post of leader of an orchestra at Ludwigsburg, and lost it again through his untameable impetuosity—revenged himself by writing a satire on the Ludwigsburgers and their orchestras generally—had his house (accidentally) burned about his ears and at the same time found the town itself too hot to hold him—was banished by the authorities to Stuttgart—was driven thence to Heidelberg, and thence to Mannheim, where through the interest of Count Nesselrode he was appointed to an honourable situation in the Musical Academy—caricatured “with the best intentions,” every member of the Academy—was cashiered in consequence—travelled to Munich—embroiled himself with divers respectable families there—raised a tremendous

hubbub in every house he set foot in—was obliged to decamp post-haste—went to Augsburg, and there established a newspaper in which he lampooned the whole world and the Augsburg magistrates—was of course shewn to the gates of the town by the said magistrates—capered off to Ulm, the entire population of which he raised in arms against him—and fell, at last, into the clutches of the Duke of Wirtemberg, who locked him up in the Fortress of Arnsberg, where for *ten years*, compassionate reader, he remained loaded with irons, and received a scanty supply of bread and water daily for sustenance! Like Trenck, however, he was endowed with indomitable fortitude, and learned to dance in his chains;—the same emptiness of stomach, moreover, to which Novalis traces the origin of his own extraordinary activity of brain appears to have aided the development of Schubart's genius, for he produced all his readable poems in his dungeon. On his enlargement he opened a theatre in Stuttgart and was about to commence, besides, a variety of literary undertakings, when, in 1791, he was attacked by an illness which terminated in his death. His own fierce and fiery restlessness of character it may have been that suggested the idea of the poem before us, *Der Ewige Jude*, of which we now offer a *literal* translation. It is in irregular blank verse. We put in italics a few passages in which the sublimity of the entire conception appears to us to be marred by an unconscious admixture of the ludicrous.

The Wandering Jew.

I.

From one of the dark caverns of Mount Carmel
 Ahasuer crawled. Now near two thousand years
 Have rolled since Unrest lashed him through all climes.
 When Jesus bore the burden of His cross,
 And fain would rest before Ahasuer's house,
 Ah! then Ahasuer denied Him rest,
 And brutally thrust the Saviour from his door;
 And Jesus reeled, and sank beneath His burden,

But spake not. An avenging angel then,
 Standing before Ahasuer, pronounced
 Prophetic malediction on him thus :—
 "The rest thou hast refused the Son of Man
 To thee, Inhuman! be in turn refused,
 Until He comes!"*

A swarthy hell-deserter,†
 A demon goads thee now, Ahasuer,
 From land to land! The blessed balm of Death,
 The solace of the Grave thou ne'er shalt know!

II.

Forth from a dark, deep cavern of Mount Carmel
 Ahasuerus came. *He shook the dust*
Out of his beard, and of the high-piled death-skulls
 Took one, and *bowed it down the mountain side,*
So that it bounded and resounded,† and
 Was split in twain. "That was my father!" *bellowed*
 Ahasuer. Another skull! "Ha, more!"
 Seven other skulls leaped poltering down the steep
 From crag to crag! "And those—and those!" the Jew
 Exclaimed, with swollen eyes, tearless and outstarting,
 "And those—and those!—those were my wives! Ha, more!"
 Down clattered other skulls!—"And those—and those!"
Bellowed Ahasuer, "were my children!—Ha!
 They—they could die!—but I, I reprobate!
 I cannot die! The irrevocable judgment
 Hangs terror-bellowing over me for ever!

III.

"Jerusalem fell. I crunched the suckling's flesh.
 I dived into the flames. I cursed the Roman.
 But ah!—but ah!—mine own unslumbering curse
 Up-held me by the hair,—and—and I died not!
 Rome, the colossus, tottered into ruins;
 I stood beneath the tottering colossus,
 And—the colossus fell—and crushed me not!
 Empires arose, flourished and waned before me;
 Their very dust was scattered—still I died not!
 I cast myself from the cloud-swathed cliffs
 Into deep Ocean—and the abysmal surges
 Tossed me, round-whirled, again upon the shore,
 And Being's shaft of flame transpierced me afresh!
 I fathomed the volcano's horrible entrails,

* Friedrich Schlegel's narrative of the circumstances differs from Schubart's, and, we believe, is the popular one. In his poem, *Die Warnung*, the Wandering Jew thus speaks—

"Go, Jesus!" cried I, "Hence with thee!
 Go, and be crucified!"
 The Saviour sadly looked at me,
 And slowly he replied,
 "I, indeed, am going home,
 But thou shalt tarry till I come,
 And wander far and wide!"

† *Höllentföhner*, An *échappé* from hell.

‡ *Er schüttelte den Staub*
Aus seinem Barte, nahm der aufgethürmten
 Todtenschädel einen, *schleudert ihn*
Hinab vom Berge, daaz er *hüpft* und scholl
 Und splittarte.

Hüpft, moreover, we would best to observe, means *hopped*. The skull *hopped* its way down the hill.

I plunged myself into Mount Ætna's crater
 And *belowed* with the Cyclops ten long moons
 My agony-howl, and with my sighs made swarthy
 The sulphur-furnace—ha! through ten long moons!
 And in a lava-torrent Ætna vomited
 Me back, half-choked with ashes—and I lived!

IV.

Then I insulted Power—I scoffed at tyrants!
 To Nero I exclaimed, Thou art a bloodhound!
 To Christiern I cried, Thou art a bloodhound!
 To Muley Ismail spake, Thou art a bloodhound!
 And Tyranny exhausted on my frame
 Its racks and torments, and destroyed me not!

V.

A wood was burning. Frenzy in my brain,
 I rushed into the burning wood. The trees
 Showered fire upon me from their blazing hair,
 But the flames only scorched my outward hull—
Me they destroyed not!

VI.

I mingled in the deadly struggles of men,
 In the uproar, in the tempest of the battle;
 I *belowed* my defiance of the Gaul;
 I bearded the unconquerable German;
 And lance, barb, javelin struck against me pointless.
 The Saracen's high-brandished scymitar
 Sprang, shivered into fragments, from my skull.
 Gun-bullets rained upon me idly as
Peas rattling on a coat of mail.
 The lightnings of the battle serpented
 Strengthless around my loins,
 As round the flanks of jagged crags,
 Which cloak themselves in clouds.
 In vain the elephant trampled me,
 In vain the fury-flashing war-horse
 Rode me to earth with iron hoof,
 In vain the shell-charged mine
 Exploding, blew me up, sky-high;
 Stunned for a moment, I awoke, and found myself
 Still the life-curst and hurtless, in the midst
 Of blood, and brains, and *marrow*,
 And my slain comrades' mangled carcasses.

VII.

"The giant's adamant club rebounded from me;
 The executioner's hand was lamed upon me;
 The tiger's tooth grew blunt and stumpy on me;
 No famishing lion tore me in the arena;
 I made the venomy snakes my bed-fellows;
 I *tweaked* the dragon by his blood-red comb;*
 And the snakes bit me—but they killed me not!
 The dragon tortured me—and killed me not!

VIII.

"Ha! not to be vouchsafed the boon of Death!
 To be prohibited repose from Life!

* Ich *zwickte* des Drachen blutrothen Kamm. The verb *zwicken* is thus explained in a German and English Dictionary of the year 1742:—*Zwickken*, oder *zwacken*, to tweak, twitch, or *tweeze*, to gripe or *gripp*, to pinch hard, to *griff*, nip, nab, or *twack*.

To bear about this clay-frame, with its grave-hues,
 Its maladies, its charnel-odours,
 To be compelled to see, through uncounted years,
 The yawning monster, Sameness,
 And the insatiable monster, Time,
 Still bearing children, still devouring children !
 Ha ! not to be vouchsafed the boon of Death !—
 Awful, Avenging One of Heaven !
 Hast Thou, even in the store-house of Thy wrath,
 A more tremendous doom ?
 If so, here let its thunders overwhelm me !
 Would some tyrannic hurricane
 Whirl me, precipitate me from these heights,
 How gladly at the foot of Carmel
 Prone should I lie !
 How gladly should I grovel, gasp, and die !”

IX.

Ahasuer sank to earth. His hot brain rang.
 The shades of Night curtained his horn-dry eyeballs.
 An angel bore him back into the cavern,
 And whispered : “ Sleep, Ahasuerus, now !
 For God doth not incense Himself for ever.”

We are seduced into our next translation by the name of HÖLTY, on whom we are pleased to look down with the eyes of favor. His poems are distinguished by their monotonous harmony and characterless playfulness. Hölty had the good fortune to die young, and hence, we suspect, much of his popularity.

The Aged Landmann's Advice to his Son.

O ! cherish Faith and Truth, till Death
 Shall claim thy forfeit clay,
 And wander not one finger's breadth,
 From God's appointed way ;
 So shall thy pilgrim-pathway be
 O'er flowers that brightly bloom ;
 So shalt thou, rich in hope, and free
 From terror face the tomb ;
 Then wilt thou handle spade and scythe,
 With joyous heart and soul ;
 Thy water-jug shall make thee blithe,
 As brimming purple bowl.

All things but work the sinner woe,
 For, do his worst or best,
 The devil drives him to and fro,
 And never lets him rest.
 Him glads no Spring, no sky outrolled,
 No mellow, yellow field ;
 His one sole good and god is gold ;
 His heart is warped and steeled ;
 The winds that blow, the streams that flow,
 Affright the craven slave ;
 Peace flies him, and he does not know,
 Rest even in his grave !

For he, when spectral midnight reigns,
 Must burst each coffin-band,
 And as a pitch-black dog in chains
 Before his house-door stand.
 The spinners, who with wheel on arm
 Belated home repair,
 Will quake, and cross themselves from harm
 To see the monster there ;

And every spinning-crone of this
Terrific sight will tell,
And wish the villain in the abyss
And fire of hottest hell.

Old Grimes was all his life a hound,
A genuine devil's brand ;
He counter-ploughed his neighbours' ground,
And robbed them of their land :
Now, fire-clad, see him plough with toil
The same land everywhere,
Upturning all night long the soil,
With white-hot burning share :
Himself like blazing straw-sheaf burns
Behind the glowing plough ;
And so he burns and so upturns,
Till Morning bares her brow.

The baillie who, without remorse,
Shot stags and fleeced the poor,
With one grim dog, on fiery horse,
Hunts nightly o'er the moor ;
Of, as a rugged-coated bear,
He climbs a gnarled pole ;
Of, as a goat, must leave his lair,
And through the hamlet stroll.

The riot-loving priest who crammed
His chests with ill-got gold,
Still haunts the chancel, black and damned,
Each night when twelve has tolled ;
He howls aloud with dismal yells,
That startle aisle and fane,
Or in the vestry darkly tells
His church-accursed gains.

The squire who drank and gamed pell-mell
The helpless widow's all,
Now driven along by blasts from Hell,
Goes coached to Satan's ball ;
His blue frock, dipped in Hell's foul font,
With sulphur-flames is lined ;
One devil holds the reins in front,
Two devils ride behind.

Then, Son ! be just and true till Death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay ;
And wander not one finger's-breadth
From God's revealed way.
So shall warm tears bedew in showers
The grass above thy head,
And lilies, and all odorous flowers,
O'erarch thy last low bed.

It is long since we have given our friends a drinking-song. Let us try our hand on one by SCHREIBER :—

A Drinking-Song.

Look, look,* this wine is German !	Therefore, like a thirsty merman,
Therefore streams it full and flowing,	Quaff the brilliant cup divine ;
Therefore beams it bold and glowing,	Brother, this is German wine !

* A distinct pause should be allowed on the two leading words of every stanza but the last.

Fill, fill, a bumper goblet !
 Fill it high, and toast our olden
 Fatherland, and them, the golden
 Maids and men who aye ennoble it !
 Fill the purple cup divine ;
 Brother, this is German wine !

Drink, drink, to Ancient Usage !
 May their memory greenly flourish
 Who of yore were first to nourish
 Flesh and soul with this, and grew sage,
 Quaffing such immortal wine ;
 Drink the Fathers of the Vine !

A younger poet than Schreiber, whose name (*DRECHSLER*) we have seen only in periodicals, has written several excellent songs of this class. One of these in particular we should like to attempt but for its preposterous

Toast, toast, the resurrection
 Of our country from her torpor !
 We have spurned the French Usurper :
 Freedom binds us and Affection,
 Me with thee and mine with thine :
 Toast our triumph here in wine !

German worth and German wine,
 German speech, and German manners
 Be the motto on our banners !
 None can tremble—none can pine,
 While he drinks of German wine !

length: we give, however, the concluding stanzas.

Our matchless countryman, Sam Lover, would perhaps do us the favor of setting them to music. Meanwhile, we recommend them to every other psalm-lover generally.

Fragment of Another.

XI.

Albeit we smile
 When we behold
 A beerless pot
 Or punchless bowl,
 Yet that is bile ;
 Such smile is cold ;
 It brightens not
 The sunken soul !

XII.

Ah, no ! to illume
 Both souls and brows
 Go, fill the toom,
 Both bowl and quart ;
 And troll a song,
 And toast your frows,
 For nights are long
 And Life is short !

The last stanza is perhaps more thoroughly German than any we have ever quoted.

We conclude No. XI. of our labours by a piece from *TIEDGE*. It is of a didactic character, and is tinged with the

XIII.

And Love is sweet,
 And Song is gay,
 And punch is strong,
 And wine is bright,
 And Time is fleet,
 And joys decay,
 Nor wine nor song
 Outlives the night !

XIV.

*And, friends of mine !
 Long nights above
 Our mould the wind
 Will wail and rave,
 And punch and wine
 And songs of love
 Shall no man find
 Inside his grave.*

peculiar obscurity and mysticism of its author. We would merely direct the attention of the reader to the metre, which in German, at least, is musical beyond any other.

The Field of Kunnersdorf.*

Day is exiled from the Land of Twilight ;
 Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood,
 And the stars, as on a dark-stained skylight,
 Glass their ancient glory in the flood.

* *Kunnersdorf*, a village near Frankfort on the Oder, where Frederick was defeated by the Russians on the 12th August, 1759, in one of the bloodiest battles of modern times.

Let me here, where night-winds through the yew sing,
 Where the moon is chary of her beams,
 Consecrate an hour to mournful musing
 Over Man and Man's delirious dreams.
 Pines and yews! envelope me in deeper,
 Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave,
 While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,
 Gloomily above my head ye wave!
 Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder
 Battle-plain, which Night in pity dulls;
 Let my sad imagination ponder
 Over Kunnersdorf, that Place of Skulls!

Dost thou reillumine those wastes, O, Summer?
 Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bowers?
 Does the wild bee come again a hummer
 Here within the houses of thy flowers?
 Can thy sunbeams light, thy mild rains water
 This Aceldema, this *human* soil,
 Since that dark day of redundant slaughter
 When the blood of men flowed here like oil?
 Ah, yes!—Nature, and thou, God of Nature,
 Ye are ever bounteous! Man alone,
 Man it is whose frenzies desolate your
 World, and make it in sad truth his own!

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors.—
 Master of *thy* World, thou wert too great!
 Heaven had need to establish curbing-barriers
 'Gainst thine inroads on the World of Fate.
 Oh! could all thy coronals of splendor
 Dupe thy memory of that ghastly day?
 Could the Graces, could the Muses* render
 Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercovered way?
 No! the accusing blood-beads ever trickle
 Down each red leaf of thy chaplet crown:—
 Men fell here, as corn before the sickle,
 Fell to aggrandize thy false renown!
 Here the veteran dropped beside the springald;
 Here sank Strength and Symmetry in line;
 Here crushed Hope and gasping Valor mingled;
 And, Destroyer, the wild work was thine!

Whence is then this destiny funereal?
 What this Tide of Being's flow and ebb?
 Why rends Death at will the fine material
 Of Existence's divinest web?
 Vainly ask we! Dim age calls to dim age;
 Answer, save an echo, cometh none;
 Here stands Man, of Life in Death an image,
 There, invisibly, the LIVING ONE!

Storm-clouds lour and muster in the Distance;
 Girt with wrecks by sea, and wrecks by land,
 Time, upon the far Shore of Existence,
 Counts each wave-drop swallowed by the sand.
 Generation chases generation,
 Down-bowed by the all-worn, *unworn* yoke:†
 No cessation, and no explication!—
 Birth—*Life*—Death!—the Silence, *Flash* and Smoke!

* An allusion to Frederick's literary pursuits.

† The yoke which all wear, but none wear out.

Here, then, Frederick, formidable sovereign !
 Here, in presence of these whitened bones,
 Swear at length to cherish Peace, and govern
 So that men may learn to reverence thrones !
 O ! repudiate blood-bought fame, and hearken
 To the myriad witness-voicèd Dead,
 Ere the Sternness shall lay down, to darken
 In the Silentness, thy crownless head !*
 Shudder at the dire phantasmagory
 Of the Slain who perished here through thee ;
 And abhor all future wreaths of glory
 Gathered from the baleful cypress-tree !

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel :
Hero is a mad exchange for *Man* :
Aspics lurk in green spots : such the moral
 Taught by History since her schools began.
 Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,
 Bajazet expiring in his cage,
 All the Cæsars, all the sabre-Sophies,†
 Preach the self-same homily each age.
 One drugged wine-cup dealt with Alexander ;
 And his satraps scarce had shared afresh
 Half the empires of the World-commander
 Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh !

Though the rill roll down from Life's green Mountain,
 Bright through festal dells of youthful days,
 Soon the water of that glancing fountain
 In the Vale of Years must moult its rays.
 There the pilgrim on the bridge that, bounding
 Life's domain, frontiers the wolds of Death,
 Startled, for the first time hears resounding
 From Eternity, a voice that saith,—
 ALL WHICH IS NOT PURE SHALL MELT AND WITHER.
 LO ! THE DESOLATOR'S ARM IS BARE ;
 AND WHERE MAN IS, TRUTH SHALL TRACE HIM THITHER,
 BE HE CURTAINED ROUND WITH GLOOM OR GLARE.‡

* Vor dem *Ernste* der dein Haupt, entfürstet,
 In die *Stille* niederlegen wird.

Before to the *Solemn* who thy head, unprincèd, in the *Stilly* beneath lay shall ;
viz., Before the [coming of the] solemn [hour] which shall lay thy head, stripped
 of its royalty, in the still [ness of the grave.] We have adhered to the metonymy,
 save that we have chosen to make *der Ernste* represent Death himself rather than
 the time of death ; the Sternness, therefore, is Death, and the Silentness the grave.

† *Sophi*, a title of the Khan of Persia.

By this scymitar
 That slew the *Sophy* and a Persian prince,
 And won three fields of Sultan Solymán.
Merch. of Ven. Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ WAS NICHT REIN IST, WIRD IN NACHT VERSCHWINDEN ;
 DES VERWÜSTERS HAND IST AUSGESTRECKT ;
 UND DIE WAHRHEIT WIRD DEN MENSCHEN FINDEN,
 OB IHN DUNKEL ODER GLANZ VERSTECKT !

ZOOLOGY IN DUBLIN.*

We forget who it is that has made the remark, that the state of civilization in a country, might, with the greatest certainty, be inferred from the degree of attention bestowed upon natural history. The test would not, perhaps, be altogether a fallacious one. As man advances in the scale of being, the importance of the study is unquestionably more sensibly felt. As his wants are supplied, he directs his attention to discover new means of gratification, and new sources of comfort; and the further he is removed from the state in which he is barely supplied with the necessities of life, the more attention he bestows upon the arts and sciences, which minister to its conveniences—and certainly, the more the public taste is refined, the more leisure and inclination will be found for the pursuit of the knowledge, which not only is useful to the pursuits of life, but ministers perhaps the purest gratification to the well-regulated mind.

To no branch of natural history does the remark apply with as much force as to the study of animated nature.—Indeed, perhaps the maxim will almost universally be found true—that when a taste for zoological enquiries is diffused—there is a high standard of general sentiment and education; and that when such pursuits are neglected, it is because the public mind is not elevated to the standard at which the value and the beauty of such enquiries can be properly appreciated.

It is unnecessary to observe that a knowledge of animated nature can never be acquired perfectly through any medium but the eye—we must see the animals before we are in a condition to avail ourselves of the knowledge which is supplied to us by books or lectures—to nothing is the old criticism of Horace so applicable—

*Singulis irritant animos demissa per aures
Tuam que sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et que
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

The man who spends an hour a day, in a well-stocked menagerie, with the aid of the simplest manual, will know more of the natural history of animals, than another who reads Buffon or Cuvier for eight. A zoological garden is,

indeed, a requisite, as indispensable to the study of zoology, as a botanical garden to that of botany—perhaps even more so. Well executed plates may supply the place of the one—but it is utterly impossible for any exercise of art to enable us to dispense with the other. In either case, indeed, the mimicry of art would be but a poor substitute for the living realities of nature, but some idea of plants might be formed from books and pictures—none at all of animals. We must see the panther spring—we must hear the monarch of the forest roar—no power of the pen or the pencil can convey to us the most remote idea of the grandeur of nature's living works—we must see, before we can understand.

If, then, there be any object in promoting a taste for zoology in the public mind, unquestionably it is desirable to maintain such an establishment as a zoological garden. The inference is too obvious to require comment. For our own parts, we are persuaded that few objects can be more desirable or important—and we confess we were among the number of those who hailed with peculiar pleasure, the formation of a zoological society in Dublin. It is not easy to overrate the importance of providing, in the vicinity of a metropolis like ours, a place of recreation, the amusement of which was, at once, allied with the pursuit of knowledge, and free from the remotest taint of vice. It is not very easy to solve the problem of finding a place of public amusement, which will be at once popular and instructive, while, at the same time, its influence is purely virtuous and moral. The warmest advocates of the theatre must admit, that the vice which is too often associated with dramatic exhibitions, is a serious drawback on the desirableness of the stage. We know of no mode of amusement—certainly none hitherto attempted in this country—at once so popularly attractive, instructive, and innocent, as that which is supplied by a zoological garden.

In the year 1829, a public meeting was held in Dublin, for the purpose of forming a zoological society. A plot of ground was granted by his Excellency

* An Appeal to the Public, on behalf of the Zoological Society in Ireland. Published by order of the Council of the Society. Dublin, 1837.

the Duke of Northumberland, in the Phoenix Park, for the purpose of a garden—and, accordingly, in August, 1831, the garden was thrown open to the public. Since that time it has continued to afford to the citizens of Dublin a delightful place of recreation. The rate of admission has been fixed so low—(only sixpence for each person)—as to place it within the reach of all classes of society—and hundreds of thousands have availed themselves of the privilege thus afforded them.

We have been led to make these observations, by the appearance of a pamphlet—the title of which we have prefixed to this article. We are anxious to give every publicity to the statements and reasonings of this appeal—and we cannot better devote a few pages, than in bringing before our readers, a cause which, without exaggeration, we believe to be a part of the great cause of national improvement.

It appears by the statement of this appeal, that the council find themselves now encumbered with a debt of £1300; £800 of which is due to members of the society, who hold debentures at 4 per cent.—£500 is therefore the amount of the debt to be discharged. They have therefore appealed to the public, to enable them to pay off this debt, and to supply them with a further sum of £500, to be expended in improving and enlarging their establishment.

It is of importance to observe, that since its establishment, the income of the society has considerably exceeded its permanent and regular expenditure. A sum of £2600 has been laid out in providing accommodation for the animals, repairing the gardens, and other outlays of this nature. This expenditure will not, of course, recur; and it is quite manifest, that were the debt cleared off, the receipts of the garden are more than sufficient to maintain itself. The following is the statement of the appeal:—

“The appeal has become necessary at this moment, from causes which it is the duty of the council clearly to explain.

“It appears from the auditor's account, that the total expenditure of the society, from its commencement in August 1831, to the 1st May, 1837, amounts to..... £9500

“Of this sum, £2600 has been expended in permanent improvements, such as inclosing and forming the garden, erecting suitable buildings for

Total expenditure brought forward,..... £9500
the accommodation of the animals, &c.

“The total receipts, to May, 1837, by subscriptions from members, and admissions to the garden,..... £8200

Total debt,..... £1300

“Of this £1300, £800 is due to certain members of the society, who hold debentures for the amount, at £4 per cent. per annum,..... £800

“Outstanding debt now to be discharged,..... 500
£1300

“Average annual income since the commencement, being six years,..... £1366

“Average annual expenditure,..... 1150

“Balance in favour of the society,..... £216

“Supposing the income to be permanent, and there is every reason to believe that the annual income will be increasing, the average being taken for the six years; and for the last two years, the expenditure has been considerably less, and the income greater.

“It is plain, therefore, from this statement, that the ordinary income of the society, derived from annual subscriptions, and from admission receipts, is sufficient for the maintenance of the establishment, even on a more extended scale, but not for the payment of the debt incurred by the outfit of the garden. This debt, it is true, has been considerably reduced, but the balance, amounting to nearly £500, which must now be discharged, presses so heavily on the funds of the society, as to render it impossible for the council to maintain the establishment, even on its present contracted scale, far less, are they enabled to give to it that degree of extension which, while it encreases its utility, would, by increasing its attractions, greatly improve its resources.

“The council proposes, therefore, to raise by subscription, the sum of £1000, £500 of which they will apply, in the first instance, to the liquidation of all outstanding debts, and the remaining £500 to the purchase of animals, and to the extension and improvement of the garden.”

The appeal has been drawn up by Mr. Crampton, the president of the society, and it is marked by the perfect clearness and force of his style. We cannot do better than follow so eminent a guide in the selection of his topics—the advantages of the establishment Mr. Crampton declares to be twofold.

“When it was proposed, at a public meeting, (convened for the purpose,) to establish, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, a collection of animals on the plan of the zoological garden of London, the utility of such an establishment was supported on two grounds, namely—the means which it would afford of cultivating a great branch of natural knowledge, and the advantage which would result from having, in the immediate neighbourhood of this great city, a place, (to say the least of it,) of innocent and rational recreation.”

On the first point, the appeal contains the following observations—

“Although the value of natural knowledge—its influence on individual happiness and on national prosperity and honor, seem to be generally acknowledged, there are, nevertheless, many well-informed persons, who, while they assent to the general proposition, that knowledge of all kinds is desirable, find it difficult to perceive in what manner a collection of birds and beasts in the Phoenix Park, (however amusing it may be to the ignorant, or interesting to men of science,) can be made subservient to individual happiness or to national prosperity. To such inquirers the council of the society feel themselves called upon to give a respectful, and, as they hope, a satisfactory reply. But, aware that generalities seldom carry conviction to the mind, they select, for the purpose of illustration, a single and not unimportant branch of science, the successful cultivation of which they will endeavour to show, is mainly dependant on the facts which zoology in its largest sense supplies. It will, they think, be conceded, that the foundations of ‘the healing art’ are laid in a thorough acquaintance with the structure, disposition, and actions of that complex machine, the human body; but this acquaintance is not to be made by the dissection of human bodies *only*, and for this reason—in man, the most highly organised of living beings, the various ‘systems’ of which he is compounded, such as ‘the digestive sys-

tem,’ the ‘vascular system,’ the ‘respiratory system,’ and the ‘nervous system,’ are so intimately and so inextricably connected with each other, that we cannot attempt to investigate them by analysis, that is, by the separate examination of the structure and uses of each system individually; this analysis, however, has been performed for us by nature. In the great chain of animated beings, each link becomes more and more complicated as we ascend from the lowest degree of organization, which imparts an almost doubtful vitality to a gelatinous-like globule, to the highest which gives life and understanding to a Newton. At the bottom of the scale of organization, we find a single system, the digestive, for example, in its simplest, and, consequently, in its most intelligible form; a little higher, and we find the digestive system combined with a respiratory system, a nervous system, and so on, until ascending to that wondrous microcosm, MAN! we see the various systems combined, and acting in beautiful and harmonious concert. It is plain, therefore, that a thorough knowledge of human anatomy and physiology can be arrived at only through comparative anatomy; and, since human anatomy is the foundation of the healing art, it follows as a necessary consequence, that a school of medicine which is not furnished with the means of cultivating comparative anatomy must be considered as incomplete, and can neither obtain or deserve celebrity. But how is comparative anatomy to be cultivated, unless there be at hand a zoological collection, including animals as various in their structure as in their modes of existence. Of the extent to which such a collection may be made available to the purposes of instruction, some idea may be formed from the fact, that since the establishment of the zoological garden, the various anatomical schools in this city have been enriched by several hundred pieces of comparative anatomy, illustrative of some of the most obscure but important functions of the animal economy.

“The number of medical students in the various schools of Dublin amount to upwards of seven hundred annually; of this great number a considerable proportion is furnished by England, Scotland, and the Colonies. Can it be doubted, if the system of anatomical education, (which, it is believed, is the chief attraction of the Dublin school,) be less complete here

thad elsewhere, that the students will seek in other countries for the information which they cannot obtain here?—And farther—is it not a matter of deep *personal* interest to every member of the community, that these seven hundred students who frequent our schools should receive every advantage which the most enlarged education can supply? But there is another, and a higher class of medical students, in whose progressive improvement the public has a more immediate interest; we allude to the teachers and practitioners of medicine in this great city; *they* are emphatically the students; *they* are the persons who can best appreciate all the importance of unceasing study in a boundless science; they are, accordingly, the persons who are daily enlarging the boundaries of the medical art, and increasing their own means of usefulness by the most indefatigable inquiries into the mysteries of the animal economy.

“But, it may be asked, ‘How were these inquiries prosecuted before the establishment of the zoological garden?’ The answer is, that they were very imperfectly prosecuted; that it is within these very few years that comparative anatomy received, even in Great Britain, all the attention which it deserves. It is true that the late eminent professor of anatomy in Trinity College brought with him, from London, a very valuable collection of comparative anatomy; but this was private property, and has since been disposed of; the other schools were lamentably deficient in this department of anatomy; and, until the establishment of the zoological collection in the Phoenix Park, they were dependant for a casual supply on the travelling menageries which, from time to time, visited this city.”

Of the value of the establishment to medical science, there can of course be no higher authority than that which we have just quoted. It is, however, we confess, in the other point of view that we are most anxious to regard the establishment of a zoological garden in the neighbourhood of Dublin—as exercising a salutary influence upon public taste, by supplying to the population of this great city—an amusement of the character which we have already stated our belief, that such an establishment is calculated to afford. Upon this subject we cannot do better than quote the words of the appeal:—

“On the second point, which relates

to the advantages which result to society, from having in the neighbourhood of a great city, a place of innocent and rational recreation, the council trusts that there can be but little room for a difference of opinion. They submit that it never can be otherwise than useful, to have a place of public resort accessible to all; where persons of every rank and condition of life, may meet on terms of perfect equality. The sixpence of the labourer, or the artisan, giving him exactly the same advantages as the sixpence of his employer; a place—which, unlike most other places of public amusement, supplies attractions which address themselves exclusively to the highest and purest principles of our nature, and which, by gratifying, improve them.—For it is the high and distinguishing characteristic of inquiries into nature, that, like the liberal arts, while they instruct the mind, they elevate the character. The admiration which is excited by the contemplation of the works of nature is touched, as it were, by the grandeur and elevation which is stamped on those works;—it is an admiration mixed with awe. A feeling, perhaps, of all others, the most opposed to a proud, contentious, and uncharitable spirit. Let those who doubt the reality of those influences on human character and conduct compare the demeanour of the vast concourse of persons, of all ranks and conditions, who frequent the zoological gardens, with that of a similar number, collected in any other place of mere amusement, and let them say, in which have they observed the greatest degree of civility of manner, and of orderly demeanour; of the 151,355 persons, who visited the gardens during the last three years. It is most gratifying to the council, to be able to state that not one was seen in a state of intoxication, nor was there a single deviation from propriety, which rendered it necessary to exclude any individual from the garden.

“To many it may appear that these are the suggestions of a mind imbued with a prejudice in favour of a particular pursuit, rather than the sober conclusions of reason. Let us see, then, whether or not they derive support, from the highest reasoning power that has ever been bestowed on man.

“‘Natural knowledge (says Lord Bacon,) consists in understanding the properties of creatures, and the names by which they are called. The

occupation of Adam in paradise." And after having stated what he terms the '*divine* proofs of the advantages of knowledge,' he says, 'the *human* proofs are—

"1. That it diminishes afflictions from nature.

"2. It diminishes evil from man to man.

"3. It improves private virtues.

"4. It takes away the barbarism from men's minds.

"5. It takes away levity, temerity, and insolency.

"6. It takes away vain admiration.

"7. It takes away, or mitigates fear.

"8. It disposes the mind not to be fixed or settled in its defects, but to be susceptible of growth and reformation.

"9. It is power.

"10. It advances fortune.

"11. It is our greatest source of delight.

"12. It insures immortality."

"These positions are proved by all the force of his reason, and adorned by all the splendour of his imagination. When speaking of the power of knowledge to repress the evils which arise from man to man, he says:—

"In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled, and, forgetting their several appetites—some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening to the airs and accords of the harp, the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature. Wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men who are full of savage, unreclaimed desires, of profit, of lust, of revenge, which as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion."

So persuaded are we of the great natural advantages of such establishments, that we feel that they ought to be maintained at the national cost. We cannot advise the council to make an application to government, because we know that it would be refused—the expenditure of money to keep up a place of popular instruction is among the most legitimate of the uses to

which the public revenue can be applied; but it is utterly at variance with the utilitarian spirit which now directs the councils of government. The theories of economists run counter to such projects, and "the philosophy of the counting house" rejects, of course, the idea of supporting or aiding any establishment which does not "pay." No matter whether it elevate the public taste, or improve the public mind, or minister to innocent or rational gratification, none of these things warrant government in applying public money to its support. There are objects, the value of which cannot be estimated in money—and, therefore, in the calculations of economists, they are of none.

We write in no spirit of party—we deprecate maxims which have infected statesmen of all parties. Anxious are we indeed, to see banished from our legislature, that spirit of false and penurious economy which refuses to apply the resources of society to that which is to benefit society at large. Did a more enlightened policy prevail, the zoological society should not want a thousand pounds; and abundantly would the community be repaid, in the influence which such an establishment must of necessity exercise upon the popular mind. It is impossible to examine the works of nature, without being made better by the enquiry—there is a calmness in the pursuit of natural history which chastens the heart, and elevates the mind—and by some mysterious, perhaps inexplicable law, God has ordained, that man shall not contemplate his works without being improved.

We had for some time intended to devote a paper to the subject of the zoological gardens in the Phoenix Park. There are few subjects which present more that is instructive and entertaining. We regret that we have been forced to anticipate our intention by the circumstances in which this useful institution has been placed. We do not, however, mean this hurried paper as an acquittance of our intention—the execution of which we feel to be a duty. At present, our object is merely to endeavour to draw attention to the eloquent and beautiful appeal of the distinguished president—an appeal which cannot be read without being attended to. The position which this journal occupies, as the only Irish periodical, imposes on us duties, with regard to national science—duties of which we would certainly be neglectful, if we did not contribute our efforts to aid the

efforts of the council of the zoological society.

There is, perhaps, no species of knowledge so well adapted to be generally popular as that of natural history. Its study is not embarrassed with any formidable or repulsive difficulties—men, and what, perhaps, is of more consequence—women of moderate intellect can attain at least a respectable proficiency in the pursuit. It imposes no severe or laborious study, and perplexes the mind with no painful investigations. It is one of the few studies which, in every sense a recreation—a zoological garden exactly represents the character of the pursuit. We can learn, at least something, while walking on the soft carpet of the green turf—or under the shadow of umbrageous bowers, while both eye and ear are charmed—and instruction is received, while we are thinking only of amusement.

In no institution of the kind is this picture so fully realized, as in our own garden. In situation, and all that we may call, the horticultural arrangements, it is infinitely superior to any other that we have visited. The magnificent situation, in that great and unrivalled demense, the Phoenix Park—commanding a view of wood, mountain, and city, in a combination such as few spots in the world could afford—the beautiful lake with which the deep valley at the foot of the garden has been filled—the undulations of the ground, and the fine old trees, which give at once ornament and shelter to the walks—these are advantages which nothing that we have seen in similar establishments comes near. There is an appearance of rurality and nature about the garden, which forms a most “refreshing” contrast to the artificial—and “menageric” like appearance of the gardens at London and Liverpool; and when it is recollected that this delightful spot has been created within a short walk of the centre of the city—and that from one quarter at least the road to the Phoenix Park is in itself

a most agreeable promenade—we may venture to say that in these advantages of circumstances—our garden is likely to continue perfectly unrivalled.

We should deeply regret, indeed, that such an establishment should be permitted to fall. Of this, however, we believe, there is not the most remote possibility. The appeal of the council concludes with a hint at such a calamity, but that their appeal will be properly responded to, we have not the slightest doubt. Indeed there is something in the way in which the determination is expressed—which conveys in language of the most elegant rebuke, a very plain intimation that this closing of the gardens would involve a heavy censure on the taste and patriotism of the Irish public.

“Should this appeal,” they say, “not be answered by the whole sum which is required, being subscribed, the council will conclude that it is the opinion of the educated and affluent classes of society in this country, that while zoological establishments on an extensive scale are supported by Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, and Cheltenham, and by almost every state on the continent of Europe, the metropolis of Ireland, with its university, its school of medicine, and its various literary and scientific associations, stands in no need of such an establishment, and that those who from taste, or a sense of duty, are inclined to cultivate natural history, must seek in other countries for the information they desire. Should this be the deliberate determination of the Irish public, a painful duty will devolve on the council of the society; the garden must at once be closed, the stock disposed of, and the money which it produces, appropriated to the payment of the outstanding debt. The council, however, entertain better hopes; they can scarcely anticipate a decision so little in accordance with the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country, the character of its people, the extension of knowledge, and the actual state of zoological science.”

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER : OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA.—PART V.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of “*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*”

ON hearing his step, she raised her head, and advancing towards the middle of the garden, took his arm, and led him towards the summer-house in which Connor and she had first ac-

knowledged their love. She gazed wistfully upon it after they entered, and rung her hands, but still shed no tear.

“Una,” said her brother, “you had

something to say to me ; what is it, darling ?”

She glanced timidly at him, and blushed.

“ You won’t be angry with me, John,” she replied ; “ would it be proper for me to—to go——”

“ What ! to be present at the trial ? Dear Una, you cannot think of it. It would neither be proper nor prudent, and you surely would not be considered indelicate ? Besides, even were it not so, your strength is unequal to it. No, no, Una dear ; dismiss it from your thoughts.”

“ I fear I could not stand it, indeed, John, even if it were proper ; but I know not what to do ; there is a weight like death upon my heart. If I could shed a tear it would relieve me ; but I cannot.”

“ It is probably better you should feel so, Una, than to entertain hopes upon the matter that may be disappointed. It is always wisest to prepare for the worst, in order to avoid the shock that may come upon us, and which always falls heaviest when it comes contrary to our expectations.”

“ I do not at all feel well,” she replied, “ and I have been thinking of the best way to break this day’s tidings to me, when you come home. If he’s cleared, say, goodhumouredly, ‘ Una, all’s lost ;’ and if—if not, oh, desire me—say to me, ‘ Una, you had better go to bed, and let your mother go with you ;’ *that* will be enough ; I will go to bed, and if ever I rise from it again, it will not be from a love of life.”

The brother seeing that conversation on the subject of her grief only caused her to feel more deeply, deemed it better to terminate than to continue a dialogue which only aggravated her sufferings.

“ I trust and hope, dear Una,” he said, “ that you will observe my father’s advice, and make at least a worthy effort to support yourself, under what certainly is a heavy affliction to you, in a manner becoming your own character. For his sake—for my mother’s, and for mine too, endeavour to have courage ; be firm—and, Una, if you take my advice, you’ll pray to God to strengthen you ; for, after all, there is no support in the moment of distress and sorrow, like His.”

“ I will take your advice,” she replied ; “ but is it not strange, John, that such heavy misfortune should fall

upon two persons so young, and who deserve it so little ?”

“ It may be a trial sent for your advantage and his ; who can say but it may yet end for the good of you both ? At present, indeed, there is no probability of its ending favourably, and, even should it not, we are bound to bear with patience such dispensations as the Great Being, to whom we owe our existence, and of whose ways we know so little, may think right to lay upon us. Now, God bless you, and support you, dear, till I see you again. I must go ; don’t you hear the jaunting-car driving up to the gate ; be firm—dear Una—be firm, and good bye ?”

Never was a day spent under the influence of a more terrible suspense than that which drank up the strength of this sinking girl during the trial of her lover. Actuated by a burning and restless sense of distraction, she passed from place to place with that mechanical step which marks those who seek for comfort in vain. She retired to her apartment and strove to pray ; but the effort was fruitless ; the confusion of her mind rendered connexion and continuity of thought and language impossible. At one moment she repaired to the scenes where they had met, and again with a hot and aching brain, left them with a shudder that arose from a withering conception of the loss of him whose image, by their association, was at once rendered more distinct and more beloved. Her poor mother frequently endeavoured to console her, but became too much affected herself to proceed. Nor were the servants less anxious to remove the heavy load of sorrow which weighed down her young spirit to the earth. Her brief, but affecting, reply was the same to each.

“ Nothing can comfort me ; my heart is breaking ; oh, leave me—leave me to the sorrow that’s upon me.”

Deep indeed was the distress felt on her account, even by the females of her father’s house ; who, that day, shed many bitter tears on witnessing the mute but feverish agony of her sufferings. As evening approached she became evidently more distracted and depressed ; her head, she said, felt hot, and her temples occasionally throbbed with considerable violence. The alternations of colour on her cheek were more frequent than before, and their pallid and carmine hues

were more alarmingly contrasted. Her weeping mother took the stricken one to her bosom, and, after kissing her burning and passive lips, pressed her temples, with a hope that this might give her relief.

"Why don't you cry, *anien na-chree*? (daughter of my heart.) Thy and shed tears; it 'ill take away this burnin' pain that's in your poor head; oh, thy an' let down the tears, an' you'll see how it 'ill relieve you."

"Mother, I can't," she replied; "I can shed no tear; I wish they were home, for the worst couldn't be worse than this."

"No, asthore, it couldn't—it can't; hush!—do you hear it? There they are; that's the car; ay, indeed, it's at the gate."

They both listened for a moment, and the voices of her father and brother were distinctly heard giving some necessary orders to the servant.

"Mother, mother," exclaimed Una, pressing her hands upon her heart, "my heart is bursting, and my temples—my temples—"

"Chierna yeelish," said the mother, feeling its strong and rapid palpitations, "you can't stand this. Oh, darlin' of my heart, for the sake of your own life, an' of the livin' God, be firm."

At this moment their knock at the hall-door occasioned her to leap, with a sudden start, almost out of her mother's arms. But, all at once, the tumult of that heart ceased, and the vermillion of her cheek changed to the hue of death. With a composure, probably more the result of weakness than fortitude, she clasped her hands, and giving a fixed gaze towards the parlour-door, that spoke the resignation of despair, she awaited the tidings of her lover's doom. They both entered, and after a cautious glance about the room, immediately perceived the situation in which, reclining on her mother's bosom, she lay, ghastly as a corpse, before them.

"Una, dear," said John, approaching her, "I am afraid you are ill."

She rivetted her eyes upon him, as if she would read his soul, but she could not utter a syllable.

The young man's countenance became overshadowed by a deep and mournful sense of the task he found himself compelled to perform; his voice faltered, and his limbs trembled,

as, in a low tone of heartfelt and profound sympathy, he exclaimed,

"Una dear, you had better go to bed, and let my mother stay with you."

Calmly she heard him, and rising, she slowly but deliberately left the room, and proceeded up stairs with a degree of steadiness which surprised her mother. The only words she uttered on hearing this blighting communication, were, "Come with me, mother."

"Una, darling," said the latter when they had reached the bed-room, "why don't you spake to me? Let me hear your voice, jewel; only let me hear your voice."

Una stooped and affectionately kissed her, but made no reply for some minutes. She then began to undress, which she did in fits and starts; sometimes pausing, in evident abstraction, for a considerable time, and again resuming the task of preparing for bed.

"Mother," she at length said, "my heart is as cold as ice; but my brain is burning; feel my temples, how hot they are, and how they beat."

"I do, *alanna dheelish*; your body, as well as your mind, is sick; but we'll sind for the docthor, darlin', and you'll soon be betther, I hope."

"I hope so; and then Connor and I can be married in spite of them. Don't they say, mother, that marriages are made in heaven?"

"They do darlin'."

"Well, then, I will meet him there. Oh, my head—my head; I cannot bear—bear this racking pain."

Her mother, who, though an uneducated woman, was by no means deficient in sagacity, immediately perceived that her mind was beginning to exhibit symptoms of being unsettled. Having, therefore, immediately called one of the maid-servants, she gave her orders to stay with Una, who had now gone to bed, until she herself could again return to her. She instantly proceeded to the parlour, where her husband and son were, and, with a face pale from alarm, told them that she feared Una's mind was going.

"May the Almighty forbid," exclaimed her father, laying down his knife and fork, for they had just sat down to dinner; "oh, what makes you say such a thing, Bridget? what on earth makes you think it?"

"For heaven's sake, mother, tell us at once," enquired the son, rising

from the table, and walking distractedly across the room.

"Why she's beginning to rave about him," replied her mother; "she's afther sayin' that she'll be married to him in spite o' them."

"In spite o' who, Bridget?" asked the Bodagh, wiping his eyes—"in spite o' who does she mane?"

"Why, I suppose in spite of Flanagan an' thim that found him guilty," replied his wife.

"Well, but what else did she say, mother?"

"She axed me if marriages warn't made in heaven, and I told her that the people said so; upon that she said she'd meet him there, an' then she complained of her head. The trewth is, she has a heavy load of sickness on her back, an' the sorra hour should be lost till we get a doethor."

"Yes, that is the truth, mother; I'll go this moment for Dr. H——. There's nothing like taking these things in time. Poor Una! God knows this trial is a sore one upon a heart so faithful and affectionate as her's."

"John, had you not betther ait something before you go?" said his father; "you want it afther the troublesome day you had."

"No, no," replied the son; "I cannot—I cannot; I will neither eat nor drink till I hear what the doctor will say about her. Oh, my God," he exclaimed, whilst his eyes filled with tears, "and is it come to this with you, our darling Una?—I won't lose a moment till I return," he added, as he went out; "nor will I, under any circumstances, come without medical aid of some kind."

"Let these things be taken away, Bridget," said the Bodagh; "my appetite is gone, too; that last news is the worst of all. May the Lord of Heaven keep our child's mind right; for, oh, Bridget, would n't death itself be far afore *that*?"

"I'm going up to her," replied his wife; "and may Jasus guard her, and spare her safe and sound to us; for what—what kind af a house would it be if she—but I can't think of it. Oh, wurrh. wurrh, this night!"

Until the return of their son, with the doctor, both O'Brien and his wife hung in a state of alarm bordering on agony over the bed of their beloved daughter. Indeed the rapidity and vehemence with which incoherence, accompanied by severe illness, set in,

were sufficient to excite the greatest alarm, and to justify their darkest apprehensions. Her skin was hot almost to burning; her temples throbbed terribly, and such were her fits of starting and raving, that they felt as if every minute were an hour, until the physician actually made his appearance. Long before this gentleman reached the house, the son had made him fully acquainted with what he looked upon as the immediate cause of her illness; not that the doctor himself had been altogether ignorant of it; for indeed there were few persons of any class or condition in the neighbourhood to whom that circumstance was unknown.

On examining the diagnostics that presented themselves, he pronounced her complaint to be brain fever of the most formidable class, to wit, that which arises from extraordinary pressure upon the mind, and unusual excitement of the feelings. It was a relief to her family, however, to know that beyond the temporary mental aberrations inseparable from the nature of her complaint, there was no evidence whatsoever of insanity. They felt grateful to God for this, and were consequently enabled to watch her sick-bed with more composure, and to look forward to her ultimate recovery with a hope less morbid and gloomy. In this state we are now compelled to leave them and her, and to beg the reader will accompany us to another house of sorrow, where the mourning was still more deep, and the spirits that were wounded driven into all the wild and dreary darkness of affliction.

Our readers cannot forget the helpless state of intoxication, in which Fardorougha left his unhappy son on the evening of the calamitous day that saw him doomed to an ignominious death. His neighbours, as we then said, having procured a car, assisted him home, and would, for his wife's and son's sake, have afforded him all the sympathy in their power; he was, however, so completely overcome with the spirits he had drank, and an unconscious latent feeling of the dreadful sentence that had been pronounced upon his son, that he required little else at their hands than to keep him steady on the car. During the greater part of the journey home, his language was only a continuation of the incoherencies which Connor had, with such a humiliating sense of shame and sorrow, witnessed in his prison cell. A little

before they arrived within sight of his house, his companions perceived that he had fallen asleep; but to a stranger, ignorant of the occurrences of the day, the car presented the appearance of a party returning from a wedding or from some other occasion equally festive and social. Most of them were the worse of liquor, and one of them in particular had reached a condition which may be too often witnessed in this country. I mean that in which the language becomes thick; the eye knowing but vacant; the face impudent but relaxed; the limbs tottering, and the voice inveterately disposed to melody. The general conversation, therefore, of those who accompanied the old man was, as is usual with persons so circumstanced, high and windy; but as far as could be supposed by those who heard them, cheerful and amicable. Over the loudness of their dialogue might be heard, from time to time, at a great distance, the song of the drunken melodist just alluded to, rising into those desperate tones which borrow their drowsy energy from intoxication alone. Such was the character of those who accompanied the miser home; and such were the indications conveyed to the ears or eyes of those who either saw or heard them, as they approached Fardorougha's dwelling, where the unsleeping heart of the mother watched—and oh, with what a dry and burning anguish of expectation, let our readers judge—for the life or death of the only child that God had ever vouchsafed to that loving heart on which to rest all its tenderest hopes and affections.

The manner in which Honor O'Donovan spent that day was marked by an earnest and simple piety that would have excited high praise and admiration if witnessed in a person of rank or consideration in society. She was, as the reader may remember, too ill to be able to attend the trial of her son, or as she herself expressed it in Irish, to draw strength to her heart by one look at his manly face; by one glance from her boy's eye. She resolved, however, to draw consolation from a higher source, and to rest the burthen of her sorrows, as far as in her lay, upon that being in whose hands are the issues of life and death; or if she descended from the elevation of true worship to supplicate the intercession of departed spirits, let us attribute this rather to the dogmas of her creed than the errors of her heart.

From the moment her husband left the threshold of his childless house on that morning until his return, her prayers to God and the saints were truly incessant. And who is so well acquainted with the inscrutable ways of the Almighty, as to dare assert that the humble supplications of this pious and sorrowful mother were not heard and answered. Whether it was owing to the fervour of an imagination, wrought upon by the influence of a creed which nourishes religious enthusiasm in an extraordinary degree, or whether it was by direct support from that God who compassionated her affliction, let others determine; but certain it is, that in the course of that day she gained a calmness and resignation, joined to an increased serenity of heart, such as she had not hoped to feel under a calamity so black and terrible.

On hearing the approach of the car which bore her husband home, and on listening to the noisy mirth of those, who, had they been sober, would have sincerely respected her grief, she put up an inward prayer of thanksgiving to God for what she supposed to be the happy event of Connor's acquittal. Stunning was the blow, however, and dreadful the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by the discovery of this sad mistake. When they reached the door she felt still further persuaded that all had ended as she wished, for to nothing else, except the wildness of unexpected joy, could she think of ascribing her husband's intoxication.

"We must carry Fardorougha in," said one of them to the rest; "for the liquor has fairly overcome him—he's sound asleep."

"He is cleared," exclaimed the mother; "he is cleared! My heart tells me he has come out without a stain. What else could make his father, that never tasted liquor for the last thirty years, be as he is?"

"Honor O'Donovan," said one of them, wringing her hand as he spoke, "this has been a black day to you all: you must prepare yourself for bad news."

"Thin Christ and his blessed mother support me, and support us all—but what is the worst? oh what is the worst?"

"The *bharradh dhu*," replied the man, alluding to the black cap which the judge puts on when passing sentence of death.

"Well," said she, "may the name

of the Lord that sent this upon us be praised for ever! That's no reason why we shouldn't still put our trust and reliance in him. I will show them, by the help of God's grace, an' by the assistance of his blessed mother, who suffered herself,—an' oh, what is my sufferin's to her's?—I will show them I say, that I can bear, as a Christian ought, whatever hard fate it may please the Saviour of the earth to lay upon us. I know my son is innocent, an' surely, although it's hard, hard to part with such a boy, yet it's a consolation to know that he'll be better wid God, who is takin' him, than ever he'd be wid us. So the Lord's will be done this night and for ever! amin!"

This noble display of glowing piety and fortitude was not lost upon those who witnessed it. After uttering these simple but exalted sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly, as is the custom, and bowed her head with such a vivid sense of God's presence, that it seemed as if she actually stood, as no doubt she did, under the shadow of his power. These men, knowing the force of her love to that son, and the consequent depth of her misery at losing him by a death so shameful and violent, reverently took off their hats as she bent her head to express this obedience to the decrees of God, and in a subdued tone and manner exclaimed, almost with one voice,—

"May God pity you, Honor; for who but yourself would or could act as you do this bither, bitther night!"

"I'm only doin' what I ought to do," she replied; "what is religion good for if it doesn't keep the heart right an' support us undher trials like this, what 'ud it be then but a name? But how, oh how, came *his* father to be in sich a state on this bither, bitther night, as you say it is—an' oh! heaven above sees it's that—how came *his* father, I say, into such a state?"

They then related the circumstance as it actually happened; and she appeared much relieved to hear that his inebriety was only accidental.

"I am glad," she said, "that he got it as he did; for indeed if he had made himself dhrunk this day, as too many like him do on sich occasions, he never again would appear the same man in my eyes, nor would my heart ever more warm to him as it did. But thanks be to God that he didn't take it of himself."

She then heard, with a composure that could result only from fortitude

and resignation united, a more detailed account of her son's trial, after which she added—

"As God is above me this night I find it asier to lose Connor than to forgive the man that destroyed him; but this is a bad state of heart, that I trust my Saviour will give me grace to overcome; an' I know he will if I ax it as I ought; at all evints, I wont lay my side on a bed this night until I pray to God to forgive Bartle Flanagan, an' to turn his heart."

She then pressed them with a heart, as hospitable as it was pious, to partake of food, which they declined, from a natural reluctance to give trouble where the heart is known to be pressed down by the violence of domestic calamity. These are distinctions which our humble countrymen draw with a delicacy that may well shame those who move in a higher rank of life. Respect for unmerited affliction, and sympathy for the sorrows of the just and virtuous, are never withheld by the Irish peasant when allowed by those who can guide him either for good or evil to follow the impulses of his own heart. The dignity, for instance, of Honor O'Donovan's bearing under a trial so overwhelming in its nature, and the piety with which she supported it, struck them, half tipsy as they were, so forcibly, that they became sobered down—some of them into a full perception of her firmness and high religious feelings; and those who were more affected by drink into a maudlin gravity of deportment still more honourable to the admirable principles of the woman who occasioned it.

One of the latter, for instance, named Bat Hanratty, exclaimed, after they had bade her good night, and expressed their unaffected sorrow for the severe loss she was about to sustain,

"Well, well, you may all talk; but be the powdher's o' delf nothin' barrin' the downright grace o' God could support that dacent mother of ould Fardorougha—I mane of his son, poor Connor. But the truth is, you see, that there's nothin'—nothin'—no, the devil saize the hap'orth at all, good, bad, or indifferent aquil to puttin' your trust in God; bekaise you see—Con Roach, I say—bekaise, you see, when a man does that as he ought to do it; for it's all faisthelagh if you go the wrong way about it; but Con—Condy, I say, you're a dacent man; an' it stands to raison—it does, boys—upon my sowl it does. It wasn't for no—

thin' that money was lost upon myself, when I was takin' in the edjigation ; and maybe, if Connor O'Donovan, that is now goin' to suffer, poor fellow—

“ For the villain swore away my life, an' all by perjury ;

And for that same I die wid shame upon the gallows tree.”

So, as I was sayin' why didn't Connor come in an' join the boys like another, an' then we could settle Bartle for staggin' against him. For you see, in regard o' that, Condy, it doesn't signify a tranee whether he put a match to the haggard or not ; the thing is, you know, that even if he did, Bartle daren't swear against him widout breakin' his first oath to the boys ; an' if he did it afther that, an' brought any of them into throuble contrairly to the articles, be gorra sure he'd be entitled to get a gusset opened undher one o' his ears, any how. But you see, Con, be the book—God pardon me for swearin'—but be the book, the mother has the throe ralligion in her heart, or she'd never stand it the way she does, an' that proves what I was expoundin' ; that afther all, the sorra hap'o'rth aquil to the grace o' God. I can repate the *convhecture* in Latin myself, an' upon my soul I find that afther a hard day's fightin' or drinkin' it aises my mind all to pieces. Sure they say one bout of it in Latin is worth half a dozen rosaries ; for, you see, the Latin bein' the mother tongue in heaven, that's what gives sich power entirely to prayers that's offered up in that langridge, an' what makes our clargy so powerful beyant all others.”

He then sang a comic song, and, having passed an additional eulogium on the conduct of Honor O'Donovan, concluded by exhibiting some rather unequivocal symptoms of becoming pathetic from sheer sympathy ; after which the soporific effect of his libations soon hushed him into a snore that acted as a base to the shrill tones in which his companions addressed one another from each side of the car.

Fardorougha, ever since the passion of avarice had established its accursed dominion in his heart, narrowed by degrees his domestic establishment, until, towards the latter years of his life, it consisted of only a labouring boy, as the term is, and a servant girl. Indeed, no miser ever was known to maintain a large household : and that for reasons too obvious to be detailed. Since Connor's incarceration, however, his father's heart had so far expanded,

that he hired two men as inside servants, one of them, now the father of a large family, being the identical Nogher M'Cormick, who, as the reader remembers was in his service at the period of Connor's birth. The other was a young man named Thady Star, or Reillaghan, as it is called in Irish, who was engaged upon the recommendation of Biddy Nulty, then an established favourite with her master and mistress, in consequence of her faithful devotion to them and Connor, and her simple-hearted participation in their heavy trouble. The manner in which they received the result of her son's trial was not indeed calculated to sustain his mother. In the midst of the clamour, however, she was calm and composed ; but it would have been evident, to a close observer, that a deep impression of religious duty alone sustained her, and that the yearnings of the mother's heart though stilled by resignation to the Divine Will, were yet more intensely agonised by the suppression of what she secretly felt. Such, however, is the motive of those heroic acts of self-denial, which religion only can enable us to perform. It does not harden the heart, or prevent it from feeling the full force of the calamity or sorrow which comes upon us ; no, but whilst we experience it in all the rigour of distress, it teaches us to reflect that suffering is our lot, and that it is our duty to receive these severe dispensations, in such a manner, as to prevent others from being corrupted by our impatience, or by our open want of submission to the decrees of Providence. When the agony of the Man of Sorrows was at its highest, he retired to a solitary place, and whilst every pore exuded water and blood, he still exclaimed—“ Not my will, but thine be done.” Here was resignation indeed, but at the same time a heart exquisitely sensible of all it had to bear. And much, indeed, as yet lay before that of the pious mother of our unhappy hero, and severe was the trial which, on this very night she was doomed to encounter.

When Fardorougha awoke, which he did not do until about three o'clock in the morning, he looked wildly about him, and, starting up in the bed, put his two hands on his temples, like a man distracted by acute pain ; yet anxious to develope in his memory the proceedings of the foregoing day. The inmates, however, were startled from their sleep by a shriek or rather a yell,

so loud and unearthly that, in a few minutes they stood collected about his bed. It would be impossible, indeed, to conceive, much less to describe such a picture of utter horror as then presented itself to their observation. A look that resembled the turbid glare of insanity, was rivetted upon them whilst he uttered shriek after shriek, without the power of articulating a syllable. The room, too, was dim and gloomy ; for the light of the candle that was left burning beside him, had become ghastly for want of snuffing. There he sat—his fleshless hands pressed against his temples ; his thin, grey hair standing out wildly from his head ; his lips asunder ; and his cheeks, sucked in so far, that the chasms occasioned in his jawbones, by the want of his back teeth, were plainly visible.

"Chiernah dheelish," exclaimed Honor, "what is this ? as heaven's above me, I believe he's dyin' ; see how he gasps. Here, Fardorougha," she exclaimed, seizing a jug of water which had been left on a chair beside him, but which he evidently did not see ; "here, here, darlin, wet your lips ; the cool wather will refresh you."

He immediately clutched the jug with eager and trembling hands, and at one rapid draught, emptied it to the bottom.

"Now," he shouted, "I can spake, now I can spake. Where's my son ? where's my son ? an' what has happened *me* ? how did I come here ? was I mad ? am I mad ? but tell me, tell me first, where's Connor ? Is it thue ? is it all thue ? or is it me that's mad ?"

"Fardorougha, dear," said his wife, "be a man, or, rather, be a Christian. It was God gave Connor to us, and who has a better right to take him back from us ? Don't be flyin' in His face, bekase he wont ordher everything as you wish. You have'nt taken off of you tonight, so rise, dear, and calm yourself ; then go to your knees, lift your heart to God, and beg of him to grant you strinth and patience. Thry that coorse, avourneen, an' you'll find it the best."

"How did I come home, I say ; oh, tell me, Honor, tell me, was I out o' my wits ?"

"You fainted," she replied ; "and thin they gave you whiskey to support you ; an' not bein' accustomed to it, it got into your head."

"Oh, Honor, our son, our son," he replied ; then, starting out of the bed in a fit of the wildest despair, he

clasped his hands together, and shrieked out, "oh, our son, our son, our son Connor. Merciful Saviour, how will I name it ? to be hanged by the neck ; oh, Honor, Honor, dont you pity me ? dont you pity me ? Mother of heaven, this night ! That *barradh dhu*, that *barradh dhu* put on for our boy, our innocent boy ; who can understand it, Honor ? It's not justice ; there's no justice in heaven, or my son would'nt be murdered, slaughtered down in the prime of his life, for no rason. But no matther ; let him be taken ; only hear this : if he goes, I'll never bend my knee to a single prayer, while I've life ; for it's terrible, it's cruel, 'tis't justice ; nor do I care what becomes of me, either in this world or the other. All I want, Honor, is to folly *him* as soon as I can ; my hopes, my happiness, my life, my everything is gone wid him ; an' what need I care thin, what becomes of me ? I don't, I don't."

The faces of the domestics grew pale as they heard, with silent horror, the incoherent blasphemies of the frantic miser ; but his wife, whose eyes were rivetted on him, while he spoke, and paced, with a hurried step, up and down the room, felt at a loss, whether to attribute his impiety to an attack of insanity, or to a temporary fever, brought on by his late sufferings, and the intoxication of the preceding night.

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Fardorougha," she said calmly, placing her hand upon his shoulder ; "are you sinnible, that you're this minute afther blasphemin' your Creator ?"

He gave her a quick, disturbed, and peevish look ; but made no reply. She then proceeded :

"Fardorougha, I thought the loss of Connor the greatest punishment that could be put upon me ; but I find I was mistaken. I would rather see him dead tomorrow, wid, wid the rope about his neck, than to hear his father blasphemin' the livin' God ! Fardorougha, it's clear that you're not now fit to pray for yourself, but in the name of our Saviour, I'll go an' pray for you. In the manetime, go to bed ; sleep will settle your head, and you will be better, I trust, in the mornin'."

The calm solemnity of her manner awed him, notwithstanding the vehemence of his grief. He stood and looked at her, with his hands tightly clasped, as she went to her son's bedroom, in order to pray for him. For a

moment, he seemed abashed and stunned. While she addressed him, he involuntarily ceased to utter those sounds of anguish, which were neither shrieks nor groans, but something between both. He then resumed his pace, but with a more settled step, and for some minutes maintained perfect silence.

"Get me," said he, at length; "get me a drink of wather; I'm in a flame wid drouth."

When Biddy Nulty went out to fetch him this, he enquired of the rest, what Honor meant by charging him with blasphemy.

"Surely to God, I did'n't blasphame," he said, peevishly; "no, no, I'm not that bad; but, any how, let her pray for me; *her* prayer will be heard, if ever woman's was."

When Biddy returned, he emptied the jug of water with the same trembling eagerness as before; then clasped his hands again, and commenced pacing the room, evidently in a mood of mind about to darken into all the wildness of his former grief.

"Fardorougha," said Nogher McCormick; "I was undher this roof, the night your manly son was born. I remember it well; an' I remember more betoken, I had to check you for flyin' in the face o' God that sent him to you. Instead o' feelin' happy and delighted, as you ought to ha' done, an' as any other man but yourself would, you grew dark an' sulky, and grumbled becase you thought there was a family comin'. I could you that night to take care an' not be committin' sin; an' you may remimber, too, that I gev you chapther and verse for it out o' Scripthur: 'Voe be to the man that's born wid a millstone about his neck, especially, if he's to be cast into the say.' The truth is, Fardorougha, you war'n't thankful to God for him; and you see that afther all, it does'n't do to go to loggerheads wid the Almighty. Maybe, had you been thankful for him, he would'n't be where he is this night. Millstone! Faith it was a home thrust that same verse; for if you did'n't carry the millstone about your neck, you had it in your heart; an' you now see an' feel the up-shot. I'm now goin' fast into age myself; my hair is greyer than your own, and I could take it to my death," said the honest fellow, while a tear or two ran slowly down his cheek; "that, exceptin' one o' my own childhre; an' may God spare them to me; I could'n't feel more sorrow at the fate of any one

livin', than at Connor's. Many a time I held him in these arms, and many a little play I made for him; an' many a time he axed me why his father did'n't nurse him as I did; 'bekase,' he used to say, 'I would rather he would nurse me, than any body else, barring my mother; an' afther him, you, Nogher.'

These last observations of his servant, probed the heart of the old man to the quick; but the feeling which they excited, was a healthy one; or, rather, the associations they occasioned threw Fardorougha's mind upon the memory of those affections, which avarice had suppressed, without destroying.

"I loved him, Nogher," said he, deeply agitated; "oh, none but God knows how I loved him, although I did'n't, an' could'n't bring myself to show it at the time. There was something upon me; a curse, I think, that prevented me; an' now that I love him as a father ought to do, I will not have him. Oh, my son, my son, what will become of me, after you? heavenly Father, pity me and support me. Oh, Connor, my son, my son, what will become of me?"

He then sat down on the bed, and placing his hands upon his face, he wept long and bitterly. His grief now, however, was natural, for during the most violent of his paroxysms in the preceding hour, he shed not a tear; yet now they ran down his cheeks, and through his fingers in torrents.

"Cry on, cry on," said Nogher, wiping his own eyes; "it will lighten your heart; an' who knows but it's his mother's prayers that brought you to yourself, and got this relief for you. Go, Biddy," said he, in a whisper, to the servant-maid; "and tell the mistress to come here; she'll know best how to manage him, now that he's a little calm."

"God be praised," ejaculated Honor, on seeing him weep; "these tears will cool your head, avourneen; an' now, Fardorougha, when you're tired cryin', if you take my advice, you'll go to your knees, an' offer up five pathers, five Aves, an' a creed, for the grace of the Almighty to direct and strengthen you; and thin, afther that, go to bed, as I sed, an' you'll find how well you'll be afther a sound sleep."

"Honor," replied her husband, "avourneen machree, I think you'll save your husband's sowl yet, undher my marcful Saviour."

"Your son, undher the same marci-

ful God will do it. Your heart was hard and godless, Fardorougha, and surely, if Connor's death 'ill be the manes of savin' his father's sowl, wouldnt it be a blessin' instead of a misfortune? Think of it in that light, Fardorougha, and turn your heart to God. As for Connor, is'nt it a comfort to know, that the breath wont be out of his body, till he's a bright angel in heaven?"

The old man wiped his eyes, and knelt down, first having desired them to leave him. When the prayers were recited, he called in Honor.

"I'm afeard," said he, "that my heart wasn't properly in them, for I couldnt prevent my mind from wandherin' to our boy."

This touching observation took the mother's affections by surprise. A tear started to her eye, but after what was evidently a severe struggle she suppressed it.

"It's not at once you can do it, Fardorougha; so dont be cast down. Now, go to bed in the name of God, and sleep; and may the Lord in heaven support you—and support us both; for oh, it's we that want it this night of sorrow."

She then stooped down, and affectionately kissed him, and having wished him good night, she retired to Connor's bed, where, ever since the day of his incarceration, this well-tried mother, and enduring Christian, slept.

At this stage of our story, we will pause for a moment, to consider the state of mind and comparative happiness of the few persons who are actors in our humble drama.

To a person capable of observing only human action, independently of the motives by which it is regulated, it may appear that the day which saw Connor O'Donovan consigned to a premature and shameful death, was one of unmingled happiness to Bartle Flanagan. They know little of man's heart, however, who could suppose this to be the case, or who could even imagine that he was happier than those on whom his revenge and perfidy had entailed such a crushing load of misery. It is, indeed, impossible to guess what the nature of that feeling must be, which arises from the full gratification of mean and diabolical malignity. Every action of the heart at variance with virtue and truth, is forced to keep up so many minute and fearful precautions, all of which are felt to be of vast moment at the time, that we question

if ever the greatest glut of vengeance produced, no matter what the occasion may have been, any satisfaction capable of counterbalancing all the contingencies and apprehensions by which the mind is distracted both before and after its perpetration. The plan and accomplishment must both be perfect in all their parts—for if either fail only in a single point, all is lost, and the pleasure arising from them resembles the fruit which is said to grow by the banks of the dead sea—it is beautiful and tempting to the eye, but bitterness and ashes to the taste.

The failing of the county treasurer, for instance, deprived Bartle Flanagan of more than one half his revenge. He was certainly far more anxious to punish the father than the son, and were it not that he saw no other mode of effecting his vengeance on Fardorougha, than by destroying the only object on earth that he loved next to his wealth, he would have never made the innocent pay the penalty of the guilty. As he had gone so far, however, self-preservation now made him anxious that Connor should die; as he knew his death would remove out of his way the only person in existence absolutely acquainted with his villany. One would think, indeed, that the sentence pronounced upon his victim ought to have satisfied him on that head. This, however, it failed to do. That sentence contained one clause, which utterly destroyed the completeness of his design, and filled his soul with a secret apprehension either of just retribution, or some future ill which he could not shake off, and for which the reward received for Connor's apprehension was but an ineffectual antidote. The clause alluded to in the judge's charge, viz.—"the recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth, and previous good conduct, shall not be overlooked"—sounded in his ears like some mysterious sentence that involved his own fate, and literally filled his heart with terror and dismay. Independently of all this, his villainous projects had involved him in a systematic course of guilt, which was yet far from being brought to a close. In fact, he now found by experience how difficult it is to work out a bad action with success, and how the means, and plans, and instruments necessary to it, must multiply and become so deep and complicated in guilt, that scarcely any single intellect, in the case of a person

who can be reached by the laws, is equal to the task of executing a great crime against society, in a perfect manner. If this were so, discovery would be impossible, and revenge certain.

With respect to Connor himself it is only necessary to say that a short but well-spent life, and a heart naturally firm, deprived death of its greatest terrors. Still he felt it in some depressed moods a terrible thing indeed to reflect, that he, in the very fulness of strength and youth, should be cut down from among his fellows—a victim without a crime, and laid with shame in the grave of a felon. But he had witnessed neither his mother's piety nor her example in vain, and it was in the gloom of his dungeon that he felt the light of both upon his spirit.

"Surely," said he, "as I am to die, is it not better that I should die innocent than guilty? Instead of fretting that I suffer, a guiltless man, surely I ought to thank my God that I am so; an' that my soul hasn't to meet the sin of such a revengeful act as I'm now condemned for. I'll die, then, like a Christian man, putting my hope and trust in the mercy of my Redeemer—ever an' always hoping that by his assistance I will be enabled to do it."

Different, indeed, was the moral state and position of these two young men; the one, though, lying in his prison cell, was sustained by the force of conscious innocence, and that reliance upon the mercy of God, which constitutes the highest order of piety, and the noblest basis for fortitude; the other, on the contrary, disturbed by the tumultuous and gloomy associations of guilt, and writhing under the conviction, that although he had revenge, he had not satisfaction. The terror of crime was upon him, and he felt himself deprived of that best and only security, which sets all vain apprehensions at defiance, the consciousness of inward integrity. Who, after all, would barter an honest heart for the danger arising from secret villany, when such an apparently triumphant villain as Bartle Flanagan felt a deadly fear of Connor O'Donovan in his very dungeon? Such, however, is guilt, and such are the terrors that accompany it.

The circumstances which, in Ireland usually follow the conviction of a criminal, are so similar to each other, that we feel it, even in this case, unnecessary to do more than give a mere sketch of Connor's brief life as a cul-

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prit. We have just observed that the only clause in the judge's charge which smote the heart of the traitor Flanagan with a presentiment of evil, was that containing the words in which something like a hope of having his sentence mitigated was held out to him, in consequence of the recommendation to mercy by which the jury accompanied their verdict. It is very strange, on the other hand, that at the present stage of our story, neither his father nor mother knew any thing whatsoever of the judge having given expression to such a hope. The old man, distracted as he was at the time, heard nothing, or at least remembered nothing, but the awful appearance of the black cap, or as they term it in the country, the *barradh dhu*, and the paralyzing words in which the sentence of death was pronounced upon his son. It consequently happened that the same clause in the charge actually, although in a different sense, occasioned the misery of Bartle Flanagan on the one hand, and of Connor's parents on the other.

The morning after the trial, Fardorougha was up as early as usual, but his grief was nearly as vehement and frantic as on the preceding night. It was observed, however—such is the power of sorrow to humanize and create sympathy in the heart—that when he arose, instead of peevishly and weakly obtruding his grief and care upon those about him, as he was wont to do, he now kept aloof from the room in which Honor slept, from an apprehension of disturbing her repose—a fact which none who knew his previous selfishness would have believed, had he not himself expressed in strong terms a fear of awakening her. Nor did this new trait of his character escape the observation of his own servants, especially of his honest monitor, Nogher M'Cormick.

"Well, well," exclaimed this rustic philosopher; "see what God's affliction does. Faith it has brought Fardorougha to feel a trifle for others, as well as for himself. Who knows, be-gad, but it may take the millstone out of his heart yet; and if it does, my word to you, he may thank his wife, undher God, for it."

Before leaving home that morning to see his son, he found with deep regret that Honor's illness had been so much increased by the events of the preceding day, that she could not leave her bed. And now, for the first

time; a thought loaded with double anguish struck upon his heart.

"Saver of earth!" he exclaimed, "what would become of me if both should go and lave me alone? God of heaven, ALONE! Ay, ay," he continued, "I see it. I see how easily God might make my situation still worse than I thought it *could* be. Oh God forgive me my sins; and may God soften my heart! Amen!"

He then went to see his wife ere he set out for his unhappy son; and it was with much satisfaction that Honor observed a changed and chastened tone in his manner, which she had never, except for a moment at the birth of his child, noticed before. Not that his grief was much lessened, but it was more rational, and altogether free from the violence and impiety which had characterised it when he awoke from his intoxication.

"Honor," said he, "how do you find yourself this mornin', alanna? They tell me you're worse than you war yestherda."

"Indeed, I'm wake enough," she replied, "and very much bate down, Fardorougha; but you know it's not our own string at any time that we're to depend upon, but God's. I'm not willing to attempt any thing beyant my power at present. My seeing him now would do neither of us any good, and might do me a great dale o' harm. I must see him, to be sure, and I'll strive, please God, to gather up a little strength for *that*."

"My heart's breakin', Honor, and I'm beginnin' to see that I've acted a bad part to both of you all along. I feel it, indeed; and if it was the will o' God, I didn't care if——"

"Whisht, acushla, whisht—sich talk as that's not right. Think, Fardorougha, whether you acted a bad part towards God or not, and never heed uz; an' think too, dear, whether you acted a bad or a good part towards the poor, an' them that was in distress and hardship, an' that came to you for relief—they were your fellow-crathers, Fardorougha, at all evints. Think of these things I'm saying, and never heed us. You know that Connor and I forgive you, but you aren't so sure whether God and them will."

These observations of this inestimable woman had the desired effect, which was, as she afterwards said, to divert her husband's mind as much as possible from the contemplation of Connor's fate, and to fix it upon the

consideration of those duties in which she knew his conscience, now touched by calamity, would tell him he had been deficient.

Fardorougha was silent for some time after her last observations—but at length he observed:

"Would it be possible, Honor, that all this was brought upon us in order to punish me for—for——"

"To punish you, Fardorougha! *Fareer gairh, avourneen*, arn't we all punished; look at my worn face, and think of what ten days' sorrow can do in a mother's heart—think, too, of the boy. Oh no, no—do you think *we* have nothin' to be punished for? But we have all one comfort, Fardorougha, and that is, that God's ever and always willin' to resave us, when we turn to him wid a true heart. Nobody, avillish, can forget and forgive as he does."

"Honor, why didn't you oftener spake to me this a-way than you did?"

"I often did, dear, an' you may remember it; but you were then strong; you had your wealth; every thing flowed wid you, an' the same wealth—the world's temptation—was strong in your heart; but God has taken it from you, I hope as a blessing—for indeed, Fardorougha, I'm afeared if you had it now, that neither he nor—but I won't say it, dear, for God he sees I don't wish to say one word that 'ud distress you now, avourneen. Any how, Fardorougha, never despair in God's goodness—never do it; who can tell what may happen?"

Her husband's grief was thus checked, and a train of serious reflection laid, which like some of those self-evident convictions that fasten on the awakened conscience, the old man could not shake off.

Honor, in her further conversation with him, touching the coming interview with the unhappy culprit, desired him, above all things, to set "their noble boy" an example of firmness, and by no means to hold out to him any expectation of life.

"It would be worse than murder," she exclaimed, "to do so. No—prepare him by your advice, Fardorougha, ay, and by your example, to be firm—and tell him that his mother expects he will die like an innocent man—noble and brave—and not like a guilty coward, afeared to look up and meet his God."

Infidels and hypocrites, so long as their career in vice is unchecked by

calamity, will no doubt sneer when we assure them, that Fardorougha, after leaving his wife that morning once more to visit his son, felt a sense of relief, or, perhaps we should say, a breaking of faint light upon his mind, which, slight as it was, afforded him more comfort and support than he ever hoped to experience. Indeed it was almost impossible for any heart to exist within the influence of that piety which animated his admirable wife, and not catch the holy fire which there burned with such purity and brightness.

Ireland, however, abounds with such instances of female piety and fortitude, not, indeed, as they would be made to appear in the unfeminine violence of political turmoil, in which a truly pious female would not embroil herself; but in the quiet recesses of domestic life—in the hard struggles against poverty, and in those cruel visitations, where the godly mother is forced to see her innocent son corrupted by the dark influence of political crime, drawn within the vortex of secret confederacy, and subsequently yielding up his life to the outraged laws of that country which he assisted to distract. It is in scenes like these that the unostentatious magnanimity of the pious Irish wife or mother may be discovered; and it is here where as the night and storms of life darken her path, the holy fortitude of her heart shines with a lustre proportioned to the depth of the gloom around her.

When Fardorougha reached the town in which his ill-fated son occupied the cell of a felon, he found to his surprise that early as were his habits, there were others whose movements were still more early than his own. John O'Brien had come to town—been with his attorney—had got a memorial in behalf of Connor to the Irish government, engrossed, and actually signed by more than one half of the jury who tried him—all before the hour of ten o'clock. A copy of this document, which was written by O'Brien himself, now lies before us, with the names of all the jurors attached to it; and a more beautiful or affecting piece of composition we have never read. The energy and activity of O'Brien were certainly uncommon, and so, indeed, were his motives. As he himself told Fardorougha, whom he met as the latter entered the town—

"I would do what I have done for Connor, although I have never yet

exchanged a syllable with him. Yet, I do assure you, Fardorougha, that I have other motives—which you shall never know—far stronger than any connected with the fate of your son. Now, don't misunderstand me."

"No," replied the helpless old man, who was ignorant of the condition of his sister, "I will not indeed—I'd be long sorry."

O'Brien saw that any rational explanation he might give would be only thrown away upon a man who seemed to be so utterly absorbed and stupified by the force of his own sufferings.

"Poor old man," he exclaimed, as Fardorougha left him, to visit Connor; "see what affliction does! There are thousands now who pity you—even you, whom almost every one who knew you, cursed and detested."

Such, indeed, was the fact. The old man's hardness of heart was forgotten in the pity that was produced by the dreadful fate which awaited his unhappy son. We must now pass briefly over occurrences which are better understood when left to the reader's imagination. John O'Brien was not the only one who interested himself in the fate of Connor. Fardorougha, as a matter of course, got the priest of the parish, a good and pious man, to draw up a memorial in the name, as he said, of himself and his wife. The gentry of the neighbourhood, also, including the members of the grand jury, addressed government on his behalf—for somehow there was created among those who knew the parties, or even who heard the history of their loves, a sympathy which resulted more from those generous impulses that intuitively perceive truth, than from the cooler calculations of reason. The heart never reasons—it is therefore the seat of feeling, and the fountain of mercy; the head does—and it is probably on that account the seat of justice, often of severity, and not unfrequently of cruelty and persecution. Connor himself was much relieved by that day's interview with his father. Even he could perceive a change for the better in the old man's deportment. Fardorougha's praises of Honor, and his strong allusions to the support and affection he experienced at her hands, under circumstances so trying, were indeed well calculated to prepare her "noble boy," as she truly called him, for the reception of the still more noble message which she sent him.

"Father," said he, as they separated

that day, "tell my mother that I will die as she wishes me ; and tell her, too, that if I wasn't an innocent man, I could not do it. And oh, father," he added, and he seized his hands, and fell upon his neck, "oh father dear, if you love me, your own Connor—and I know you do—oh then, father dear, I say again, be guided in this heavy affliction by my dear mother's advice."

"Connor," returned the old man, deeply affected, "I will. I had made my mind up to that afore I saw you at all to-day. Connor, do you know what I'm beginning to think?"

"No, father dear, I do not."

"Why, then, it's this, that she'll be the manes of savin' your father's soul. Connor, I can look back now upon my money—all I lost—it was no doubt terrible—terrible all out. Connor, my rint is due, and I haven't the manes of meetin' it."

Alas, thought the boy, how hard is it to root altogether out of the heart that principle which inclines it to the love of wealth.

"At any rate, I will take your advice, Connor, and be guided by your mother. She's very poorly, or she'd be wid you afore now ; but, indeed, Connor her health is the occasion of it—it is—it is !"

Fardorougha's apology for his wife contained much more truth than he himself was aware of, at the time he made it. On returning home that night, he found her considerably worse, but as she had been generally healthy, he very naturally ascribed her illness to the affliction she felt for the fate of their son. In this, however, he was mistaken, as the original cause of it was unconnected with the heavy domestic dispensation which had fallen upon them. So far as she was concerned, the fate of her boy would have called up from her heart fresh energy, and if possible a higher order of meek but pious courage. She would not have left him unsustained and uncherished, had the physical powers of the mother been able to second the sacred principles with which she met and triumphed over the trial that was laid upon her.

It was one evening about ten days after O'Donovan's conviction that Budagh Buie O'Brien's wife sat by the bed-side of her enfeebled and languishing daughter. The crisis of her complaint had passed the day before, and a very slight improvement, visible

only to the eye of her physician, had taken place. Her delirium remained much as before ; sometimes returning with considerable violence, and again leaving reason, though feeble and easily disturbed, yet when unexcited by external causes, capable of applying its powers to the circumstances around her. On this occasion the mother, who watched every motion and anticipated every wish of the beloved one, saw that she turned her eye several times upon her as if some peculiar anxiety distressed her.

"Una, jewel," she at length inquired, "is there any thing you want *colleen machree* ; or any thing I cau do for you?"

"Come near me, mother," she replied, "come near me."

Her mother approached her still more nearly.

"I'm afraid," she said, in a very low voice, "I'm afraid to ask it."

"Only wait for a minute or two," said her mother, "an' John will—but here's the docthor's foot ; they wor spakin' a word or two below ; an' whisper, darlin' o' my heart, sure John has something to tell you—something that will—"

She looked with a searching anxiety into her mother's face ; and it might have been perceived that the morning twilight of hope beamed faintly but beautifully upon her pale features. The expression that passed over them was indeed so light and transient that one could scarcely say she smiled ; yet that a more perceptible serenity diffused its gentle irradiation over her languid countenance was observed even by her mother.

The doctor's report was favourable.

"She is slowly improving," he said, on reaching the parlour, "since yesterday ; I am afraid, however, she's too weak at present to sustain this intelligence. I would recommend you to wait for a day or two, and in the mean time to assume a cheerful deportment, and break it to her rather by your looks and manner than by a direct or abrupt communication.

They promised to observe his directions ; but when her mother informed them of the hint she herself threw out to her, they resolved to delay the matter no longer ; and John, in consequence of what his mother had led her to expect, went to break the intelligence to her as well as he could. An expectation had been raised in her mind, and he judged properly enough

that there was less danger in satisfying it than in leaving her just then in a state of such painful uncertainty.

"Dear Una," said he, "I am glad to hear the doctor say that you are better."

"I think I am a little," said she.

"What was my mother saying to you, just now, before the doctor was with you? But why do you look at me so keenly, Una," said he cheerfully; "it's some time since you saw me in such good humour—isn't it?"

She paused for a moment herself; and her brother could observe that the hope which his manner was calculated to awaken, lit itself into a faint smile rather visible in her eyes than on her features.

"Why, I believe you are smiling yourself, Una.

"John," said she, earnestly, "is it good?"

"It is, darling—he *won't die*."

"Kiss me, kiss me," she said; "may eternal blessings rest upon you!"

She then kissed him affectionately, laid her head back upon the pillow, and John saw with delight that the large tears of happiness rolled in torrents down her pale cheeks.

It was indeed true that Connor O'Donovan was not to die. The memorials which had reached government from so many quarters, backed as they were by very powerful influence, and detailing as they did a case of such very romantic interest, could scarcely fail in arresting the execution of so stern and deadly a sentence. It was ascertained, too, by the intercourse of his friends with government that the judge who tried his case, notwithstanding the apparent severity of his charge, had been moved by an irresistible impulse to save him; and he actually determined from the beginning to have his sentence commuted to transportation for life.

The happy effect of this communication on Una O'Brien diffused a cheerful spirit among her family and relatives, who, in truth, had feared that her fate would ultimately depend upon that of her lover. After having been much relieved by the copious flood of tears she shed, and heard with composure all the details connected with the mitigation of his sentence, she asked her brother if Connor's parents had been yet made acquainted with it.

"I think not," he replied; "the time is too short."

"John," said the affectionate girl, "oh, consider his mother; and think of the misery that one single hour's knowledge of this may take away from her heart. Go to her, my dear John, and may all the blessings of heaven rest upon you!"

"Good by, then, Una, dear; I will go."

He took her worn hand in his, as he spoke, and looking on her with affectionate admiration, added—

"Yes! Good by my darling sister; believe me, Una, that I think if there's justice in heaven, you'll have a light heart yet."

"It is very light now," she returned, "compared with what it was; but go, John, don't lose a moment; for *I know what they suffer*."

Her mother, after John's departure for Fardorougha's, went up to sit with her; but she found that the previous scene, although it relieved, had exhausted her. In the course of a few minutes, their limited dialogue ceased, and she sank into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which she did not awaken until her brother had some time returned from the execution of his pious message. And piously was that message received by her for whose misery the considerate heart of Una O'Brien felt so deeply. Fardorougha had been out about the premises, mechanically looking to the manner in which the business of his farm had been of late managed by his two servants, when he descried O'Brien approaching the house at a quick if not a hurried pace. He immediately went in and communicated the circumstance to his wife.

"Honor," said he, "here is Bodagh Buie's son comin' up to the house—what on earth can bring the boy here?"

This was the first day on which his wife had been able to rise from her sick bed. She was consequently feeble; and physically speaking capable of no domestic exertion. Her mind, however, was firm as ever, and prompt as before her calamity, to direct and overlook in her own sweet and affectionate manner, whatever required her superintendence.

"I'm sure I don't know, Fardorougha," she replied. "It can't, I hope, be wid bad news—they thravel fast enough—an' I'm sure the Bodagh's son wouldn't take pleasure in bein' the first to tell them to us."

"But what can bring him, Honor?"

What on earth can bring the boy here now, that never stood undher our roof afore?"

"Three or four minutes, Fardorougha, will tell us. Let us hope in God it isn't bad. Eh, Saver above, it wouldn't be the death of his sister—of Connor's Oona? No," she added, they wouldn't send, much less come, to tell us *that*, but sure we'll hear it—we'll hear it; and may God give us stringth to hear it right, whether it's good or bad! Amin, Jasus, this day!"

She had hardly uttered the last words when O'Brien entered.

"Young man," said this superior woman, "it's a poor welcome we can give you to a house of sorrow."

"Ay," said Fardorougha, "his mother an' I's here, but where is he? Nine days from this; but it'll kill me—it will—it will. Whin he's taken from me I don't care how soon I folly him; God forgive me if it's a sin to say so!"

"Fardorougha," said his wife, in a tone of affectionate reproof, "remember what you promised me, an', at all events, you forget that Mr. O'Brien here may have his own troubles; I hard your sister was unwell. Oh, how is she, poor thing?"

"I thank you, a great deal better; I will not deny but she heard a piece of intelligence this day, that has relieved her mind and taken a dead weight off her heart."

Honor, with uncommon firmness and solemnity of manner, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said,

"That news is about our son."

"It is," replied O'Brien, "and it's good; his sentence is changed, and he is not to die."

"Not to die!" shrieked the old man, starting up, and clapping his hands frantically—"not to die; our son—Connor, Connor—not to be hanged—not to be hanged; did you say that, son of O'Brien Buie, did you—did you?"

"I did," replied the other; "he will not suffer."

"Now that's God;" ejaculated Fardorougha, wildly; "that's God an' his mother's prayers. Boys," he shrieked, "come here; come here, Biddy Nulty, come here; Connor's not to die; he won't suffer—he won't suffer."

He was rushing wildly to the door, but Honor placed herself before him, and said, in that voice of calmness which is uniformly that of authority and power,

"Fardorougha dear, calm yourself. If this is God's work, as you say, why not resave it as comin' from God; it's upon your two knees you ought to drop, an'—Saver above, what's the matter wid him?—He's off; keep him up. Oh, God bless you; that's it, avourneen; jist place him on the chair there forninst the door, where he can have air. Here, dear," said she to Biddy Nulty, who, on hearing herself called by her master, had come in from another room. Get some feathers-Biddy, till we burn them undher his nose; but first fetch a jug of cold water."

On looking at the face of the miser, O'Brien started, as indeed well he might, at such a pallid, worn, and death-like countenance; why, thought he to himself, surely this must be death, and the old man's cares, and sorrows, and hopes, are all passed for ever.

Honor now bathed his face, and wet his lips with water, and as she sprinkled and rubbed back the grey hair from his emaciated temples, there might be read there an expression of singular wildness that resembled the wreck produced by insanity.

"He looks ill," observed O'Brien, who actually thought him dead; "but I hope it won't signify."

"I trust in God's mercy it won't," replied Honor; "for till his heart, poor man, is brought more to God—"

She paused with untaught delicacy, for she reflected that he was her husband.

"For that matter, who is there," she continued, "that is fit to go to their last account at a moment's warnin'? That's a good girl Biddy; give me the feathers; there's nothing like them. *Dheah Grasthias! Dheah Grasthias!*" she exclaimed, "he's not—he's not—an' I was afeard he was—no, he's recoverin'. Shake him; rouse him a little; Fardorougha, dear!"

"Where—where am I?" exclaimed her husband, "what's this? what ails me?"

He then looked enquiringly at his wife and O'Brien; but it appeared that the presence of the latter revived in his mind the cause of his excitement.

"Is it—is it thrue, young man; tell me—tell me?"

"How, dear, can any one have spirits to tell you good news, when you can't bear it aither like a man or a Christian?"

"Good news! You say, then, it's

thru, an' he's not to be hanged by the neck, as the judge said; an' my curse—my heavy curse upon him for a judge!"

"I hate to hear the words of his sentence, Fardorougha," said the wife; "but if you have patience you'll find that his life's granted to him; an', for heaven's sake, curse nobody. The judge only did his duty."

"Well," he exclaimed, sinking upon his knees, "now, from this day out, let what will happen, I'll stick to my duty to God—I'll repent—I'll repent an' lead a new life. I will, an' while I'm alive I'll never say a word against the will of my heavenly Saviour; never, never."

"Fardorougha," replied his wife, "it's good no doubt to have a grateful heart to God; but I'm afeard there's sin in what you're sayin', for you know, dear, that, whether it pleased the Almighty to take our boy, or not, what you've promised to do is your duty. It's like sayin', I'll now turn my heart bekase God has deserved it at my hands. Still, dear, I'm not goin' to condemn you, only I think it's betther an' safer to love an' obey God for his own sake, blessed be his holy name!"

Young O'Brien was forcibly struck by the uncommon character of Honor O'Donovan. Her patience, good sense, and sincere acquiescence in the will of God, under so severe a trial, were such as he had never seen equalled. Nor could he help admitting to himself, while contemplating her conduct, that the example of such a woman was not only the most beautiful comment on religious truth, but the noblest testimony of its power.

"Yes, Honor," said the husband, in reply, "you're right, for I know that what you say is always thru. It is indeed," he added, addressing O'Brien, "she's aquil to a prayer-book."

"Yes, and far superior to any," replied the latter; "for she not only gives you the advice, but sets you the example."

"Ay, the sorra lie in it; an', oh, Honor, he's not to die—he's not to be h—not to suffer. Our son's to live! Oh, Saver of earth, make me thankful this day!"

The tears ran fast from his eyes as he looked up to heaven, and uttered the last words. Indeed it was impossible not to feel deep compassion for this aged man, whose heart had been smote so heavily, and on the only two

points where it was capable of feeling the blow.

After having indulged his grief for some time, he became considerably more composed, if not cheerful. Honor made many kind enquiries after Una's health, to which her brother answered with strict candour, for he had heard from Una that she was acquainted with the whole history of their courtship.

"Who knows," said she, speaking with reference to their melancholy fate, "but the God who has saved his life, an' most likely her's, may yet do more for them both; while there's life there's hope."

"Young man," said Fardorougha, "you carry a blessin' wid you wherever you go, an' may God bless you, for the news you have brought to us this day. I'll go to see him to-morrow, an' wid a light heart I'll go too, for my son is not to die."

O'Brien then took his leave and returned home, pondering as he went, upon the singular contrast which existed between the character of the miser and that of his admirable wife. He was no sooner gone than Honor addressed her husband as follows:—

"Fardorougha, what do you think we ought both to do now afther the happy news we've hard?"

"I'll be guided by you, Honor; I'll be guided by you."

"Then," said she, "go an' thank God that has taken the edge, the bitther, keen edge off of our sufferin'; and the best way, in my opinion, for you to do it, is to go to the barn by yourself, and strive to put your whole heart into your prayers. You'll pray betther by yourself than wid me. An' in the name of God I'll do the same as well as I can in the house here. To-morrow, too, is Friday, an' please our Saviour, we'll both fast in honour of his goodness to us an' to our son."

"We will, Honor," said he, "we will, indeed; for now I have spirits to fast, and spirits to pray, too. What will I say, now? Will I say the five Dickens (Decades) or the whole Rosary?"

"If you can keep your mind in the prayers, I think you ought to say the whole of it; but if you wandher don't say more than the five."

Fardorougha then went to the barn, rather because his wife desired him, than from a higher motive, whilst she withdrew to her own apartment, there

humbly to worship God in thanksgiving.

The next day had made the commutation of Connor's punishment a matter of notoriety through the whole parish, and very sincere indeed was the gratification it conveyed to all who heard it. Public fame, it is true, took her usual liberties with the facts. Some said he had got a free pardon, others that he was to be liberated after six months' imprisonment; and a third report asserted that the Lord Lieutenant sent him down a hundred pounds to fit him out for marriage with Una; and it further added that his Excellency wrote a letter with his own hand to Bodagh Buie, desiring him to give his daughter to Connor on receipt of it, or if not, that the Knight of the Black Rod would come down, strip him of his property, and bestow it upon Connor and his daughter.

The young man himself was almost one of the first who heard of this favourable change in his dreadful sentence.

He was seated on his bedside reading, when the sheriff and gaoler entered his cell, anxious to lay before him the reply which had that morning arrived from government.

"I'm inclined to think, O'Donovan, that your case is likely to turn out more favourably than we expected," said the humane sheriff.

"I hope, with all my heart, it may," replied the other; "there is no denying, sir, that I'd wish it. Life is sweet, especially to a young man of my years."

"But if we should fail," observed the gaoler, "I trust you will act the part of a man."

"I hope at all events that I will act the part of a Christian," returned O'Donovan. "I certainly would rather live; but I'm not afraid of death; and if it comes I trust I will meet humbly but firmly."

"I believe," said the sheriff, "you need entertain little apprehension of death; I'm inclined to think that that part of your sentence is not likely to be put in execution. I have heard as much."

"I think, sir, by your manner that you have," returned Connor; "but I beg you to tell me without goin' about. Don't be afraid, sir, that I'm too wake to hear either good news or bad."

The sheriff made no reply; but placed in his hands the official document which remitted to him the awful

penalty of his life. Connor read it over slowly, and the other kept his eye fixed keenly upon his countenance, in order to observe his bearing under circumstances that are often known to test human fortitude as severely as death itself. He could, however, perceive no change; not even the unsteadiness of a nerve or muscle was visible, nor the slightest fluctuation in the hue of his complexion.

"I feel grateful to the lord lieutenant for his mercy to me," said he, handing him back the letter, "as I do to the friends who interceded for me; I never will or can forget their goodness. Oh never, never!"

"I believe it," said the sheriff; "but there's one thing that I am anxious to press upon your attention; and it's this, that no further mitigation of your punishment is to be expected from government; so that you must make up your mind to leave your friends and your country for life, as you now know."

"I expect nothing more," returned Connor, "except this, that the hand of God may yet bring the guilt of the burning home to the man that committed it, and prove my innocence. I'm now not without some hope that such a thing may be brought about some how. I thank you, Murther Sheriff, for your kindness in coming to me with this good news so soon; all I can say is, that I thank you from my heart. I am bound to say, too, that any civility and comfort that could be shown was afforded me ever since I came here, an' I feel it, an' I am grateful for it."

Both were deeply impressed by the firm tone of manly sincerity and earnestness with which he spoke, blended as it was by a melancholy which gave, at the same time, a character of elevation and pathos to all he said. They then shook hands with him, after chatting for some time on indifferent subjects, the gaoler promising to make his situation while he should remain in prison as easy as the regulations would allow him; or who knows," he added, smiling, "but we might make them a little easier."

"That's a fine young fellow," said he to the sheriff, after they had left him.

"He is a gentleman," replied the sheriff, "by nature a gentleman; and a very uncommon one too. I defy a man to doubt a word that comes out of his lips; all he says is impressed

with the stamp of truth itself; and by h——n's he never committed the felony he's in for. Keep him as comfortable as you can."

They then separated.

The love of life is the first and strongest principle in our nature, and what man is there except some unhappy wretch pressed down by long and galling misery to the uttermost depths of despair, who, knowing that life was forfeited, whether justly or not matters little, to the laws of his country, will not feel the mercy which bids him live with a corresponding sense of gratitude? The son of the pious mother acted as if she were still his guide and monitress.

He knelt down and poured out his gratitude to that great Being who had the first claim upon it, and whose blessing he fervently invoked upon the heads of those true friends by whose exertions and influence he now felt that life was restored to him.

Of his life while he remained in this country there is little more to be said than what is usually known to occur in the case of other convicts similarly circumstanced, if we except his separation from the few persons who were dear to him. He saw his father the next day, and the old man felt almost disappointed on discovering that he was deprived of the pleasure which he proposed to himself of being the bearer of such glad tidings to him. Those who visited him, however, noticed, with a good deal of surprise that he appeared as if labouring under some secret anxiety, which, however, no tact or address on their part could induce him to disclose. Many of them, actuated by the best motives, asked him in distinct terms why he appeared to be troubled; but the only reply they received was a good-humoured remark that it was not to be expected he could leave for ever all that was dear to him on earth with a *very* cheerful spirit.

It was at this period that his old friend Nogher McCormick came to pay him a visit; it being the last time, as he said, that he would ever have an opportunity of seeing his face. Nogher, whose moral impressions were by no means so correct as Connor's, asked him, with a face of dry, peculiar mystery, if he had any particular wish unfulfilled; or if there remained behind him any individual against whom he entertained a spirit of enmity. If there were he begged him to make no scruple in entrusting to him a full

statement of his wishes on the subject, adding that he might rest assured of having them accomplished.

"One thing you may be certain of, Nogher," said he, to the affectionate fellow, "that I have no secrets to tell; so don't let that go abroad upon me. I have hard to-day, he added, "that the vessel we are to go in will sail on this day week. My father was here this mornin'; but I hadn't hard it then. Will you, Nogher, tell my mother privately that she musn't come to see me on the day I appointed with my father. From the state of health she's in I'm tould she couldn't bear it. Tell her, then, not to come till the day before I sail; an' that I will expect to see her early on that day. And Nogher, as you know more about this unhappy business than any one else, except the O'Briens and ourselves, will you give this little packet to my mother? There's three or four locks of my hair in it: one of them is for Una; and desire my mother to see Una, and to get a link of her hair to wear next my heart. My poor father—now that he finds he must part with me—is so distracted and distressed, that I couldn't trust him with this message. I want it to be kept a secret to every one but you, my mother, and Una; but my poor father would be apt to mention it in some fit of grief."

"But is there nothin' else on your mind, Connor?"

"There's no heavy guilt on my mind, Nogher, I thank my God and my dear mother for it."

"Well, I can tell you one thing before you go, Connor—Bartle Flannagan's well watched. If he has been guilty—if—derry downs, who doubts it?—well—never mind; I'll hould a triffe we get him to show the cloven foot, and condemn himself yet."

"The villain," said Connor, "will be too deep—too polished for you."

"Ten to one he's not. Do you know what we've found out since this business?"

"No."

"Why devil resave the squig of punch, whiskey, or liquor of any sort or size he'll allow to pass the lips of him. Now, Connor, aren't you up to the cunnin' villany of the thraitor in that maynewvre?"

"I am, Nogher; I see his design in it. He is afeard if he got drunk that he might n't be able to keep his own secret."

"Ah, thin by the holy Nelly, we'll

steep him yet, or he'll look sharp. Never you mind *him*, Connor."

"Nogher! stop," said Connor, almost angrily, "stop; what do you mane by them last words?"

"Divil a much; it's about the blaggard I'm spakin'; he'll be ped I can tell you. There's a few friends of yours that intinds, some o' these nights, to open a gusset under one of his ears only; the divil a thing more."

"What! to take the unhappy man's life?—to murder him!"

"Hut, Connor; who's spakin' about murder? No, only to make him miss his breath some night afore long. Does he desave mercy that 'ud swear away the life of an innocent man?"

"Nogher," replied the other, rising up and speaking with the utmost solemnity—

"If one drop of his blood is spilled on my account, it will bring the vengeance of heaven upon the head of every man havin' a hand in it. Will you, because he's a villain, make yourselves murderers?—make yourselves blacker than he is?"

"Why, thin, death alive! Connor, have you your seven sinsis about you? Faith that's good; as if it was a sin to knock sich a white livered Judas upon the head! Sin!—oh hell resave the morsel o' sin in that, but the contrairy. Sure it's only sarvin' honest people right, to knock such a desaver on the head. If he had parjured himself for the sake of the thruth, or to assist a brother in trouble—or to help on the good cause—it would be something; but to go to—but—arra, be me sowl, he'll sup sarra for it, sure enough! I thought it would make your mind aisy, or I wouldn't minton it till we'd let the breath out of him."

"Nogher," said Connor, "before you leave this unfortunate room, you must take the Almighty to witness that you'll have no hand in this bloody business, an' that you'll put a stop to it altogether. If you don't—and that his life is taken;—in the first place, I'll be miserable for life; and in the next, take my word for it, that the judgment of God will fall heavily upon every one consarned in it."

"What for? Is it for slittin' the jugler of sich a rip? Isn't he as bad as a heretic, an' worse, for he turned against his own. He has got himself made the head of a lodge, too, and houlds Articles; but it's not bein' an Article-bearer that'll save him, an' he'll find that to his coat. But indeed, Con-

nor, the villain's a double thraitor, as you'd own, if you *knew* what I hard a hint of?"

"Well, but you must lave him to God."

"What do you think but I got a whisper that he has bad designs on her."

"On who!" said O'Donovan, starting.

"Why, on your own girl, Oona, the Bodagh's daughter. He intends, it's whispered, to take her off; an' it seems, as her father doesn't stand well wid the boys, that Bartle's to get a great body of them to assist him in bringing her away."

Connor paced his cell in deep and vehement agitation. His resentment against this double-dyed villain rose to a fearful pitch; his colour deepened—his eye shot fire, and, as he clenched his hand convulsively, Nogher saw the fury which this intelligence had excited in him.

"No," he proceeded, "it would be an open sin an' shame to let sich a netarnal limb of the divil escape."

It may, indeed, be said that O'Donovan never properly felt the sense of his restraint until this moment. When he reflected on the danger to which his beloved Una was exposed from the dark plans of this detestable villain, and recollected that there existed in the members of the illegal confederacy such a strong spirit of enmity against Bodagh Buie, as would induce them to support Bartle in his designs upon his daughter, he pressed his hand against his forehead, and walked about in a tumult of distress and resentment, such as he had never yet felt in his bosom.

"It's a charity it will be," said Nogher, shrewdly availing himself of the commotion he had created, "to stop the vagabone short in the coorse of his villany. He'll surely bring the darlin' young girl off, an' destroy her."

For a few moments he felt as if his heart were disposed to rebel against the common ordinances of Providence, as they appeared to be manifested in his own punishment, and the successful villany of Bartle Flanagan. The reflection, however, of a strong and naturally pious mind soon enabled him to perceive the errors into which his passions would lead him, if not restrained and subjected. He made an effort to be calm, and in a considerable degree succeeded.

"Nogher," said he, "let us not forget that this Bartle—this—but I will not say it—let us not forget that God can aisy turn his plans against him—

self. To God, then, let us lave him. Now, hear me—you must swear in His Presence that you will have neither act nor part in doin' him an injury—that you will not shed his blood, nor allow it to be shed by others, as far as you can prevent it.

Nogher rubbed his chin gravely, and almost smiled at what he considered to be a piece of silly nonsense on the part of Connor. He determined, therefore, to satisfy his scruples as well as he could; but, let the consequence be what it might, to evade such an oath.

"Why, Connor," said he, "surely if you go to that, we can have no ill will against the d—n villain, an' as you don't wish it, we'll dhróp the thing; so now make your mind aisy, for another word you or any one else won't ever hear about it."

"And you won't injure the man?"

"Hut! no," replied Nogher with a gravity whose irony was barely perceptible, "what would *we* murdher him for, now that *you* don't wish it. I never had any particular wish to see my own funeral."

"And, Nogher, you will do all you can to prevent him from being murdhered?"

"To be sure, Connor—to be sure. By He that made me, we won't give pain to *a single hair of his head*: are you satisfied now?"

"I am," replied the ingenuous young man, who was himself too candid to see through the sophistry of Nogher's oath.

"And now, Nogher," he replied, "many a day have we spent together—you are one of my oldest friends. I suppose this is the last time you will ever see Connor O'Donovan; however don't, man—don't be cast down; you will hear from me, I hope, and hear that I am well too."

He uttered this with a smile which cost him an effort; for on looking into the face of his faithful old friend, he saw its muscles working under the influence of strong feeling—or, I should rather say, deep sorrow—which he felt anxious, by a show of cheerfulness, to remove. The fountains, however, of the old servant's heart were opened, and, after some ineffectual attempts to repress his grief, he fell upon Connor's neck, and wept aloud.

"Tut, Nogher," said Connor, "surely it's glad you ought to be, instead of sorry. What would you have done if my first sentence had been acted upon?"

"I'm glad for your sake," replied the other, "but I'm now sorry for my own. You will live, Connor, and you may yet be happy; but he that often held you in his arms—that often played with you, and that next to your father and your mother, you loved better than any other livin'—he, poor Nogher, will never see his boy more."

On uttering these words, he threw himself again upon Connor's neck, and we are not ashamed to say that their tears flowed together.

"I'll miss you, Connor, dear; I'll not see your face at fair or market, nor on the Chapel-green of a Sunday. Your poor father will break his heart, and the mother's eye will never more have an opportunity of being proud out of her son. It's hard upon me to part wid you, Connor, but it can't be helped; I only ax you to remember Nogher, that, you know, loved you as if you wor his own; remimber me, Connor, of an odd time. I never thought—oh, God, I never thought to see this day. No wondher—oh, no wondher that the fair young crature should be pale and worn, an' sick at heart. I love her now, an' ever will, as well as I did yourself. I'll never see her, Connor, widout thinkin' heavily of him that her heart was set upon, an' that will then be far away from her an' from all that ever loved him."

"Nogher," replied Connor, "I'm not without hope that—but this—is folly. You know I have a right to be thankful to God and the goodness of government for sparin' my life. Now, farewell—it is for ever, Nogher, an' it is a tryin' word to-day; but you know that every one goin' to America must say it; so think that I'm goin' there, an' it won't signify."

"Ah, Connor, I wish I could," replied Nogher; "but, to tell the truth, what breaks my heart is, to think of the way you are goin' from us. Farewell, then, Connor darlin'; an may the blessin' of God, an' his holy mother, an' of all the saints be upon you, an' guard you now an' for iver. Amen!"

His tears flowed fast, and he sobbed aloud, whilst uttering the last words; he then threw his arms about Connor's neck, and, having kissed him, he again wrung his hand, and passed out of the cell, in an agony of grief.

Such is the anomalous nature of that peculiar temperament, which, in Ireland, combines within it the extremes of generosity and crime. Here was a man who had been literally affectionate and harmless during his whole

past life, yet, who was now actually plotting the murder of a person who had never—except remotely, by his treachery to Connor, whom he loved—rendered him an injury, or given him any cause of offence. And what can shew us the degraded state of moral feeling among a people whose natural impulses are as quick to virtue as to vice, and the reckless estimate which the peasantry form of human life, more clearly than the fact, that Connor, the noble-minded, heroic, and pious peasant, could admire the honest attachment of his old friend, without dwelling upon the dark point in his character, and mingle his tears with a man who was deliberately about to join in, or compass, the assassination of a fellow creature?

Even against persons of his own creed the Irishman thinks that revenge is a duty which he owes to himself;—but against those of a different faith it is not only a duty but a virtue—and any man who acts out of this feeling, either as a juror, a witness, or an elector—for the principle is the same—must expect to meet such retribution as was suggested by a heart like Nogher M'Cormick's, which was otherwise affectionate and honest. In the secret code of perverted honour by which Irishmen are guided, he is undoubtedly the most heroic and manly, and the most worthy also of imitation, who indulges in, and executes his vengeance for injuries, whether real or supposed, with the most determined and unshrinking spirit; but the man who is capable of braving death, by quoting his own innocence as an argument against the justice of the law,

even when notoriously guilty, is looked upon by the people, not as an innocent man—for his accomplices and friends know he is not—but as one who is a hero in his rank of life; and it is unfortunately a kind of ambition among too many of our ill-thinking but generous countrymen, to propose such men as the best models for imitation, not only in their lives, but in that hardened hypocrisy which defies and triumphs over the ordeal of death itself.

Connor O'Donovan was a happy representation of all that is noble and pious in the Irish character, without one tinge of the crimes which darken or discolour it. But the heart that is full of generosity and fortitude, is generally most susceptible of the kinder and more amiable affections. The noble boy who could hear the sentence of death without the commotion of a nerve, was forced to weep upon the neck of an old and faithful follower who loved him, when he remembered that, after that melancholy visit, he should see his familiar face no more. When Nogher left him, a train of painful reflections passed through his mind. He thought of Una, of his father, of his mother, and for some time was more depressed than usual. But the gift of life to the young is ever a counterbalance to every evil that is less than death. In a short time he reflected that the same Providence which had interposed between him and his recorded sentence, had his future fate in its hands; and that he had health, and youth, and strength—and, above all, a good conscience—to bear him through the future vicissitudes of his appointed fate.

LORD MULGRAVE'S GOVERNMENT AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

We purpose, henceforth, to devote occasionally some of our pages to a notice of the manifestos respecting the state of Ireland, which appear from time to time in the *Edinburgh Review*. We adopted a similar course towards another periodical, to which the names of the Reverend N. Wiseman and Mr. O'Connell, as its Editors, gave a more than ordinary importance; and discontinued our observations upon it when we learned that these gentlemen had ceased to be responsible for its speculations and opinions in politics and religion. Relieved, thus, from the post in which we stood sentinels on the *Dublin Review*, we turn our at-

tention to the periodical of older celebrity and wider circulation. We shall, by God's blessing, do our duty faithfully; and hope to be found as ready to give praise to whatsoever we find laudable, and to acknowledge what is true, as we shall be to expose fallacies and to correct misrepresentations.

The October Number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article entitled "Ireland under Lord Mulgrave," which professes to describe—the policy of England towards this country in former days—the policy now adopted and carried into effect by Earl Mulgrave—the improvements which have resulted from the noble Earl's adminis-

tration—and the extraordinary powers which the Legislature has confided to his Excellency for the good government of Ireland. The representations of the *Reviewer* upon the first of these subjects are incomplete and unfaithful ; on the second they are partial ; on the third they are delusive ; on the fourth they are correct.

The account which the *Reviewer* is pleased to give of the principle upon which England has conducted her government of this country, has neither novelty nor truth to recommend it.—“ England,” he writes, “ had but one object in view—the total subjection, the commercial annihilation of Ireland. For the attainment of this, all the constitutional laws, the whole spirit of government in the latter,* were peculiarly designed. For this it was that an attempt was first made to disqualify the Irish for equality, by refusing them the privileges of the English ; and then, as circumstances changed, to oppose the natural growth of Ireland’s strength by the concentrated force of a small party. Neither the object nor the means were ever defended on principles of justice. The end was deemed expedient, and was supposed to justify the mode by which it was reached.”—This representation of the policy of England has been, and continues to be, substantially, so frequently given, that it might be stereotyped, with advantage, for the use of the factious ; so falsely given, that the testimonies adduced to corroborate refute it ; and yet, owing to the prevailing neglect of Irish history, given with so good effect for the purpose of its contrivers, as to have procured many adherents to the cause of the enemies of England, and to have embarrassed and dispirited many amongst the most faithful of her friends.

That this country has not been governed in a spirit of kindness and wisdom, is most true ; but that its evils are ascribable less to the power than to the want of power of England, is equally susceptible of demonstration. There is, we admit, one great evil which has been visited upon Ireland by the power of the stronger kingdom. It is the evil which England was pleased to call the “ Reformation”—not the Reformation instituted in the time of Henry VIII., and carried out during

the reigns of his successors, Edward and Elizabeth ; but that which was accomplished by a strong hand in the days when Adrian gave his predecessor, Henry II., a commission to enlarge the borders of the Church. “ The King,” as the Jesuit Campion writes,† “ not unmindfull of his charge, enjoyned by the Popes Adrian and Alexander, ENTRED INTO A REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH : and mooved the famous Bishop of Lismore, Saint Christian, their Legate, to call a Synode at Cashell, wherein they defined eight Articles.” Of these Articles, as Campion recites them, the last establishes our solitary complaint against the exercise of English power. It is, “ that, forasmuch as God hath universally delivered them into the government of the English, they should in all points, rites, and ceremonies, accord with the Church of England.” The Norman conquest had compelled the English Church to submit, however reluctantly, to Papal power ; and conquest becomes recognised in the Synod of Cashel also, as having reduced, under the same despotism, the previously independent church of Ireland. This is our complaint against the exercise of English power—that it broke down the National Church, and erected the Church of Rome upon its ruins. The only satisfaction which our adversaries seem to require, is a second exercise of the same authority, by which the rising Protestantism of this our day should be laid prostrate, and Romanism confirmed in its smitten and tottering ascendancy.

The spirit of Papal intrigue and domination provided well that the conquest thus avowed to have been made for the aggrandisement of Rome, should add as little as possible to the stability and power of England. A new interest, an interest *alien* to the improvement of the country and its people, was created. The power of the British throne was not strong enough to control the movements of (to use Dr. Phelan’s happy expression) the Hierocracy which it had set up—the wisdom of the British government was not sufficiently searching to explore the purposes and plans of a great ecclesiastical conspiracy ; and, in consequence, Ireland remained a foreign and a discontented country, while yet the dishonor

* There is, we apprehend, a typographical error in the text, which we do not attempt to correct. It does not materially affect the sense of the passage.

† A Historie of Ireland, written in the year 1571—Book 2, chap. 1.

of the very measures which held it in angry estrangement, by dexterous and dishonest artifices, was cast upon the well-meant, but generally ill-timed, counsels adopted by England.

We will illustrate our meaning by a single example; but, from the circumstances under which we cite it, we are persuaded to believe that the example will be received as an argument. The proof upon which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* rests for the truth of his assertion, that "England had but one object in view, the total subjection, the commercial annihilation of Ireland," is, the refusal to grant to Ireland the benefit of British law.

"The Irish were then, as now, looked upon as unfit for British institutions, and removed as *aliens* beyond the influence of British law.—So far from the Irish being unwilling to have the English laws they even sought to purchase them. Edward I. consented to a proposal of this kind—'Provided always,' to use the words of his reply, 'that the general consent of our people, or at least of the Prelates and nobles of that land, well affected towards us, shall uniformly concur in their behalf. But the great Lords of Ireland, says Sir John Davies, had informed the King that the Irish might not be naturalised without damage and prejudice to themselves and the Crown.' After citing this proof of indifference to the wants and desires of the Irish people, the *Reviewer* proceeds—"Many are the subsequent instances, too, that might be adduced in the reigns of the Edwards and the Henrys, of like attempts, similarly frustrated, by those whose selfish interest it was to make the Irish appear disqualified for liberal or civil institutions. So early do we observe the growth of that mischievous ascendancy, which even still finds its apologists in many great Lords and Prelates of our time."

Thus it appears that the rejection of the Irish memorial, praying that the benefits of English law might be extended to natives of Ireland, is the proof on which the *Reviewer* relies for the truth of his charge against England. Other instances might be adduced, but this one is preferred. The others, too, are similar in kind, and exposing agencies and delinquencies of a similar charac-

ter. If we can, therefore, discover the agents who succeeded in impeding, in this selected instance, the extension of British law in Ireland, we discover also the class of agents who were uniformly successful in rendering our countrymen *aliens*.

Who, then, were the individuals to whom the denial of justice to Ireland in the days of Edward I. should be ascribed? They were the Prelates and Mitred Abbots of the Church which England had reformed into Romanism. The facts of the case are detailed by Dr. Phelan, in his admirable "History of the Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland." It is true that Irishmen petitioned to be admitted to the benefit of English law—it is true that Edward recommended their petition strongly to the favourable consideration of the Prelates and Peers in Ireland—it is true, we believe, that Sir John Davies made the representation ascribed to him by the *Reviewer*; but it is also true, that the *Reviewer* has narrowly overlooked, if not suppressed, the circumstances which point out the authors of the "injustice to Ireland."

In reply to the letter from Edward I., recommending the Irish petition to his Barons, Ufford, the Irish Governor, stated "that the time was unsuitable; that far the greater number of the Barons were absent from the seat of government, upon the business of the State or the defence of their lands, and that many of the others were minors; that it would therefore be impossible to collect an assembly sufficiently numerous or respectable for so grave a deliberation."* It would appear that, at this time, the Spiritual, preponderated above the Lay, Peers, as the contrivance of Edward III. to procure a majority, by calling gentlemen to the Upper House who served the King's purpose under the title of Barons, and were afterwards called Baronets, abundantly testifies.† Having thus, ordinarily, a superiority in the House of Lords, their power would have been irresistible, when numerous absences had diminished the strength of the Lay Peerage. An opportunity was given them to exercise their power for the advantage of the community. A second mandate, which the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has not thought fit to notice, was addressed by Edward

* History of the Policy, &c. &c., p. 35.

† History of the Policy, 60. Spencer's Ireland. Dublin Edition of 1809, page 224.

"to the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Counts, Barons, Knights, and other English of his land of Ireland." It intimates, very plainly, the King's desire to grant the petition of the Irish, if it could be granted without detriment to the interests of the country, and of his English subjects; and it directs that the absence of any Peers shall not cause delay or prejudice to the deliberations of those whom he directs to assemble. "And you shall not be moved to omit this by reason of the absence of those Peers who may be detained away, or of those who are under age or in a state of wardenship;—so that, after full deliberation, we may take such course in this behalf as to us and our council shall seem expedient."

"Given at Westminster, September 10, 1290."

Thus, as Dr. Phelan observes, "Ireland was at the mercy of its Prelates." "But the canon law was the only code which they desired to establish generally, and the law of England was even then too favorable to liberty, not to be viewed with alarm by men who aimed at despotic power. On the one hand, they wished for a continuance of the inequality between the races; because, in fact, it was only a gradation of servitude, and kept the ascendancy of the Church upon a higher pedestal. On the other, they could not tolerate a measure which, by diffusing through all classes a spirit of spontaneous attachment to the State, might diminish their own political importance; there was to be no loyalty, of which they were not the mediators, and while overt acts of rebellion were occasionally restrained, a spirit was to be kept alive which would render their constant interference indispensable." The supplication of the Irish was despised—the benevolent designs of Edward were frustrated. "The great Lords of Ireland" (i. e., in this instance the Peers Ecclesiastical,) "had informed the King that the Irish might not be naturalised without damage and prejudice to themselves and to the crown."* The subsequent troubles of Edward's reign, the tumults in Wales having broken out immediately after his second mandate to the Peers of Ireland, exonerate that Monarch from the blame of not continuing his endeavours, after they had been a second time evaded, and persevering until he had carried his good

intentions into effect. The blame of the abominable transaction should fall, undivided, on the Prelates, who, having always the ascendancy which learning, and habits of business, and spiritual influence, gave them, had now the more sensible advantage of an overwhelming majority. And yet, the guilt of their unpardonable selfishness and treachery is imputed to the very party they betrayed, and is chosen as furnishing the one instance of cruelty and oppression by which the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* would prove his false accusation against England. So profitable has the indifference of legislators to the history of Irish affairs rendered the calumnies flagitiously and perseveringly repeated by the party friendly to the Church of Rome, and inveterately hostile to British connection.

We have little more to say on the policy displayed, in former days, in the conduct of England towards this country. We admit that the system of government was impolitic as it regarded one kingdom, and unjust towards the other. So far we agree with the censor in the *Edinburgh Review*; but, even on the showing of that uninformed or indiscreet champion of Earl Mulgrave, we affirm, that the iniquity which he hastily ascribes to the English, is exclusively, or primarily, the attribute of the Popish party; and that England is scarcely farther chargeable with the evils inflicted on this unhappy country, than she became by destroying the independence of the National Church, and exalting to power and consequence the abettors and the instruments of Romanism. England is guilty of having evoked a spirit of evil which she had not the power to vanquish or dismiss. So far, scarcely farther, she is chargeable with the evils of which she was thus indirectly the author.

"No measure in favour of any public interest during the reign of that" (the old policy) "was ever given to Ireland, except as a concession to the fears of England." So writes the *Reviewer*.* The daring untruth almost tempts us to exhibit its falsehood by an enumeration of beneficial measures.—We are reminded of Strafford and Ormond, contending with unparalleled difficulties to benefit a people obstinate against improvement. We remember the complaints against a prohibition to

* *Edinburgh Review*, October, p. 223.

† *Ibid.* p. 226.

plough by the horse's tail, and to substitute the more enterprising and expeditious process by fire for the cautious but tardy labour of the threshing floor. We are reminded of the introduction of the linen manufacture, of agricultural improvements, of charitable institutions, of an improved administration of justice, and feel emboldened to pronounce that, with hardly an exception, all the measures by which Ireland has really profited, have been devised and accorded in a spirit of good will, and that whatever she has wrung from the fears and embarrassments of her more powerful neighbour, has proved unserviceable or injurious. Let a single illustration suffice. From the unforced good will of England, has sprung the University of Dublin. The Royal College of Maynooth has arisen from her embarrassments. Agreeing, however, as we do in a certain sense, with the opinion expressed by the *Reviewer*, and remembering that we are narrowly limited in space, we feel that an enumeration of benefits freely bestowed by England upon our country, as it is unnecessary to our argument, could be given only by excluding matter more pertinent to the occasion.

The system of conceding to fear is abandoned, we are given to understand, by Lord Mulgrave—that is to say, the measures of his Excellency anticipate the menaces which might otherwise be thought to compel them. It is not to be imagined that the noble Earl would act with so much independence of Lord John Russell, as to adopt in his government a principle different from that which the absolute and accomplished Secretary has laid down—namely, that, if the Irish people are not satisfied with the concessions already made, the regimen of concession must be continued and kept up without intermission until repletion has cured discontent. The predecessors of Lord Mulgrave, we are given to understand, were frightened into concession. Concession is now yielded to the fear of being frightened. This is the new system: the people must have what they desire, but (to make it acceptable) before they have expressed a wish for it. The policy of government must be, to keep always in advance of popular opinion, shaping its course by what it is apprehended

public feeling may become, in order to avoid the disgrace and disadvantage of complying with *what it is*; and realising thus the braggadocio of the American Captain, whose fast-sailing frigate had been chased by a stiff gale across the wide Atlantic, and had never, even for a moment, been overtaken. Should Lord Mulgrave remain long enough in command to “make America,” he may feel it cheering to know that he can boast a similar achievement.

The feats upon which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* seems most to felicitate the Irish government, are their dismissal of *unpaid*, and their appointment of *stipendiary*, magistrates. The gentlemen who have been superseded are termed Orangemen—their dismissal, accordingly, must have proved acceptable to the people. We do not think it necessary to comment on the unfairness with which the *Edinburgh Review* asperses the Orange society on all occasions when it seems expedient to allude to that wronged and meritorious institution. A time will come to do it justice; and, in the mean while, we can afford to leave the aspersions of the *Edinburgh Review* unanswered, because they are the charges of an acknowledged enemy and a false witness. The *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1836, contains an article on Orange Lodges, which confesses that it is not a representation of the arguments on the question respecting these societies, *but a statement of the case against them*. The writer, having thus candidly avowed himself an enemy, has shown that he is, also, capable of exercising unscrupulously an enemy's office. The Committee on Orange Lodges was said to have been unfairly constituted, because of the exclusion of partisans on the one side, and the admission of them on the adverse party—it was said to have acted unfairly in declining to examine certain witnesses for the defence. The *Edinburgh Review* professed to have examined these charges, and the grounds on which it had been sought to rest them. It professed also to give proof that the charges were unfounded; affirming that the last witness examined was Henry Maxwell, Esquire, Grand Secretary to the Orange Institution,*—and that Col. Verner, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Armagh,

* The Committee “closed its labors by the examination of Henry Maxwell, Esq. Grand Secretary to the Institution.” *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1836, page 473. The Committee closed its labours August 6th, with the examination of Mr. O'Connell.

was a member of the Parliamentary Committee. These statements were both untrue. The last witness examined was Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.;—and Colonel Verner was not, at any time, a member of the committee. The aspersions of a periodical, which can boast its "exactness" while uttering, where truth was so easily ascertained, two direct falsehoods such as these, may wait "a convenient season," to be answered. The brief present we must devote to other matters.

The instance of dismissal from the magistracy over which the reviewer most exults is that of Col. Verner, who was deprived of his deputy lieutenancy, and commission of the peace, for the crime of participating, at his dinner table, in a toast which, having been drank in good-humour, for more than forty years, the Irish government of the present day have done all in their little power to render offensive. We have dwelt long enough, in a preceding number, on this subject, to relieve us from the necessity of recurring to it, and have little more to say upon it, than this, that if Lord Morpeth can feel thankful for the notice taken of the disreputable shuffle by which an expression in his lordship's letter misrepresents Col. Verner's meaning, there is more resemblance in character between the noble lord and his eulogist, than we could previously have imagined.

We have, as has been already observed, little to say on those acts of power over which the reviewer rejoices; but it is well to compare, briefly, the justice meted out to the gentlemen of Ireland, who have, at peril of their lives, without remuneration, dispensed justice, and the stipendiaries by whom it seems desired that the unpaid magistrates should be superseded. We are enabled, by evidence of the most unsuspicious character, to contrast the principles on which commissions are withdrawn from gentlemen who have served without pay, and bestowed on those who are to be receivers of the government bounty. Of the unpaid magistrates in general, the review affirms, that "if they have not ardently cooperated with them," (stipendiaries,) "they have not actually set themselves against them. In two or three instances, indeed, a few hot-headed and foolish men have shown a disposition of this

kind, and have provoked dismissal."*

Thus we are instructed that the magistrates who would retain their commissions must take care not to render themselves disagreeable to the stipendiaries. We have seen and shown in a former number of our magazine, in the case of Col. Verner, that they must abstain from commemorating events by which the integrity of the empire was secured, and must, "aggravate their voices and speak small" while suffering "the insolence of office," if they are not satisfied to find their post of honor in a private station. We will now show what are the tempers and dispositions which stipendiaries, existent or expectant, are taught that they may profitably cultivate. Three instances, out of many, shall suffice. That their evidence may be indisputable, we take it from testimony given by the parties themselves, or else admitted by their silence, before a parliamentary committee.

Wm. John Handcock, Esq. confessed, before the Committee on Orange Lodges, in 1835, [1842,] that he was guilty of the crime of assaulting and striking a clergyman, of the Church of England, in the streets of Lurgan. It was proved against him, [1800,] and not denied, that he had displayed conspicuously before the Orangemen, on two different days, as the decorations of his boat, a green flag exhibiting a harp without a crown, the emblem of separation from England.

In our October number, we noticed Col. Verner's dismissal and its cause; we also recorded, in our Memoranda for the month, the severe, and, we thought, unmerited rebuke, addressed by his Excellency to Captain Vignolles, who, in his earnest desire to quell a disturbance, had seized one of the rioters with his own hand, and made him prisoner. Lord Mulgrave, conceiving that such an instance of intrepidity and zeal indicated an absence of self-command, sharply reprov'd the offender, and removed him from Carlow, where the indiscretion had been committed, to some other station.

W. J. Handcock, Esq., whose political predilections were exhibited by his adoption of the emblem of more than repeal, and whose self-command was exhibited in his assault upon a clergyman, one who could not consistently return or revenge his blows—was ap-

pointed to the office of a stipendiary magistrate by Earl Mulgrave, and relinquished the appointment, merely because it was not one which, on consideration, he found advantageous.

Captain David Duff does not appear to have been troubled with any political preferences. For this gentleman's character and qualifications we refer to our number for August. Mr. Duff was promoted to the office of a stipendiary magistrate. If justices of the peace had permitted him, he would, some years since, have thinned the population of Dunganon by a piece of cannon. He armed himself with a pistol, and walked out of his house, with a set purpose to come into the way of a magistrate, and to take his life if he assaulted him.* This gentleman, who would quell the opposition of Protestants to an illegal act, by firing grape shot upon them, and who, when Roman Catholics were conspiring to commit a crime, sought to tranquillize them by illegally arresting an individual who was bent on the extravagance of preaching a protestant sermon—this Mr. Duff is a stipendiary magistrate.

The case of Mr. John Gore Jones is the last to which we shall allude. It has become so notorious, that mere allusion is sufficient. The magistrates of Antrim memorialled the lord lieutenant, complaining that he had grossly, and deliberately, and knowingly calumniated them, in his evidence before the committee on Orange lodges. Their complaint was affirmed by the verdict of an impartial jury. If an unpaid magistrate had set himself, as the reviewer informs us, against a stipendiary, "he would have provoked dismissal." Mr. Jones is convicted of setting himself injuriously and offensively against the whole body of the magistrates of Antrim; and he is entrusted with the dispensation of justice, and is paid with the public money.†

Hitherto we have been at issue with the censor in the Review, conceiving his arguments to be unsound, and his

statements false. We now approach matter in which, although we still dissent from our contemporary's arguments and opinions, we can yet find one statement, in the truth of which we are happy to concur—we mean that which describes the unprecedented power and patronage with which his Excellency Lord Mulgrave has been invested:—"The Lord Lieutenant has obtained the power of fixing stipendiary magistrates, *wherever they may be wanted, without the previous assent of the local authorities.*"‡ "Instead of four provincial inspectors, each pursuing a system of his own, there is now but one inspector-general, whose office is in Dublin, and forms a department in that of the chief secretary—an arrangement which brings with it all the *advantages of centralization, uniformity, and promptitude of action.* Instead, too, of the former circuitous procedure, under the insurrection act, of first proclaiming a district, and then appointing a police force to it, the executive can now, upon the appearance, or *even the apprehension* of outrage, instantly *move any amount of disciplined force to any quarter where it may be required.*"|| "The patronage of the men has also been transferred from the local magistrates to safer hands,"§ &c. &c. In short, the patronage of the police is in the hands of the inspector-general, and the Irish government, and to such an extent, as was never at the disposal of any former administration. The powers, too, entrusted to his Excellency, are altogether unexampled. In fact, on his own authority, he can raise an army, and, as he is disposed, can employ his levies and his power in suppressing tumult and treason, or in exasperating, and harassing, and forcing away into foreign lands, the fast friends of Great Britain.

It was to this objectionable use the military and police were employed, when they were sent, as the reviewer observes, "to crush the Orange disturbances," (which never broke out, and were never meditated,) "in July

* See evidence of Colonel Verner, before committee on Orange lodges.

† The case to which Mr. Aeneas M'Donnell has adverted, is perhaps more remarkable than any of those noticed in the text. It is that of Mr. O'Connell, who, immediately after having pronounced one of his most truculent and stimulating speeches, was made a justice of the peace for the county Kerry. At the hustings, (See our Memoranda for August,) he declared himself "a repealer;" and the government does not appear to have called him to account for the expression, or declared its purpose of expunging his name from the list of magistrates.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, October, p. 235.

§ *Edinburgh Review*, p. 237. § *Ibid.*

last.* For a notice of one of these expeditions, we refer to our August number, and of the measures at that time generally adopted by the government, we can truly say that contrivances better adapted for irritating the Protestants in the northern districts, and provoking them to some excess which should furnish an excuse for severities calculated to "crush" not their disturbances, but their spirits and their persons, have rarely fallen under our contemplation. Such was the use to which the powers entrusted to the Lord Lieutenant, were employed in the past summer. To such uses the noble Earl may be frequently required to apply them. The constabulary may be so managed as to be the staff of an army of two hundred thousand men—a staff so considerable, and so well disciplined and equipped, that a few weeks might be sufficient to have the larger organization completed. All this may be employed to suppress or to prevent revolt—it may be also employed to render rebellion successful. The police force, even in its less enlarged estate, may be so influenced as to become disaffected and mutinous. It is not subjected to the restraints of military law, although possessing the strength imparted by military discipline. Well chosen, well governed, we believe the force to be good for these times; but it may be so chosen, disciplined, located, and advised,† as to become the most formidable instrument of aggression upon the interests of Protestantism and England, which well affected subjects have yet been called out to contend against.

"To the present government is due the credit of having introduced the measure, under which these important changes have been made."‡ To the Conservative members, we may add, in both houses of parliament, it is due that the measure was carried. Each party acted in character; and the conduct of both in this single instance, may serve to suggest a solution for a difficulty of some magnitude, in the history of Irish legislation. "From the first relaxation of the penal laws against the Irish dissenters, (writes the *Edinburgh reviewer*.)|| upon the appearance of the Scottish Presbyterians

in arms, in 1715, down to the final abolition of the whole penal code, in 1829, each change of its objects, each successive mitigation of its severities, has been the consequence of England's alarms." We are willing to admit that this censure, although by no means just, is not altogether groundless. The facts, we believe to be these, confining ourselves, as the reviewer has limited his observations, to the period which has elapsed from the commencement of the 18th century to the present day: The Whigs appear to have consulted always for the ascendancy of their party; the Tories have comprehended, within the objects of their legislation, the interests of their country also. While the Whigs retained power, they took good care that Roman Catholics should not profit by English disaster. On the contrary, whenever danger approached, "execute the penal laws" was the uniform cry. And the cry was not raised in vain; as Roman Catholics felt, who were thus taught, if suffering could instruct them, to pray for the welfare of England. In opposition, the Whig party adopted towards their successful rivals, precisely the same policy as they had previously employed with advantage against those whom they then denominated "papists—the common enemy." "Abolish the penal laws," was just as likely to embarrass a Tory ministry, as "execute" them was calculated to alarm the papist population; and the cry was impudently raised, with a flagitious disregard of the national interests in their peril, as it had been formerly uttered to the outrage of all the charities of human nature. Hence the misgovernment of the country—hence those ill-ordered and ill-advised concessions, which served to little other purpose than to encourage discontent, and to strengthen faction, and to destroy that confidence in the government of any country, which is indispensable to the securing the attachment of faithful and resolute retainers. The history of the Tory party, while in power, is therefore marked with records of many an enforced concession—while the Whigs, never conceding, unless their interests required it, and never urged to con-

* *Edinburgh Review*, p. 237.

† The constable, in the county Carlow, who consulted with his confessor before he resolved upon swearing falsely against Archibald Sly, taught a useful lesson, if men would receive it.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, October, p. 237.

|| *Ibid.* 227.

cession by their rivals, when to embarrass the minister might prove detrimental to the country, have established a reputation for consistency, so far as an ever-waking and all-predominating selfishness could ensure it. Had Whigs been in opposition when the poor law reform bill was proposed in England, it would not have been passed into a law. Had they been in opposition when measures were introduced into parliament, which have made the Irish viceroyalty a dictatorship for Earl Mulgrave, or his master of the mob, insurrection in the provinces, and factious opposition in the senate, would have rendered them abortive.

"Faction fights have been almost entirely put down"—for this Lord Mulgrave is praised. "Previously to his Excellency's viceroyalty, it was a rule that the police should not attend at fairs"—we have not found the rule recited by the Reviewer—we find him, in some instances, taking for granted that such a rule was made, in one instance inferring that it must have been made and acted on, but we nowhere find him offering testimony to its existence—we leave his assertion as he has left it, uncorroborated, and therefore doubtful—but, now, he assures us the police have become popular—"They can not only attend fairs, races, and the like public assemblages without molestation, but even without particular notice."† And thus Lord Mulgrave has been enabled to suppress faction fights, and rioting at fairs.

If Earl Mulgrave has changed the practice introduced by his predecessors, in employing the police at fairs, he has compensated them by an exemption from a duty to which they had formerly been subject. "It had been the unconstitutional practice, under Tory governments, to employ the constabulary in making distresses and serving civil processes." "The present government determined to change this practice," declaring "that the police or military could not be called out, except in case of actual riot, or breach of the peace." To this should be added that menacing rule, which may be found in our Memoranda for last month, directing that, even where a case of urgent necessity has been made out for the protection of a constabulary guard, the claim shall not be acceded to, unless the party

whose life or property is in danger can pay a certain stipulated price for the succour he solicits. And this rule is made at a time when it is acknowledged in the *Gazette*, that various persons have fallen victims to the violence of illegal combination, and when Mr. O'Connell declares that the Irish government is acquainted with the existence, even in the metropolis, of a secret society, consisting, exclusively, of Roman Catholics, and of a character which must cause many of its obstinate members to suffer transportation or death.‡

It is somewhat remarkable that the name of Mr. O'Connell has not had its honor, in the apology for Lord Mulgrave's administration of Irish affairs. There is no difficulty in perceiving that the exemptions from duty accorded to the police, are favorable to that learned gentleman's opinions and wishes. The houses which would most need protection are those on which the "death's head" has been inscribed, and this symbol is visibly or mentally, set up with an effect the very opposite of protection. That Mr. O'Connell would not approve of the employment of military or police in serving processes, his speeches, *passim*, on Rathcoormac, Carrickshock, &c. &c., furnish abundant evidence. But while he would discourage all such applications of the constabulary force, he would recommend, and has recommended the use of it in quelling faction fights, and the riots which have repeatedly made the fair field a field of slaughter. After, we believe, frequent oral remonstrances, Mr. O'Connell, on August 16, 1836, addressed a written epistle, with the sanction of the general Association, on the subject of these disgraceful conflicts "to the people of Ireland," praying "to Heaven that they would obey, as if it were a command, the advice to abstain altogether, and for ever, from riots at fairs and other meetings;" and declaring that "any man, who, after this solemn warning, engages in any riot or fight at a fair, &c., must be considered as an enemy to Ireland." And thus it appears, that in sending the police to fairs, and in discouraging riots, by appointing "an attorney in every county to prosecute rioters,"§ the Irish government was acting in obedience to Mr. O'Connell's wishes—creating new

* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 249—Ibid 238. † Ibid.

‡ See Memoranda for the month.

§ Mr. O'Connell's letter.

patronage for the benefit of his Association, and laboring to carry into effect his intentions of pacifying the people. We do no more than justice in restoring to him his due share of honor.

It seems obvious to any reflecting person, that the tendency of the constabulary regulations, for which his Excellency has been so praised, is to encrease the power of those secret societies, to which Mr. O'Connell's speeches have directed public attention. It is notorious that reconciliations between rural factions have usually preceded a combined insurrectionary movement, agrarian or political. To refuse the assistance of the police, unless a riot has actually broken out, and to give notice that, even in cases of urgent necessity, protection of life and property is to be denied to the poor, and to be indulged only to those who pay—is, in truth, to put out of the pale of the law, every man who incurs the censure of the conspirator—and to warn all such as are defenceless, that they must make friends betimes, by enrolling themselves among the members of some seditious or treasonable society which can defend them.

That Lord Mulgrave's government has been beneficial to Ireland, the Reviewer professes to prove, by exhibiting evidence of an improvement in the peace of the country. "The following statement of the number of offences, &c., &c., shows the astonishing decrease which has taken place,"* &c. &c. The following statement!! No doubt, it contains cyphers which if they are correctly stated, indicate a decrease; but it does not contain, it is not prefaced, it is not followed, by a single expression, to show that it is entitled to the least authority. It appears simply as a statement, constructed to serve

his purpose, by an anonymous writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, and we leave it, where its compiler does, unexamined and undisturbed, until he shall have condescended to name the source from which his intelligence has been derived. At the same time we are free to own that a decrease in the amount of crime would not afford to us a sufficient proof that the country was well governed. If Mr. O'Connell, informing the people of the intention "to organise their mighty strength peaceably,"† &c., &c., require, as a preliminary, that faction shall cease, and, thus, outrages at fairs become far less numerous, the amount of crime might seem diminished, while the danger and the disaffection were the same. If the refusal of military aid deterred numbers from the attempt to execute a process of law, positive outrage might be diminished, and the condition of the country not at all improved—and if we were told, as we have been, even by Mr. O'Connell, of the virulence, and saw reason to infer the extension, of secret and illegal societies, if instead of the decrease in the number of crimes exhibited by the Reviewer, in the statement in which he alleges that the homicides committed in Ireland were:—

In the year 1832,	244
1836,	231

it was boasted that the diminution had been, not thirteen but two hundred; we would still be apprehensive that there was more to alarm in the enlargement of the conspiracy than there was encouragement in the decrease of crime.

Upon the anonymous returns on which the *Edinburgh Review* relies, we feel it unnecessary to offer any further comment.‡ It may not be impertinent, however, to notice a very poor and

* P. 246. † Letter.

‡ The best comment we can offer is that which we subjoin from the *Standard*:—In the third place, we come to the return with which the *Morning Chronicle* concludes as so satisfactory. Now, before dealing with that return, we beg to have it authenticated. We do not ask where the *Morning Chronicle* found it, because we are aware, that our contemporary has taken it from the *Edinburgh Review*; but where did the *Edinburgh Review* find it? Assuredly not in any parliamentary document; for it is not only not supported by, it is directly contradicted by the parliamentary returns; by the very returns quoted by the Reviewer himself.—*Standard*, October 31.

As we never wish to keep back anything, and would be very unwillingly thought to do so, we shall endeavour to supply the omission, not indeed by adopting the returns, as to the origin, and consequently as to the authenticity of which the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Morning Chronicle* are disagreed, but, by a reference to such parliamentary documents as we are at present able to avail ourselves of. The return of the *Edinburgh Review*, as to the increase or diminution of Irish crime, is otherwise objectionable; inasmuch as though it professes to give a statement from first to

disingenuous artifice adopted to render the constabulary reports to lord lieutenants of counties less available than they had been. Each monthly return formerly contained a recapitulation, under different heads, of the offences it reported, and a comparison also with the report for the month preceding, showing the increase or the decrease of crime within the two intervals. An awkward occurrence had taken place, before these satisfactory appendices were discontinued. Lord Melbourne proclaimed, with no little triumph, in the House of Lords the improved tranquillity of an Irish county, and laid on the table the returns which proved it. The noble Lord's confident manner prevented the returns from being examined on that night—when they were, it was found that they contradicted him, and showed a *formidable* increase of crime. It appears that he had been misled by his letters from Ireland, and it is probable that, although he took no public notice of the matter, he may have privately complained of the deception put upon him. Good care is now taken that the returns shall not unnecessarily facilitate detection. Industrious and intelligent men will probably examine and digest the information which the returns still continue to afford, but there is not the less reason to complain that useful assistance is withheld, nor is the reason less to suspect why the usage of former years has been abandoned.

We earnestly hope, that this change in the form of constabulary returns will not be suffered to pass without observation. The lord lieutenants of counties will, we hope, consult together and ascertain whether the alteration has been partial or general, and they will also, if they are true to themselves, demand of her majesty's government, an answer to the question, whether they have been slighted by the unwarranted impertinence of district constables, or if the omissions in the monthly reports were directed by authority. On this they may rely;—if the government has given instructions which have been faithfully followed by the compilers of constabulary reports, the deficiency of which they now complain is but the beginning of denser obscurity. The reports, they may feel convinced, will be more and more mystified, according as the encreasing perplexities of a government, staying, but not strengthening itself by ill, shall leave it fewer intervals from the sharp apprehensions of exposure. In process of time, if the present attempt succeed, the lieutenants of counties will be left without information, as they are now stripped of power, and the state of the country, being known only at the office "of centralization," and, even there known imperfectly, or perhaps misunderstood, through the medium of partial and delusive representations, affairs may be so managed, and matters may make such progress, during the obscurity,

last, it does not go back to the first. The first year of Whig government is altogether omitted, for the table begins with 1832. We shall go back, however, one year farther; and we regret that Mr. Porter's collection of the parliamentary tables, which commences its detailed statements with 1831, does not enable us to go still farther back, so as to present a year of what is called Tory government, in contrast with the boasted Mulgrave year, 1836.

In 1831, however, the Tory misgovernment may be supposed to have had some influence. We shall, therefore, take that as the term upon which Lord Mulgrave's admirers boast his lordship to have improved:—

1831.		1836.	
Homicide, murder included	210	Murders	340 }
Shooting at, &c.	125	Manlaughter	280 } 620
Conspiracy to murder	0	Shooting at, &c.	193
Assaults	3,897	Conspiracy to murder	31
Offences connected with combination or conspiracy	0	Assaults	6,534
		Offences connected with combination or conspiracy	1,766
Total committals	16,877	Total committals	23,891

This is the palm of Whig administration—this, and we entreat our readers to pause upon it, is the proof of what the *Edinburgh Review* calls "the astonishing decrease of crime;" a decrease which presents fifty per cent., added to the sum detracted from—fifty per cent. upon the general amount of guilt—nearly 200 per cent. upon the amount of the greatest of all crimes, homicide; and mark, this is faithfully extracted from the parliamentary documents.—*Standard*, October 27.

It will be observed that the number of homicides, as stated from parliamentary papers, by the *Standard*, is more than double that stated in the anonymous return of the *Edinburgh*, the one being 244, the other 620.

that when light comes at last, Ireland may wonder, as was said of old on another subject, to find itself virtually independent of Great Britain.

To effect this consummation, we repeat our solemn belief, the policy adopted by Earl Mulgrave's government, has a direct and downward tendency. The noble lord has been entrusted with power and patronage greater than an Irish viceroy ever enjoyed before, and he has used them for the discouragement of the friends of British connection, and for the aggrandizement of a party which he has neither the art nor the power to propitiate. He induces them to try the experiment of seeking "justice" from an imperial parliament, by surrendering powers which, whenever they think proper to say "not content," will enable them to extort "Repeal." Registering barristers are shifted from place to place, according as their principles and opinions best accord with the interests of the party which, according to Lord Mulgrave, promotes reform, and which, in the judgment of those who know them better, conceals, under the mask of liberalism, the settled purpose, to effect a dismemberment of the empire. A chasm is opened between the Irish government, and the landed proprietary of the country, men whose interests are inseparable from the permanent well-being of the land, while representations from those whose ephemeral prosperity will depart if they offend an official having favor with the visible, or the actual, governor of Ireland, are received as worthy of all attention. The magistrates whose office could be rendered subordinate to their interests only by being made conducive to the well-being of the country, are affronted and set aside for acts in no way connected with their magisterial duties. The magistrates whose subsistence is derived from the wages of their commission, who live by the bounty of the government for the time being, and to whom, accordingly, the government may prescribe the course of action by which its favors shall be recompensed, are those upon whom we are now taught to depend for faithful statements of the condition of the country, and for an impartial discharge of their difficult duties.

The result is what should have been expected. The Edinburgh reviewer boasts that the stipendiaries rendered

good service at the elections. No doubt they did. One or two appear to have, under difficult circumstances, behaved with integrity and decision, although the interests of the government candidate would be better served by conduct of an opposite nature, and the censures of government, and the suborned persecution of false swearers have taught them to know that their disinterestedness was an indiscretion. Some stipendiaries stand charged with having been active partizans in promoting, by most culpable practices, the cause which government favoured, and the grateful government has taken care to protect them against the inconvenience of a trial.* Again—a policeman or constable will not be placed in a poor man's house, to defend him from murderers, even "where the necessity is urgent," unless a price be paid for protection; but he will be set as a spy upon the house of rich or poor, without any price, to detect opinions unfavourable to the present government. So much more important is it now thought to ascertain political opinions, than to protect life.

It is impossible in all this not to discern the presence of a presiding intelligence, and not to discern also a purpose and tendency calculated to awaken very painful apprehension. To us it appears evident that the mind of Mr. O'Connell pervades and agitates the whole mass of the Irish government, and makes its movements subsidiary to his designs. Certainly, never before was there so strange a union realised as has been effected for that learned and artful gentleman—a union of advantages believed to be incompatible. Those millions in Ireland who are inveterately hostile to England, at his disposal; while, at the same time, England gives to his use the whole machinery by which it could be enabled to sustain and suppress the revolt of that great multitude. England makes Lord Mulgrave a despot, but sets Mr. O'Connell as a viceroy over him—this she does, if we are to credit ministers, in order to preserve the integrity of the empire; and Mr. O'Connell, thus invested with power sufficient to counteract the efforts of the masses in this country, is the mover of the masses also, who desire "Repeal," and avows himself a "Repealer."—The conjunction is portentous.

* See the correspondence arising out of events at Carlow and Sligo in our Memoranda.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAP. IX.—WHITEBOY SYSTEM—CHARACTERISTICS—OATH.

A MOTION was made in the Irish parliament in the year 1762 for the appointment of a committee, to enquire into the origin, cause, and character of the Whiteboy insurrection, and to report fully the result of their proceedings.

We concur with the historian* in lamenting that the motion was negatived, feeling that many things have become, by this time, almost inexplicable, which, had attention been early directed to them, would have been placed beyond doubt or obscurity. Instead of a committee, commissioners were appointed, who took evidence respecting the disturbances, in the disturbed districts, and framed a report from which the following extract was inserted in the *Gazette*:—"That the authors of these disturbances have consisted, indiscriminately, of persons of different persuasions; and that no marks of disaffection to his majesty's person or government have been discovered on this occasion, in any class of people."

There is little satisfaction given by an assurance like this, unless to those whose previous apprehensions may have rendered it valuable. It may have been *thought* useful in discouraging attempts at invasion, and may have been *found* useful in quieting popular alarm; but it afforded no information respecting the disturbances, by which, either when it was first published, or

at this day, the real plans and purposes of the Whiteboy conspiracy could be detected.† The deficiency, thus occasioned, of the highest species of testimony must be supplied by evidence of a secondary order. If it be the best which circumstances place within our power, we shall be pardoned for reasoning from it.

The name by which the insurgents were first known, was that of "Levellers"—a name descriptive of their professed object. They complained that they were wrongfully deprived of privileges to which they were entitled; and, to regain them, they assembled *at night, levelled* enclosures which the great proprietors had erected on wastes which had been previously enjoyed as commons, and, under the influence of excited feelings, committed various depredations. Without drawing any inference, we think it necessary to direct attention to the fact, that the meetings of these men were held at night, and that they added to the justice, done themselves (in the removal of landmarks, which they may have thought, excluded them from their own,) many acts of spoil and violence which they must have felt to be unjust as well as illegal. They were entitled, it is said, to a right of pasturage, on certain wastes or commons. They paid, indirectly a price for this right, in the rent of their farms; and they could, accordingly, if justice were done them, ob-

* Gordon's History of Ireland, Vol. 2.

† We have quoted only that portion of the report which Mr. Lewis in his work on Irish disturbances, has thought proper to notice. That gentleman professes to take his citation from the Annual Register for 1762, page 84, and it ought, perhaps, to be observed that his quotation is partial—the passage which the *Register* extracts from the *Gazette*, being as follows:—

"The riots and disturbances lately raised, in the southern parts of Ireland, by a set of people called Levellers, are entirely put a stop to by the vigilance and activity of the Earl of Halifax. It appears that the authors," &c. &c.

If the appearances which satisfied the commissioners that there was nothing political in the disturbances, were as fallacious as those which deceived them into pronouncing that the disturbances were "*entirely*" suppressed, their report is, evidently, worthless. We think Mr. Lewis should have cited the entire passage, and left his readers to judge how far the proved incorrectness of one averment tended to invalidate the other. He adopted, however, a principle of selection: it was, to quote from the report the sentence which confirmed his own opinion, and to omit the sentence which contradicted him; the report affirms that the disturbances were entirely suppressed in 1762, Mr. Lewis asserting, on the contrary, that having begun "at the latter end" of 1761, they "lasted for several years," notwithstanding the exertions of the military and severities of the martial law.

tain a legal redress. We draw no inference; but wish to have the fact noticed and remembered; that, overlooking the just and orderly means of obtaining their rights, without ever instituting a trial at law, the Levellers, in, we believe, the year 1757, complaining of substantial and legally remediable grievances, betook themselves to clandestine and tumultuary courses, in order as they said, "to see themselves righted."

In two years after, the Levellers became Whiteboys. The new name *was said* to be derived from their attire, or uniform, which was, a white shirt worn over their other garments. There was nothing very fanciful in this derivation of the name, yet we are not, therefore, the more persuaded of its correctness. In due time we shall state the reasons why we doubt; for the present, it is sufficient to have mentioned the explanation given of the name which the disturbers assumed, and to add, that it has been, almost universally, received, as adequate and satisfactory.

The Whiteboys had another name. They were "Sive Ultagh's children."* This was a denomination which ought to have provoked enquiry. We have searched Irish vocabularies, and have consulted parties likely to have the power of correcting our impression, if it was erroneous, and we have discovered no other interpretation of the words than this—"the children of General Ulster-man." If this be correct, then, it appears, that the Levellers who arose in Tipperary in 1757, appeared there and in other parts of Munster a few years after, under two appellations—the one, Whiteboys, the other, CHILDREN OF GENERAL ULSTER-MAN.†

"Names are things" is a maxim well understood by the philosophical statesman, and little regarded by the mere "working-politician." The nomenclature of insurrection in Ireland is one of its most remarkable peculiarities, and is, at the same time, the one which has least served to attract the serious notice of those to whose care the interests of the country have been from time to time confided. Indeed, hitherto, it seems to have answered the purpose, only, of the disaffected, covering each manifestation of a trea-

sonable system with the character of an independent movement, occasioned, solely, by the circumstances in which it seemed to originate. Had the name adopted, in 1757, been bestowed upon the actors in each successive appearance of disorder, the apprehensions of reflecting men would have found more general acceptance; the secure and the suspecting would have changed places in popular esteem; the odium and ridicule cast upon wise men, who gave warning of disaster and peril, would have fallen to the lot of rash or unprincipled partizans who stigmatized them as "alarmists;" and, instead of reading in the neglected predictions of some, to whom experience imparted a prescient sagacity, as we now do, in the reproachful light of their fulfilment, the condemnation of the country by which they were despised, we should have to recount them among the admonitions by which legislation was directed how to shape its course, and the designs of traitors had been made manifest.

The frequent change of name and pretext, protected the disaffected from exposure, by preventing or misleading enquiry. To the superficial it seemed to denote an interruption of the continuity of insurrection; and, as the name and the pretext appeared always to be suggested by accident or caprice, by some temporary object or some local grievance, it was argued, that the tumults which disordered Ireland, had their origin solely in the distresses of the people, and the term Agrarian or Prædial disturbance was invented as a spell by which rising alarm was quieted,

"Conjugium vocat, hoc pretext nomine culpam."

To us it appears wholly unaccountable, that the patrons of the agrarian theory seem scarcely to have admitted among the evidences by which their investigations were directed and their conclusion determined, the sworn engagement by which the conspirators, in the Whiteboy insurrection became bound to their cause and to each other. Their sole object, we are told, was, originally, to cast down obnoxious and illegal enclosures; it embraced, at the next stage of disorder, a purpose of obtaining redress from vexations connected with the levying of tithe. The Whiteboys desired no more than this;

* The name is spelled by some "Oultagh," which may bear the same signification, but also signify "old" or "great."

† Seward, Col. Pol.

to recover their right of pasturage, and to be protected against the tithe proctor's peculation. And we are to believe that their minds and passions were engaged with these matters of great and personal interest when they framed the following oath. It is recited in the Gentleman's Magazine, in Seward's *Collectanea Politica*, by the Roman Catholic historian, Plowden, &c.

"I do hereby solemnly and sincerely swear, that I will not make known any secret now given me, or hereafter may be given, to any one in the world, except to a sworn person belonging to the Society called Whiteboys or otherwise Sive Ultagh's children.

"Furthermore, I swear, that I will be ready, at an hour's warning, (if possible,) being properly summoned by any of the officers, sergeants, or corporals belonging to my company.

"Furthermore, I swear, I will not wrong any of the company I belong to of the value of one shilling, nor suffer it to be done by others, without acquainting them thereof.

"Furthermore, I swear, I will not make known, in any shape whatsoever, to any person that does not belong to us, the name or names of any of our fraternity, but particularly the names of our respective officers.

"Lastly, I swear that I will not drink of any liquor whatsoever, whilst on duty, without the consent of one or other of the officers, sergeants, or corporals; and that we will be loyal and true to one another, as far in our power lies."

This is the Whiteboy's oath. It binds to secrecy, sobriety, union, fidelity towards associates, alert and implicit obedience—but does not contain a single expression to denote that the objects of the insurrection were such as its apologists have represented. It instructs each conspirator, that he has taken a soldier's engagement and has been admitted into a military organization. It encourages him to believe that the army into which he has enlisted, is widely distributed; and under the command of one whose name is a mystery. It communicates expectation of some general and sudden movement of much importance, and requires that vigilance and sobriety shall be so cultivated under the restraint which this expectation is calculated to impose, that they may become habits. It provides, that union shall be cemented, and secrecy secured by protecting the society against practices out of which strife, and, ulti-

mately, exposure, might arise. Whatever be done beyond the precincts of the society, there must be honesty and good will at home. The oath, in short, is intelligible only on the supposition that it is administered to parties who are to endure and to dare, at their superior's command, not for their own advantage.

A conspiracy in which an oath like this constituted the bond of union, was likely to evade and baffle any scrutiny to which it could be subjected by persons to whom the oath itself did not suggest matter for enquiry. Whatever each individual insurgent may have *inferred or surmised*, he, most probably, *knew* nothing of the enterprise in which he was engaged. Whether Sive Ultagh was a person or a principle—whether the objects to be attained were local or general—whether the chief director of the conspiracy were a foreigner or a native—all this might be conjectured or inferred—the oath seems to intimate that it was not made *known*. Little, therefore, could be learned from the confessions of culprits the most willing to communicate the full amount of their knowledge. They had been sworn to obedience and secrecy, and they had been engaged in some acts of outrage. They might have betrayed their accomplices in crime, their associates in conspiracy—they might have, contrary to their oaths, disclosed the names of corporals, or sergeants, or subaltern officers; but the great contrivers of the insurrection were beyond their power, and its objects had, it is almost certain, never been revealed to them.

As yet we have not hazarded a positive and express opinion on the character of the Whiteboy disorder, nor are we now about to abandon our policy of forbearance. It seems to us more suitable to the subject, and more favourable to the interests of sober investigation, that we should, so far as we have power, draw out the virtue of such unsuspecting information as we can collect, and let it work conviction, rather than to outstrip evidence, and having expressed a definite judgment on the matter in dispute, bring up an array of testimony to support it.

The facts, then—the undisputed facts which we have as yet placed before the reader, are these: that the enclosure of commons, or waste lands, gave occasion for the first tumultuary risings which caused general alarm in

the last century ; and that, when this agrarian tumult had been for some time raging, it was reduced into the order of the Whiteboy system. The forces which had been previously wasting their strength "in driftless and desultory outrage," were organised and disciplined, and became bound, by the obligation of an oath, an oath which had no reference to what have been termed agrarian grievances—no reference to what had been described as the cause and justification of antecedent lawlessness ; and which certainly, suggested thoughts of some great enterprise yet to be achieved. These are facts not denied or disputed. There was, first, what seemed an agrarian convulsion, and this settled, speedily, into an insurrectionary system.

It is a very instructive circumstance, that an observer, perhaps of all living men the most unexceptionable witness, reports, precisely the same order of progress as invariable in the stages of more recent commotion. We mean Major Warburton, a police magistrate of the highest integrity, and the most enlarged experience. "The propagators of the Ribbon system avail themselves of any local disturbances, for the purpose of introducing their own principles, and it is invariably found, that where disturbances are of long continuance, they lose their desultory character, and are methodised into a political organization.*"

If the Whiteboy insurrection resembled more recent tumults in the order of its progress, it was not more unlike them in the cruelties by which its objects and interests were promoted. The crime of murder, indeed, was of less frequent occurrence. At that time, England, and even Ireland, would be roused into alarm and activity, by the dark catalogue with which our days have been made familiar. Homicides, therefore, were, wisely, less numerous ; but every species of torture, by which consternation could be spread, and resistance overcome, was inflicted with remorseless cruelty. It was an ordinary visitation, when an unhappy wretch, convicted of having offended against a law of the insurrectionary system, was roused by the trampling and the shouts which broke his midnight slumbers, and looked out upon his farm-yard in flames, that he saw, by the

light of his burning corn stacks, the torment prepared for him. A horse was at his door, the saddle covered with a furze bush, the beast protected against the sharp thorns, on which the miserable man was condemned to sit astride, naked, in the rigor of inclement winter, and to ride screaming, and in a gore of blood, until his barbarous tormentors, satisfied with their vengeance, cast the fainting victim to the ground. Or, sometimes, an offender was conducted from his home, to a secluded retreat, where he was held gazing on a pit recently dug ; and in which, it was intimated to him, he was to be interred alive ; but, before he was let down into his living sepulchre, it was over-spread, at the bottom and sides, thickly, with sharp thorns ; through these the lacerated and shrieking captive was forced down ; and was then closely pressed in, his head alone appearing above the shocking prison, a head streaming with blood from the ghastly wounds in which ears or nose had been severed from it. Often, while the victim underwent these unutterable torments, the savages who inflicted them, gathered round him and mocked and shouted to his shrieks of anguish.†

This excessive cruelty, we shall have opportunities of seeing, was, at the period of which we write, a peculiarity of southern insurrection. To this day, indeed, the crimes of the south retain the sanguinary distinction. Why they do, it is not our purpose to speculate or conjecture, and the time for reasoning on the matter has not yet arrived. It was necessary, merely, that we should take notice of the peculiarity. The uses to which it must have served, in extending the terror of the conspiracy, and encreasing its power, must be sufficiently obvious.

As yet, we have, seemingly, made no progress towards unveiling the mystery, in which the contrivers of the Whiteboy system, (if they were distinct from the wants and wrongs of which so loud complaints were made,) carefully concealed themselves. We have done something, however, in clearing the system from accessories which rendered its outlines indeterminate ; and the task of full exposure is, thus greatly facilitated. We have shown that the Whiteboy rising was not a tumult, but a revolt—that it contemplated a per-

* Digest of Evidence on Ireland, 1825. Vol. I. p. 37.

† See for a recital of the cruelties inflicted by Whiteboys,—Arthur Young, Seward, Campbell, Gordon, &c. &c.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

manent and powerful establishment, having its own peculiar laws, and forms, and purposes—that it implied a transfer of allegiance from the sovereign of these realms to a stranger and an enemy. Whether such a system was contrived by the poor, unlettered, and, as they have been styled, oppressed rustics, whose criminal excesses were made available to the promotion of its objects—whether traitors who carefully shrouded themselves from detection, directed movements in which they did not appear—whether foreign influence was exercised, and powers at war with England, debarred the customary privilege of recruiting

here for continental armies, employed the disbanded and detained companies, as (if the prolepsis be allowable) a species of “chouanerie” to distract and embarrass the British empire—whether all these elements of trouble were brought into concert, we shall speedily enquire. This much is ascertained—that a principle affirming the right of obtaining redress by violence and terror was effectually laid down for the government of the masses in Ireland, in the middle of the last century, and that the Whiteboy system was the imperium in imperio, in which the principle was embodied.

THE NORTHS.—DUDLEY IN ENGLAND.

SINCE the publication of our first selection from the biographical works of North, we have been delighted with meeting a strong confirmation of our estimate of this very pleasant writer. In one of Coleridge's lectures on English literature, lately published, he notices the free and easy style which distinguishes the writers of the cavalier party. In the republican sternness of the writers during the Commonwealth there was something of affectation—something, too, of affectation in the negligent graces of the witty courtiers of the Restoration. In both there, however, was much that was not affectation, but which arose from the unconscious exhibition in their writings of the ordinary language of the persons among whom they lived.

“In L'Estrange, Collyer, and the writers of that class,” says Coleridge; “this easy manner was carried out to the extreme of slang and ribaldry.—Yet still the works even of these last authors have considerable merit in one point of view, their language is level to the understandings of all men: it is an actual transcript of the colloquialism of the day, and is, accordingly full of life and reality. Roger North's life of his brother, the Lord Keeper, is the *most valuable specimen of this class of our literature. It is delightful, and much beyond any other of the writings of his contemporaries.*”

This evidence of the way in which these volumes impressed the most genial critic of our times makes us resume our task of selection with less hesitation. We left our merchant in Constantinople, in a situation of some rank, freed in some degree from the

daily squabbles with the lowest class of Turks and Jews, with whom he was at first for ever in altercation; but having, in that higher situation, the more difficult duty of guarding himself and his brother merchants against the arbitrary exactions of the Porte.

He soon after returned to England. His occupations on the voyage homeward, are minutely described—and a journal kept by himself is given. All this we must pass over, as we feel that we are detailing his adventures at too great length. When they came in sight of England, “his heart,” in the language of our author—

“Was full; and he no sooner landed, but he got information where his best brother lived, and, embarking in another sort of vessel, a hackney coach, steered directly thither. His brother was then lord chief justice of the common pleas; and his lady was dead; so, he not affecting to be altogether alone, it fell to my share to be almost constantly with him. The merchant came to his lordship's house at about eight o'clock in the morning, when we were in bed. The housekeeper had been formerly his lordship's laundress at the temple, and knew well her master's brother so early as when he was at the writing-school. She was a phthisical old woman, and could scarce crawl up stairs once a day. This gentleman appearing with his mustachios, according to the Turkish manner, *Cordubes* hat, and strange out-of-the-way clothes, just as if one had been dressed up to act Captain Dangerfield in the play, she stood staring at him; and he, knowing her, called her by her name. By that she knew that it was her Master Dudley, and flew up stairs to tell the news, as if she had been

a girl of sixteen; so forthwith he was conducted up to us. These particulars are mentioned to show what spirits sudden joy will inspire.

"It is to no purpose, to describe the circumstances of this congress. It will readily be conceived to have been sufficiently happy. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, we sent him to a chamber to refresh, whilst we got up; and coming together again, it was pleasant to observe his figure; so bizarre was his face and dress. His first demand was a tailor, a tailor. The tailor came, but could not finish his office, in civilizing a *barbare*, under two days; and all that time he wore his Dangerfield habit and beard. It was pleasant to see him manage his mustachios; for, being apt to trespass upon the mouth, they were always, by an action, habitually put by, before drinking, one way and the other. But yet the beard would have a share out of the glass, and was made clean again by another habitual action of sipping the upper lip. This garb may seem very monstrous to us here; but in the Levant cities, clothes are not more necessary than a beard to one that writes man. After a certain age, nothing is to be taken from the upper lip; but, underneath, all is shaven clean away; and more than that is infamous. But now the western usages must govern.

"With the tailor came the barber, who, like Time with his scythe, mowed down this fertile crop. And the merchant, himself could not but be surprised to see his own face in a glass, after the mustachios were departed; and turning away his head, laughed at himself. Such power hath custom over men's sentiments and opinions; for he could not help being ashamed of his face. It was a considerable time before this upper lip, having been long shaded from the sun, took the same tawn as the rest of his face; but, looking white and pale, made a strange disfigurement. And it was matter of ridicule to see him always, before drinking, act with his fingers to part away his (then) no beard; and, when he had done, to sip his upper lip, although the mop, to be cleaned, was gone. In the course of action habitual, reason and reflection stand by. A stronger power is in possession, and must be removed, not by assault, but, if at all, by a long siege. The greatest part, of what we act in our lives, is more machinery than the effect of either will or reason."

His father had died before his return—but his mother, "who had nursed him in the plague, and loved him immeasurably," survived to behold him once more, and soon after

died. The active habits of Dudley were, on this occasion, of use to his biographer, who was his mother's sole executor, and could not attend personally to the details of business which it imposed upon him.

"He most willingly undertook the work; went down to Suffolk to conduct the funeral; and, after his arrival, he there first showed what an agent of dispatch he was; for, in little more than a week after the funeral, he had cleared the premises of all the goods, except a few which were left for the heir, to have his option to take if he pleased; being what could not be removed without prejudice to him.—He was so obliging to declare we must, in a time, take all that belonged to us, and, after that, he would permit nothing to be removed. This made the merchant ply his time. One difficulty he had, which was to get out the brewing-vessels; for the doors were too little for them to pass; and he could engage none of the family to saw out a threshold to make way, for that was a trespass to the freehold. But he and his footboy went to work, and cut it out, and the vessels were rolled into an old moat, and from thence carried away. He had an aching tooth, as they say, at the mill-stones of a water-mill; but the learned told him, those were part of the freehold, otherwise he made no account, but, as a true factor, to accomplish his business, according to his rule and trust, to perfection.

"He wrought every day in person, taking down, sorting, disposing, and contriving packs, which he did according to art, and beyond the skill, I had almost said the pains, of a porter. The neighbours, as the custom is on such occasions, for curiosity, came to see what was doing; he little minded them, but went on with his business. They were in admiration at his personal industry, and art in employing others. Before he had quite finished his work, the heir at law made a descent upon him; and then, litigating was added to labour. And this happening when the beds, all but one reserved for his use whilst he stayed, were sent away, the litigants were forced to lie together in that one bed at night. After we came together, and he gave us the history of his pains-taking, among other grievances, one was, that, after scolding all day, his brother and he were forced to lie together all night. I told him in merriment, that was the least thing of a thousand, for most men and their wives did it continually."

The shrewdness of all the Norths is exhibited in their money dealings, and several of the maxims on which they

habitually acted, and which Roger gravely enunciates, are those propounded in his essays by "the wisest—brightest—meanest of mankind." With their good sense and prudence, we regret to feel that some *strands* of avarice, and what, not, however, without some hesitation, we must almost call meanness, were inextricably mingled. To this the doubtful morality of much of our shrewd merchant's dealings with the Turks must be ascribed; and the family biographer, who relates such things without a perception that he was likely to offend any better feelings, shews us pretty plainly that they were never referred by him to any just standard. We, unwillingly mention this, and just for once, because, though it cannot but have suggested itself to the readers of our life of Guilford, yet not being forced upon us there, we shrunk from putting it obtrusively forward. Our former extracts have shown with what attention Dudley North studied the machinery of the Turkish Courts of justice. We have greatly deceived ourselves, if, even at this day, some useful suggestions may not be derived from his observations. On subjects of trade and commerce, he anticipated the conclusions to which political economists of our own day have slowly arrived. He was able to express himself without formality, but with great distinctness, on subjects which had been through his whole life, under singularly favourable circumstances for the investigation, the subject of his careful inquiries. Lord Guilford became at once deeply interested by his brother's discourses. We are told that they possessed his thoughts altogether, and continually assumed new shapes and forms in his mind. One of his views, in that age a singular one, was this: "that trade is not distributed, as government, by nations and kingdoms; but is one throughout the whole world, as the main sea, which cannot be emptied or replenished in one part, but the whole, more or less will be affected. So, when a nation thinks, by rescinding the trade of any other country, which was the case of our prohibiting all commerce with France, they do not lop off that country, but so much of their own trade of the whole world, as what that which was prohibited, bore in proportion with all the rest; and so it recoiled a dead loss of so much general trade upon them; and as to the pretending a loss by any commerce, the merchant chooses, in some respect to

lose, if by that he acquires an accommodation of a profitable trade in other respects. As when they send silk home from Turkey, by which they gain a great deal, because they have no other commodity wherewith to make returns; so without trade with France, whereby the English may have effects in that kingdom, they could not so well drive the Italian, Spanish, and Holland trades, for want of remittances and returns that way." This is clearly and strongly stated in the words which we have quoted from his biographer, but we fortunately have his views expressed by himself in a pamphlet which he published, some years after the revolution, entitled "*Discourses on Trade*," which is referred to with high praise by Mr. McCulloch in his "*Discourse on the science of Political Economy*." In that pamphlet, North undertakes to prove the propositions which we have just stated. He also holds that "there can be no trade unprofitable to the public, for if any prove so, men leave it off; and wherever the traders thrive, the public, of which they are a part, thrive also;" that "in forcing men to deal in any prescribed manner, the public gains not, because it is taking from one subject to give to another;" that "no laws can set prices in trade, the rates of which must and will make themselves;" that "such laws are an impediment to trade, and therefore prejudicial;" that "money (specie) is a merchandise whereof there may be a glut, as well as a scarcity, and that even to an inconvenience." In transcribing these passages, it is scarcely possible to believe that they are taken from a pamphlet published in the year 1694. Soon after his return to England, he settled as a merchant in London, and took a convenient house in Basinghall-street.

"He had," quoth Roger, "the opportunity of a good housekeeper, that had been his mother's woman, though some thought her too fine for a single man, as he was, and might give scandal. But when he, that had a command of himself, did what he thought reasonable; he always slighted what people, at a distance, said of it. He found divers usages in London very different from what had been practised in his time, there, or in any other place where he had lived; as, first, touching their running cash, which, by almost all sorts of merchants, was slid into goldsmith's hands; and they themselves paid and received only by bills; as if all their dealings were in *banco*.

He counted this a foolish lazy method, and obnoxious to great accidents; and he never could bring himself wholly to comply with it. For, having taken an apprentice, one Fairclough, the son of a Presbyterian old usurer, he paid and received all by his cash-keeper, in his own counting-house, as merchants used to do. But, at length, he was prevailed on to use Benjamin Hinton, a Lombard-street man; and, for acting therein against his conscience, was punished with the loss of about fifty pounds. But others lost great sums by this man; and his breaking made a great shake upon the Exchange. I remember, he hath come home (for, at first, he was, as I said, with us) in great amazement at his own greatness; for the banking goldsmiths came to him upon the Exchange, with low obeisances, "hoping for the honour"—"should be proud to serve him," and the like; and all for nothing but to have the keeping of his cash. This pressing made him the more averse to that practice; and, when his acquaintance asked him where he kept his cash he said, 'At home; where else should he keep it?' They wondered at him, as one that did not know his own interest. But, in the latter end of his time, when he had left the city, and dealt more in trusts and mortgages, than in merchandise, he saw a better bottom, and used the shop of Sir Francis Child, at Temple-bar, for the paying and receiving all his great sums."

Finding the great trading companies in credit, he bought stock in the Royal African Company, and was soon afterwards chosen one of the committee for the direction of the trade. He immediately took an active part in the management, and this first made his abilities in business known. His brother sought to obtain for him some employment in the customs, through the intervention of Rochester; but the wily Rochester smiled, when he heard his best brother say that he really believed no man in England was so well qualified to serve the king as our merchant. "By this," says Roger, complainingly, "it appeared that the Lord Rochester did not understand men."

Dudley North's return to England was in the very fever of the contest between the crown and the people. He came over a firm believer in Titus Oates and his discoveries; and was, with difficulty converted. The London merchants had at first belaboured all their factors abroad with the accounts of the most horrid conspiracy, &c. discovered by that instrument of Providence, Titus Oates." When they

ceased to believe it, they feared to write lest their letters should be intercepted, and themselves accused as traducing the justice of the nation. It was sometime, therefore, before his brothers could remove "the prejudice thus burnt into" our merchant. "But by degrees," says his biographer, "he saw daylight, and his behaviour afterwards shewed him a true convert."

The next remarkable incident in the life of Dudley North is his undertaking, at the desire of the court, the troublesome office of Sheriff, at a time when the issue of the indictment against Shaftesbury, shewed the crown the vast importance of having the nomination of juries. To allude to any part of the history of these times is painful, so impossible does it seem to state any of the facts without offending some unreasonable prejudice or another, and in whatever direction a writer's own feelings may be biased by his opinions of the influencing motives of the contending parties, so difficult does it seem to record with calmness the disreputable means which all alike regarded it as fair to employ in forwarding their respective purposes. The election of sheriffs became of moment, because they named the juries; for the purposes of the crown, verdicts were sufficient, however obtained. The circumstances of North's election, though mentioned by Hume, are not very intelligibly told, and one of the offices of biography is to supply such defects. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Moore, was in the interest of the court. He was a man of grave habits—inoffensive—timid—fearful of consequences; but when he had once ascertained his rights or his duty, not without resolution to maintain the one and perform the other. The appearance of timidity made him considered irresolute, and to this he owed his election, for the party opposed to the court believed that in this submissive and dispirited creature—for such was his bearing—they should have in their hands a useful, at worst an unresisting instrument. His character was estimated more rightly by the court party who succeeded in carrying his election with little opposition. When Moore was mayor, the next movement of the court was to revive the custom, which had been for some late elections discontinued, of the mayor's nominating one of the sheriffs, leaving the appointment of the other to the Common Hall. The purpose of the court was gained by

this, for both sheriffs made but one officer.

In a paper like this it is scarcely a digression if we pause for a moment to relate the old civic forms resorted to on the occasion, and of the legality of which, at the time, there was some doubt. The mayor, aldermen and livery assembled in the common hall, were, for the purpose of choosing officers, the representative body of the city. The mayor had a negative on all proceedings, and without him no corporate act was binding. The difficulty of the livery and the mayor agreeing in the nomination of sheriffs gradually led to a compromise. The mayor named one, the livery elected the other, and the whole body confirmed both.

In another work the biographer of the Norths gives an account of the singular ceremony by which one part of this compromise was carried into effect. On the day of the election, the 24th of June, the lord mayor, out of a large gilt cup, drank to some person, whom he named sheriff of London and Middlesex *for the year ensuing*. If present, the cup was immediately borne to him, and he pledged the lord mayor. If he were not present, then the cup was conveyed in the state-coach, with the sword-bearer and officers, to the house of the person drunk to, and the officer presented the cup to him, and then he was called the lord mayor's sheriff. He was soon after summoned to the court of the mayor and aldermen, and then, if he consented to hold the office, entered into bond to that effect; if not, he fined off. If he refused, the cup was sent to a second, and a third, till a person was found to accept. At midsummerday, when the common-hall met for the election of sheriffs, and the mayor and aldermen were come upon the hustings, the common serjeant put the question as to the confirmation of the mayor's sheriff, which passed affirmatively, as of course. After this the lord mayor and aldermen retired to a room which they call the *Court of Aldermen*, leaving the livery to choose their sheriff. If a poll was called for, the old sheriffs presided. After the second sheriff was thus chosen, the mayor and aldermen returned, and, in full assembly of the common hall, the election, as to both, was confirmed. Such was the immemorial usage of London and Westminster till

interrupted, a few years before the mayoralty of Moore, on the pretence that the mayor was but president or chairman of the common hall, with merely a casting voice, like the speaker of the House of Commons, whereas, says Roger, "the common hall resembles rather a parliament, with a sovereign, and instead of a casting voice, as they call it, there was a negative voice, and that alters the matter strangely." Moore was urged by many of the court-party among the citizens to insist upon his right, but shrank from it till the matter was urged by the king himself. When his assent was obtained to drink to whomsoever the king should appoint, some difficulty arose as to a fitting person. Several were applied to, but declined an unpopular service. North was at last looked to by the king as the champion destined for the perilous adventure of rescuing the city from the wretched state it was brought into by "a certain monster that raged in the years 80, 81 and 82, styled *IGNORAMUS*."* Such is the language in which the proposed achievement is related. North's fitness for the office was felt by the king, who hesitated, however, to propose it, lest the prudent merchant should decline. His acceptance of the office against the will of the livery would not only be unpopular, but North might well fear that, in the daily extension of the prerogative, some illegal compliances might be expected or exacted from him. Lord Guilford had no doubt that his brother ought to accept the office. He had no fear that anything against law would be required of the sheriff; the troublesome duties of the office concerned only the undersheriff and secondaries, "and then nothing rested on the sheriff but to make feasts, and hold his white staff." "As to the matter of title," quoth the wily chief justice of the common pleas, to his hesitating brother, in unimprovable language, "there is more squeak than wool, for if a citizen be called to an office by the government of the city, and obeys, where is the crime of that?" He proceeded to state the lord mayor's right strongly, and Roger, who was a firm believer in the old book which still tells the law-student that common-law is the perfection of common sense, says, that in "common

* By the monster *Ignoramus* the grand jury's return of *Ignoramus* to bills for high treason against Lord Shaftesbury, is alluded to.

sense there was no reply to what he said." Dudley's own homely good sense, independent of Lord Guilford's reasoning, supplied him with the argument, or rather the apology, that, of such matters a citizen could be no judge, and what had he to do, but, according to his oath of freedom, to obey." We suspect that his wishes to serve led him to adopt this language; for, could his election be shown to be illegal, it would be against first principles of law, and we may add of justice too, to allow the individual's ignorance of the law to affect the rights of others; and the reference to his oath of citizenship, like most other references to oaths, was but a colorable pretext. Would North have incurred the guilt of perjury in addition to the loss of his money by fining off? for such must be the meaning of his reference to his oath as freeman, or it has none. The fact is, a shrewd regard to his own interests made him serve. He could not well avoid, at some future time, serving the office, and an opportunity was now afforded him of placing the king under the strongest obligations, when, in reality, there was but the appearance of danger. "Refusing it too," quoth the old lawyer to our merchant, whose notions of the liberty of the subject had been learned at Constantinople, and all whose inherited and personal prejudices were on the side of the crown—"refusing it when so fairly offered will be a positive demerit and disentitle you to any future claim on the patronage of the crown. Every man, desirous of public employment, must, in some way or other, shew himself fit for such employment, and what opportunity could he expect to drop from heaven more favorable than this?" The old man loved his money, but he loved the children of his father's house, and his sovereign, and he felt that the interests of his brother, and of his party, were involved in Dudley's decision. "As for the charges," says he,—Roger vouches the fact—"as for the charges—," and he hesitated, "here, brother, take £1000 to help you to make good your account. If you never have opportunity, by pensions and employment, to reimburse you and me, I will lose my share, else I shall be contented to receive this thousand pounds out of one half of your pensions, when they come in, and otherwise, not at all." The merchant took a day or two to consider, and then resolved to hold the office.

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The city raved. But North, when he had once resolved, thought no more of the matter than if it had been shipping a bale of cloth.

The day of election came; the floor of Guildhall was so thronged that the mayor and his aldermen with difficulty forced their entrance to the hustings. Roger tells of the elbowing and thrusting, the snarling and scolding like a man, who, at the distance of forty years, still felt the bruises in his sides—still heard the hisses of that vast assembly. "Those persons," says he, we quote not from his life of Dudley, but from another of his works—"those persons who could get upon the hustings, as I did, and from thence viewed the floor below, had a prospect as if the hall had been paved with faces, and full of eyes sparkling, not unpleasant to observe. When the mayor and aldermen were come, the common officers put the question of confirmation of the mayor's sheriff, and then, in a trice, those that were for it held up their hands, with arms and fingers distended, all in a continual motion together, which made an odd spectacle; but the dissenters, who were much the greater number, instead of holding up hands, screwed their faces into numberless varieties of *Noes!* in such a sour way, and with so much noise that any one would have thought that all of them had, in the same instant of time, been possessed with some malign spirit, that convulsed their visages in that manner." This was taken as a refusal, and the mayor and aldermen retired to consider what was to be done. "As he passed, with the sword before him, through the crowd, we could observe the *items* of fury given by fists and faces at him as folks are apt to do when they threaten." While the hall was still crowded with the livery, the court of aldermen was sitting, and repeated messages past between them and the livery, in the hope of their at last consenting to confirm the mayor's sheriff, and proceed to the election of their's. When all hope of this was abandoned, the mayor thought of adjourning the hall. His right to do so was denied till the purpose for which they were summoned should be answered, and the election of sheriffs finished. The aldermen differed as to his right. Roger says, five were "factious." Counsel were called in to argue the question, and the clouds of doubt became yet darker. The argu-

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ments were perpetually interrupted by the complaints of partizans, rushing in from the outer hall, telling of broken heads and other outrages, and irregularities. The poor lord mayor "sate as one insensible, so full was he of doubts and fears." Fearful he was, and well might be, but he was determined to assert his right. He had "the court" of aldermen with him, and "the court at Whitehall"—the jingle is Roger's—was pledged to sustain him against all injuries.

"This," says our author, "was midsummer work indeed, extremely hot and dusty, and the partizans strangely disordered every way, with crowding, bawling, sweating and dust; all full of anger, zeal and filth in their faces; they ran about, up and down stairs, so that any one, not better informed, would have thought the place rather an huge bedlam, than a meeting for civil business, yet the fate of the government and monarchy depended on this assembly." Persons of high rank, and considerable authority were placed by the court in the immediate neighbourhood of Guildhall, among others, some of the privy council, to sustain the fainting spirits of the lord mayor, whose firmness all parties seem to have distrusted, and to be ready with advice and assistance as exigencies might demand. The livery had also their advisers and friends in attendance. Pollexfen argued for the livery, and, if Roger North states the argument truly, it is not surprising that it produced little effect. Sawyer, the attorney-general, replied. The constitution of the court being now altogether different, we could scarcely hope to give any interest to the discussion. The lord mayor's determination was, however, probably fixed before the argument had commenced; at all events, without waiting for the termination of it, when somebody hinted that the state of feeling was such that he could not, with safety to his life, go down to adjourn the hall, he rose up suddenly and, saying, "if I die, I die," bade the officer take up the sword, and go down. He took his seat for a moment on the hustings, declared the court adjourned, and left the hall.

The sheriffs of the last year, notwithstanding the adjournment, continued the assembly of the common hall, as they styled it—commenced a poll for heriffs—and declared two persons for whom votes were given, duly elected.

It seems difficult to say that these persons could have any pretence of right, for, in the constitution of the lord mayor's court, the sheriff was not a constituent part, or even an officer of the corporation. The corporation had the right of nominating the sheriff, who, by such a nomination no more became their officer, than the incumbent of a living becomes the chaplain of the patron by whom he is appointed. The sheriff is the king's officer, bound as such to account in the exchequer; and the desperate attempt of the late sheriffs might, at a less stormy period of English history than that of the close of Charles the Second's reign, be regarded as sedition of the worst kind. The late sheriffs were taken and sent to the tower, but let out on bail. After some further struggles between the mayor and the livery, an order of council was issued to Moore, commanding him "to proceed to the election of sheriffs according to the ancient usages of the city." At the next meeting of the hall the popular party did not appear, relying on the election of those named by the late sheriffs as good. In this way the court, contrary to their expectations, obtained the appointment of both sheriffs.

While his neighbours were engaged in wondering at North's madness in accepting the office, he was busily employed in getting a wife. The discussion about settlement is given with Roger's usual minuteness. The lady was the widow of Sir John Gunning. Deeds were drawn up to please her father, which she, before she went to church, found an opportunity of committing to the flames—saying that such things were of no use except in the case of young folks, whose character is not known. She presided at his city feasts "in such a manner as not a little to illustrate his happiness in their shrieval troubles." They visited Bristol, and his father-in-law "often said to him, 'come, son, let us go out and shine,' that is, walk about the streets with six footmen in rich liveries attending." The year passed over with little inconvenience to North. Juries were compliant. There were several trials for treason; the prerogative of mercy was not once exerted, and executions were so frequent that Lady North—we had forgotten to state that the sheriff was knighted on entering upon his office—was shocked at the strange familiarity of the hangman, coming occasionally for orders, and

saying he came to speak with his master. "These," saith Roger, "are the inconveniences of magistracy, and necessary to be borne with, as magistracy itself is necessary." Be the inconveniences which we have recorded, what they may, they ought to have been calculated on by a sheriff, the only object of whose appointment was, that the crown might have in their hands the machinery requisite for securing verdicts.

We next find him one of the court of aldermen, and as such exercising the office of a justice of the peace. The Rye-house plot soon gave him enough to do. The accused were proceeded against not for treason, or treasonable conspiracy, but for what was then called "conventicling." The act against seditious conventicles was strained to include all meetings for insurrectionary purposes, under whatever pretence. It imposed heavy penalties on all persons in whose houses such meetings were held, and on all who should preach or teach at such meetings. The informers had one third of the penalties paid as they were levied. The constables employed in the execution of the act were allowed out of the sums collected, their own disbursements, and payment for the time time spent in making the levies. The act contained a provision that it should be construed most largely and beneficially for the suppressing of conventicles, and for the justification and encouragement of the persons employed in its execution. In the proceedings for the Rye-house plot, it seems to have been strained beyond the natural meaning of the words,—but, the payment of penalties being in general the only thing sought, and such encouragement being given to informers, who found little disposition in the magistrates to embarrass them with legal difficulties, it is not wonderful, that all over England the credulity of justices of the peace was played upon. London was thronged with informers, and Sir Dudley North had his full share of the business. He seems disposed to have got rid of the matter as easily as he could. When informations of Conventiclers came before him, he took the examinations, drew up the convictions in the usual forms, and then gave out his warrants to the constables to levy the penalties. When the money was raised, he gave one-third of the net sum, after paying all charges, to the informer, one-third to the constable to the use of

the poor, and the other third he kept in his hands, to the use of the king. The trade, as Roger calls it, lasted about nine months. It ceased altogether on the death of Charles the Second, and at that time there remained in North's hands about a hundred and fifty pounds of what was due to the crown. He was not aware of the common practice of paying this money to the clerk of the peace at sessions, and knew not well what to do with it. By the directions of Lord Rochester, then at the head of the treasury, he paid it into the exchequer. After the revolution, those who had suffered as conventiclers felt that their day of retribution had arrived. They suspected, and not without reason, that in many instances the justices of the peace retained for themselves the portion of the fines due to the crown. They compared their own payments with the books of the clerks of the peace; and, finding that considerable sums were deficient, they made interest and got a grant of these moneys, and then set up an office for compositions. North's payment not being to the clerk of the peace, and they not thinking of searching in the exchequer, he was of course considered by them as not having paid; they were delighted at the opportunity of exposing and disgracing the pretended man of honour. They called on him to pay, or prepare for a prosecution. He slightly told them that he had paid, and had an exchequer tally. They did not believe him, and without making any search, put him into their bill, for a less sum, it so happened, than the tally expressed. North, though he lived for some years after, was never served with process, but after his death proceedings were taken against his widow. Ward, who was at the commencement of the proceedings her counsel, saw the exchequer tally, and signed her answer. Yet, although attention to the true state of facts was forced upon him, by North's surviving brothers, he, when attorney-general, suffered the widow to be prosecuted and the matter brought to a hearing. At that hearing the brothers attended. Ward exhibited surprise at seeing them in person, but was told they came "to vindicate their brother's honour." The tally was thrown upon the table, and the barons each, one after the other "spectacled" it over and over, and scarce believed their own eyes "But

so it was," says our old moralizing friend, quoting his school-books, for senility and puerility are not altogether unlike, "and there this cause ended, verifying a great truth in Horace,

———"Murus aeneus esto
Nil conacire aibi."

In a year or two after his serving as sheriff, Sir Dudley North was appointed commissioner of customs. This seems to have been the king's personal act; and the appointment was no doubt a good one; but we cannot follow Roger in his detailed proofs of this. North appears to have honestly promoted the best men he could find, and, when his men were found "peccant,"—for the best gaugers were in King Charles's days, among the most corrupt of men, North,—contrary to the practice of his brother commissioners, who each fought tooth and nail the battles of the fellows they appointed, never overlooked a fault in any man who owed his place to him. North's own income being now increased by the salary of his office, a thousand a-year, and some presents of eatables, as *Westphalia hams seized, spices from the East India Company, and the like, which came of course*, he thought (as most men do, that feel their fortunes rising) that he must live in somewhat better style; "the rather, because his lady, though affecting retirement, yet, when she did appear, loved to have a parade about her, and often childing brought christenings, which in the city are usually celebrated with much company and feasting. And she herself, being a Bristol lady, where excesses of that kind ordinarily prevail, was desirous not to fail of what was, on such occasions, expected. And he being a commissioner, and otherwise concerned with the court, had occasion to entertain great men; and, as the house where he lived was too strait, and wanted even the conveniences that belonged to a Turkey merchant," he took a magnificent house, "that great one behind Goldsmith's hall, built by Sir John Bludsworth." He furnished it richly, especially "one state apartment of divers rooms in file." The furniture cost him at least four thousand pounds. But, alas! "the house was situate among the goldsmiths and other smoky trades, and their smoke and dust filled the air, and confounded all his good furniture. He hath in person laboured to caulk up the win-

dows, and all the chimneys not used were kept close stopped. But, notwithstanding all that could be done to prevent it, the dust gathered thick upon every thing within doors; for which reason the rooms were often let stand without any furniture at all." His civic feasts exhibited all the old solemnities of such things. "His long tables," saith Roger, whom we do not here quite understand, "were covered plentifully with the officers and proclamations, as was the way at city feasts. If these were not right, the guests must blame antiquity, and as well find fault with the shape of his gown." His private parties were of a cordial and pleasant kind. "The manner," says our friend Roger, "which we of the fraternity used among ourselves, was to spend at least one night in the week with Sir Dudley, which was Thursday, and with my Lord Chief Justice North on Sundays, till he had the great seal, and then many more were added to his nights." On the lord keeper's death Sunday nights fell to Roger's share, who was, till then, an "*ubiquitarian*." The period was one of trouble and of change, and Roger says, that their evenings of meeting being known, spies were sent among them in the guise of friends and visitors, and tells one or two stories not worth repeating, to prove a matter but too probable.

There is no man all evil. Of Jeffries, even in the hour when he was drunk with blood, and drunk with wine, good has been recorded. In his memorable western expedition his visitation of Bristol should not be forgotten. There had been a custom in the corporation, to sell as slaves, for the American plantations, criminals whose lives were spared on condition of their submitting to transportation. The trade was a tempting one, and, as the assizes and sessions did not supply sufficient of this merchandize for the cupidity of the Bristol aldermen, they found a shorter way to obtain it. The mayor and justices sat each day at the tholsel court, and there they did such justice business as came before them. When small rogues and pilferers were taken and brought there, they succeeded into terrifying them with the fear of being hanged, and while they were in this panic, the servants of the court instructed them to pray transportation as the only means of escape. On this the aldermen, in succession, took one and another, often quarrelling

whose the right was, and sent them over to the plantations, and sold them. They did not always confine themselves to the refuse of the dock; Narcissus Luttrell tell us, that an order in council was made "against merchants spiriting or kidnapping away young children." Some of the wealthier aldermen, though they sat in the court, and connived at the practice, declined sharing in the profits. This did not, nor ought it to have saved them, when Bristol was afflicted by the visitation of Jeffries. He came to the city, and, delighting in the opportunity of "ranting," he told them he had brought "a broom to sweep them." "The city of Bristol," said he, "is a proud city, and their mayor, in the assize commission, is put before the judge of assize." When he came on the bench, and examined this matter, he found all the aldermen and justices concerned in this trade of kidnapping, and the mayor himself as bad as any. "He, therefore, turns to the mayor, accoutred with his scarlet and furs, and gave him all the ill names his scolding eloquence could supply; and so, with rating and staring, as his way was, never left him till he made him quit the bench, and go down to the criminal's place at the bar, and there he pleaded for himself, as a common rogue or thief must have done; and, when the mayor hesitated a little, or slackened his pace, he bawled at him, and stamping, called for his guards, for he was a general by commission. Thus the citizens saw their scarlet chief magistrate at the bar, to their infinite terror and amazement. He then took security of them to answer informations, and so left them to ponder their cases among themselves." Sir Robert Cann, the father-in-law of Dudley, though he never shared in the profits of the trade, was one on the list of aldermen to be prosecuted, with which Jeffries returned from Bristol. He came up to Dudley's house, where Roger, being called into consultation, gave it as his opinion, that he could not be convicted, because he did not act.

Without meaning to express any doubt as to Roger's law, though it seems to have been given without a fee, we think that Dudley and Sir Robert pursued the wiser course in endeavouring to soften the flint in Jeffries's bosom, instead of meeting a jury. Roger accompanied them to Jeffries's house. The chief-justice

stared at them—talked of the enormity of the offence, and the necessity of punishment for the sake of example. But said he at last to the trembling old man, "For those two gentlemen's sake, I pardon you for this time; but go thy way, sin no more. lest a worse thing come unto thee." The prosecutions were kept hanging over the other aldermen till the revolution; they were then abandoned—so that the kidnappers of Bristol escaped. Our Bristol knight remained about a fortnight in London after this visit to Jeffries; but his fears of the law, or rather of Jeffries, were such, that he never enjoyed himself after. "We wondered," says our chronicler, "at the alteration of his diet. His custom was to drink sherry, morning, noon, and night; but now he took a fancy to his son's small beer, of which he drank extravagantly, and drank little or no wine." Old gentlemen of Bristol, be ye warned by the fate of Sir Robert Cann. Nature resented the insult, and rebelled against the hog-wash. Sherry, morning, noon, and night, agreed with the old gentleman. One fortnight's dissipation in small beer was too much. He was neither very old nor valetudinary, and he might have continued for many a year to live in splendour and authority at home. But journeys, troubles, perplexities, and change of diet are not a good regimen for an old gentleman of that condition. He returned to Bristol, and died.

We have said that North was a commissioner of the customs. We must have greatly failed in presenting to our readers our own notion of the character of Dudley North, if they are not prepared to feel that our commissioner must now have found himself in a position calculated to exhibit his peculiar talents to great advantage. He was acquainted with trade to a greater extent than probably any man in England of his time, and not too honest to be above suspecting the artifices likely to be practised upon the officers of the revenue. A shrewd observer of men in all their dealings, and to whom navigation and commerce, and "all the arts and subterfuges relating to them" were familiar—to whom the management of extensive mercantile establishments—the strict accounts absolutely required in such concerns, and the means of obviating frauds, must have been well known, could not but have seen his way from the first through the intricacies of custom-house business.

He attended constantly, and encouraged fair traders, which was best done, in his brother's expressive language, "by sitting on the skirts of smugglers."

"But I must observe withal, that, together with all this, he was not free from clamour; for, however the fair merchants were satisfied, the foul ones joined in a common cry against him; and no wonder, when he was to them a rock of offence, and to the revenue, a screen against their frauds. It is their constant practice to move every stone, to get rid of a good officer, whom no mists will blind, nor corruption infect. Such an one is a common nuisance; and if calumnies, lies, or any indirect means, will confound him, they have a magazine that will hold out. And, in that age, when parties raged, he being eminent on the one side, the smugglers took into the other, and talked of nothing but illegalities and oppressions, endeavouring, among the anti-court party in the city, to make him be thought the veriest tyrant upon earth, and no better than a Turkish *basha*; and how far they went towards it, shall be touched. In the mean time it was manifest, that all those who appeared publicly to charge him, were the most notorious thieves of custom in the whole city; and very few of the fair traders, and those upon account of factious spleen only, joined with them."

North's habits of business seem at this time to have been of the greatest use to the court. He was indefatigable in the performance of his duties—relentless in his punishment of fraud, and determined upon its exposure. In fact, letting in daylight upon fraud is after all the surest remedy. He offended Rochester, by detecting a well-concerted fraud in the accounts of a contract for hearth-money and excise, obtained by his interest. False books were kept, and the auditor of the accounts, though dissatisfied with the books, was unable to disentangle the trick. Indeed, as the story is told by Roger, it is hard to think that the auditor was not himself a party to the deception. Sir Dudley North—there was "no better artist at voluminous accounts" in England than Sir Dudley—examined the matter. He observed that "when he touched upon any thing obscure, the auditor hummed and hawed, as if he had lost his utterance." This made him suspect some grand disguise in the accounts; and at last he found clearly that a whole column of figures was falsified, and that in carrying on the books, that column was a blank, and left to be filled up as

there should be occasion." The king determined on this to dissolve the contract, and proceedings were about to be taken in the Exchequer. But the chapter of accidents was favorable to the contractors. The king died soon after—Rochester, their patron, survived, and was one of James's ministers—and the affair was allowed to be forgotten.

The power of the Commons House of Parliament in England ultimately resolves itself into its power of granting or withholding the supplies. At every period of our history, the battles of the popular party and the court have been fought by the same means. At all times, however, there has been preserved some decency of appearance in the pretences on which this extreme measure is resorted to. Charles's profuse expenditure on the navy—his lavish dissipations—his taste for building, rendered him helplessly dependent on parliament. Retrenchment in all, perhaps in any, of these sources of expense, would in the then circumstances of the crown, have enabled him to live upon the settled revenue. The recollection of this being a possible experiment of the king's, made the parliament fear that, were they over-rigid in refusing supplies, the advantages which they now had of gradually stripping the prerogative of its best feathers, would be altogether lost. Supplies were voted freely enough, but with each money-bill a new grievance was sure to be stated—"they plucked at his pinions, and sought to get a quill or two." It was often a hard match between the court and the country parties, which should prevail in carrying through or retarding a money-bill—so much so as to occasion several amusing scrambles. A story is told, that when Serjeant Gregory was speaker, a bill was engrossed, and having passed the third reading, lay on the table to be carried up, when the house should so order. The country party delayed sending it up, till some one or other of their "grievances" was disposed of. The others, however, who of course had the king in their hand, watched their time; and a member moving for carrying up the bill, the speaker, without waiting for debate, or even staying to put the question, rose out of the chair, and took the bill in his hand. The court party rose and closed in behind him, and carried him forward; and so they went up to the Lords, and "the king being

in his chair, the bill was presented, and le roy le veut. The other party could only cry hold, but all in vain—*Factum valet.*"

In these contests, however, notwithstanding the success of occasional measures, the court continually lost ground. The indolence of the court party made them willing to avoid the task of becoming acquainted with the details of business, when they could find or invent any decent pretext for it. The privy council had hitherto been in the habit of referring what they called "dark questions" of trade to eminent merchants, whose advice they in general followed. They now appointed a board of trade, whose duty was to examine all matters of trade and commerce, and report their opinion to the council. It would be digressing too far from the immediate subject of this paper, to explain the influences by which the commissioners of this board were selected from the party called by the court fanatics. The revenue became seriously diminished from the period of the institution of this board, and there can be no reasonable doubt that such was the intention of the commissioners. The commission itself was, besides, a very expensive one. North tell us in a discontented tone of "their great house in Queen-street—their formal board with green cloth and standishes, clerks good store, a tall porter and staff, and fitting attendance below—and a huge luminary at the door. In winter time, when the board met, as was two or three times a-week, or oftener, all the rooms were lighted; coaches at the door, and great passing in and out, as if a council of state in good earnest had been sitting." The court soon got tired of a body whose only object seemed to play into the hands of their enemies. Fortunately for the court, an unmanageable dispute arose between the East India and the Turkey merchants, whose interests and tempers were found to be irreconcilable. They at last agreed that the matter should be heard by the king in council. They appeared before the king, and each stated his own case—for the disputants felt that they could not render their respective cases intelligible to counsel, and, as we have now and then seen exemplified in that class of clients who plead their own causes, thought, that if their own voices could be heard in argument, they could not but win the day. The passions of the exchange

and of the counting-house played their part before the king. Partiality, and Jealousy, and Avarice, spoke their own undisguised language. The dialect of the conventicle was forgotten, and the controversy had not proceeded far, before the one ruling principle of trade—the desire of each to serve himself at the expense of every one else—was distinctly enough expressed, in something like the tones of this week-day world. Charles was amused at the scene, where puritan met puritan in that high presence, "vying and revying with perpetual contradiction, little less than giving each other the lye." The controversy exhibited what both parties would willingly conceal—the frauds of all upon the revenue. How the controversy terminated between the parties, is not worth recording. To the king they made it pretty plain that they were—we use his own right royal words—a pack of knaves. The incident gave him an excuse to dissolve the board; and after its dissolution, North appears to have been consulted by the council on most questions of commerce.

We have said, or should have said, that North, after his return to England, continued his mercantile connection with the East—his brother Mountagu being his factor and correspondent in Constantinople. At the time that North was every day consulted by the privy council, the Levant or Turkey company,—resenting some losses sustained by what they regard as unjust and capricious extortions in Turkey—proceeded to what was almost a declaration of war against the Grand Signior. The principal merchants of the Turkey company were, it so happened, in general politics, opposed to the court. As it is the nature of party to include every thing, however remote it may at first seem, within its perpetually extending circle, those who agreed with them on subjects of English politics, adopted their opinions in this wild controversy with the sublime porte. North was amused at the speeches which he heard. One wealthy man was for an instant application to the king for ships of war, to go and lie before the *seraglio*, and if the Turk would not right the merchants, beat it about his ears. "It made a pleasant entertainment," says Roger, "at the Turkey club that evening, to recollect the several lofty flights and towering projects of those that spoke on this side, and how slight they

made of the Ottoman emperor in his own metropolis." One gentleman—his name ought to be immortal, Sir Samuel Barnadiston—said they must *tumultuate the people* at Constantinople!! "Tumultuate, tumultuate, tumultuate," said the worthy fig-merchant, even as in our day we have heard the feebler words, "agitate, agitate, agitate." The assembly ended in what they called a compromise, and made an order of the Levant company, "that until justice should be done to the Levant merchants, all trade with Turkey was interdicted."

In vain was this resolution combatted against. The proposers of it, who remembered their own first mad thought of storming the seraglio, which they abandoned with reluctance, listened with impatience and unbelief to the arguments of persons who represented this milder proposition as "the maddest action that could be done by men pretending to common sense."

As Roger observes, it was quite out of the question that their factors abroad could dare to shut up their warehouses, and our ambassador declare a cessation of commerce in the way proposed; for beyond doubt, their persons and effects would be seized for this insolent affront to the Grand Seignior. Nor could any thing give greater delight to the authors of the extortions of which they complained, for this conduct would give reasonable excuse for still further demands as a punishment for their insolence. As to their respect for us and our merchants, the Turks think of us as much as we do "of an Armenian pedler of amber beads;" and our trade, once discontinued, would, in all probability, be for ever lost. What do we supply that they might not have from the French or Dutch? This was the feeling of North; but, says Roger, it was talking to the winds. The leaders had other views—they must *tumultuate* the people at home, and embarrass the king by diminishing the customs.

Lord Guilford learned this strange proceeding from his brother, and communicated it to the privy council—he had serious, and we think reasonable, apprehensions that the absurd interdict might induce war between England and the Porte. The Levant company were summoned to attend the king in council, and were told that they were a company chartered to carry on, not to interdict, trade; that if they did not instantly vacate and annul their resolution, a proclamation should be at

once issued, declaring it free to any subject of England to trade with Turkey, and thus at once depriving the company of their privilege of exclusive dealing; that orders would be forthwith issued to the ambassador at Constantinople, and the consuls at the several factories, to protect the persons and goods of any persons trading from England. It was further intimated that the privilege with which they had been intrusted formerly, of using his majesty's name in their communications with the Grand Seignior, or his ministers, was withdrawn, and that all such communications must henceforth be read and approved of by the king in council, before being forwarded. North was of course at once recognised as the person communicating this intelligence of their purposes to the court; and many of the leading merchants of the company had the unspeakable meanness of whispering about, that "*North betrayed the secrets of their court.*" There can be no doubt in any reasonable mind, that it was the duty of every man, who felt the injury to the country, that even the report of this absurd interdict could not but effect, to communicate the project to government, if he had no other means of defeating it. Lord Guilford imagined that the object meant was different from what was exhibited, and that the whole was a factious attempt to injure the government, by lessening the customs; that to this the interests of trade, and even of the projectors themselves, were cheerfully sacrificed. Dudley North's own language, in reply to the mean and malignant taunt of the whisperers whom we have mentioned, is worth remembering:—"If any man there, that owned himself an Englishman, and either would be passive and silent while the interests of his country were going to wreck, or being summoned to attend his majesty, not answer truly what was demanded of him, he would reply, that man was both a fool and a knave. Therefore, if any shame come to them, they may thank their own bad orders, and let those alone, who sought to prevent the ruinous effect of them."

North's talents and services were valued by the king; and we soon after find him placed in the Treasury, with a salary of sixteen hundred a-year, and in an office which left his time chiefly at his own disposal. The king's death, however, soon followed; and on the accession of James, the white tuff of

the treasury was put into the hands of Rochester—no friend of Sir Dudley's. The only thing recorded of North, while in the treasury, is his exposing abuses and frauds in the management of the navy. The commissioners of the navy came, as was their custom, to the treasury-board, demanding money for the use of the navy. North, sitting at the board, asked what had become of the supplies impressed for them last month? He was answered by their saying, "We are accountable to the admiralty, not to your lordship. Your business is to supply us with what we inform you is necessary. If the navy be not supplied, and the service thereby injured, the fault lies at your door, not ours." Whatever might be the strict right, it is quite clear that in courtesy the treasury was entitled to an answer, before acceding to a demand, which they had good reason to believe was exorbitant.* The commissioners of the navy were told to expect orders from the king, who should be informed of their resistance, no longer to dispute the demands of the treasury. As to the navy and the admiralty, "I have heard Sir Dudley say," these are Roger's words, "that if some potent check were not had over that managery, it would soon degenerate into an insupportable pack of confederate knaves, and that, at present, it had no bottom, nor was it easy to have any account of their conduct, for *they stuck together as men in a vessel that were to sink or swim all at once*. And if the money were blindly supplied, as fast as they would call for it, the revenue of the nation would be too little to answer them; and yet no more business should be done than they should think fit. And he verily believed, that *if any man had an ascendant and power to correct them, if otherwise they could not get rid of him, they would knock his brains out*."

After Charles's death, North attended but one meeting of the commissioners of the treasury. The board was soon after dissolved; and North, who detested idleness, and was now entire master of his time, fell back upon his trade, "for which his house," says his brother, "had exquisite accommodations. He bought up a great deal of cloth, and had rollers and other conveniences for viewing it put up, and very busy he was. But the court

wanted such an officer, and put by his trading." Rochester, when he was appointed, as was expected, to the treasury, sent for North, and offered him his former office in the customs. North hesitated, because both in rank and salary it was inferior to his office in the treasury, but ended in complying.

Nothing in the state of the law at that time prevented a revenue officer from sitting in the House of Commons, and North was returned for Banbury, through Lord Guilford's interest. Here as every where else, his active talents soon rendered him distinguished. We could not hope to render interesting any account of the debates in which he took a part, as what his brother records is chiefly remarkable for the good sense with which he anticipated the discoveries of the economists of our own day.

The death of Lord Guilford left the management of his property, and the care of his children in the hands of Dudley North—a faithful and an affectionate guardian. The details of his management of a great estate, are given by his brother, and are not without interest.

The dynasty of the princes whom the Norths served so faithfully, was approaching its termination. Rumours of the intended embarkment at Holland, and of resistance at home, were every where afloat. Never were the changes of the winds watched with such anxiety, and every countenance expressed hope or fear. None were, none could be indifferent. Calamy, at that time a student in Holland, tells us that they had public prayers each day in all the churches—there an unusual thing—and "I observed," these are his words, "the ministers prayed for a north-east wind, by name, which would bring the forces from Holland hither to the best advantage." Burnet tells us that the east wind was called "the Protestant wind," by the church party in England. On that fleet what high hopes depended! but let us not forget that hopes of a meaner kind than the enthusiast of party willingly admits, mingled with the prayers for the success of that expedition. Attainders and forfeitures of the persons and estates of all those who had prominently assisted the late court, were confidently spoken of. The sullen conventicler calculated the fine which he had been forced to

* See an account of the frauds in the navy and stores, said to be taken from a M.S. of Lord Guilford's.—(*Dalrymple's Appendix*, p. 89.)

pay, and felt as if he had been only lending it, at usurious interest, on the estates of the adherents of the king, and that the hour for repayment was come. Abject Fear dared to look his oppressor in the face—and as the oppressor trembled, abject Fear was changed into—abject Hope. Never was there a revolution that more entirely disappointed the cupidity of those, who looked to the coming of the Prince of Orange, as the hour of spoliation and revenge.

Sir Dudley had letters from Holland, with preambles of friendship, and postscripts recommending him to fly. The incidents of his shrievalty, and the illegality of his title to that office, were dwelt on; the illegality, too, as they said of the executions had while he was sheriff. North was fearless, and remained to abide the event whatever it might be. Several fled; many were taken and suffered imprisonment, because flight was regarded as a presumption or rather admission of guilt. There was no instance of any person tried.

North was allowed to remain in the customs for a short while after the revolution; he was, however, soon displaced, and again returned to his merchandize. He lost money by his new adventures; he felt himself growing old, and he retired from business.

When the confusion, incident to the commencement of the new order of things had a little subsided, a committee of the Commons was formed to enquire into the proceedings of the city of London at North's election. Sir John Moore and North were ordered to attend. The examination was public. The galleries and every corner of the house was filled. Oates was in the gallery standing next to Roger. Sir John Moore was first called in. "As he stood upon the floor he looked as if he would have dropped down, and spoke like one of the order of miserales; which, to such as did not know him, seemed as like the guilt as the outside of a man could show." He was questioned as to the advisers of the proceedings in every form and variation of phrase, in the hope that he would be brought to name the king or one of the late ministers. The estates of Lord Guilford were of value, and the questioning was conducted in the hope that he might be named; but to every question, the only reply that could be extorted, was—"The Court of Aldermen." They were, by the law of the city, his ad-

visers; under their advice he had acted, and he could not be got to name any others, who, whatever they might have advised, were not his constitutional advisers; and whose opinion he certainly would not have acted on, if opposed by the Court of Aldermen. He was repeatedly examined and at last dismissed; the committee being unable to obtain from him any other answer.

"And from thenceforward," saith the author of the old book, from which we quote, "he lived out the rest of his days as a venerable citizen greatly esteemed and respected by every one. He used to go about in very plain dress and meddled with nothing out of his way, and such as knew him always saluted him, which he kindly accepted and civilly returned, and being an acquaintance willingly joined in discourse of various matters. I cannot describe him better than by the character of some of the primitive Christians, who were no less meek and humble in behaviour and conversation, than valiant and resolved in their profession."

North was called before them, and asked how he came to take the office of sheriff upon him, having no title. He replied that when called upon to serve, he stated to the Court of Aldermen his long residence abroad as an excuse; that they told him he was duly elected and must serve. Being asked what aldermen were present, he pointed with his cane to five who were friends of the party now questioning him. "They were present when he was ordered to hold the office, and said not a word to the contrary." He was asked "if no person from court came down to the city to persuade him to act; if in particular Mr. Secretary Jenkins did not? There must have been something very remarkable in the emphatic way in which North uttered his negative; for Roger records it both in the "Examen" and in the "Life of Sir Dudley;" after a considerable pause, in the full silence of the house, and during the hush of profound expectation he replied with a long and loud "No," which might have been heard up to the House of Lords. In the life of his brother, Roger tries to exhibit his brother's tones by the aid of the printer; and thus exhibits the memorable No-o-o-o!

"This was so violent, and unexpected, that I could see a start of every one in the house, all at the same instant, as if each had had a dash of cold water in his face: and, immediately, all called out,

'Withdraw;' and my neighbour Titus Oates, being, as I suppose, frustrated of his expectations, cried out, 'Aw Laard, aw Laard, aww, aw!' and went his way. Sir Dudley North went out, and never was called upon more about this affair. I might here enlarge upon the subject of good fortunes attending gallant actions and behaviour, and the perdition of evil-doing, and then sneaking; but that matter lies here gross and obvious, so will let that pass. I shall only add this note, to acquit the prosecutors of acting purely upon malice, that covetousness had the greatest share in the motives; for, if it had been voted that the election had been illegal, and North and Rich no sheriffs; then had followed bills to charge the estates of all that were concerned, to repair the losses the party suffered in those times."

There was also a committee of the Lords for the same objects, in which the designs of his enemies were in the same way disconcerted by North's manly bearing.

A pleasant part of the book is that which exhibits the details of his private life; his walks in London, on his return from the east, when Roger attended him through every familiar scene, "like an old dame with a young damsel," the Turkey merchant actually trembling at the sight of the porter of some show who was dressed like a Turk, and who sought to extort something more than the brothers thought him entitled to. Then their walks to the monument and St. Paul's; at St. Paul's Dudley grows romantic; and Roger, who lived in the days of Dryden, and seems never to have heard of his existence, is actually a kind of poet in his record of Dudley's exclamations—

"When we were upon Bow Steeple, the merchant had a speculation not unlike that of a ship, in the bay of Smyrna, seen from the mountains. Here the streets appeared like small trenches, in which the coaches glided along without any unevenness as we could observe: 'Now this,' said he, 'is like the world. Who would not be pleased in passing so equably from place to place? It is so when we look upon great men, who, in their courses, at our distance, seem to glide no less smoothly on; and we do not perceive the many rude jolts, tossings, and wallowings they feel; as whoever rides in that coach feels enough to make his bones ache, of which, to our notice, there is no discovery. And farther," said he, 'let not the difficulties, that will occur in the way of most transactions, however

reasonable, deter men from going on; for here is a coach not one moment free from one obstruction or other; and yet it goes on, and arrives, at last, as was designed at first.'

"His domestic methods were always reasonable; but, towards his lady, superlatively obliging. He was absent from her as little as he could, and that was being abroad; but, at home, they were seldom asunder. When he had his great house, a little room, near his chamber, which they called a dressing-room, was sequestered for the accommodation of both of them. She had her implements, and he his books of account, in large escritoirs there; and, having fixed a table and a desk, all his counting-house business was done there. The counting-house itself was below, where was accommodation for a man (but he took none, on account of merchandize, after he had sent Fairclough to Constantinople) and also a room, within, for the master; and his brother, when in England, which was not long after his settlement there, used that. He kept a servant that wrote, and found him employment by copying, &c. Once he took a schoolmaster, of Bodicoat, near Banbury, to be his butler (that was the style of his office), and coming once into the counting-house, he found an astrological scheme lying before this man. He took it, and 'What is this for?' said he. The fellow answered, 'To know if he should prosper in his place.' 'I'll tell you,' said his master, tearing the paper to pieces, 'if you behave yourself diligently and well, you will prosper; otherwise you will not.' The fellow was cured of his astrology, and made a very good servant; and, being preferred to the Customs at Bristol, a very good officer.

"Here he reckoned with tradesmen, and paid and received what came into his own cash; but he used the room above to wilder in his accounts; and his wife used to wonder how it could be that he should have so much to do there. Once (as I hinted) the Custom-house accounts were brought there; and he went to work with them, for making collections by which he might clearly solve the enigma, that came from the Treasury. He wallowed so much in those, and with so much application, that his wife was afraid he would have run mad. There also he read such books as pleased him; and (though he was a kind of a dunce at school) in his manhood he recovered so much Latin as to make him take pleasure in the best classics; especially in Tully's philosophic, which I recommended to him. If time lay on his hands, he would assist his lady

in her affairs. I have come there and found him very busy in picking out the stitches of a dislaced petticoat. But his tenderness to his children was very uncommon, for he would often sit by, while they were dressing and undressing, and would be assisting himself if they were at any time sick; or out of order.

* * * *

"He loved travelling, but hated a coach, because it made him a prisoner, and hindered his looking about to survey the country, in which he took a great pleasure; and, for that reason, he loved a horse. I had a grave pad that fitted him, and he always desired the use of that sage animal, that was very sure and easy, but slow. While his wife's mother, the Lady Cann, lived at Bristol, he made annually a visit to her; and, when I had the honour to serve as recorder there, I accompanied him. We joined equipages, and sometimes returned across the country to Wroxton, the residence of the late Lord Guilford. We had the care of affairs there, as trustees for the young Lord Guilford, who was sent abroad to travel; and we thought it no disservice to our trust to reside upon the spot some time in summer; which we did, and had therein our own convenience, and charged ourselves in the accounts to the full value of ourselves, and the diet for our horses. But our way of living there being somewhat extraordinary, I think it reasonable to give an account of it. In the first place, the lady had a standing quarrel with us; for we had such a constant employ, that she could have none of her husband's company; and when she came to call him to dinner, she found him as black as a tinker.

"There was an old building, which was formerly Hawk's mews. There we instituted a laboratory. One apartment was for wood-works, and the other for iron. His business was hewing and framing, and, being permitted to sit, he would labour very hard; and, in that manner, he hewed the frames for our necessary tables. He put them together only with laps and pins; but so, as served the occasion very well. We got up a table and a bench; but the great difficulty was to get bellows and a forge. He hewed such stone as lay about and built a hearth with a back, and, by means of water, and an old iron which he knocked right down, he perforated that stone for the wind to come at the fire. What common tools we wanted, we sent and bought, and also a leather skin, with which he made a pair of bellows that wrought over head, and the wind was

conveyed by elder guns let into one another, and so it got to the fire. Upon finding a piece of an old anvil, we went to work, and wrought all the iron that was used in our manufactory. He delighted most in hewing. He allowed me, being a lawyer, as he said, to be the best forger. We followed the trade so constantly and close, and he coming out sometimes with a red, short waistcoat, red cap, and black face, the country people began to talk as if we used some unlawful trades there, clipping at least; and, it might be, coining of money. Upon this, we were forced to call in the blacksmith, and some of the neighbours, that it might be known there was neither damage nor danger to the state by our operations. This was morning's work, before dressing, to which duty we were usually summoned by the lady full of admiration what creatures she had in her family."

North did not long survive after he had retired into private life. He appears to have carelessly subjected himself to cold. He first resisted taking medicine, but then yielded to the wishes of his friends. He died, after having received the Sacrament, in entire resignation, in the possession of perfect tranquillity of mind, and with his understanding as clear as in the days of his most perfect health. His medical attendant was so affected by the sight of this death-bed, that he could not forbear saying, "well, I never saw any people so willing to die as these Norths are."

He died on the 31st of December, 1691. It became the duty of the brother who recorded his life to provide for his funeral. "It was honorably celebrated," are his words; "and his perishable part deposited in Covent-Garden church, near the altar." This, however, was not destined to be the resting place of his remains. His widow, who survived him for twenty-five years, lived to deplore the loss of her younger son, and to witness the marriage of the elder. His residence was Glenham, in Suffolk. "And when her time of change was come, she chose to lie in the parish church there; adding her desire that the corpse of her husband might be taken up, and being joined with her's, be conveyed down and interred both together. All which by due order and authority was piously performed."

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.*

THIS work will be found to furnish valuable assistance to every student who takes an active interest in the controversy with the Church of Rome, and who cannot procure an authorised copy of the work from which it has been re-printed. It exposes the jealousy with which the heads of that Church scrutinise the writings of even their advocates and witnesses, and furnishes many instances of the disingenuous practices by which arguments are new modelled, and testimony perverted, before they receive the fiat of Papal approbation. All who are engaged in the controversy with Romanism, must find assistance of this description valuable :—to those who occupy themselves much with the testimonies borne by individual writers, it is indispensable.

The Editor has prefixed to his " Re-print " a preface, displaying very considerable research, and exhibiting a mind abundantly stored with information on the " Literary policy " of the Church of Rome. It is " written," he informs us, " in a very promiscuous manner," and is therefore, we apprehend, not very likely to be promiscuously read. The general reader is, for the most part, better pleased to be made acquainted with results than processes. He wishes to arrive speedily at the author's conclusions, and will not be disposed to examine laboriously the evidence by which they are confirmed, until a conviction that they are important, induces in him an interest in their truth. Mr. Gibbings has written, evidently, for persons already predisposed to examine, and has rendered his dissertation the more valuable to them, by the curious and abundant selections which may frighten the listless and superficial from its perusal.

The general truth established by a very large induction of instances cited in the Preface is—that the Church of Rome has found it necessary to falsify the testimony of writers to whom she professedly refers as friends, in order to be protected against their censures. The names of declared enemies are inserted in her *Index Prohibitorius*—their works must remain unread. The *Index Expurgatorius* comprises the names of those whose works may be read, with caution, and with a due observance of ecclesiastical censures and castigations. The works of heretics, and the obstinate readers of them, are given over to the place whence there is no redemption—a species of Purgatory is contrived for transgressors within the pale of the Church, and in that place of penal fire, may be found many whom the ignorant liberalism of our Protestant times, numbers among the most honored champions of Rome, many whose writings have been effectual in removing from the minds of Englishmen that well grounded distrust of Papal error, and intolerance, and intrigue, by which the best and wisest legislators of every country on the earth, except Great Britain, appear, to this day, to be influenced. What a retribution ! that writers who have done Rome the best service, abroad, shall be suffering, at home, within the purgatory of her *Index*. And what blind infatuation in England, to find men, otherwise intelligent, deluded into approbation of Romanism, by charitable sentiments, expressed in writings which, they assume, faithfully represent her character, and which, in truth, she has prohibited her votaries from reading, under penalty of excommunication.† If works like those presented to the public by Mr. Gibbings, are studied,

* An exact Re-print of the Roman *Index Expurgatorius*, the only *Index* of this kind ever published. Edited, with a preface, by Richard Gibbings, A.B. Scholar of T.C.D. Dublin, Milliken and Curry, pp. 608.

† A very remarkable instance of this error, occurred in a debate on the Roman Catholic question in the year 1825—Sir Robert Inglis, in a speech of great power and wisdom, cited among his proofs of the intolerance of the Church of Rome, that the histories of Thuanus were prohibited in the *Index*. The Hon. Baronet was immediately, or in a short interval, followed by Lord Glenelg—then Mr. Charles Grant. How Mr. Grant was engaged while Sir Robert Inglis was speaking, we have no mode of ascertaining—perhaps he was not in the house—perhaps, though in the house, he was also in *his own speech*, and incapable of noticing the arguments to which he was to reply—but, certain it is, he cited charitable sentiments expressed in the prohibited works of Thuanus, and confidently asked of the house if the Church which boasted of such writers, was justly charged with intolerance. And yet—Mr. Grant's were the arguments which prevailed.

we shall be set free from this delusion.

A few examples of the manner in which testimony is to be rendered less disadvantageous to the Church of Rome, and of the manner in which she has unconsciously recorded evidence against herself, may be usefully selected from our author's very numerous citations.

"In the Bibliotheca of Sextus Senensis, Origen is adduced against Transubstantiation, his doctrine is typicum ac symbolicum corpus, (a body in type and symbol.) Let us hear the explanation of Serensis: Suspensor locum fuisse ab hæreticis depravatum—I suspect that the passage has been perverted by heretics."

"Let us now see what has been done to rectify the changes said to have been made by heretics, in the opus imperfectum," (a series of Homilies of Chrysostom, on the Gospel of St. Matthew.) "These words in the 11th Homily: in quibus non est verum corpus Christi, sed mysterium corporis ejus continetur, (in which there is not the true body of Christ, but the mystery of his body is contained,) are entirely left out in the editions of Antwerp, apud Johannem Steelsum, 1537. Paris, apud Johannem Roegry, 1543. Paris, apud Andream Parvum, 1557—though they are in the more ancient editions, one of which is as old as 1487. Again, in the "19th Homily," sacrificium panis et vini, (the sacrifice of the bread and wine) are altered into sacrificium corporis et sanguinis Christi, (the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ.)"

"In 1520, xvii, Kal. Julii Leo 10, published his famous Bull, 'contra errores,' &c. (against the errors of Martin Luther and his followers.) The Pope having said that if the laudable constitutions, confirmed by his predecessors for the extermination of heretics from Germany, were at that time observed, utique hac molestia careremus, (we should not be afflicted with this griev-

ance,) proceeds to extract forty articles from Luther's writings, as specimens, &c. "The latter, Hæreticos comburi est contra voluntatem spiritus." (It is contrary to the Divine will that heretics should be burned.) "All the articles," (this which we have selected included,) "being condemned as pestiferous, pernicious, scandalous, seductive of pious and simple minds, finally, as contrary to all charity,"* &c. &c.

To these instances of fraud and intolerance, adduced by Mr. Gibbings, we shall add one of a different kind, but not less instructive:—"It being thought advisable to deal gently with the early ecclesiastical writers, lest the damnatory volumes should fall into the hands of enemies, the only resource left for those who dreaded the test of Catholic antiquity, was to obliterate all references to hostile passages, and thus prevent every one but the very careful student, from forming true ideas of the doctrines held in former times."† &c.

Mr. Gibbings has cited with merited eulogium, the character of the Church of England, as given by Bishop Jebb, in the appendix to his sermons—a character in which we cordially concur, although we do not think it advisable, as we are sure it is impracticable, that the members of our Church should rest their convictions of its wisdom on the truth of an argument derived from their examination of the records of primitive antiquity. Mr. Gibbings quotes with disapprobation, expressions used by Mr. Finch and Mr. M'Ghee, with respect to those writers who are styled comprehensively, but somewhat vaguely, the Fathers. If the services rendered by Mr. Finch to the cause of truth, by his judicious selections from the works of those early witnesses, were known to the author, he would not, we are sure, have censured, because he would have understood, the full meaning, of the expression he has cited.‡ The contributions of Robert M'Ghee, taken from the works of Ro-

* Preface, p. 11. † Ibid. 81.

‡ Probably there is not in the kingdom, a private library more rich in the treasures of ecclesiastical antiquity, than that of Burleigh on the Hill, the residence of Mr. Finch. But what is more pertinent to the subject, and of much rarer occurrence, the works of the Fathers, in this magnificent collection, have formed part of its accomplished proprietor's studies. The massive tomes have evidently been read and marked, and Mr. Finch has given convincing proofs that he has digested them also. He has not ascribed to them, or to any works of individual writers, an authority which, he thinks, belongs to the Bible alone; but, in their due place, he has shewn a value for the Fathers, and perhaps no man living has made them serve a better use, than he has, by his judicious and abundant and well-ordered selections from their writings.

man Catholic writers, are such as to free us from the necessity of proving that the principle of selection on which he acted was not unwise. For our own parts—we do not refuse the succour which the testimony of early writers affords us, in defence of our pure Church—but we would suggest that that borne by individuals, is not of the highest, or even of secondary authority. After the decisive evidence

of Scripture we would rank—1. *Ancient Creeds*—2. *Approved Liturgies*—3. *Councils*—4. *Individual writers*. That there may be always in our Church, men competent to bring out all that is valuable, in each of these classes is our strong desire—and that works like that of Mr. Gibbings may facilitate their studies, and lighten their labors, we willingly anticipate.

STATE OF THE IRISH CLERGY.

OF the many misrepresentations which the enemies of the Established Church in Ireland have employed to prejudice the minds of the English nation, there is none which they have brought forward with more unblushing effrontery and apparent success than their reiterated misstatements of the real situation of the Irish clergy. By positive assertions—by sneers—by ridicule—by every means, direct and indirect—they have endeavoured to represent them as a body of useless and indolent drones, enjoying an abundance and luxury totally unbecoming ministers of the gospel. They insinuate that the detail of their wrongs and sufferings is altogether imaginary; that the few anxieties which disturb the even tenor of a life of indolent ease and idleness are the natural and necessary consequences of the wanton cruelty with which they exact the payment of an oppressive and exorbitant income, altogether disproportioned to their duties or necessities, and that the frequent and barbarous attacks on themselves and their families, are at least pardonable if not commendable in a poor and persecuted peasantry, whom clerical avarice harasses without mercy or moderation. While the actual state and real character of the Protestant ministers of the gospel has been so grossly misrepresented, and the justice of their complaints so audaciously denied, the Romish priesthood have been described as the truly poor and Christian sufferers; because they are without a national provision, which they are reluctant to accept, *their* poverty is concluded to be necessary, entirely disregarding the enormous amount of the income derived from clerical dues which ecclesiastical ingenuity can exact, and ignorant superstition blindly pay. Because their flock is numerous and poor, *their* labours and duties are concluded to be arduous and important,

entirely forgetting that the number of their flock is assignable to the energy and zeal with which they exert themselves, to perpetuate religious darkness, by preventing the dissemination of the Bible, and the relentless and unchristian intolerance which they excite, by representing the members of every other sect, as doomed heretics, fit only for temporal and eternal destruction.

The object of these misrepresentations is now boldly avowed. It is a common argument in the lips of the enemies of Protestantism, that as England is of the Established Church, Scotland of the Presbyterian, Ireland ought to be of the Roman Catholic. The time is, therefore, come, which is to decide the final fate of the Protestant Clergy, and with them, that of the Established Church in Ireland, and the people of the united kingdom have been appealed to as the arbiters of their destinies. If it shall appear to them that the Protestant Church, so far from being an object of sympathy, for its unmerited sufferings, is only an "oppressive nuisance," as the Corn Exchange association designated it; no doubt such a parliament has been returned, as will support a ministry determined to put it down. If, on the contrary, it shall be made manifest, that a systematic plan has been pursued, to excite persecution against it—that it has succeeded to such an extent, that the incomes of the clergy have been so reduced, in various ways, as to leave them, in many instances, an insufficient support—that even this has been withheld by threats and violence, till it is only at the hazard of their lives the clergy dare to ask for it—that many of their children are educated only by public subscription—that personal violence has assailed them in every way, their churches have been attacked, their congregations expelled, their own persons assaulted, and many murdered with

circumstances of the most shocking cruelty—if, we say, all this has happened, and is happening every day, it is but reasonable to suppose that a ministry who have tacitly permitted, or openly encouraged, such a state of things will no longer be endured by the nation; but such a parliament has been returned, as will dismiss those weak or worthless men, whose designs are so notoriously hostile to the Established Church in England,* and who have already begun its destruction in Ireland, as preparatory to its total abolition.

We affirm, and we do so without fear of contradiction, that the spirit of persecution in the Roman Catholic church—once so bigoted as to pervert every better feeling of the human heart, and so change the very nature of those who were subject to its influence, as to make the otherwise humane and compassionate, exult in human misery and delight in the sufferings of victims, whom, in any other cause, they would deeply pity—that this spirit is still unchanged, however it may be modified by policy or inability—that its great object is still, as it ever was, to establish its own pre-eminence over every other church—that as a preparatory step to its re-establishment, wherever the common sense of mankind, or, as they call it, the blindness of heresy, has denied its supremacy, to assail every other sect, is a duty which it pursues, and is bound to pursue, *per fas et nefas*—that the clergy of every other persuasion are the objects of its most deadly hatred, as the prime movers of all opposition to it—that to deprive these men of the means of living is, not only an allowable, but prescribed method of harassing its greatest enemies—and that,

therefore, the persecution of these inveterate opponents of the true church, should never for a moment be omitted, when means and opportunity present themselves.

The facts on which the first proposition is founded, are so notorious, and so universally admitted, that proof would be superfluous. The most superficial knowledge of the history of Italy or Spain—the two countries in which the popish religion has been cherished in its most unmodified and characteristic form—will supply any one with thousands of instances to confirm it. The inquisition alone affords a striking illustration. There, at the exhibition of an *auto da fe*, people of all sexes flocked to see it, as a spectacle the most delightful and interesting that could be exhibited; and viewed with the highest gratification, the exquisite tortures of hundreds of victims of all ages. Among them were the young and beautiful, as well as the old and venerable, who were never accused of any moral offence, but were known to be highly estimable in every relation of life. We give the instance of an *auto da fe*, because, as Dr. Geddes, who was himself an eyewitness of one at Lisbon, remarks:—“The Portuguese are not, naturally a cruel or savage people, and the joy they exhibit on these occasions, is far from being the effect of any innate cruelty of disposition, but wholly engrafted by the spirit of their religion.” Tracts, vol. 1. p. 450.

That the spirit of religious persecution in Ireland is now as active and vigorous as ever, requires no long proof. Spain and Ireland, boasting of a common origin, and exulting in a common faith, are identified in their efforts to preserve it. Without

* That the hostility of the ministerial faction is not confined to the Irish Church establishment is clearly proved by the following passages in their nominator's letter to Lord Cloncurry:—“The English are the most priest-ridden people on the face of the globe. What then must be the effect of all the political sermons, political speeches, and electioneering tactics of the established clergy in England for these two years? At the last elections they appear to have been the most active electioneering agents of the anti-Irish candidates. The press and the *parsons* of England have not in vain labored to disseminate the worst passions in the English mind. They have produced suitable effects, and the deceived, misled, and envenomed among the county constituency of England, have joined the *parsons*, who boast that they have obtained by the accumulation of all the bad arts of electioneering tactics, virulent poisons, bigotry, bribery, intimidation, and unlimited slander, a considerable majority among the county-representatives of England. The party which have been well called the lie-loving Tories of England have reason to be pleased with the success of their congenial instruments of falsehood and calumny, and are encouraged to increase and multiply the vile means of their success”.—Mr. O'Connell's Letter to Lord Cloncurry. October 12. The meaning and intention of these abusive falsehoods is too plain to need comment.

referring to the deeds of the Spaniards, when they landed at Kinsale, to aid their fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics; without recurring to the period when the flames of persecution burst forth in all their frightful horrors, when the restraint that checked them was removed; without recurring to the massacre of 1641; without recalling the victims dragged from the inquisitorial prison at Wexford to be sacrificed on Wexford bridge, where one man boasted that the never winced while running *heretics* through the body;* without referring to the actual celebration of an *auto da fe*, by the burning of 125 Protestants together, in the barn of Scullabogue; without, in fact, calling in the aid of history, even, to record what happened in our own times and is still recent in the memory of many living witnesses—let us look at what is passing before our eyes, and the dismal terrors which every day present themselves to us.

It is but natural that the hostility of the Catholics should be more immediately directed against the reformed clergy, as against the most dangerous enemies of their religion, when they teach and preach the doctrines of gospel Christianity. They, therefore, have always been selected as the most acceptable victims, when the restraints of law and fear have been removed. One of the first who suffered in the rebellion of 1798, was the Rev. Mr. Heyden, a benevolent and highly respected clergyman in Enniscorthy. Almost the first act of the rebels was to pike this venerable man, who had lived to the age of eighty, honored and revered among them. His body was thrown into the street to be eaten by

pigs, and when some humane hand had buried it, it was dug up again and left in the high way as a spectacle of public scorn. It was said, indeed, that the hostility to the Established Church was the result of the civil disability of the Roman Catholics—Grant emancipation, cried the Whigs, and “the Church in Ireland will be as safe as the Church in Yorkshire”—nearly nine years have elapsed since the passing of the healing measure—and is the malignant spirit of hatred abated? Let us look to the situation of the Irish clergy for an answer.

The Protestants of Ireland will not easily forget the effrontery of the Romish prelate, who some time since challenged the bishop of Gloucester “to state the name and residence of any clergyman who had been assaulted, much less murdered.” The writer of this notice was at the pains of selecting a few instances out of the cases of the many clergymen, who, for eight years, have been the victims of a persevering and incessant persecution. The abstract which we publish is not put forward with any pretence to be a complete or even a tolerably full list. The enumeration made is without access to any peculiar sources of information, it may indeed be taken rather as a sample than a catalogue; but it will furnish at least some instances of the security which emancipation conferred upon the church. Every one who is at all acquainted with any district in Ireland will probably be able to add numerous instances from his own local knowledge. Our catalogue is derived from various sources of information. We give the localities and dates following as nearly as possible in the order of events:—

* This saying is attributed to Dixon, a shipowner, and a man of some property and influence. It is deeply to be regretted, that while others suffered the just reward of their crimes, this execrable monster escaped with impunity to another country. At the burning of Scullabogue, a circumstance occurred, which, from its striking similarity to one of the horrors recorded of a Spanish *auto da fe*, strongly marks the identity of that diabolical feeling which religious intolerance has always engendered in the Roman Catholic church. At one celebration at Madrid, a young female, under the impression of her dreadful feelings, was seized with premature labour, and actually delivered at the stake. The child was born alive, but, instead of being preserved, was flung back into the flames, by the officers of the inquisition. An unfortunate woman, shut up in the barn at Scullabogue, had an infant at her breast; and, when the flames surrounded her, her first feeling was to save her child. She struggled forward, and threw it out over the half door, hoping that some one outside would take it up and preserve it. It was immediately thrust through with a pike, and hurled back into the flames, to be consumed with its heretic mother, and, it is added, the deed was applauded by the shouts of the bystanders.—See the evidence of R. Sylvester, on the trial of P. Fardy, &c. The common Irish are, naturally, a humane people, and their affection for children is proverbial. What then could so change their nature, but that demoniac spirit of religious intolerance, which ever has been and is at this moment producing similar effects?

Name.	Date.	Place.	Outrage.
Rev. Mr. Gookl	1st July	Fianoe, Co. Tip.	When driving home from the bishop of Killarney's, attacked by four armed men, and narrowly escaped.
-- Mr. Hyde	26th April	Killarney	Attacked in his church
-- Mr. Davoren	29th July	Kiltanaghty glebe	House attacked; much property maliciously destroyed.
-- Mr. Russell	15th Sept.	Clogher	House attacked, and a quantity of his corn burned.
-- A. Whitty	20th Sept.		Rockite notices, &c., threatening all who dared to work for him.
-- Mr. P. Thompson			House entered; property destroyed; among the rest a desk containing valuable papers.
-- Mr. Goings*	October	Therliff, Tipperary	Most savagely murdered close to his own house on his return from Thurles
-- H. Hamilton	30th Dec. 1830	Near Knocktopher	A body of insurgents who called themselves hurlers, marched through the country, demanding abatement of tithes, &c., and doing various malicious acts of mischief to the property of the clergy.
-- Mr. Pack			
-- Dr. Butler, and most of the clergy in the neighbourhood			
-- Mr. Willis	28th Feb. 1831	Rosbercon, Kilkenny.	Attacked on his way home, and his carriage shattered with stones.
-- Mr. Grace	3rd April	Kilkenny, Limerick	House attacked, and himself forced to swear to leave the place.
-- W. Butler	25th May	Doon	House entered; much malicious mischief done; his steward sworn to quit his service in 24 hours.
-- Mr. Pemcock	End of Sept.	Moate Banagher	The stewards, &c. of the clergy began to be assailed as well as their masters; the steward of the former gentleman was fired at, and of the latter, murdered.
-- D. Seymour			Stable and out offices maliciously burned.
-- J. Rynor	Dec. 15th	Sier Ryan glebe, diocese of Ossory	
-- F. French	Jan. 15, 1833		While officiating in church, his house was attacked and plundered
-- J. Whitty	Jan. 24th	Golden, in diocese of Cashel	When returning from visiting the sick bed of one of his parishioners, most savagely murdered; his family surprised at his long absence, sending to search for him, found him in a ditch as if he had been pursued and hunted down like a mad dog.
-- G. Houston	Oct. 25th	Felghcullen, near Naas	Murdered while overseeing his own workmen in his own lawn. Though the assassin was so deliberate as to cock his pistol when it missed fire, none of the workmen dared either to prevent the murder or arrest the murderer.
-- R. Langrish	April 1st	Knocktopher	Threatened with death if he did not give possession of some land to a man called Clooney.
-- Mr. Coote	April 30th	Doone, Limerick	Attacked on his return home, and narrowly escaped; his servant was also attacked.
-- N. H. Mandeville	Sept. 9th	Kilbeacon	Waylaid on his road to Mullinagh, and escaped only by the stone's wounding his horse instead of himself.
-- Mr. Gookl.	Oct. 2nd	Borrisokane	When the ruffians could not find the gentleman himself, they beat his son in a most inhuman manner, and left him for dead on the road.
-- Mr. Ferguson	Dec. 14th	Timoleague	Attacked on his way to Bandon; endeavouring to escape he took refuge in a house, from which he was dragged out by the assassins, and barbarously murdered.
-- Chs. Caulfield	Dec. 14th	Woodagift	Knocked from his horse and left weltering in his blood upon the ground
-- Mr. Lloyd	Evening of same day	Powerstown	House attacked; but being well defended, the assailants after firing some shots departed.
-- R. Cooke	Dec. 13th	Thomastown, Kilkenny	House broken into, and furniture maliciously destroyed.
-- R. Gram	Dec. 30th	Kilkenny	House broken into; himself assaulted and compelled to surrender all his fire arms, &c.
-- A. Irwin	Jan. 22nd 1833	Thomastown	House violently attacked: but being resolutely defended, the assailants were forced to retire.
-- Mr. Lawrence	May 28th	Littletown, Tip.	House attacked in the same manner.
-- W. Scott	Sept. 2nd	Pallas-green Limerick	Waylaid and fired at.
-- M. Clarke	Oct. 9th	Shrone hill, Tip.	Property attacked, and many valuable trees, &c., maliciously destroyed.
-- Th. Caulfield	Oct. 29th	Waterstown	Waylaid and attacked with stones, &c.; one stone weighing 4lb, burst the panel of his gig, and was afterwards found in the bottom; had it struck him, as was intended, his death was certain.
-- Mr. Ferguson	Dec. 30th	Near Carlow	Attacked and pelted with stones, escaping only by the goodness of his horse.
-- H. Stannard	26th Dec.	Ballydowall, Kilkenny	His steward attacked, and savagely beaten.

* If any thing could add to the horrors of such an assassination, it is the cold-blooded exultation of the perpetrators, who seem to have been assisted by others, more intelligent than the bloody instruments of such atrocities usually are. An epigram was posted up of which the words were:

"Whitty and Goings are now all as one;
For Whitty is going and Goings is gone."

Name.	Date.	Place.	Outrage.
Rev. J. Spray	26th January following		Steward's house attacked, and fired into.
— H. Whitty	7th Jan. 1834		Attacked while travelling with his servant ; but being well mounted, they escaped.
— J. Armstrong	Feb. 23rd	Ballyphilip, Tip.	Waylaid, and fired at.
— Mr. Lloyd	Feb. 23rd	Fernor, Tipperary	Shot fired at him, while in his house, through the drawing room window.
— J. Murphy	Feb. 1835	Killtullagh, co. Kerry	Attacked while returning from a funeral, and severely wounded with a stone on the head.
— Mr. Dawson	June 2nd	Ballincurry Limerick	While walking across a field, attacked by three men, and murdered.
— Mr. Hogg	Dec. 1836	Cloone, Leitrim	House burned, and himself fired at while endeavouring to escape.
— Mr. Thackery	Feb. 3rd 1837	Louth	House attacked.
— Mr. Short	—	Clonmethan, near Dublin	Church attacked, and the similar assault threatened on his house and family.
— Mr. Drought	Feb. 19th	Kerry	Attacked, while walking in a field with a brother clergyman, by four men, and both narrowly escaped being murdered.
Church	Feb. 19th	Wexford	Faith church sacrilegiously broken into, and ransacked.
Rev. Mr. Cox	July 2nd	Kildare town	Stable and out offices maliciously burned. Near the same time the premises of the Rev. Mr. Cramp were set on fire.
Church	July 9th	Rathospeck, Queen's co.	The windows had been repeatedly broken ; but on this day a crowd assembled outside ; and by shouting, &c. first interrupted the service ; then entered, and obliged the congregation to leave the church.
Rev. Mr. Gregg	August 13th	Swift's alley, Dub.	A stone was flung through the window which passed close by his head, and fell into the pulpit where he was preaching.
— Mr. Armstrong	—	Tipperary	When returning from the election was dragged out of his carriage and grossly insulted. One puffian spit in his face.
— Mat. Clarke	19th Oct.	Ballybo, Monagh.	Attacked on his return from Clone market, and savagely beaten.
— Mr. Athill	27th Sept.	Ardara, Ferman.	Carriage attacked and broken with stones. He fortunately was not in the carriage, and thus escaped.
Church	Oct.	New Ross	Evening service at St. Mary's church ; interrupted by a stone flung through the church window. Rosbercon churchyard door had been maliciously nailed up in the morning in order to insult and annoy the congregation.

Of this gloomy catalogue we must again observe, first, that it does not contain at most one half of the outrages committed against the clergy of the established church, their houses, families, and places of worship ; in the latter part it is particularly defective. In the second place, it does not include any instances of those less tangible, but more harassing means of persecution which it is impossible to assign to any distinct locality or date. Such, for example, are the hootings and insults, or at best, the marked disrespect and hostility of the peasantry, who are taught by the friends of the present administration to regard the clergy as their most malignant and determined enemies, even while their benevolence and charity practically give the lie to their calumniators and meekly reprove the credulous ingratitude of the objects they relieve. We have also wholly omitted what might form a very large item indeed in a complete list, viz. the thousands of instances of pecuniary distress and domestic privation, which the sudden cessation of clerical incomes has created. To these we might add, the daily fear and anxiety for their chil-

dren and domestics which the consciousness of their perilous situation must create in the minds of those who are unhappily placed in the more disturbed districts, among the more violent supporters of her Majesty's ministers, and the constant suspicions which past experience and present events can not fail to create. These sources of misery, though they are practically much more effectual instruments of persecution, than the more brutal atrocities of which the law takes notice and are more harassing and dangerous because it is impossible to escape or prevent them, cannot, for obvious reasons, be detailed ; they never come before the public, and are known only by observing the individual sufferers. Our list is, therefore, given only as a specimen, and a very defective one, of the more tangible evils to which the clergy have been and are still exposed. It contains, however, more than 50 open attacks made, almost with impunity on the lives and properties of clergymen.

We must remark also that to the attacks on the Protestant clergy and Protestant places of worship we might add many collateral evidences of the undying intolerance to every thing

connected with the reformed religion in Ireland, even beside the Bible burnings so exultingly recorded ; such, for instance, as the following :—On Wednesday, August 23rd, a number of persons assembled at the religious tract society in New-street, Kilkenny, shouting and insulting with opprobrious names those who were in the shop. They also set fire to a Bible they had brought with them, and threw the burning leaves into the shop, hoping to set fire to something there. Some persons seeing the commotion were at first inclined to interfere ; but being told it “was only Bible burning,” went on.

How much the Whig policy which has engendered, and still nurtures this frightful spirit of religious animosity, has to answer for, will be made more evident by a contrast which it is in almost every one's power to make. It is not so long since the Protestant clergy, and their Roman Catholic parishioners, lived on terms of perfect amity and good-will. The feelings of kindness which the Irish naturally entertain for all who take an interest in their welfare, and that real regard which the clergy of the established church never failed to show for all their poorer neighbours, without distinction, had established in the Irish parishes, with *very few* exceptions, a mutual attachment. The Protestant clergy resident in their respective parishes, supplied the place of many an absentee landlord—what they received in tithe was again reimbursed in various ways among those who gave it. They employed those near them to supply all their wants, and so far were they from making religious distinctions, that it has been frequently made a subject of complaint, that they gave a preference to Roman Catholic artisans, because they generally seemed most to want it. Many who had studied medicine for the purpose, used to give gratuitous attendance to the poor, who could obtain no other medical advice, and thus created a kind and affectionate feeling, by visiting the sick bed of those with whom they had no medium of intercourse as spiritual pastors. In fact, the heart of the poor man, unwarped by the demoniac spirit engendered by agitation, was open as his door to the Protestant minister, for he knew, and felt, he had in him a kind friend ; so strong was this mutual confidence, that, in matters of property, the Protestant clergyman was ge-

nerally fixed upon by those of another persuasion, as the most fit person to confide in, and the trifling sums paid by the poor in tithe, were amply repaid by the many kind offices, and temporal services he was enabled to confer upon them. As a proof of the kindly feelings which then existed between the professors of both religions, we select the following public testimony of a Roman Catholic priest to the merits of a Protestant minister—we might add many such, but one is sufficient.—“It is *with great pleasure* I add my signature to the above well merited testimonial. His charitable exertions among the numerous poor of this parish have been to my knowledge equally humane, liberal, and indefatigable. Richard Benson, parish priest. *Saunders' News Letter*, Aug. 8, 1819.

Such was the state of things when resistance to tithe was selected as the fittest engine of ministerial agitation in Ireland ; How altered is it now ? Every one's experience will supply him with cases to illustrate and strengthen the contrast ; we will quote only one example which has come under our own observation ; for many obvious reasons we abstain from giving the clergyman's name, but to the truth of the narrative we can pledge ourselves.

The Rev. — and his amiable family, distinguished for every charitable and benevolent feeling, were equally remarkable for their liberality. It had always been their pride to be esteemed the friends of the poor of every creed, and to relieve distress in every form, in the parish where they resided. When the Rev. — was first appointed to his present benefice in the south of Ireland, he voluntarily made a considerable reduction in the income which his predecessor had received. The act was highly and publicly applauded, and he and his family were held up as examples of generosity and liberality. The parish priest, as had always been the custom with him, was a constant guest in his house, on terms of the greatest apparent intimacy and friendship, and the almoner on whose recommendation charity was always bestowed. When tithe agitation commenced, and anti-tithe meetings were held in all the neighbouring parishes, his *friend*, the priest, expressed his total disapproval of them, asserting he would not countenance such things for a moment, in his parish. What, therefore, was Mr. —'s surprise to find in the public papers, a report of an anti-

tithe meeting, convened in the parish by the priest himself, in which his reverence held forth in a most violent harangue against the Protestant establishment, and made the Rev. — himself the subject of a most virulent philippic? Remonstrance for his treacherous conduct changed him from an insidious friend to an open enemy. An idle fellow had been ejected from a farm for non-payment of rent, and Father — represented to his flock, that this was the act of the Rev. —. Indignant at such a falsehood, and knowing what serious injury such a prejudice would do him among his poorer parishioners, the Rev. — procured from the landlord, who was one of the leading gentry of the county, a written statement that he had not the remotest concern in the ejection. With this he called upon the priest and requested that, as he had been misinformed, he would retract what he had said. "Oh!" said Father —, "never mind; it will wear away of itself, and the less said about it the better." "No, no," said Mr. —, "you have done me a serious injury, and I call upon you, as an honest man, to repair it in the same manner as you have inflicted it." Thus pressed, the priest *did* read the landlord's statement from the altar, and when he had concluded, added, "now, boys, I have read the statement because I thought it right to do so, but you may believe as much of it as you like." Such an active and uncompromising agent soon succeeded in exciting persecution against Mr. —, and this amiable and excellent clergyman became an object of the most inveterate hatred, and perpetual insult; his tithe, formerly paid not only regularly but cheerfully, was altogether withheld, and he dared not ask for it; he and his family were booted at and pelted whenever they stirred from home, till it became too dangerous to remain longer in the parish, and they were forced to leave it. When the insurrection act—that miraculous spasm of energy that once seized the apathetic Whigs—succeeded in some measure in quieting the country, they returned. Though very daring outrages were prevented by the strong arm of the law, they were not protected from the less open persecution to which they had before been subject. A woman being killed by lightning in the parish, the Rev. — used this circumstance in his sermon, on the following Sunday, as an

illustration of the insecurity of human life. The next week he saw, in a provincial paper, a statement, that he had asserted in his sermon, that the death by lightning, in his parish, was a visitation from God, for the woman's not having paid her tithe. A remonstrance with the editor obliged him to retract this assertion; but it was generally understood that the libel originated with Mr. —'s former friend, the parish priest, who had recourse to this petty meanness in order to annoy his benefactor. Nor was it only to such petty vexations he was subjected. Though his circumstances were changed his kind disposition remained still unaltered, and when the court of exchequer vindicated its right to afford relief to the distressed clergy, he was unwilling to have recourse to so harsh a remedy. Though he had suffered considerable embarrassment from the sudden cessation of his income, he was willing to accept a very small moiety of the three years' arrear of tithe due to him. He sent a friendly letter, conveying this offer to the defaulters, and, lest it might have at all the appearance of legal hostility, he sent it by his own son. He was proceeding from house to house, in the most conciliatory manner, when the whole country was raised against him; he was assailed with apades, pitchforks and stones, and most narrowly escaped being murdered, having to ride several miles at full speed before he was secure from his pursuers. Thus, while the ministerial journals were boasting of the universal peace and good will tranquil Ireland exhibits, was this most inoffensive and exemplary man maliciously libelled for preaching the gospel, and his son almost murdered for being the agent of his father's kindness.

This, then, is a picture—a real picture—to which we might find a thousand parallels, of the state to which the Irish clergy are reduced. For their situation the Whigs are alone accountable. They first suggested resistance to the payment of their incomes, and then encouraged an active and sanguinary crusade against their persons. Such a detail is sufficient to prove that the duty of a clergyman is far from being that overpaid and indolent sinecure which it has been represented, even if we admit the extravagant estimate commonly formed of the revenue of the church; but the truth is, that the clergy are more inadequately paid than any body of men in the kingdom, of

equal intelligence and respectability. The following simple calculation shews that the income of the ministers of the Established Church, is, on an average, less than £250 per annum; the facts on which it is formed are taken from Erck's Ecclesiastical Registry.

The tithes of Ireland, averaged even at one shilling per acre, their utmost value amount to £597,150. This, divided by 2450, the total number of parishes in Ireland, gives an income of £243 and a few shillings, per annum, to each. There are, however, 718 either wholly, or the greater part, inappropriate; suppose 710 wholly so, and deduct £172,530, the produce of these averaged at £243. There remains, then, £424,620 to be divided among 1977, the total number of beneficed clergymen, and curates in Ireland; that is not quite £215 per annum to each. All other sources of revenue to the parochial clergy, including glebes, glebe-lands, &c. do not amount to £35 additional, to each clergyman, though rated at their highest value. In many parishes, high rents are paid for the glebe land, and many have no glebes at all. Thus it appears, that the average income of the clergy cannot exceed £250 per annum; and this calculation is confirmed by the report of the ecclesiastical commissioners, so far as it goes. The returns are made, as yet, only for two provinces, Armagh and Tuam; of 500 benefices, in the former, 74 are worth less than £100 a-year, one amounts to £2,000; of 102 benefices, in the latter, 10 are worth less than £100 a-year, and only 2 amount to £1000. The incomes of all the larger benefices, we must remember, are necessarily divided with curates. The calculation which thus gives £250 a year, as the average income of the Irish clergy is, we are aware, founded on data very considerably above the truth. But we wish to put the case upon grounds to which our opponents can take no exception, and certainly we calculated the income of the clergy at its very utmost amount.

When we consider that the Protestant clergy are selected from the most respectable class of society; that they always enjoy the advantages of a most expensive education; and when we reflect how few, practicing at any other learned profession, would accept the scanty provision of £250, we have reason to be surprised with the poverty, and not the riches of the church. But how very moderate

the provision for the Protestant establishment is, will appear more strikingly by comparison with the boasted poverty of the Romish priesthood—men who, unlike the Protestant clergy, are generally chosen from the lower classes of society, and are usually as ill-educated as they are humbly born—whose expectancies, therefore, in any other line of life, should reasonably be far more moderate.

THE COMPUTED REVENUES OF THE IRISH CHURCH ARE,

Income of 1977 clergymen, derived from all the sources of glebes, glebe-lands, tithes, &c., as shown above	£494,350
Value of the Archbishops and Bishops' Seats in Ireland, including those from whose suppression the funds formerly collected by parish cess and first fruits are supplied, according to Ecclesiastical Commissioners' return	123,308
All ecclesiastical corporations, economy estates, dignities, prebends, vicar coral-ships, &c., according to ecclesiastical commissioners' return	52,541
Total	£675,599

COMPUTED REVENUE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.

Each person of a population rated at 6,000,000, going to confession twice in the year, giving 1s. each time	£600,000
Altar money, &c., at festivals, from 6,000,000, averaged at 1s. each, per annum	300,000
Christenings, burials, &c., average 12 each year, in 3000 parishes, at each of which a collection averaging £10 is made	360,000
Collections for Coadjutors, in 2000 chapels, made once a year, averaging £5	10,000
Prayers for dead, &c. &c. in 2,000 chapels	100,000
Maynooth	9,000
Total	£1,269,000

The rates in this calculation are probably far below the real amount; they are not nearly half those given by reformed Roman Catholic clergymen, the best authority on such matters. We have also wholly omitted subscriptions for chapels, and the immense sums expended on the regular clergy and religious houses, which, if included, would probably swell the amount to £2,000,000. We have also omitted the houses of the Romish priests, though we have included the glebes of the Protestant clergy.

We have already said that, in our estimate, the amount of tithe is over-rated—sixpence per acre is a common rate in the west of Ireland; and there are immense districts of mountain, bog, &c. which pay none. Yet from the comparative view, as given above, it appears that, notwithstanding the vaunted poverty of the Romish

priesthood, their revenues are double those of the Established clergy.

Nor can it be said that the enormous contributions of the Catholics are paid voluntarily, while those of the Established Church are wrung from a peasantry reluctant to pay them. It is notorious that there is no terror in this life, or the life to come, to which the priesthood have not recourse, in order to enforce their dues. "Compulsion for payment," says Mr. Nolan, "is often resorted to by the priests, where their benevolence should be extended; and money is frequently extorted by them where their charity should be exercised." Denunciations from the altar not only expose their victims to the bigoted persecution of their neighbours, but there are instances of Roman Catholics excommunicated for the non-payment of these vexatious and intolerable burdens, and forced to appeal to the laws of the land, from the tyranny of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

Low as the incomes of the Protestant clergy are, they have been made the objects of injustice, to which the revenues of no other body of men have ever been liable. Every benefice in Ireland is subject to the following deductions—

- 8½ per cent for change of currency.
- 15 per cent for landlord's paying the tithe.
- 10 per cent for its collection.
- 3 per cent nearly for fees, diocesan schools, and other charges on particular benefices.

If to these inevitable deductions we add 10 per cent for tithe uncollected even in the best circumstanced parishes; if we consider, too, in how many there are no glebes,* or glebe lands, or fees of any kind payable on burials, &c. even where the Protestant population amounts to from 800 to 1200, who require the constant visits of the clergyman—it will appear that the clergyman's income is altogether inadequate to his duties, frequently even to supply the common decencies of life.

If such be the situation of those whose reduced income is paid with some degree of regularity, what must have been the state of destitution of those from whom it was wholly cut off,

and withheld. It would be superfluous, as it would be painful, to dwell on the miserable consequences of men educated in all the refinements of life, and depending on a certain income to support their station, being suddenly reduced to a state of absolute pauperism.

Two years ago a prelate of the Irish church gave the following description of their sufferings. The letter is too beautiful and simple to be forgotten—

"The Palace of Tuam, Oct. 23, 1835.

"MADAM,—In acknowledging the receipt of £30 from Mr. —, and £20 from your ladyship, I cannot but express how highly honoured and grateful I feel for the privilege of being (under God) the instrument in your hands of putting these sums to the account of my *poor afflicted* brothers in Christ Jesus. I could not describe to your ladyship what all the clergy in Ireland (excepting, perhaps, those in a very small district in the north, and others that may have some private resources, of which there are *very few*) are feeling. I know of some whose sons have been reduced to the necessity of tilling their glebe land, and planting their potatoes, *now* the *only* subsistence of their families. Many there are that have been obliged to give up animal food altogether, and whose children are confined to their houses for want of shoes, and even the apparel which decency renders imperative. Some have been compelled to relinquish the education of their children; some have been forced, at great inconvenience, to borrow money to pay the premium upon the insurance of their lives, to make future provision for their families; and some have been constrained to give notice to their curates of their inability to pay their salaries, which must issue in closing the doors of their churches. In short, madam, a *more destitute and persecuted* body, *unprotected* (to say the *least*) by their *natural guardians*, could not be found in *all the world*. They endure with patience the wrongs they undergo, and *many* take joyfully this spoiling of their goods, and rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer in the cause of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I confidently trust, that the Lord will direct me to be a faithful almoner of your most liberal bounty. The Lord's grace be with you. Amen.—I have the honour to be, your ladyship's faithful and much obliged,

"POWER TUAM, &c."

* Particularly in the county of Wicklow, where the Protestant population varies from 700 to 1400 in each parish, the duty is incessant and laborious; yet the incomes are so reduced, that many rectors are obliged to dismiss their curates, from inability to pay them.

But the sufferings of the Irish clergy meet with no compassion, they but provoke the cold and unfeeling sneers, or the coarse and brutal exultation of the very men who caused their distress. The reply of Lord J. Russell and the Whigs, in the House of Commons, to such representations, and of Dr. M'Hale and his priests, to say nothing of the radical press, are as strong an illustration of the heartless spirit of party triumph as could any where be found. "It is thus," said Lord J. Russell, "that a gentleman in the Spectator, who had been reading a number of medical books, in consequence of perusing a work on asthma, imagined himself for three weeks affected with the disorder; and, in consequence of reading a great many treatises on the gout, had all the symptoms *except the pain*." And to

ridicule the remonstrance of the Irish clergy, literally dying of want, and in daily fear of being murdered, he adds another joke—

"There's such a charm in melancholy,
They would not, if they could, be gay."

The heart turns sickened from such unfeeling cruelty. Let one more specimen suffice. The Rev. Father Kehoe, in the chapel of Loughlin Bridge, on Sunday, 14th of June, 1836, said—"The Protestant clergy are now very different from what they were. They are no longer the fine gentlemen they used to be. They are in a hobble, and we will put them in a greater hobble; for instead of bringing up their sons and daughters to be gentlemen and ladies, they will be glad to bring them up to be tradesmen and labourers like yourselves, boys."

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XI.

OH! DUBLIN—Air, "*The Groves of Blarney*."

O! Dublin, sure, there is no doubtin',
Beats every city upon the "say;"
'Tis there you'll see O'Connell sporting,
And Lady Morgan making "tay."
For 'tis the "capital" of the greatest nation,
With finest pisantry, on a fruitful sod—
Fighting like "devils" for conciliation,
And hating each other for the "love of God."

Ballad sung by Spring Rice, at the Cabinet Dinner,
with much applause.

It was upon a fine cheery morning in the early part of May, 18—, that I once more found myself in Dublin, *en route* to join, on the expiration of my leave. Since my departure, my regiment had been ordered to Kilkenny, that sweet city, so famed in song for its "fire without smoke;" but which, were its character in any way to derive from its past or present representative, might certainly, with more propriety, reverse the epithet, and read "smoke without fire." My last communication from head-quarters was full of nothing but gay doings—balls, dinners, dejeunes, and, more than all, private theatricals seemed to occupy the entire attention of every man of the gallant—th. I was earnestly entreated to come, without waiting for the end of my leave—that several of my old

"parts" were kept open for me; and that, in fact, the "boys of Kilkenny" were on tip-toe in expectation for my arrival, as though his Majesty's mail were to convey a Siddons or a Kemble. I shuddered a little as I read this, and recollected "my last appearance on any stage"—little anticipating, at the moment, that my next was to be nearly as productive of the ludicrous, as time and my confessions shall show. One circumstance, however, gave me considerable pleasure. It was this:—I took it for granted that, in the varied and agreeable occupations which so pleasurable a career opened, my adventures in love would escape notice, and that I should escape the merciless raillery my two failures, in six months, might reasonably be supposed to call forth. I therefore wrote a hurried note

to Curzon, setting forth the great interest all their proceedings had for me, and assuring him that my stay in town should be as short as possible, for that I longed once more to "strut the monarch of the boards," and concluded with a sly paragraph, artfully intended to act as a paratonnere to the gibes and jests which I dreaded, by endeavouring to make light of my matrimonial speculations. The postscript ran somewhat thus—"Glorious fun have I had since we met; but were it not that my good angel stood by me, I should write these hurried lines with a wife at my elbow; but luck, that never yet deserted, is still faithful to your old friend, H. Lorrequer." My reader may suppose—for he is sufficiently behind the scenes with me—with what feelings I penned these words; yet anything was better than the attack I looked forward to: and I should rather have changed into the Cape Rifle Corps, or any other army of martyrs, than met my mess with all the ridicule my late proceedings exposed me to.—Having disburthened my conscience of this dread, I finished my breakfast, and set out on a stroll through the town.

I believe it is Coleridge who somewhere says, that to transmit the first bright and early impressions of our youth, fresh and uninjured to a remote period of life, constitutes one of the loftiest prerogatives of genius. If this be true—and I am not disposed to dispute it—what a gifted people must be the worthy inhabitants of Dublin; for I scruple not to affirm, that of all cities of which we have any record in history, sacred or profane, there is not one so little likely to disturb the tranquil current of such reminiscences. "As it was of old, so is it now," enjoying a delightful permanency in all its habits and customs, which no changes elsewhere disturb or affect; and in this respect I defy O'Connell and all the tail to refuse it the epithet of "Conservative." Had the excellent Rip Van Winkle, instead of seeking his repose upon the cold and barren acclivities of the Kaatskills—as we are veritably informed by Irving—but betaken himself to a comfortable bed at Morrison's or the Bilton, not only would he have enjoyed a more agreeable siesta, but, what the event showed of more consequence, the pleasing satisfaction of not being disconcerted by novelty on his awakening. It is possible that the waiter who brought him the water to shave—for Rip's beard, we are told,

had grown uncommonly long—might exhibit a little of that wear and tear which humanity is liable to from time; but had he questioned him as to the ruling topics—the popular amusements of the day—he would have heard, as he might have done twenty years before, that there was a meeting to convert Jews at the Rotunda; another to rob parsons at the Corn Exchange; that the Viceroy was dining with the Corporation, and congratulating them on the prosperity of Ireland, while the inhabitants were regaled with a procession of the "broad ribbon weavers," that had not weaved—heaven knows when! This, with an occasional letter from Mr. O'Connell, and now and then a duel in the "Phaynix," constituted the current pastimes of the city. Such, at least, were they in my day; and, though far from the dear locale, an odd flitting glance at the newspapers induces me to believe that matters are not much changed since.

I rambled through the streets for some hours, revolving such thoughts as pressed upon me involuntarily by all I saw. The same little grey homunculus that filled my "prince's mixture" years before, stood behind the counter at Lundy Foot's, weighing out rappee and high toast, just as I last saw him.—The fat college porter, that I used to mistake in my school-boy days for the Provost, God forgive me!—was there as fat and as ruddy as heretofore, and wore his Roman costume of helmet and plush breeches with an air as classic. The old state trumpeter at the castle, another object of my youthful veneration—poor "old God save the King," as we used to call him—walked the streets as of old; his cheeks, indeed, a little more lanky and tendinous; but then there had been many viceregal changes, and the "one sole melody his heart delighted in," had been more frequently called in requisition, as he marched in solemn state with the other antique gentlemen in tabards. As I walked along, each moment some old and early association being suggested by the objects around, I felt my arm suddenly seized. I turned hastily round, and beheld a very old companion in many a hard-fought field and merry bivouack, Tom O'Flaherty, of the —th. Poor Tom was sadly changed since we last met, which was at a ball in Madrid. He was then one of the best-looking fellows of his "style" I ever met—tall and athletic, with the easy bearing of a man of the world, and

a certain jauntiness that I have never seen but in Irishmen who have mixed much in society.

There was also a certain peculiar devil-may-care recklessness about the self-satisfied swagger of his gait, and the free and easy glance of his sharp black eye, united with a temper that nothing could ruffle, and a courage nothing could daunt. With such qualities as these, he had been the prime favourite of his mess, to which he never came without some droll story to relate, or some choice expedient for future amusement. Such had Tom once been; now he was much altered; and, though the quiet twinkle of his dark eye showed that the spirit of fun within was not "dead, but only sleeping," to myself, who knew something of his history, it seemed almost cruel to awaken him to anything which might bring him back to the memory of by-gone days. A momentary glance showed me that he was no longer what he had been, and that the unfortunate change in his condition, the loss of all his earliest and oldest associates, and his blighted prospects, had nearly broken a heart that never deserted a friend, nor quailed before an enemy. Poor O'Flaherty was no more the delight of the circle he once adorned; the wit that "set the table in a roar" was all but departed—he had been dismissed the service!! The story is a brief one:—

In the retreat from Burgos, the — Light Dragoons, after a most fatiguing day's march, halted at the wretched village of Cabenas. It had been deserted by the inhabitants the day before, who, on leaving, had set it on fire; and the blackened walls and fallen roof trees, were nearly all that now remained to show where the little hamlet had once stood.

Amid a downpour of rain that had fallen for several hours, drenched to the skin, cold, weary, and nearly starving, the gallant —th reached this melancholy spot at nightfall, with little better prospect of protection from the storm than the barren heath through which their road led might afford them. Among the many who muttered curses, not loud but deep, on the wretched termination to their day's suffering, there was one who kept up his usual good spirits, and not only seemed himself nearly regardless of the privations and miseries about him, but actually succeeded in making the others who rode alongside, as perfectly for-

getful of their annoyances and troubles as was possible under such circumstances. Good stories, joking allusions to the more discontented ones of the party, ridiculous plans for the night's encampment, followed each other so rapidly, that the weariness of the way was forgotten; and while some were cursing their hard fate, that ever betrayed them into such misfortunes, the little group round O'Flaherty were almost convulsed with laughter at the wit and drollery of one over whom, if the circumstances had any influence, seemed only to heighten his passion for amusement. In the early part of the morning he had captured a turkey, which hung gracefully from his holster on one side, while a small goat-skin of Valencia wine balanced it on the other. These good things were destined to form a feast that evening, to which he had invited four others; that being, according to his most liberal calculation, the greatest number to whom he could afford a reasonable supply of wine. When the halt was made, it took some time to arrange the dispositions for the night; and it was nearly midnight before all the regiment had got their billets and were housed, even with such scanty accommodation as the place afforded. Tom's guests had not yet arrived, and he himself was busily engaged in roasting the turkey before a large fire, on which stood a capacious vessel of spiced wine, when the party appeared. A very cursory reconnaissance through the house, one of the only ones untouched in the village, showed that, from the late rain, it would be impossible to think of sleeping in the lower story, which already showed signs of being flooded; they therefore proceeded in a body up stairs, and what was their delight to find a most comfortable room, neatly furnished with chairs, and a table; but, above all, a large old-fashioned bed, an object of such luxury as only an old campaigner can duly appreciate. The curtains were closely tucked in all round, and, in their fleeting and hurried glance, they felt no inclination to disturb them, and rather proceeded to draw up the table before the hearth, to which they speedily removed the fire from below; and, ere many minutes, with that activity which a bivouack life invariably teaches, their supper smoked before them, and five happier fellows did not sit down that night within a large circuit around. Tom was unusually great; stores of drollery unlocked before, poured from him unceasingly, and

what with his high spirits to excite them, and the reaction inevitable after a hard day's severe march, the party soon lost the little reason that usually sufficed to guide them, and became as pleasantly tipsy as can well be conceived. However, all good things must have an end, and so had the wine-skin. Tom had placed it affectionately under his arm like a bag-pipe, and failed, with even a most energetic squeeze, to extract a drop; there was now nothing for it but to go to rest, and indeed it seemed the most prudent thing for the party. The bed became accordingly a subject of grave deliberation; for as it could only hold two, and the party were five, there seemed some difficulty in submitting their chances to lot, which all agreed was the fairest way. While this was under discussion, one of the party had approached the contested prize, and, taking up the curtains, proceeded to jump in—when, what was his astonishment to discover that it was already occupied. The exclamation of surprise he gave forth, soon brought the others to his side; and to their horror, drunk as they were, they found that the body before them was that of a dead man, arrayed in all the ghastly pomp of a corpse. A little nearer inspection showed that he had been a priest, probably the Padre of the village; on his head he had a small velvet skull cap, embroidered with a cross, and his body was swathed in a vestment, such as priests usually wear at the mass; in his hand he held a large wax taper, which appeared to have burned only half down, and probably been extinguished by the current of air on opening the door. After the first brief shock which this sudden apparition had caused, the party recovered as much of their senses as the wine had left them, and proceeded to discuss what was to be done under the circumstances; for not one of them ever contemplated giving up a bed to a dead priest, while five living men slept on the ground. After much altercation, O'Flaherty, who had hitherto listened without speaking, interrupted the contending parties, saying, "stop, lads, I have it."

"Come," said one of them, "let us hear Tom's proposal."

"Och," said he, with difficulty steady himself while he spoke; "we'll put him to bed with old Ridgeway, the quarter-master!"

The roar of loud laughter that followed Tom's device, was renewed again

and again, till not a man could speak, with absolute fatigue. There was not a dissentient voice. Old Ridgeway was hated in the corps, and a better way of disposing of the priest, and paying off the quarter-master, could not be thought of. Very little time sufficed for their preparations; and if they had been brought up under the Duke of Portland himself, they could not exhibit a greater taste for a "black job." The door of the room was quickly taken from its hinges, and the priest placed upon it at full length; a moment more sufficed to lift the door upon their shoulders, and, preceded by Tom, who lit a candle in honor of being, as he said, "chief mourner," they took their way through the camp towards Ridgeway's quarters. When they reached the hut where their victim lay, Tom ordered a halt, and proceeded stealthily into the house to reconnoitre. The old quarter-master he found stretched on his sheep skin before a large fire, the remnants of an ample supper strewn about him, and two empty bottles standing on the hearth—his deep snoring shewed that all was safe, and that no fears of his awakening need disturb them. His shako and sword lay near him, but his sabertasche was under his head; Tom carefully withdrew the two former; and hastening to his friends without, proceeded to decorate the priest with them; expressing, at the same time, considerable regret that he feared it might wake Ridgeway, if he were to put the velvet skull-cap on him for a night-cap.

Noiselessly and steadily they now entered, and proceeded to lay down their burden, which, after a moment's discussion, they agreed to place between the quarter-master and the fire, of which, hitherto, he had reaped ample benefit. This done, they stealthily retreated, and hurried back to their quarters, unable to speak with laughter at the success of their plot, and their anticipation of Ridgeway's rage on awakening in the morning.

It was in the dim twilight of a hazy morning, that the bugler of the —th aroused the sleeping soldiers from their miserable couches, which, wretched as they were, they, nevertheless, rose from reluctantly—so wearied and fatigued had they been by the preceding day's march, not one among the number felt so indisposed to stir as the worthy quarter-master; his peculiar avocations had demanded a more than usual exertion on his part, and in the posture he

had lain down at night he rested till morning, without stirring a limb. Twice the reveille had rung through the little encampment, and twice the quartermaster had essayed to open his eyes, but in vain; at last he made a tremendous effort, and sat bolt upright on the floor, hoping that the sudden effort might sufficiently arouse him; slowly his eyes opened, and the first thing they beheld was the figure of the dead priest, with a light cavalry helmet on his head, sheeted before him—Ridge-way, who was "*bon Catholique*," trembled in every joint—it might be a ghost, it might be a warning, he knew not what to think—he imagined the lips moved, and so overcome with terror was he at last, that he absolutely shouted like a maniac, and never ceased till the hut was filled with officers and men, who hearing the uproar ran to his aid—the surprise of the poor quartermaster at the apparition, was scarcely greater than that of the beholders—no one was able to afford any explanation of the circumstance, though all were assured that it must have been done in jest—the door upon which the priest had been conveyed afforded the clue—they had forgotten to restore it to its place—accordingly the different billets were examined, and at last O'Flaherty was discovered in a most commodious bed, in a large room without a door, still fast asleep, and alone; how and when he had parted with his companions, he never could precisely explain, though he has since confessed, it was part of his scheme to lead them astray in the village, and then retire to the bed, which he had determined to appropriate to his sole use. Old Ridge-way's rage knew no bounds; he absolutely foamed with passion, and in proportion as he was laughed at, his cholera rose higher; had this been the only result, it had been well for poor Tom, but unfortunately, the affair got to be rumoured through the country—the inhabitants of the village learned the indignity with which the Padre had been treated; they addressed a memorial to Lord Wellington—enquiry was immediately instituted—O'Flaherty was tried by court martial, and found guilty; nothing short of the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted under the circumstances, would satisfy the Spaniards, and at that precise period, it was part of our policy to conciliate their esteem by every means in our power. The commander of the forces resolved to make what he called an

"example," and poor O'Flaherty, the life and soul of his regiment, the darling of his mess, was broke, and pronounced incapable of ever serving his Majesty again. Such was the event upon which my poor friend's fortune in life seemed to hinge—he returned to Ireland, if not entirely broken-hearted, so altered that his best friends scarcely knew him—his "occupation was gone," the mess had been his home—his brother-officers stood for him in place of relatives—and he had lost all. His after life was spent in rambling from one watering place to another, more with the air of one who seeks to consume, than enjoy his time, and with such a change in his appearance as the alteration in his fortune had effected, he now stood before me, but altogether so different a man, that but for the well-known tones of a voice that had often convulsed me with laughter, I should scarcely have recognised him.

"Lorrequer, my old friend, I never thought of seeing you here, this is indeed a piece of good luck."

"Why Tom? You surely knew that the — were in Ireland, didn't you?"

"To be sure. I dined with them only a few days ago, but they told me that you were off to Paris, to marry something superlatively beautiful, and most enormously rich, the daughter of a duke, if I remember right; but certes, they said your fortune was made, and I need not tell you, there was not a man among them better pleased than I was, to hear it."

"Oh! they said so, did they? Droll dogs—always quizzing—I wonder you did not perceive the hoax—eh—very good, was it not?" This I poured out in short broken sentences, blushing like scarlet, and fidgetting like a school girl, with downright nervousness.

"A hoax! devilish well done too!"—said Tom, "for old Carden believed the whole story, and told me that he had obtained a six months' leave for you, to make your "com." and moreover, said that he had got a letter from the nobleman, Lord — confound his name."

"Lord Grey, is it?" said I, with a sly look at Tom.

"No, my dear friend," said he drily, "it was not Lord Grey—but to continue—he had got a letter from him, dated from Paris, stating his surprise that you had never joined them there, according to promise, and that they knew your cousin Guy, and a great deal of other

matter I can't remember—so what does all this mean? Did you hoax the noble Lord as well as the Horse Guards, Harry?"

This was indeed a piece of news for me; I stammered out some ridiculous explanation, and promised a fuller detail. Could it be that I had done the Callonbys injustice, and that they never intended to break off my attentions to Lady Jane—that she was still faithful, and that of all concerned, I alone had been to blame. Oh! how I hoped this might be the case; heavily as my conscience might accuse, I longed ardently to forgive and deal mercifully with myself. Tom continued to talk about indifferent matters, as these thoughts flitted through my mind; perceiving at last that I did not attend, he stopped suddenly and said—

"Harry, I see clearly that something has gone wrong, and perhaps, I can make a guess at the mode too; but however, you can do nothing about it now; come and dine with me to-day, and we'll discuss the affair together after dinner; or if you prefer a "distraction," as we used to say in Dunkerque, why then, I'll arrange something fashionable for your evening's amusement. Come, what say you to hearing Father Keough preach, or would you like a supper at the Carlingford, or perhaps, you prefer a *soiree* chez Miladi; for all of these Dublin affords—all three good in their way, and very intellectual."

"Well Tom, I'm your's; but I should prefer your dining with me; I am at Bilton's; we'll have our cutlet quite alone, and —"

"And be heartily sick of each other, you were going to add. No, no, Harry; you must dine with me; I have some remarkably *nice* people to present you to—six is the hour—sharp six—number — Molesworth-street, Mrs. Clanfrizzle's—easily find it—large fanlight over the door—huge lamp in the hall, and a strong odour of mutton broth for thirty yards on each side of the premises—and as good luck would have it, I see old Daly, the counsellor, as they call him, he's the very man to get to meet you, you always liked a character, hah!"

Saying this, O'Flaherty disengaged himself from my arm, and hurried across the street towards a portly middle aged looking gentleman, with the reddest face I ever beheld. After a brief but very animated colloquy, Tom returned,

and informed me that all was right; he had secured Daly.

"And who is Daly?" said I, enquiringly, for I was rather interested in hearing what peculiar qualification as a diner out, the counsellor might lay claim to, many of Tom's friends being as remarkable for being the quizzed as the quizzers.

"Daly," said he, "is the brother of a most distinguished member of the Irish bar, of which he himself is also a follower, bearing however, no more resemblance to the clever man than in name, for as assuredly as the reputation of the one is inseparably linked with success, so unerringly is the other coupled with failure, and strange to say, that the stupid man is fairly convinced that his brother owes all his success to him, and that to his disinterested kindness the other is indebted for his present exalted station. Thus it is through life; there seems ever to accompany dullness a sustaining power of vanity; that like a life-buoy keeps a mass afloat, whose weight, unassisted, would sink into obscurity. Do you know that my friend Denis, then, imagines himself the first man that ever enlightened Sir Robert Peel as to Irish affairs; and upon my word, his reputation on this head stands incontestably higher than on most others."

"You surely cannot mean that Sir Robert Peel ever consulted with, much less relied upon, the statements of such a person, as you described your friend Denis to be?"

"He did both—and if he was a little puzzled by the information, the only disgrace attaches to a government that send men to rule over us, unacquainted with our habits of thinking, and utterly ignorant of the language—aye, I repeat it—but come, you shall judge for yourself; the story is a short one, and fortunately so, for I must hasten home to give timely notice of your coming to dine with me. When the present Sir Robert Peel, then Mr. Peel, came over here, as secretary to Ireland, a very distinguished political leader of the day, invited a party to meet him at dinner, consisting of men of different political leanings; among whom were, as may be supposed, many members of the Irish bar; the elder Daly was too remarkable a person to be omitted, but as the two brothers resided together, there was a difficulty about getting him, however, he must be had, and the only alternative that presented itself

was adopted—both were invited. When the party descended to the dining-room, by one of those unfortunate accidents, which as the proverb informs us, occasionally take place in the best regulated establishments, the wrong Mr. Daly got placed beside Mr. Peel, which post of honor had been destined by the host for the more agreeable and talented brother. There was now no help for it; and with a heart somewhat nervous for the consequences of the proximity, the worthy entertainer sat down to do the honors as best he might; he was consoled during dinner, by observing that the devotion bestowed by honest Denis on the viands before him, effectually absorbed his faculties, and thereby threw the entire of Mr. Peel's conversation towards the gentleman on his other flank. This happiness was like most others, destined to be a brief one. As the dessert made its appearance, Mr. Peel began to listen with some attention to the conversation of the persons opposite; with one of whom he was struck most forcibly—so happy a power of illustration, so vivid a fancy, such logical precision in argument, as he evinced, perfectly charmed and surprised him. Anxious to learn the name of so gifted an individual, he turned towards his hitherto silent neighbour, and demanded who he was.

"Who is he, is it?" said Denis, hesitatingly, as if he half doubted such extent of ignorance, as not to know the person alluded to.

Mr. Peel bowed in acquiescence.

"That's Bushe!" said Denis, giving at the same time the same sound to the vowel, *u*, as it obtains when occurring in the word "rush."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Peel, "I did not hear."

"Bushe!" replied Denis, with considerable energy of tone.

"Oh yes! I know," said the secretary, "Mr. Bushe, a very distinguished member of your bar, I have heard."

"Faith, you may say so!" said Denis, tossing off his wine, at what he esteemed a very trite observation.

"Pray," said Mr. Peel, again returning to the charge, though certainly feeling not a little surprised at the singular laconicness of his informant, no less, than the melifluous tones of an accent then totally strange to him.

"Pray, may I ask, what is the peculiar character of Mr. Bushe's eloquence? I mean, of course, in his professional capacity."

"Eh!" said Denis, "I don't comprehend you exactly."

"I mean," said Mr. Peel, "in one word, what's his forte?"

"His forte!"

"Yes, that is, what style, what peculiar mode he has."

"Oh, I perceive—I have ye now—the juries!"

"Ah! addressing the jury."

"Ay, the juries."

"Can you oblige me, by giving me any idea of the manner in which he obtains such signal success, in this difficult branch of eloquence?"

"I'll tell ye," said Denis, leisurely finishing his glass, and smacking his lips, with the air of a man girding up his loins for a mighty effort. "I'll tell ye—well, ye see the way he has is this,"—here Mr. Peel's expectation rose to the highest degree of interest,—"the way he has is this—he first butchers them up, and then shudders them down! that's all, devil a more of a secret there's in it."

How much reason Denis had to boast of imparting early information to the new secretary, I leave my English readers to guess; my Irish ones, I may trust, to do him ample justice.

CHAP. XII.

DUBLIN—THE BOARDING-HOUSE—SELECT SOCIETY.

PUNCTUAL to my appointment with O'Flaberty, I found myself, a very few minutes after six o'clock, at Mrs. Clanfrizzle's door. My very authoritative summons at the bell was answered by the appearance of a young pale-faced invalid, in a suit of livery, the taste of which bore a very unpleasant resemblance to the one I so lately figured in. It was with considerable difficulty I persuaded this functionary to permit my carrying my hat with me to the

drawing-room—a species of caution on my part—as he esteemed it—savouring much of distrust. This point, however, I carried, and followed him up a very ill-lighted stair to the drawing-room; here I was announced by some faint resemblance to my real name, but sufficiently near to bring my friend Tom at once to meet me, who immediately congratulated me on my fortune in coming off so well; for that the person who preceded me, Mr. Jones Blanner-

hasset, had been just announced as Mr. Blatherhashit—a change the gentleman himself was not disposed to adopt—but come along, Harry, while we are waiting for Daly, let me make you known to some of our party; this, you must know, is a boarding-house, and always has some capital fun—queerest people you ever met—I have only one hint—cut every man, woman, and child of them, if you meet them hereafter—I do it myself, though I have lived here these six months. Pleasant people, thought I, these must be, with whom such a line is advisable, much less practicable.

“Mrs. Clanfrizzle, my friend Mr. Lorrequer; thinks he’ll stay the summer in town. Mrs. Clan—should like him to be one of us.” This latter was said *sotto voce*, and was a practice he continued to adopt in presenting me to his several friends through the room.

Miss Riley, a horrid old fright, in a bird of paradise plume, and corked eyebrows, gibbeted in gilt chains and pearl ornaments, and looking as the grisettes, say “*superb en chrysolite*”—Miss Riley, Captain Lorrequer, a friend I have long desired to present to you, “fifteen thousand a-year and a baronetcy, if he has sixpence”—*sotto* again. Surgeon M’Cullogh—he likes the title, said Tom in a whisper—Surgeon, Captain Lorrequer. By the bye, lest I forget it, he wishes to speak to you in the morning about his health; he is stopping at Sandymount for the baths; you could go out there, eh! The tall thing in green spectacles bowed and acknowledged Tom’s kindness by a knowing touch of the elbow. In this way he made the tour of the room for about ten minutes, during which brief space I was, according to the kind arrangements of O’Flaherty, booked as a resident in the boarding-house—a lover to at least five elderly, and three young, ladies—a patient—a client—a second in a duel to a clerk in the post-office; and had also volunteered (through him always) to convey, by all of his Majesty’s mails, as many parcels, packets, band-boxes, and bird-cages, as would have comfortably filled one of Pickford’s vans. All this he told me was requisite to my being well received, though no one thought much of any breach of compact subsequently; except Mrs. Clan—herself. The ladies had, alas! been often treated vilely before; the doctor had never had a

patient; and as for the belligerent knight of the dead office, he’d rather die than fight any day.

The last person to whom my friend deemed it necessary to introduce me, was a Mr. Ganet Cudmore, from the Reeks of Kerry, lately matriculated to all the honours of freshmanship in the Dublin university. This latter was a low-sized, dark-browed man, with round shoulders, and particularly long arm, the disposal of which seemed sadly to distress him. He possessed the most perfect voice of brogue I ever listened to; but it was difficult to get him to speak, for, on coming up to town some weeks before, he had been placed by some intelligent friend at Mrs. Clanfrizzle’s establishment, with the express direction to mark and thoroughly digest as much as he could of the habits and customs of the circle about him, which he was rightly informed was the very focus of good breeding and haut ton; but on no account, unless driven thereto by the pressure of sickness, or the wants of nature, to trust himself with speech, which, in his then uninformed state, he was assured would inevitably ruin him among his fastidiously cultivated associates.

To the letter and the spirit of the despatch he had received, the worthy Ganet acted rigidly, and his voice was scarcely ever known to transgress the narrow limits prescribed by his friends. In more respects than one was this a good resolve; for so completely had he identified himself with college habits, things, and phrases, that, whenever he conversed, he became little short of unintelligible to the vulgar—not the less difficult, as his dialect was rendered by his amazing provincialism of pronunciation. My round of presentation was just completed, when the pale figure in light blue livery announced Counsellor Daly and dinner, for both came fortunately together. Taking the post of honour, Miss Riley’s arm, I followed Tom, who I soon perceived ruled the whole concern; as he led the way with another ancient vestal in black satin and bugles, the long procession wound its snake-like length down the narrow stair, and into the dining-room, when at last we all got seated; and here let me briefly exonerate the motives of my friend, should any unkind person be found to impute to his selection of a residence, any base and grovelling passion for gourmandise; that day’s experience should be an eternal vindication

of him. The soup—alas! that I should so far prostitute the word; for the black broth of Sparta was mock turtle in comparison—retired to make way for a mass of beef, whose tenderness I did not question; for it sank beneath the knife of the carver like a feather bed; the skill of Saladin himself would have failed to divide it. The fish was a most rebellious pike, and nearly killed every loyal subject at table; and then down the sides were various comestibles of chickens, with azure bosoms, and hams with hides like a rhinoceros; covered dishes of decomposed vegetable matter, called spinach and cabbage; potatoes arrayed in small masses, and browned, resembling those ingenious architectural structures children raise in the highways, of mud, and call dirt-pies. Such were the chief constituents of the “feed;” and such, I am bound to confess, waxed beautifully less under the vigorous onslaught of the party. The conversation soon became both loud and general. That happy familiarity—which I had long believed to be the exclusive prerogative of a military mess, where constant daily associations sustains the interest of the veriest trifles—I here found in a perfection I had not anticipated; with this striking difference, that there was no absurd deference to any existing code of etiquette in the conduct of the party generally, each person quizzing his neighbour in the most free and easy style imaginable; and all, evidently from long habit and conventional usage, seeming to enjoy the practice exceedingly. Thus, droll allusions, good stories, and smart repartees, fell thick as hail, and twice as harmless, which any where else that I had ever heard of, would assuredly have called for more explanations, and perhaps gunpowder, in the morning, than usually are deemed agreeable. Here, however, they knew better; and, though the lawyer quizzed the doctor for never having another patient than the house dog, all of whose arteries he had tied in the course of the winter for practice—and the doctor retorted as heavily, by showing that the lawyer’s practice had been other than beneficial to those for whom he was concerned—his *one* client being found guilty, mainly through his ingenious defence of him; yet they never showed any, the slightest, irritation—on the contrary, such little playful badinage ever led to some friendly passages of taking wine toge-

ther, or in arrangements for a party to the “Dargle,” or “Dunleary;” and thus went on the entire party, the young ladies darting an occasional slight at their elders, who certainly returned the fire, often with advantage; all uniting, now and then, however, in one common cause, an attack of the whole line upon Mrs. Clanfrizzle herself; for the beef, or the mutton, or the fish, or the poultry—each of which was sure to find some sturdy defamer, ready and willing to give evidence in dispraise. Yet even these, and I thought them rather dangerous questions, led to no more violent results than dignified replies from the worthy hostess, upon the goodness of her fare, and the evident satisfaction it afforded while being eaten, if the appetites of the party were a test. While this was at its height, Tom stooped behind my chair, and whispered gently—

“This is good—isn’t it, eh?—life in a boarding house—quite new to you; but they are civilized now compared to what you’ll find them in the drawing-room. When short whist for five-penny points sets in—then Greek meets Greek, and we’ll have it.”

During all this *melée* tournament, I perceived that the worthy jib, as he would be called in the parlance of Trinity, Mr. Cudmore, remained perfectly silent, and apparently terrified. The noise, the din of voices, the laughing, so completely addled him, that he was like one in a very horrid dream. The attention with which I had observed him, having been remarked by my friend O’Flaherty, he informed me that the scholar, as he was called there, was then under a kind of cloud—an adventure which occurred only two nights before, being too fresh in his memory to permit him enjoying himself even to the limited extent it had been his wont to do. As illustrative, not only of Mr. Cudmore, but the life I have been speaking of, I may as well select it. Soon after Mr. Cudmore’s enlistment under the banners of the Clanfrizzle, he had sought and found an asylum in the drawing-room of the establishment, which promised, from its geographical relations, to expose him less to the molestations of conversation than most other parts of the room. This was a small recess beside the fireplace, not uncommon in old-fashioned houses, and which, from its incapacity to hold more than one, secured to the worthy recluse the privacy he longed for; and here, among superannuated

hearth-brushes, an old hand screen, an asthmatic bellows, and a kettle-holder, sat the timid youth, "alone, but in a crowd." Not all the seductions of loo, limited to threepence, nor even that at which he was kindly and appropriately informed he could play, "whist," could withdraw him from his blest retreat. Like his countryman, St. Kevin—my friend Petrie has ascertained that the saint was a native of Tralee—he fled from the temptations of the world, and the blandishments of the fair; but, alas! like the saint himself, the

"poor Jib little knew
All that wily sex can do;"

For while he hugged himself in the security of his fastness, the web of his destiny was weaving. So true is it, as he himself used, no less pathetically than poetically to express it, "misfortune will find you out, if ye were hid in a 'tay chest.'"

It happened that in Mrs. Clanfrizzle's establishment, the "enfant bleu," already mentioned, was the only individual of his sex retained; and without for a moment disparaging the ability or attentions of this gifted person, yet it may reasonably be credited, that in waiting on a party of twenty-five or thirty persons at dinner, all of whom he had admitted as porter, and announced as *maitre d' hotel*, with the subsequent detail of his duties in the drawing-room, that Peter, blue Peter, —his boarding-house *soubriquet*—not enjoying the bird-like privilege of "being in two places at once," gave one rather the impression of a person of hasty and fidgety habits—for which nervous tendency the treatment he underwent was certainly injudicious—it being the invariable custom for each guest to put his services in requisition, perfectly irrespective of all other claims upon him, from whatsoever quarter coming—and then at the precise moment that the luckless valet was snuffing the candles, he was abused for not bringing coal, by another for having carried off his tea-cup, sent on an expedition for sugar; by a third for having left the door open, which he had never been near; and so on to the end of the chapter.

It chanced that a few evenings previous to my appearance at the house, this indefatigable Caleb was ministering as usual to the various and discrepant wants of the large party assembled in the drawing-room. With his wonted alacrity he had withdrawn

from their obscure retreat against the wall, sundry little tables, destined for the players at whist, or "spoil five"—the popular game of the establishment. With a dexterity that savoured much of a stage education, he had arranged the candles, the cards, the counters; he had poked the fire, settled the stool for Miss Riley's august feet, and was busily engaged in changing five shillings into small silver, for a desperate victim of loo—when Mrs. Clanfrizzle's third, and, as it appeared, last time of asking for the kettle, smote upon his ear. His loyalty would have induced him at once to desert every thing on such an occasion; but the other party engaged held him fast, saying—

"Never mind *her*, Peter—you have sixpence more to give me."

Poor Peter rummaged one pocket, then another—discovering at last threepence in copper, and some farthings, with which he seemed endeavouring to make a composition with his creditor for twelve shillings in the pound; when Mrs. Clan's patience finally becoming exhausted, she turned towards Mr. Cudmore, the only unemployed person she could perceive, and with her blandest smile said,

"Mr. Cudmore, may I take the liberty of requesting you would hand me the kettle, beside you?"

Now, though the kettle aforesaid was, as the hostess very properly observed, beside him, yet the fact that in complying with the demand, it was necessary for the modest youth to leave the recess he occupied, and, with the kettle, proceed to walk half across the room—then to perform certain manual operations requiring skill and presence of mind, before a large and crowded assembly—was horror to the mind of the poor Jib; and he would nearly as soon have acceded to a desire to dance a hornpipe, if such had been suggested as the wish of the company. However, there was nothing for it; and summoning up all his nerve—knitting his brows—clenching his teeth, like one prepared to "do or die," he seized the hissing cauldron, and strode through the room, like the personified genius of steam, very much to the alarm of all the old ladies in the vicinity, whose tasteful drapery benefited but little from his progress. Yet he felt but little of all this: he had brought up his courage to the sticking place, and he was absolutely half unconscious of the whole scene before

bim; nor was it till some kind mediator had seized his arm, while another drew him back by the skirts of the coat, that he desisted from the deluge of hot water, with which, having filled the tea-pot, he proceeded to swamp every thing else upon the tray, in his unfortunate abstraction. Mrs. Clanfrizzle screamed—the old ladies accompanied her—the young ones tittered—the men laughed—and, in a word, poor Cudmore, perfectly unconscious of any thing extraordinary, felt himself the admired of all admirers,—very little, it is true, to his own satisfaction. After some few minutes' exposure to these *ecarts de rire*, he succeeded in depositing the source of his griefs within the fender, and once more retired to his sanctuary,—having registered a vow, which, should I speak it, would forfeit him every claim to gallantry for ever.

Whether in the vow aforesaid Mr. Cudmore had only been engaged in that species of tessellating which furnishes the pavement so celebrated in the lower regions, I know not; but true it is, that he retired that night to his chamber very much discomfited at his debut in the great world, and half disposed to believe that nature had neither intended him for a Brummel nor a D'Orsay. While he was ruminating on such matters, he was joined by O'Flaherty, with whom he had been always more intimate than any other inmate of the house—Tom's tact having entirely concealed what the manners of the others too plainly evinced, the perfect appreciation of the student's oddity and singularity. After some few observations on general matters, O'Flaherty began with a tone of some seriousness to express towards Cudmore the warm interest he had ever taken in him, since his first coming among them; his great anxiety for his welfare, and his firm resolve that no chance or casual inattention to mere ceremonial observances on his part should ever be seized on by the other guests as a ground for detraction or an excuse for ridicule of him.

"Rely upon it, my dear boy," said he, "I have watched over you like a parent; and having partly foreseen that something like this affair of to-night would take place sooner or later"—

"What affair?" said Cudmore—his eyes staring half out of his head.

"That business of the kettle."

"Kett—el. The kettle! What of that?" said Cudmore.

"What of it? Why, if you don't

feel the transaction, I am sure it is not my duty to remind you; only"—

"Feel it—oh yes. I saw them laughing, because I spilled the water over old Mrs. Jones, or something of that sort."

"No, no. My dear young friend, they were not laughing at *that*—their mirth had another object."

"What the devil was it at, then?"

"You don't know, don't you?"

"No; I really do not."

"Nor can't guess—eh?"

"Confound me if I can."

"Well. I see, Mr. Cudmore, you are really too innocent for these people. But come—it shall never be said that youth and inexperience ever suffered from the unworthy ridicule and cold sarcasm of the base world, while Tom O'Flaherty stood by a spectator."

"Sir," said Tom, striking his hand with energy on the table, and darting a look of fiery indignation from his eye, "Sir, you were this night trepanned—yes, sir, vilely, shamefully trepanned—I repeat the expression—into the performance of a menial office—an office so degrading—so offensive—so *unbecoming* the rank, the station, and the habit of a gentleman—my very blood recoils when I only think of the indignity."

The expression of increasing wonder and surprise depicted in Mr. Cudmore's face at these words, Cruikshank might convey—I cannot venture to describe it—suffice it to say, that even O'Flaherty himself found it difficult to avoid a burst of laughter, as he looked at him and re-ummed—

"Witnessing, as I did, the entire occurrence; feeling deeply for the inexperience which these heartless worldlings had dared to trample upon; I resolved to stand by you; and here I am come for that purpose."

"Well, but what, in the devil's name, have I done all this time?"

"What! are you still ignorant?—is it possible? Did you not hand the kettle from the fire-place, and fill the tea-pot?—answer me that!"

"I did," said Cudmore, with a voice already becoming tremulous.

"Is that the duty of a gentleman?—answer me that."

A dead pause stood in place of a reply, while Tom proceeded—

"Did you ever hear any one ask me; or Counsellor Daly; or Mr. Fogarty, or any other person to do so?—answer me that."

"No; never," muttered Cudmore, with a sinking spirit.

"Well, then, why, may I ask, were you selected for an office that, by your own confession, no one else would stoop to perform? I'll tell you: because from your youth and inexperience, your innocence was deemed a fit victim to the heartless sneers of a cold and unfeeling world." And here Tom broke forth into a very beautiful apostrophe, beginning—"Oh, Virtue!" (this I am unfortunately unable to present to my readers; and must only assure them that it was a very faithful imitation of the well-known one delivered by Burke in the case of Warren Hastings,) and concluding with an exhortation to Cudmore, to wipe out the stain of his wounded honor, by repelling with indignation the slightest future attempt at such an insult.

This done, O'Flaherty retired, leaving Cudmore to dig among Greek roots, and chew over the cud of his misfortune. Punctual to the time and place that same evening beheld the injured Cudmore resume his wonted corner, pretty much with the feeling with which a forlorn hope stands match in hand to ignite the train destined to explode with ruin to thousands—himself perhaps amongst the number: there he sat with a brain as burning, and a heart as excited, as though, instead of sipping his bohea beside a sea-coal fire, he was that instant trembling beneath the frown of Dr. Elrington, for the blunders in his Latin theme—and what terrors to the mind of a "Jib" can equal that one?

As luck would have it, this was a company night in the boarding-house. Various young ladies in long blue sashes, and very broad ribbon sandals, paraded the rooms, chatting gaily with very distinguished looking young gentlemen, with gold brooches, and party-colored inside waistcoats; sundry elderly ladies sat at card tables, discussing the "lost honor by an odd trick they played," with heads as large as those of Jack or Jill in the pantomime; spruce clerks in public offices, (whose vocation the expansive tendency of the right ear, for long pen-carrying, be-tokened) discussed fashion, "and the musical glasses," to some very overdressed married ladies, who preferred flirting to five-and-ten. The tea-table, over which the amiable hostess presided, had also its standing votaries: mostly grave parliamentary-looking gentlemen, with powdered heads, and very

long waisted black coats, among whom the Sir Oracle was a functionary, of his Majesty's High Court of Chancery, though I have reason to believe not Lord Manners: meanwhile, in all parts of the room, might be seen Blue Peter, distributing tea, coffee, biscuit, and occasionally interchanging a joke with the dwellers in the house. While all these pleasing occupations proceeded, the hour of Cudmore's trial was approaching. The tea-pot, which had stood the attack of fourteen cups without flinching, at last began to fail, and discovered to the prying eyes of Mrs. Clanfrizzle, nothing but an olive colored deposit of soft matter, closely analogous in appearance and chemical property to the residuary precipitate in a drained fish pond; she put down the lid with a gentle sigh, and turning towards the fire bestowed one of her very blindest and most captivating looks on Mr. Cudmore, saying—as plainly as looks could say—"Cudmore, you're wanting." Whether the youth did, or did not, understand I am unable to record: I can only say, the appeal was made without acknowledgment. Mrs. Clanfrizzle again essayed, and by a little masonic movement of her hand to the tea-pot, and a sly glance at the hob, intimated her wish—still hopelessly: at last there was nothing for it but speaking; and she donned her very softest voice, and most persuasive tone, saying—"Mr. Cudmore, I am really very troublesome: will you permit me to ask you"—

"Is it for the kettle, ma'am?" said Cudmore, with a voice that startled the whole room, disconcerting three whist parties, and so absorbing the attention of the people at loo, that the pool disappeared without any one being able to account for the circumstance.

"Is it for the kettle, ma'am?"

"If you will be so very kind," lisped the hostess.

"Well, then, upon my conscience you *are* impudent," said Cudmore, with his face crimsoned to the ears, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Why, Mr. Cudmore," began the lady, "why, really, this is so strange. Why, sir, what *can* you mean?"

"Just *that*!" said the imperturbable jib, who now that his courage was up, dared every thing.

"But, sir, you must surely have misunderstood me. I only asked for the kettle, Mr. Cudmore."

"The devil a more," said Cud. with a sneer.

"Well, then, of course"—

"Well, then, I'll tell you, of course," said he, repeating her words; "the sorrow taste of the kettle I'll give you. Call your own skip—Blue Pether there—damn me if I'll be your skip any longer."

For the uninitiated I have only to add, that skip is the Trinity College appellation for servant, which was therefore employed by Mr. Cudmore, on this occasion, as expressing more contemptuously his sense of the degradation of the office attempted to be put upon him. Having already informed my reader on some particulars of the company, I leave him to suppose how Mr. Cudmore's speech was received. Whist itself was at an end for that evening, and nothing but laughter, long, loud, and reiterated, burst from every corner of the room for hours after.

As I have so far travelled out of the record of my own peculiar Confessions as to give a leaf from what might one day form the matter of Mr. Cudmore's I must now make the only *amendé* in my power, by honestly narrating that, short as my visit was to the classic precincts of this agreeable establishment, I did not escape without exciting my share of ridicule, though, I certainly had not the worst of the joke, and may, therefore, with better grace tell the story, which, happily for my readers, is a very brief one. A custom prevailed in Mrs. Clanfrizzle's household, which, from my unhappy ignorance of boarding-houses, I am unable to predicate if it belong to the genera at large, or this one specimen in particular. However, it is sufficiently curious a fact, even though thereby hung no tale, for my stating it here. The decanters on the dinner table were never labelled with their more appropriate designation of contents, whether "claret, sherry, or port," but with the names of their respective owners, it being a matter of much less consequence that any individual at table should mix his wine, by pouring "port upon madeira," than commit the truly legal offence of appropriating to his own use and benefit, even by mistake, his neighbour's bottle, however, well the system may work among the regular members of the domestic circle, and I am assured that it does succeed extremely—to the newly arrived guest—or uninitiated visitor—the affair is perplex-

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"Lorrequer, a glass of wine with you."

Having, of course, acceded, he again asked,

"What wine do you drink?" intending thereby, as I afterwards learned, to send me from his end of the table, what wine I selected. Not conceiving the object of the inquiry, and having hitherto without hesitation helped myself to the nearest decanter, which bore some faint resemblance to sherry, I immediately turned for correct information to the bottle itself, upon whose slender neck was ticketed the usual slip of paper. My endeavours to decypher the writing occupied time sufficient again to make O'Flaherty ask,

"Well, Harry, I'm waiting for you. Will you have port?"

"No, I thank you," I replied, having by this revealed the inscription. "No, I thank you; I'll just continue with my old friend here, Bob M'Grotty;" for thus I rendered familiarly the name of Rt. M'Grotty on the decanter, and which I in my ignorance believed to be the boarding-house soubriquet for bad sherry. That Mr. M'Grotty himself little relished the familiarity with either his name or property I had a very decisive proof, for turning round upon his chair, and surveying my person from head to foot with a look of fiery wrath, he thundered out in very broad Scotch,

"And by my saul, my friend, ye may just as weel finish it the noo, for deil a glass o' his ain wine did Bob M'Grotty, as ye ca' him, swallow the day."

The convulsion of laughter my blunder and the Scotchman's passion threw the whole board into lasted till the cloth was withdrawn, and the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, the only individual at table not relishing the

mistake being the injured proprietor of the bottle, who was too proud to accept reparation from my friend's decanter, and would scarcely condescend to open his lips during the evening, notwithstanding which display of honest indignation, we contrived to become exceedingly merry and jocose, most of the party communicating little episodes of their life, in which, it is true, they frequently figured in situations, that nothing but their native and natural candour would venture to avow. One story I was considerably amused at: it was told by the counsellor. Mr. Daly, in illustration of the

difficulty in rising at the bar, and which, in showing his own mode of obviating the delay that young professional men submit to from hard necessity, as well as an evidence of his strictly legal turn, I may as well relate for the edification of the junior bar. At the same time, as it is now very late in the evening, and the end of a chapter, I must defer the information till our next meeting, till which time, wishing you all, my readers, the compliments of the happy season that intervenes, believe me, with much sincerity, yours in Belgium,

HARRY LORREQUER.

MEMORANDA FROM OUR TABLETS OF THE MONTH.

FAILURE OF JUSTICE IN DUBLIN.

Wednesday, Nov. 1.—The *Freeman's Journal* of this date reports the following case as having occurred at the commission sitting in Dublin the day before:—

"COMBINATION.

"John Kennedy and William Hudson were arraigned for having violently assembled, on the 12th of September last, and inflicting several dreadful blows on the person of William Dalton.

"William Dalton, examined by the Hon. Mr. Plunkett.—I live near Coolock, in this county, and recollect coming into Dublin on the 12th of September; as I crossed the Canal bridge, a person, who I believe is William Hudson, came over to me and said something which I did not hear; he was followed by Kennedy, the other prisoner, who said, to the best of my opinion, 'Hurrah for the north.'

"Baron Foster.—The best of your opinion won't do, sir; you must swear positively.

"Witness.—I can't, my lord.

"Mr. Plunkett.—Will you swear positively Kennedy was one of the men?

"Witness.—To the best of my opinion (laughter.)

"Baron Foster.—When did you swear informations against the prisoners?

"Witness.—The next day, my lord.

"Baron Foster.—And did you recollect it better then than you do now?

"Witness.—I did, my lord.

"Baron Foster.—You're afraid of another beating, I suppose.

"Mr. Plunkett.—Will you swear yes or no?

"Witness.—To the best of my opinion.

"Mr. Plunkett.—I have directed this man's words to be taken down, my lord, in order to have him prosecuted for perjury.

"Judge Crampton.—I think a public example ought to be made of him.

"Mr. Plunkett.—He is the principal witness, my lord, and of course we must now give up the case.

"Baron Foster.—Gentlemen of the jury, you must acquit the men; and I must say it is very hard indeed, that not only is intimidation used and violence offered, but where the parties are brought to justice, the prosecutor is intimidated from proceeding. This, if possible, must be put an end to. The learned judge then directed the jury to acquit the prisoners, and the court directed Dalton to be put in the dock, that informations for perjury might be sworn against him."

The *Standard* of November 3, justly describes this case as pregnant with instruction, "and doubtless the most instructive circumstance connected with the case reported is the fact, that no single newspaper in the Irish metropolis seems to think it deserving of any particular remark, or more than a mere matter of course."

The observations of the *Standard* are so just and acute, that we cannot do better than quote them, and leave on record, with the report of the *Freeman's Journal*, one of the many proofs which a close observation of passing events is constantly accumulating, of the existence of a conspiracy in Ireland of a character the most dangerous, and of an agency the most mysterious. We can only intreat those who are incredulous on the subject, to mark the indications we collect from every part of Ireland. Time, we know, will reveal further and clearer evidence. On the report we have copied the *Standard* thus remarks:—

"There is a little fraud in the title 'combination:' that word is generally understood to mean some conspiracy of tradesmen, for the purpose of raising or keeping up wages, or for some other purpose connected with trade. Nothing of the kind, however, is suggested in the report. Coolock, the residence of the sufferer, is a rural district; and, as we shall see presently, the character of the conspiracy is altogether sectarian and political; in all other respects the report is entitled to implicit credit. The journal in which it appears is a Roman Catholic radical journal. The prosecuting counsel is Lord Plunkett's son; one of the presiding judges, Mr. Crampton, was, before his elevation to the bench by the Whig-Radical ministers, a decided Whig-Radical; the other, Mr. Baron Foster, has been lately quoted as one of the pangenetrists of Lord Mulgrave's government. Every word, therefore, that is reported of these judges, and this counsel, must be received as truly reported; and they must receive credit, as giving expression to their deliberate and unbiassed conviction. And what is that conviction? Plainly, that in Dublin, in the metropolis of Ireland, in the seat of Lord Mulgrave's government, the laws cannot be administered for the protection of the people; that though judges will do *their* duty—though juries will do *their* duty, the public tribunals are surrounded by an organised

and paramount conspiracy, which, by the terrors of its power and vengeance, excludes the injured from all access to justice!

"This is the picture of the capital of a tranquillised country; but what is *this* organised and paramount conspiracy? The report, meagre as it is, explains—it is the Ribbon conspiracy. The phrase in which Dalton was addressed, "Hurrah for the north," is the first Ribbon watchword. The answer, with which the unfortunate Dalton was not prepared, (not being a Ribbonman,) is, "all Ireland is good." The silence of the assaulted party proving that he was not a Ribbonman, he was almost beaten to death. On the following day, under the irritation of his injuries, and probably uninformed of the more deadly injury which he was about to provoke, the unfortunate man appealed to the laws, and swore informations against his assailants; but, in the interval before the trial of the criminals, he had to learn a fearful lesson—he had to learn that his murder would be the certain consequence of an effectual prosecution, or of such a full and frank statement of the truth as should clearly disclose the character of that conspiracy of which *he* had been the victim. Hence the scene described in the report—a report which has its counterparts offered again and again at every Irish assizes, or other visitation of justice in that island."

ATTACKS ON PROTESTANT PLACES OF WORSHIP.

"On Sunday evening, October 29th, while the congregation of St. Mary's Church, New Ross, were assembled for divine service, some person maliciously flung a stone through one of the windows, and alarmed many of them. Several persons ran out with a view of arresting the offender, but he had decamped. The stone was found in one of the pews, but it fortunately did no harm. On the same day the gate of the Rosbercon churchyard was found nailed up, a little before the time at which the congregation assemble for worship. This is freedom of conscience with a vengeance—these are evident symptoms of a tranquil and civilized country."—*Waterford Mail*.

"On Sunday evening, Nov. 5, a gang of ruffians assembled outside the church, during divine service, and after insulting several persons while going to prayers, they had the audacity to go into one of the galleries, where they conducted themselves in the most shameful manner. On being remonstrated with by one of the congregation, they left the church, groaning as they went out. Mr. Thomas Elliott followed them, to endeavour to

prevail on them to leave the yard, but one of the vagabonds struck him with a stone, on which several persons came to his assistance, and the scoundrels made off.

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Having, of course, acceded, he again asked,

"What wine do you drink?" intending thereby, as I afterwards learned, to send me from his end of the table, what wine I selected. Not conceiving the object of the inquiry, and having hitherto without hesitation helped myself to the nearest decanter, which bore some faint resemblance to sherry, I immediately turned for correct information to the bottle itself, upon whose slender neck was ticketed the usual slip of paper. My endeavours to decypher the writing occupied time sufficient again to make O'Flaherty ask,

"Well, Harry, I'm waiting for you. Will you have port?"

"No, I thank you," I replied, having by this revealed the inscription. "No, I thank you; I'll just continue with my old friend here, Bob M'Grotty;" for thus I rendered familiarly the name of Rt. M'Grotty on the decanter, and which I in my ignorance believed to be the boarding-house soubriquet for bad sherry. That Mr. M'Grotty himself little relished the familiarity with either his name or property I had a very decisive proof, for turning round upon his chair, and surveying my person from head to foot with a look of fiery wrath, he thundered out in very broad Scotch,

"And by my saul, my friend, ye may just as weel finish it the noo, for deil a glass o' his ain wine did Bob M'Grotty, as ye ca' him, swallow the day."

The convulsion of laughter my blunder and the Scotchman's passion threw the whole board into lasted till the cloth was withdrawn, and the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, the only individual at table not relishing the

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The following notice has been sent to Mr. Cooke, of the county of Tippe-

"There is a little fraud in the title 'combination': that word is generally understood to mean some conspiracy of tradesmen, for the purpose of raising or keeping up wages, or for some other purpose connected with trade. Nothing of the kind, however, is suggested in the report. Coolock, the residence of the sufferer, is a rural district; and, as we shall see presently, the character of the conspiracy is altogether sectarian and political; in all other respects the report is entitled to implicit credit. The journal in which it appears is a Roman Catholic radical journal. The prosecuting counsel is Lord Plunkett's son; one of the presiding judges, Mr. Crampton, was, before his elevation to the bench by the Whig-Radical ministers, a decided Whig-Radical; the other, Mr. Baron Foster, has been lately quoted as one of the panygyrists of Lord Mulgrave's government. Every word, therefore, that is reported of these judges, and this counsel, must be received as truly reported; and they must receive credit, as giving expression to their deliberate and unbiassed conviction. And what is that conviction? Plainly, that in Dublin, in the metropolis of Ireland, in the seat of Lord Mulgrave's government, the laws cannot be administered for the protection of the people; that though judges will do *their* duty—though juries will do *their* duty, the public tribunals are surrounded by an organised

and paramount conspiracy, which, by the terrors of its power and vengeance, excludes the injured from all access to justice!

"This is the picture of the capital of a tranquillised country; but what is this organised and paramount conspiracy? The report, meagre as it is, explains—it is the Ribbon conspiracy. The phrase in which Dalton was addressed, "Hurrah for the north," is the first Ribbon watchword. The answer, with which the unfortunate Dalton was not prepared, (not being a Ribbonman,) is, "all Ireland is good." The silence of the assaulted party proving that he was not a Ribbonman, he was almost beaten to death. On the following day, under the irritation of his injuries, and probably uninformed of the more deadly injury which he was about to provoke, the unfortunate man appealed to the laws, and swore informations against his assailants; but, in the interval before the trial of the criminals, he had to learn a fearful lesson—he had to learn that his murder would be the certain consequence of an effectual prosecution, or of such a full and frank statement of the truth as should clearly disclose the character of that conspiracy of which he had been the victim. Hence the scene described in the report—a report which has its counterparts offered again and again at every Irish assizes, or other visitation of justice in that island."

ATTACKS ON PROTESTANT PLACES OF WORSHIP.

"On Sunday evening, October 29th, while the congregation of St. Mary's Church, New Ross, were assembled for divine service, some person maliciously flung a stone through one of the windows, and alarmed many of them. Several persons ran out with a view of arresting the offender, but he had decamped. The stone was found in one of the pews, but it fortunately did no harm. On the same day the gate of the Rosbercon churchyard was found nailed up, a little before the time at which the congregation assemble for worship. This is freedom of conscience with a vengeance—these are evident symptoms of a tranquil and civilized country."—*Waterford Mail*.

"On Sunday evening, Nov. 5, a gang of ruffians assembled outside the church, during divine service, and after insulting several persons while going to prayers, they had the audacity to go into one of the galleries, where they conducted themselves in the most shameful manner. On being remonstrated with by one of the congregation, they left the church, groaning as they went out. Mr. Thomas Elliott followed them, to endeavour to

prevail on them to leave the yard, but one of the vagabonds struck him with a stone, on which several persons came to his assistance, and the scoundrels made off.

"Same evening, a party of blackguards (probably the same who assembled at the church,) proceeded to the Wesleyan preaching-house, where they groaned the preacher and congregation, used the most profane language, and insulted the female part of the congregation in a very shameful manner. When going away they threw stones at the doors and windows. —*Ballyshannon Herald*.

"ATTACK ON CARLOW CHURCH.—On Wednesday evening, in the end of October, during divine service in the parochial church, and just as the Rev. Mr. Garrett, the curate, was ascending the pulpit, a large stone was thrown through the window over the communion table, which caused at the time much alarm and confusion. The ruffians who committed the outrage fled, and we regret that hitherto no clue could be obtained which could lead to their discovery. —*Carlow Sentinel*."

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The following notice has been sent to Mr. Cooke, of the county of Tippe-

rary; we publish it as a specimen of its class:—

"To hell with all Orangemen.

"I'll settle with you, Cooke. I'll make you shift under the wing of the raven, and he'll not shelter you. You must make a dirty run to Killecooley Abbey, to consummate the half-finished Orange orgies there. But I'll come up with you yet. I'll give you a barbarized side. I'll

send your blood-stained apostatized soul canting into the fiery gulf, where Molech with his iron flail, will cause your bleer-eyed soul to wail. The devil will have your soul before another month, for your not interfering at the last Longford election, you swaddling villain.

"Remember the 2d of October, 1837.

Your hateful foe,

"DARBY BREAKSKULL."

MORE PUFFS OF LORD MULGRAVE.

Thursday, Nov. 16.—Among the commissioners appointed to open the session of parliament was the Earl of Mulgrave. We do not know whether there be any precedent for an Irish

Lord Lieutenant being appointed to this office. It is another of the paltry attempts of our popular government to keep up the sinking character of the Viceroy by court trick.

GOVERNMENT LIBELS.

The *Warder* of Saturday Nov. 18, extracts from the *Evening Post* of the preceding Tuesday the following passages, which appeared under the head of "The Orange King." It is only necessary to premise that the *Evening Post* is the avowed organ of Lord Mulgrave's government:—

"The traitor to his kingdom, the Duke of Cumberland, from his mere motion abolished the constitution of his kingdom, and dismissed his recusant ministers. He has, in a word, made himself, by grace especial, an absolute king—a despot—a tyrant."

"There can be no doubt whatever that this instrument *absolves* the people of Hanover from their *allegiance*; and we trust they will be able to demonstrate their

right—to force the Orange King to abdication or the scaffold."

"Had this *bad* man been unhappily on the throne of England, he would, if he durst, have told the people of the united kingdom that, as he never consented to the Catholic relief bill, or the reform bill, he would issue an ordinance repealing those measures."

"He would have endeavoured to stop the onward movement in Ireland; and on resistance being manifested—as assuredly it would be—he would have made war on the people of this country, by declaring it in a state of siege.

"The end would be, we know very well, the triumph of reform and liberty—and, perhaps, the decapitation of the traitor king; but, good heavens! what rivers of blood would be shed in the mean time!"

O'CONNELL'S PLAN FOR SETTLING TITHE.

Nov. 9.—Mr. O'Connell has addressed a letter "To the Most Rev. Right Rev. and Reverend the Clergy of the Protestant Church in Ireland," in which he proposes a plan for settling the tithe question. We have not space to give the words of this most extraordinary letter, but we give the plan. Mr. O'Connell computes the tithe composition in Ireland to amount to £600,000, which sum is also the amount of the expense of the constabulary force—half of the constabulary expense is now charged upon the land in Ireland, and half upon the consolidated fund.

Mr. O'Connell proposes to reduce the amount of tithe thirty per cent. a reduction which he states has been agreed to by both parties; to relieve the land of tithe altogether, and to impose on it the entire expense of the constabulary. The reduced amount

of tithes would thus be £420,000; £300,000 of this he proposes to charge upon the consolidated fund, in lieu of its present moiety of the constabulary charges. The revenue derivable from the Irish woods and forests, amounting to £80,000, he proposes also to apply to the same object; the deficiency of £40,000 a year, there could, he imagines, be no difficulty in making up.

We are very far from believing this singular proposal unworthy of comment or remark. Coming from Mr. O'Connell, it is perhaps the most extraordinary document which we have ever been called upon to record. *He is weary of the tithe warfare.* Let any one contrast this insidious proposal with his violent denunciations of the Irish Church, and they may perhaps agree with us in believing, that it is a remarkable feature in the times.

As to the proposal itself, it is simply a request to the Church to surrender her property, and take an annuity upon government in exchange. Mr. O'Connell forgets altogether to tell us *how the annuity is to be secured.*

If Mr. O'Connell were sincere in his proposal, he might go a step further and propose that just upon his own conditions government should purchase all the tithes of Ireland, and the purchase money be expended in land. Will Mr. O'Connell, we ask, agree to this, leaving still to the Church her full and complete proprietary rights over the property she acquires in exchange. The principle is just the same—the only difference would be

that the one would secure the property of the church.

The letter does not contain a single syllable about putting an end to the Irish Church. But it contains a plan by which, whether meant in good faith or not, it is proposed that the revenue of the church shall be secured—that *virtually it shall still be paid by the present tithepayers*—and that public property shall be applied to the purposes of the church.

It is well to put on record that Mr. O'Connell put forward a plan, of which these were the leading principles.

Mr. O'Connell's letter is copied from the *Pilot* in the *Standard* of Nov. 13.

EXCLUSIVE DEALING OF THE GOVERNMENT.

It would be impossible to classify or arrange the immense mass of facts relating to the system of exclusive dealing acted on at the Castle of Dublin after the late election. The custom of the Lord Lieutenant was, in every instance, withdrawn from the tradesmen who voted for Messrs. West and Hamilton. This, however, referring to the household arrangements of the Viceroy, is a matter which may, perhaps, be regarded as in some sense private. We are, however, in a condition to record an instance in which the public influence of government has been exerted to carry the system of exclusive dealing to its very extreme limit.

An order was issued from the Board of Ordnance, dated in September, and was sent to all the subordinates in the department, containing a list of the radical papers in Ireland, and positively directing that in future the advertisements of the department should be confined *exclusively* to those papers. The emphasis on the word *exclusively* is not ours. The papers selected in Dublin were the *Evening Post*, the *Pilot*, the *Freeman*, and the *Mercantile Advertiser*. This fact was stated by Mr. Batt, at the dinner to Messrs. West and Hamilton on the 9th.—*See report in the Evening Mail of the 10th*

THE SLIGO ELECTION—MAJOR BROWNE.

A memorial was presented to his Excellency, preferring charges against the conduct of Major Browne, by certain Radical electors of the county Sligo; among other signatures were attached those of a Deputy Lieutenant, and four Magistrates. An inquiry was granted by the Lord Lieutenant, when not only was the perfect propriety of Major Browne's conduct fully vindicated—but it was proved that the Deputy Lieutenant and four Magistrates had actually never read the charges to which they annexed their signatures!! This could scarcely be credited did it rest on authority less high than that of Lord Mulgrave himself. We give the order made by his Excellency on the occasion.

"His Excellency has read, and carefully considered, all the evidence given upon the investigation, which he had directed to be held by Colonel Shaw Kennedy, into several charges preferred in a memorial from certain electors of the

county of Sligo, against Major Browne, for his conduct during the late election for that county. His Excellency does not find, in any part of the report, any evidence, in the slightest degree, affecting that high character for the strictest impartiality in the discharge of his duties, which at various contested elections, and upon other trying occasions, Major Browne has hitherto maintained with the uniform confidence of persons of all parties, and the frequently expressed approbation of his Excellency himself. With respect to the movement of troops commanded by him on the morning of the 14th August, his Excellency remarks, that it seems generally admitted that at that moment some movement was necessary, and his Excellency is disposed to take into consideration the peculiar urgency of immediate interference, when the object is not merely to disperse one riotous assemblage, but to prevent immediate collision between two hostile and exasperated bodies of people. His Excellency, therefore, sees no reason to question the use, under such pressing

circumstances, made of the discretion vested in Major Browne by virtue of his office. His Excellency is not disposed to regret that such an inquiry should have been held into this unfortunate occurrence, which had naturally excited considerable sensation, and the justification of which must depend upon an accurate explanation and a clear understanding into the peculiar circumstances of the moment; but he certainly would have been better pleased had it not appeared in evidence that individuals had attached their signatures to a me-

morial containing charges most seriously affecting the character of a public officer not only without previously examining into the truth of those charges, but without even informing themselves of what they consisted, by reading the memorial to which their names are annexed.

"By his Excellency's command,
(Signed) "T. DRUMMOND."

The Radical Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrates still hold the commission of the peace.

DISSOLUTION OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

Tuesday, October 31st.—This day a meeting of the General Association was held in Dublin, at which, pursuant to notice, Mr. O'Connell moved its dissolution. The speech of the learned gentleman was very long; it contains nothing worthy of being recorded, with the exception of a few sentences. In the first place, he requested that the dissolution of the Association might not put a stop to the labours of the pacificators, or interfere with the machinery of the Association. On the subject of combination he spoke as follows:—

"In alluding to this topic, I cannot avoid mentioning another species of combination that is as much to be condemned as the other is to be praised: I mean the secret association—the association bound by oaths that once existed in many parts of Ireland, and which I continued to put down in every place that it at any time showed its head—I mean the Ribbon Society. That society was instituted by our enemies. It was commenced by the Orange party, and its progress was even stopped by our pacificators, who convicted the spy who went down to Kilkenny to spread the spirit of combination throughout the country. I am the more anxious to speak upon this subject now, because combination prowls to a great extent amongst the workmen in Dublin. Two or three times it has produced murder in our streets. Dublin stands particularly polluted by that species of combination. This combination has been stained with blood."

THE CASTLE CHAPEL AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Considerable sensation has been excited by a correspondence between Dr. Elrington and the Dean of the Castle Chapel, on the subject of the omission of the service appointed for the 5th of November. Dr. Elrington held the office of Chaplain to his Excellency, and it was his turn to preach upon that Sunday. So early as the 14th of September, he applied to the Dean of the

He amused his audience, among whom the *Register* enumerates the Marchioness of Clanricarde, with the following story:—

"I can give you a proof: if I hold a straw up it will shew me how the wind blows, as even the rotten corrupt corporation of Limerick may afford a proof of a change in the minds of the Irish Orangemen. I find a resolution of theirs in to-day's newspaper. I will read it to you, for, perhaps, many of you may not have seen it:—"Resolved—That as the Roman Catholics of this city have within some years past increased in number and wealth"—yes, certainly, they may plead guilty to those two crimes—"and are no longer actuated by the same rebellious tendency"—there is a compliment, Catholics of Limerick, for you! "no longer!" indeed I still think the whole resolution is a compliment to the Queen's government—"and (it continues) have proved that they are capable of being loyal subjects to our glorious constitution, a few of the leading and respectable members of that persuasion are considered, and are hereby declared admissible to the rank of councilmen, and capable of filling the municipal offices of this ancient and loyal city."

Whatever value Mr. O'Connell might be disposed to set upon the testimony of the corporation of Limerick, it turned out that the story of the resolution was a pure fabrication.

The resolution for dissolving the Association was carried unanimously.

Chapel, to ascertain whether the laws would be complied with, by reading the appointed service in the Castle Chapel. After an interval of six weeks, he received an answer in the negative, on the 30th of October upon which the reverend gentleman addressed the following letter to the Dean:—

"FITZWILLIAM-STREET, OCTOBER 31st."

"My dear Sir—Your letter of the

23d I unfortunately did not receive until my arrival in Dublin at a late hour last night. I cannot acknowledge any authority for omitting the service for the 5th November in the Castle Chapel, and I must, therefore, decline officiating where such an omission is made. I have written to the Private Secretary resigning my appointment as Chaplain.

"I hope this short notice will not inconvenience you in finding a preacher.

"Very truly yours,

"C. R. ERLINGTON."

The following is his letter resigning his Chaplaincy, to which is subjoined the Private Secretary's reply:—

"Fitzwilliam-street, October 31st.

"Sir—I have received a communication from the Dean of the Chapel, informing me that the thanksgiving for the discovery of the gunpowder plot, and the arrival of King William III. will not be read in the Castle Chapel on Sunday next. I must, in consequence, decline officiating on that day, and beg leave most respectfully to resign the appointment of Chaplain, with which his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was pleased to honour me.

"I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

"C. R. ERLINGTON."

"Colonel Yorke."

"Viceroyal Lodge, 1st Nov., 1837.

"Sir—I have laid before the Lord Lieutenant your letter of yesterday's date, stating that in consequence of a communication which you had received from the Dean of the Chapel Royal, you must decline officiating at the Chapel on Sunday next, and tendering the resignation of your office of Chaplain to his Excellency.

"His Excellency has understood that the communication to which you refer was in answer to an inquiry from you, and to the effect that it had not been usual to notice the anniversary of the fifth of November in the Chapel Royal, and it was not intended to do so on Sunday next. He is, therefore, pleased, to accept your resignation of the office of Chaplain.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"C. YORKE.

"To the Rev. Dr. Erlington."

Upon this statement finding its way into the columns of the *Evening Mail*, Dr. Vignolles unfortunately provoked a controversy, in which, certainly, he gained no credit, and by which we cannot help thinking, the cause of the church and of religion was not served. Could we possibly feel a desire to triumph over the inconsistencies into which Dr. Vignolles has been betrayed, we might find abundant sources of satisfaction in his letters—as it is,

however, they are entitled to no other feeling than regret. In a letter addressed to the Morning Papers of November 4th, the very reverend dean attempted to justify his omission of the service, by the absence of any authority for its adoption, since the accession of her present Majesty—it turns out, however, that even this slight ground of defence is untenable—the service for the 5th of November having been approved of by her Majesty at her accession. Besides, the observance of this solemn day of thanksgiving rests upon an act of parliament, and the authority for its perpetuation, does not require to be either renewed or enforced by a regal mandate, at the commencement of each reign. The correspondence which occurred, is too long to transfer to our columns; nor, perhaps, is it of much importance, that it should be put upon record.

It has been denied, upon authority, that the omission of the service was, in any sense, the act of the Lord Lieutenant. Upon a reference to the letters which we print, it will be seen that his Excellency was aware of the intended omission, so early as the Tuesday, or, at latest, the Wednesday preceding, and that he had declared his pleasure to receive Dr. Erlington's resignation, since it was tendered on these grounds.

The obligation of every clergyman to substitute the service of thanksgiving for the ordinary morning prayers, is clear and distinct. The point has been admirably put by the *Evening Mail*, that for Sunday falling on the 5th of November in any year, "there is no other authorised service in the liturgy of the Established Church, as ordered in the Book of Common Prayer, save and except the thanksgiving service."

The legal argument upon this point we hold to be perfectly and entirely conclusive—

"The Rubric for this service is explicit and decisive on this point. 'If this day' (the 5th November) says the Rubric, 'shall happen to be Sunday, only the Collect for that Sunday shall be added to this office, in its place.' The usual Sunday service for the fifth day of the month of November, according to the calendar, is, perfectly and entirely superseded, in favour of the form of prayer with thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the fifth day of November—and the Collect proper to that Sunday is to be introduced as an addition—as an addition, mark you—to the thanksgiving service. What au-

thority then, had Doctor Vignolles, or the Lord Lieutenant, or the Archbishop of Dublin, for passing over the regularly appointed service, and substituting for it, a service expressly excluded by the Rubric, as published in the Book of Common Prayer? They might, any of them, with equal authority, have read the service for Christmas day, Easter Sunday—or the form for the ordaining of priests, or consecration of bishops, as that which they have taken from the calendar and read in lieu of the thanksgiving service."

The proper service, we are informed, was also omitted in Anne's Church—and a service, the reading of which, we do not hesitate to declare illegal, substituted. If it is possible to suppose that a clergyman is at liberty to neglect the celebration of the proper service, he can only do so by closing his church—for most assuredly, he has no legal authority for reading any other service on that day.

Dr. Elrington has nobly vindicated

his character and dignity, as a minister of the Church, whose authority was thus contemned. Our readers may, perhaps, recollect, that some time since, we felt called on to note the first attempt by Roman Catholic privy councillors to interfere with the discipline of our Church—we now call on them to mark the assumption of a dispensing power—to discard her observances, and violate her laws. The two principles have been separately put forward—the right of Roman Catholics to interfere with her discipline—and the right of the caste authorities to violate her most positive laws. How long shall we wait until the two principles thus separately asserted are united in one act?

It may help us to our answer to recollect that we have already come to the point at which our rulers refuse to join in an acknowledgment to God for his mercy in saving Britain from Popish treachery and Popish tyranny.

COMBINATION IN DUBLIN.

Friday, October 27.—At the opening of the city commission, Baron Foster charged the grand jury, and complained of the great increase of combination outrages in the city of

Dublin. The learned judge stated that the system which produced them was rapidly extending to the county.—*Morning Register, October 28.*

CURIOUS FEATURES IN IRISH CONSPIRACIES.

Nov. 6.—Mr. O'Connell addressed a long speech to the members of the Trades' Union, condemnatory of the combinations existing in Dublin. After alluding to the outrages on the property of the Messrs. Guinness, he continued—

"Having passed over this topic, I will now come to the subject about which I principally wish to address you—I mean the violent combination that is now spreading through Ireland. Five or six times have I been able to put a stop to this spirit of combination. I put a stop to it in Meath by a single speech which I delivered at Navan. It was coming into that county from Louth and Westmeath; forty or forty-three Ribbon lodges became dissolved in those two counties, and a few in Meath upon that occasion, about seven years ago. Till last year, I believe, there never was any attempt to renew this combination. The former combination partook of a political character: politics have nothing whatsoever to do with the present. They call themselves exclusively Catholics; yet in these outrages they spare not the Catholics, and sometimes not even the Catholic clergyman. A party sallied out from their lodge in Dublin; they beat some of the peaceful inhabitants and their parish priest; one

man was apprehended and convicted; and Mr. Blacker, the chairman of Kilmainham, with that humanity which does him honour, sentenced him to three months' imprisonment: that was all. Yes, he was one of a party that sallied out on seven or eight cars to Loughlinstown, beat the inhabitants and the priest, and returned in triumph. To be sure, he was punished; he got three months' imprisonment. Do you imagine, if we had a good police, that this system of combination could subsist a moment? It could not; and when we will have a good police that moment it will cease. I have the fullest detail of their meetings, and I am happy to say that there is not a man of respectability amongst them. They are composed chiefly of the lowest class of labourers, together with a few of the better class of them seduced from the country. I know their proceedings, even from yesterday; and not only is there no one of the least respectability amongst them, but some of the most influential of their leaders have undergone a penalty for stealing; and one of them in particular has been punished for thieving. If that be the case, who would associate themselves with them? Twelve or fifteen years ago this combination was at-

tempted to be established, and it was unsuccessful. At that time they took an oath of secrecy to stand by one another, and to deal with none but Roman Catholics. This was the only sectarian oath they took; as for the story of blood, it was all a falsehood. There was nothing whatever separating them from their Protestant brethren except the oath to deal with none but Roman Catholics. But who was it invented this system? Why, he was a worthy man who used to go regularly to mass, and used even frequently to receive the sacraments. I have traced him. I have documents that enabled me to do so. He succeeded in persuading some of his unfortunate dupes to join him in a burglary. Of course he betrayed them. He went afterwards to England, and styled himself a Protestant of the established church. He is now, or he lately was, a dissenting minister in the town of Sheffield (hear, hear, and a laugh.) The lower class of Orangemen are always the organizers of these societies. They are at this moment very active and successful. The city of Dublin is divided between the "Northerns" and the "Dublinmen," the "Billy Smiths" and the "Welters," and various other parties of this kind."

We quote this at length, because the testimony is important—first as to the existence of ribbonism, *forty-three lodges were dissolved in two counties.*

Second—The exclusive character of these combinations.

Third—The tyranny which they exercise over Roman Catholics as well as Protestants.

Fourth—The character of the leader—"he used to go regularly to mass, and even frequently receive the sacraments."

The student of Irish history may compare with this the case of Devine, in the affair of Wildgoose Lodge.

Fifth—Offences of apparently an ordinary character really originate in these secret combinations—

"The leader persuaded some of his dupes to join him in a burglary."

And again in another part of the same speech—

"One more fact let me call to mind. About fourteen or fifteen years ago a burglary was committed in the time of Master Ellis, for which a man named Higgins was afterwards executed. Now, I am able to prove that that burglary originated in a secret lodge, (hear, hear,) and that the party was actually employed by the master of the confraternity, whose name was M'Donald—not "*Eneas*," (loud laughter.) This very man employed Higgins to commit the robbery. Higgins was betrayed; and who betrayed him, think you? Why M'Donald, his seducer and employer. The man, as I said before, was afterwards hanged."

We do not know how exactly to notice another most important feature in this statement—the destination of the leader.

"He is now, or was lately, a dissenting minister in the town of Sheffield."

We understand well the "hear, hear," and the "laugh." The labours of the Wesleyan and Evangelical preachers in Ireland have provoked from Popery a hatred, which found its expression in the significant "hear, hear;" but are we to believe Mr. O'Connell's story? It has been confidently affirmed, but we confess we regarded the belief as a delusion, that many of the English dissenting ministers are Popish Jesuits in disguise. Mr. O'Connell affirms that the leader of a Ribbon conspiracy, "a worthy man who used to go regularly to mass, and even frequently receive the sacraments," is now a dissenting minister in Sheffield. We make no comment on this evidence, but let the Protestant dissenters of Sheffield look to it.

We beg the earnest attention of all our readers to these remarkable features in this short statement of Mr. O'Connell.

ORANGEISM.

November 16.—The *Evening Packet* of this date contains a report and resolutions, which are thus headed—

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ORANGE SOCIETY.

Thursday a very numerous meeting of gentlemen, members of the Orange Society of Ireland, took place at No. 85, Grafton-street, for the purpose of considering the propriety of resuscitating or re-establishing that loyal Association of the defenders of the Church and Throne.

The following report and resolutions

were, after due consideration and discussion, unanimously adopted.

There then follows a temperate and well written report, recommending the revival of the Orange Institution, to which is attached the signature of William Swan, secretary.

The report proceeds at some length to recommend the revival of the Orange Institution. It refers to the insecurity of Protestant life and property—the failure of the experiment of dissolution—the continued activity of the

Ribbon system—as causes imperatively demanding the existence of a defensive society; and then argues that a revival of the Orange Institution presents the only efficient form of defence.

The following resolutions were adopted :—

“ I. That on assembling on this important occasion we feel it, in the first place, our duty as our inclination to record our sentiments of unaltered attachment to our most gracious Queen Victoria, the rightful sovereign of these realms.

“ II. That the insecurity of life and property, the daily aggression upon the constitution, AND THE SUSPENSION OF THE ORDINARY MODES OF PROTECTION, render it in our opinion, imperatively necessary to re-establish a purely defensive society; and that we conceive no security can be formed that will be less obnoxious or more efficient than the Orange Institution.

“ III. Ireland alone shall be the field

of its exertions; unconnected with any other body, it will be responsible for its own acts alone; yet every society established for the promotion of true religion and constitutional liberty shall meet with the best support of every member of this Institution.

“ IV. Its objects, as heretofore, shall be religious and constitutional in support of the laws and maintenance of the public peace—its operations purely defensive, and by strictly legal means, viz. :—

“ Defence of life and property;

“ Defence of constitutional rights;

“ Defence of established institutions and privileges;

“ Defence of the sacred Word of God.

(Signed by order,)

“ WM. SWAN, Secretary.”

No statement of the parties composing the meeting has appeared, except the brief heading which we have copied from the *Evening Packet*.

THE ROMISH PRELATES.

November 21st.—We have already had occasion to record one episcopal mandate of Dr. Blake, the Roman Catholic bishop at Newry, addressed to his subjects at the period of the last election—(*Memoranda for September*.) We have now to place on record the following *pacific* exhortation of the same right reverend gentleman, to his flock, from the altar, on the occasion of the O'Connell tribute :—

“ I trust and believe, that all who hear me, are grateful and just, and that they will afford clear proofs of it before they leave this place; but if any one would require a motive of a more selfish kind, *let me remind him of what is no longer a secret*, that if Mr. O'Connell be not sustained by the people, his powerful and wealthy opponents will overwhelm him by the weight of their purses; and, if they

can succeed in defeating him, *they are determined not to stop until they bring back the condition of Ireland not only to what it was in 1829, but even to its prostrate state in 1793. They will bind you in chains, and take out your tongues; and they will re-impose the cruel burdens of the penal code, and deprive you of the power of uttering a complaint.*”—*Newry Telegraph*; quoted by *Ulster Times*, Nov. 1.

On the same occasion, the right reverend gentleman designated Mr. O'Connell as

“ THE MOSES OF HIS COUNTRY, the emancipator of her children, and, he might also say, the visible guardian angel by whom they have been, and are, conducted safe through innumerable and indescribable perils to the term of their lawful hopes and desires.”—*Ibid*.

MURDERS.

November 13.—To attempt a classification of all the outrages committed in Ireland within the month is, we fear, a hopeless attempt. The *Gazette* should furnish an abstract, but suppression in fact is evidently its object. In one journal, the *Evening Mail* of this date, we find no less than three murders recorded.

“ On Monday November 6, while Mr. James Cody, a respectable farmer who resides at Dunmore, within about two miles of this city, was sitting in his parlour, his brother, Philip Cody, entered his room armed with a case of pistols, one

of which he instantly presented at him and fired; the ball entered the breast, and the unfortunate man fell. He lived until Thursday evening, when death terminated his sufferings. After the perpetration of this revolting crime, Philip went to Castlecomer, where he endeavoured to obtain a seat on the Dublin mail, but failing in his object, he retraced his steps towards Kilkenny, but has not since been heard of.”—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

“ On Nov. 10th, a Protestant, named Fairbanks, one of the Conservative valuers, was murdered near Hollybrook, in the county of Sligo, within twenty yards

of his own house, on his way to Sligo with oats. He was found dead on the road, mutilated, with a rope round his neck. The unfortunate man had been active in his exertions for Colonel Percival and Mr. Cooper at the last election, and was put as steward over a property in place of a person named Higgins."

Another murder is recorded in the same paper, as having occurred within the preceding week.

"COUNTY TIPPERARY.

"A coroner's inquest was held in Cashel last week, on the body of a man named Curry, who died in the county infirmary, in consequence of a beating he received near Golden, when a verdict of murder was returned against some person or persons as yet unknown."

This murder is thus recorded in the *Gazette* of the 13th :—

"Nov. 13, 1837.—On the evening of the 26th ultimo, the fair day of Golden, in the county of Tipperary, James Curry, an inhabitant of that village, was violently assaulted near his dwelling, by two men, from the effects of which he died on the 8th instant, in the infirmary of Cashel."

The murder of Fairbanks is also recorded in the same *Gazette*.

"On the morning of the 10th instant, between five and six o'clock, as James Fairbanks, of Carrokeel, parish of Aughanagh, in the county of Sligo, was proceeding to Sligo, he was met within four hundred yards of his own house by some person or persons as yet unknown, who beat him severely, tied a rope round his neck, and strangled him."

"Nov. 5th.—William Kelly of Newrow, parish of Clonleigh, in the county of Donegal, came by his death from blows inflicted on his head by George Doherty, aided and assisted by Daniel Fisher, Jas. Gallaher, John and William Gallaher, on the night of the 19th ult.—*Dublin Gazette*.

"Nov. 6.—Sub-constable Eugene Shea was knocked down in the streets of Mullinahone, in the county of Tipperary, and his skull fractured, on the night of the 22d ultimo, by a man with a stone, from the effects of which Shea, after lingering, has since died.—*Dublin Gazette*.

"Nov. 10.—On Monday, the 6th instant, Patrick Cooney of Lisagallen, parish of Fuerty, in the county of Roscommon, died in the county infirmary from the effects of wounds inflicted on him by Thomas M'Namara of Rathbrenan, parish of Roscommon, on Wednesday the 1st instant, about twelve o'clock, P.M.—*Dublin Gazette*.

Nov. 12.—From the *Tipperary Constitution* we take the following fearful

account of a murder perpetrated on the Sabbath evening, in the presence of the wife and ten children of the unfortunate man who fell a victim to these blood-thirsty savages :—

"Between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, an armed band of ruffians, five in number, having their faces disguised, with the exception of one of the party, came to the house of a comfortable farmer, named Denis Murphy, on the lands of Foxfort, near Bansha. When they arrived at the house, they inquired whether Murphy was at home, but being answered in the negative, they proceeded to search the house closely, but could not discover the object of their search—meanwhile they prevented the servant from going to apprise Murphy of his danger. For the space of two hours, which elapsed before the unfortunate man returned, the party remained within a few yards of the house, during which time they guarded it with an unremitting vigilance, for on Murphy's wife attempting to get through a window, in order to go meet her husband, one of the savages presented a short gun or blunderbuss at her. When they perceived their ill-fated victim approaching, they rushed towards him and butchered him within ten yards of his own door, in the presence of his poor wife and ten children. After they had fired at him and wounded him in the legs, they then literally clove his head into four parts and scarcely left a bone in his body unbroken. This dreadful murder took place on a fine moonlight night, within one mile of Bansha, where there is a military detachment and a strong force of police. The only cause assigned for its perpetration is, that the unfortunate man, a few days prior, distrained one of his tenants who owed him three years rent. The same night in which the blood-thirsty murder we have just recorded was perpetrated, a party of armed ruffians attacked the house of Mr. Dickson, between Bansha and Tipperary. They succeeded in obtaining an entrance, and took therefrom a fowling piece. The first intimation which Mr. Dickson had of the fellows being in his house was, that one of the party presented a blunderbuss at him in his own parlour. Here again is another instance of the much vaunted tranquillity which is trumpeted forth by the upholders of the present debased government.—*Tipperary Constitution*.

"Nov. 12.—On Sunday night, another armed party came to the house of a respectable farmer named Honan, of Ballyhurst, within two miles of Tipperary, and beat the inmates in a most savage manner. The family consisted of

the father and six or seven sons, so that the attacking party must have been tolerably numerous. The old man has since died from the effects of the injuries he received.—*Clonmel Advertiser*.

On Tuesday night, the 14th instant, John Mannix, of Kerryman, was brutally murdered on the lands of Ballykisteen, near Tipperary. He was a man who sold cows on time, and was, when murdered, going through the county collecting debts due to him for cows sold last year.

"COUNTY OF SLIGO.

"Shortly after the late contested election the house of Michael Devany, a blacksmith, of Ballygawly, in the barony of Tireril, was attacked by a large party of O'Connell's legions, who broke down the wall of the house when bursting in the door; the savages rushed towards the bed on which poor Devany and his wife reposed, and commenced their work of slaughter by beating the wretched man most unmercifully with sticks, &c. on the abdomen and body, although his terrified wife, seeing their object was to murder him, threw herself over her husband's body to protect him, shrieking out for mercy, but in vain, as the pass-words 'spare him not' had gone forth from the rural 'pacififiers.' The inhuman instruments of a rebel national association continued to assail both husband and wife, disfiguring their persons in a shocking manner. They dragged them out of the bed to the floor, where they kicked and struck them most brutally, leaving both gasping between life and death. Devany, after throwing up a large quantity of blood, became dropsical, and lingered till

about a fortnight ago, when death put an end to his sufferings. The victim's wife is still in a precarious state, and cannot long survive her immolated husband. When the barbarians were going from the house on the night of the attack, Devany's eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen years of age, who had secreted herself from the vengeance of the savages, had the temerity to look out of a window, when one of the brutes fired a gun at her, from which nine grains of shot lodged in her face, and five in her breast, the effects of which she will carry to her grave. On the day of her father's funeral, the miserable daughter said her curse would be on those who murdered her father; and since that day no Roman Catholic in the neighbourhood, although the Devany's belong to that creed, could be procured to dig their potatoes. Devany had been threatened should he work for Protestants. The day before the brutal outrage was committed, he had driven a few nails into the shoe of a horse belonging to a "Hanoverian!" Although this shocking affair was officially reported to the government at the time, not the slightest notice has it met with, nor has a reward been offered in the public *Gazette*.—*Sligo Journal*, quoted in *Evening Mail Nov. 20*.

In this gloomy catalogue we have only inserted those cases in which the death of the victim actually ensued. Had we not been thus cautious—and enumerated the cases of murderous assault, in which the crime of the assassin has not as yet been consummated by the death of his victim—our list would be swelled to three times its present extent.

FAILURE OF THE PROPOSED DUBLIN PARLIAMENT.

November 1st.—Mr. O'Connell has addressed the following letter to Lord Cloncurry, abandoning his plan for convening the Irish members of Parliament.

TO LORD CLONCURREY.

Merrion square, 1st Nov., 1837.

My Lord—On my arrival here I discover that under existing circumstances it is impossible to have so effectual a meeting of the Irish Liberal members of both houses of parliament as the all-important crisis of our affairs imperatively requires. Not a few of the Irish Peers and Commoners, whose presence would be most desirable, are already gone to England, and some are actually on the continent. Having communicated these matters to your lordship, I anticipate the readiness with which you will sanction a postpone-

ment of the intended meeting until the 16th of this month, and the change of place to London. The houses of parliament meet only for formal business on the 15th, with the exception, in the Commons, of the election of a Speaker, which will take place on the last-mentioned day. The session will not actually commence the real business of the nation until Monday, the 20th. We shall therefore have three days to devote to the making of such arrangements as may appear best suited to obviate the evil and injustice which the Spotiswoode gang of conspirators intend, aided as they are by—to their eternal disgrace—so large a body of the parsons of the Established Church.

I have the honor to be, my lord, respectfully, your faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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